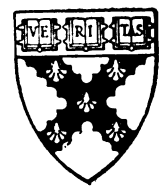
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COMFORT

The Magazine of Happiness and Success
in a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII

NO. 1

NOVEMBER
1914



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Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Men like to lean on the true and brave.

Prosperity gains friends and adversity tries them.

Money like manure does no good until it is spread.

A diet of dime novels will make a pirate of any boy.

The Christian life is like an eagle in the sunlight above the clouds.

When a man is cross-eyed in his morals you can't tell which way he is going.

It is well to overtake people in their faults, but they should not be trampled on afterwards.

One fault of a deserving man will meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will win praise.

It is the infirmity of small minds to be taken with every appearance and dazzled by everything that sparkles.

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live upon contentedly.

The devil is afraid of a church that has a praying congregation behind its pastor and does not bother much about the other kind.

The poor must not exceed their means, but the poorest have means enough to indulge in a little luxury occasionally and it is good to do so.

Not to be provoked is best, but if moved, never correct till the anger is spent, for every stroke our fury strikes is sure to hit ourselves at last.

Miracles are good, but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies, these are greater than miracles.

ANNUNCIATION

The Station Matron Observes

By Josephine Page Wright

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Is it that you have never seen an angel? But there is something wrong with the heart of you, for I have seen. Your eyes are young, and mine are very old. You have traveled in many lands, and I have been nowhere. All day I sit here in the railroad station and I knit and I knit. I comfort the troubles of the people who are always coming or always going and I watch for angels.

Is it that you look for a creature in white with great flopping wings and a halo of yellow hair? Poof. An angel was here yesterday, sitting there in the seat next the stove. It was no pale creature with floppy wings. It wore a white knit bonnet with a red bow on top and a red and yellow knit scarf about its little shoulders. The hair of it was black as a raven's wing.

I knit and I knit with my eyes upon my work. But it is that a station-matron must know what she does not see. First of all came two women, a young woman and an old woman and both were splendidly rich and unhappy. The Younger seemed to carry the burden of a grief, but the Older only its shadow. They sat beside me here and began to talk in heavy tones and without thought of me.

"It does not seem real," said The Younger.

"It is not real," pronounced the other, "because it is not right."

"That is a cold philosophy. It does not warm me in this. At least the vulgarity of it is real enough. Strange that the vulgarity appals me more than the thought of separation," wondered the other bitterly.

"Does he know?" asked The Older.

"By this time I suppose. I left him a note. It will not trouble him. He has ceased to care. We bore one another. I almost wish there had been a scandal. It would have been easier.

It is that I have heard the story often here in the noisy station and sometimes the angels are sent; sometimes they do not come. But these women were good to look at and somehow different and I knit harder and I prayed for the angels.

In at the door trailed a tired Mexican woman with a crying baby in her arms. She dragged across the room and sat down opposite the other women. It was that the matron should have taken the baby and rested the tired mother but something told me to knit and to wait.

When the baby did not stop but whimpered and whined, the little mother began to cry softly too, wiping her eyes on a corner of the baby's scarf. And the two women who had been there first began to notice a sorrow that was not their own. I saw The Younger cross and touch the little mother on the arm and ask to take the baby.

"If you would, senora," consented the relieved woman. "We have lost its father. I have tried to find him but the baby is very heavy."

The little Mexican hurried away and left the two women with the stranger-baby.

"He is a pretty baby," commented The Younger.

"You have never thought babies pretty," reminded The Older.

And even I, who can see angels when others do not, wondered a little. For what baby is pretty when it is red and wrinkled with weeping?

Strangely enough after a time the child ceased to cry and fell asleep in the arms of The Younger.

"Mother," demanded The Younger, "is the skin of every baby so soft and white?"

The other smiled. "Your skin was softer and white, far."

"Mother," asked The Younger, "does every baby cling to one's finger with cunning hands?"

"You," smiled The Older, "always clung to my thumb as you fell asleep at the breast."

"At the breast," echoed The Younger softly. "It is a beautiful child, mother. See its feet. Look, the great toe sticks straight up and the little toes curl down."

"All your toes curled down," answered The Older proudly.

"The more monkey I," laughed The Younger.

I peeped from my knitting and saw the grief lifting like a veil from her face.

"But what makes me feel as I do toward the little one? Is it because——?"

"I have thought so," whispered The Older, "for some time now."

For an instant the veil was lifted clear from the face. Then it fell back in thicker clouds than before.

"It is too late. I could have endured his indifference. I cannot now face his contemptuous anger," she resigned herself.

For an hour the baby slept in the arms of The Younger and no word was spoken. At the end of that time a man with white stern face came in hurriedly. He opposed the woman with the sleeping baby in her arms. But he saw only the woman.

"You shall come home with me. Am I a man of wood to let you go? Has the frivolity of our lives made you think of me as a puppet? You shall go because I love you. I want you."

"I shall go because I am glad to go," she contradicted with quiet dignity. "I have been turned back by a messenger."

"Back from Eden," he scowled, "by the flaming sword of conscience."

"Back to Eden," she corrected, "by the angel of annunciation."

It was that I should stop my knitting and take the ugly little angel and hold it in my arms until its mother came back.

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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NOVEMBER glided from its position as the ninth month in the old Roman calendar to eleventh place in the modern calendar without undergoing any change of name. Originally it consisted of thirty days, was reduced to twenty-nine, enlarged to thirty-one by Julius Cæsar, and shortened to thirty during the reign of Augustus, since which time that has been its length. In olden times the month was an important one in the religious rituals, but in later days the only feast days retained are All Saints and St. Andrews. On the first Tuesday following the first Monday of the month many of the states hold their general elections. Shooting stars are seen in greatest number during this month, the showers of meteors generally falling on the 13th and 14th. The gem stone symbolic of the month is the topaz, standing for friendship, happiness. The November flower is the chrysanthemum, which, according to the color, is emblematic of loveliness, cheerfulness or truth. Sad is the song of the poets, who note the approach of the death of the year. "No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees, no fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no birds," says Hood in mournful cadence, while the others are little more cheerful: "Chill November's surly blast," says Burns; "The bleak November winds," Bryant; "Dark November," Ruskin; "Dark November days," Moore; "Wild November," Stoddard. Generally throughout England the month is regarded as the month of "blue devils and suicides," owing no doubt to the depressing influence of the leaden skies, choking fogs, torrents of rain and gusts of wind.

Thanksgiving Day always adds a note of good cheer to November. Thanksgiving Day has been celebrated in this country ever since the gathering of the first harvest in the Plymouth colony, and ever since the third year of the Civil War it has been observed religiously by the several states and nations. Prior to President Lincoln's proclamation, various dates in November have been observed; but since that the last Thursday of the month has been generally set apart as the day upon which to return thanks for manifold blessings. However, it has happened that when the month contains five Thursdays there is some confusion. Several years ago the state of Oregon observed both the fourth and fifth Thursdays as Thanksgiving Day—and both days were legal holidays, one by proclamation of the President and the other by order of the Governor of the state. The observance of a Thanksgiving Day was recommended annually by Congress during the Revolution.

Principal events throughout history have been as follows day by day.

1st—One of the most terrible earthquakes ever recorded in history occurred in 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed and 60,000 persons lost their lives.

2nd—In the same year, Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI was born; Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, born 1767. President James K. Polk, born 1795.

3rd—Congress of Vienna opened for the settlement of Europe, 1814; William Cullen Bryant, born 1794.

4th—Mendelssohn, German musical composer, died 1847; William III, King of England, born 1650; William, Prince of Orange, married his cousin, Princess Mary of York, 1677—one of the collateral causes leading to the downfall of the Stuart dynasty.

5th—Guy Fawkes day in England; discovery and prevention of the "Gunpowder Plot," 1605; marked the inauguration of the English Revolution of 1688; Russians defeated at Crimea, 1854; "King of France" dropped in 1800 as one of the royal English titles and thereafter the royal correspondence was conducted in the English instead of the French language.

6th—Louis Joseph Philip, Duke of Orleans, guillotined at Paris 1793.

7th—Battle of Tippecanoe.

8th—John Milton, English poet, died 1764.

9th—Napoleon seized power, 1799.

10th—Mohammed, Arabian prophet, born 570; Martin Luther, born 1483; Oliver Goldsmith, born 1728; Schiller, born 1759; The Mayflower anchored in Cape Cod harbor, 1620; first white child born in Plymouth.

13th—Justinian, Roman emperor, died 565. The years 1831-33 were marked by a magnificent display of shooting stars.

14th—Napoleon at the Battle of Arcola, 1796.

15th—Wm. Cowper, poet, born 1731. Sherman started upon his memorable march to the sea.

16th—Tiberius, Roman emperior, born 42 B. C.

17th—Charlotte, Queen of George III, died 1818. Queen Mary died 1558.

18th—President Chester A. Arthur, died 1886.

19th—Charles I of England, born 1600. President James A. Garfield, born 1831. Schubert, musical composer, died 1828.

20th—Thomas Chatterton, poet, born 1752.

22nd—Robert Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India, died 1774.

23rd—Elbridge Gerry, fifth vice-president, died 1814. President Franklin Pierce, died 1804.

24th—President Zachary Taylor, born 1784. Grace Darling, heroine, born 1815.

25th—Isaac Watts, writer of hymns, died 1748.

27th—This is the earliest possible date upon which Advent Sunday can fall, as it did in 1864. Horace, lyric poet, died 8 B. C.

28th—Washington Irving, died 1859.

29th—First newspaper printed on presses operated by steam, 1814. President Andrew Johnson, born 1808.

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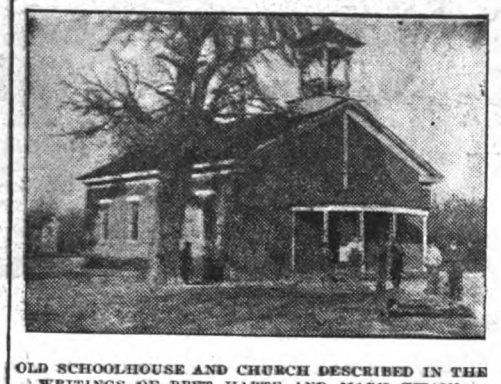
(My commission expires Feb. 25, 1915.)



HOTEL AND STORE WHERE BRET HARTE BOARDED.

Though these two illustrations picturing scenes rendered famous by two noted American authors have no connection with the November History Lesson we print them here for lack of more appropriate association.

The brick building that was once used as his headquarters by Bret Harte and in which he is supposed to have penned the famous lines, "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar," is still standing in a good state of preservation at Langworth, California. The building served the double purpose of hotel and store and entertained many visitors in the early days, when Langworth was the only trading point in that portion of the valley. Not



OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AND CHURCH DESCRIBED IN THE WRITINGS OF BRET HARTE AND MARK TWAIN.

far away stands the old schoolhouse and church, which both Bret Harte and Mark Twain used as settings for numerous of their stories.

Gannett Co.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

One cycle more, with rich fruition crowned,
Hastes to fulfillment of its perfect round,—
Great year of wonder, and of vast emprise!
For all its gifts, ay, let Thanksgiving rise,
The hero's prowess—bloodless victory won;
The martyr's patience, sternest duty done,—
Yet loftier peans still, for war's surcease,—
For God's best gift,—the precious boon of peace!

IF ever the United States had reason and cause for Thanksgiving, it certainly has in this year of grace, above all other years since those stirring days when in 1621 a song of rejoicing went up from the Mayflower group to the Creator for all His benefits and mercies. We can thank a kindly Providence that two mighty oceans roll on either side of us separating our land from the warring nations of Europe and Asia, and that consequently we are at peace. For the present, at least, we need not lie awake nights or slumber fitfully, ever haunted, as are some of the peoples of Europe, by the fear that tremendous war ships of the air may drop explosive bombs on our defenseless homes.

Fortunate are we that as a whole our country is not yet over-populated, though at the present rate of immigration it soon will be and will then suffer the resulting miseries that oppress Europe and are the real bottom cause of the present great war; that as a nation we still have land enough to be self-sustaining and have no fear of famine, not even if our coasts should be blockaded and our commerce cut off by an enemy or coalition of enemies in war.

Not only should we rejoice that our geographical position is an impediment to sudden invasions by any of the great military powers, but we may add another note to our pean of praise, inasmuch as the Panama Canal, now completed, largely increases the effective strength of our navy and lessens the danger of Japanese aggression still to be feared and guarded against.

There is no danger of our country becoming involved as an active participant in the titanic strife that is desolating Europe and sucking Asia, Africa and the isles of the seas into its bloody vortex, although we necessarily suffer some of the consequences of the war in its depressing effect on our commerce and industries.

Finally let us be devoutly thankful for the bounteous crops with which Providence has rewarded the labors of our farmers in their peaceful conquest of Nature while unhappy Europe has been, and still is, reaping a hideous harvest of death and destruction and, worst of all, fiendish demoralization and barbarism.

United States Should Profit by the War

NOT that we would seek to prosper by the woe and anguish of other peoples—God forbid—but a condition not of our making or choosing has arisen which not merely presents the opportunity but forces on us the necessity of making for ourselves and for export to foreign countries many products which we and they have heretofore been accustomed to buy in other markets. This will work greatly to our advantage as soon as our agricultural, industrial and commercial interests adjust themselves to meet the calls of the new situation.

The first effect of the war was to disturb finances and unsettle commercial and industrial conditions in the United States.

Naturally our commerce with the countries involved in the war has suffered a heavy decline; and this applies to both imports and exports Germany and Austria are so completely blockaded by land and sea that practically nothing, enters or leaves either of those countries, while all business, except that pertaining to war, is nearly at a standstill in the other belligerent nations.

The result is that temporarily there is little if any market in those countries for the goods which we usually sell them, except grain and other food stuffs for which the war has increased the demand and raised the price; thereby benefiting our farmers immediately. Unfortunately our apple growers and cotton planters are not in this category, for the war has cut off the foreign demand for both these products this fall, resulting in unprofitably low prices, a market restricted to home consumption, and a considerable surplus—both crops being exceptionally large—that cannot be disposed of at present.

As a further effect there is a scarcity and an advance in price of such manufactured articles and raw materials as we depend on these countries to furnish us, which in turn embarrasses some of our industries that use these imported raw materials.

But what we lose here temporarily we are likely to more than make up in another direction through the immediate opening of new markets to our products which will largely increase our foreign trade.

The countries of South America have heretofore sold most of their products, and bought the larger part of the manufactured goods that they use, in England, Germany, France and Belgium, but since the war has interrupted their trade with Europe they are looking to the United States for a market in which to buy and sell.

While Europe is fighting, the United States has a splendid opportunity to develop a trade with South America worth hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and to establish it on a permanent and growing basis. In so doing we shall only be coming into possession of our own, for the channels of commerce naturally run north and south rather than east and west, and it is fitting and will be mutually advantageous for the sister republics of the western hemisphere to gravitate toward closer trade relations, which will also tend to a better understanding and more friendly feeling between their peoples. This, together with a more complete severance from old world interests, entanglements and intrigues, should become a factor for assuring to the two Americas universal and enduring peace based on far stronger bonds than those of treaties which, as we have seen shamelessly instanced in the present conflict, may be so slightly regarded and easily broken.

Yet another legitimate advantage of vast importance will accrue to the United States perforce of the war. We are running short of many necessary manufactured articles, more especially in the line of drugs, dyes and chemicals, for the supply of which we have depended entirely on Europe and mostly on Germany. Our source of supply is now cut off, and if the war lasts but a few months longer we shall feel the lack severely. We could make all these articles, perhaps not so cheaply at first but just as well, right at home, and the war will compel us to do so and to begin at once.

Thus many new and large industries giving employment to thousands of workmen will spring up among us and put in circulation among our own people millions of dollars in wages instead of sending the money abroad to pay for foreign made goods. Furthermore this will make us more nearly a self-sustaining nation, the vital importance of which the present war has taught us.

So, if our manufacturers and merchants are enterprising, the war will bring an era of unprecedented progress, development and prosperity in the United States,—and now is the eve of its beginning.

The Panama Canal, which opened for business last August, should prove helpful to this end, but we also need a large merchant marine including regular lines of steamships to the principal South American ports. And another good result of the war is that it has impressed Congress with the necessity of encouraging the building of American ships by liberal laws and reasonable subsidies.

In 1826, ninety per cent of our trade was carried by our own ships, while today all but eight per cent is transported in foreign bottoms. None are so blind as those who will not see. The majority of our Congressmen for years have been bitterly opposed to the adoption of any measures that would place our flag on the great waterways of the world. Only a world-wide cataclysm can open the eyes of some people to national necessities which are only too apparent to others of broader vision, who, having the welfare of the nation at heart, fail to see the necessity of paying Europe $300,000,000 a year for the carrying of our exports in foreign ships.

A large and efficient merchant marine was never more vitally necessary than now, when the world is crying out for our products, and war has made it hazardous, or almost impossible to transport them in ships of the belligerent powers.

When this battling of the nations is over and the exhausted peoples of the earth cry out for food and clothing, for succor and comfort, America will be ready with open hands to supply all needs, and to help bind up the wounds of the suffering, and it is our earnest hope that the material assistance that we can in the day of necessity render the stricken peoples of the old world will be carried into their harbors in our own ships.

We can never be a truly independent nation in peace or war until we have a merchant marine of our own, built in American shipyards, owned by American citizens and sailed under the stars and stripes, adequate to the needs of our commerce.

Our Foreign-Patent Law Needs Immediate Reform

WE should not be in such a fix in regard to most of the foreign-made dyes, drugs and chemicals but for the stupid and unjust provisions of our laws relating to the issuance of American patent rights to foreign inventors.

Our patent laws permit a foreigner, who has patented his invention in his own country, to take out a patent in the United States giving him exclusive rights in this country. Foreign countries accord the same privilege to American inventors, with this important difference, however. Germany, for intance, requires an American inventor, to whom a German patent is issued, to begin manufacturing the patented article in Germany within a specified time (two or three years), and if he does not do so the patent becomes void and after that anybody is free to make and sell the article in Germany. That is the wise and just condition on which all German patents are granted.

Our law imposes no such conditions and the result is that the German inventor takes out his American patent and never manufactures the article on this side of the Atlantic. His American patent gives him a monopoly of the American market for the goods which he manufactures in Germany.

Because of this inexcusable fault of our patent laws these articles of foreign invention, protected by American patents, are not now being made in the United States, and as the war has shut off their importation from abroad we are suffering for need of them, and if obtainable at all the price has risen to anywhere from one hundred to two or three thousand per cent. And the worst of it is, that until our patent laws are changed, we are not allowed to make these foreign-invented articles for ourselves no matter how difficult, expensive or even impossible it may be to obtain them from abroad.

Some of these patented drugs and chemicals that are made only in Europe are absolute necessaries, and Congress should at once change our patent law so to enable us to make them ourselves to supply our own needs if the foreign inventor will not or cannot do so. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and should have due weight with our senators and congressmen in drafting our statutes.

Troublesome Mexico

NOW that he is rid of the abnoxious Huerta whom he would not recognize as President of Mexico, President Wilson finds himself in equally hot water trying to reconcile the strife between his two proteges, Carranza and Villa, who now show little, if any, more respect for the rights and dignity of the United States than did other despicable marauders that in the successive insurrections have paraded as Mexican patriots. They are repeating the same outrages that have made their partizan warfare an insufferable international nuisance. In a recent battle between the Caranza and Villa armies they have fired over the border into a Texas town and, according to the Associated Press report, have wounded one U. S. soldier and at least one private citizen, both of whom were minding their own business on Texas soil where our flag and national authority should have protected them.

Although our government cautioned the Mexicans not to repeat these lawless acts we have heard of no demand for reparation nor for the punishment of the offenders.

Will our government thus lightly pass over such outrageous violations of our territory and the rights of our citizens on our side of the border?

Is the shooting up of a Texas town by Mexican soldiers a less serious affair than the little flag incident which impelled President Wilson to send our naval forces to Vera Cruz and take forcible possession of that city?

We abhor war and would deplore a repetition of the Vera Cruz fiasco which should have been pushed to the accomplishment of some adequate result or else never have been undertaken at all, yet we believe that the "watchful waiting" do-nothing policy which permits frequent and numerous flagrant outrages against our citizens and our sovereignty by Mexican officials to go unpunished brings our government into such contempt in Mexico as will ultimately involve us in war.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Something New—Fastest Sellers & quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Address, American Products Co., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo China Plates. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk L6, Chicago, Ill.

Agents! Draw on $2,000,000 stocks for profits. Women's Wear, Silks, Dress and General Dry Goods. Big Catalog Outfit Free. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 17, 425 B'dway, N.Y.

Women Make Money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Raincoats, Sweaters. Spare time. Samples Free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 46, Trenton, N. J.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery manufacturer selling direct to consumer wishes agent in every county whole or part time. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 3733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Every Household on Farm in small town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns kerosene; gives a light five times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 563 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

We Will Pay You $120.00 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days' work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 119 Winston Building, Philadelphia.

$2.50 per day salary paid woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for Concentrated Flavorings in tubes. Ziegler Co., 443R Dearborn St., Chicago.

Wanted—Responsible party to take charge of business in each county. New Automatic Combination Tool, combined wire fence stretcher, post puller, lifting jack, etc. Lifts or pulls 2 tons, weighs 24 pounds. Sells to farmers, shops, teamsters, etc. Descriptive catalogue and terms upon request. Harrah Manufacturing Co., Box A, Bloomfield, Ind.

Don't You Want A Good Pencil Free? If I have no agent near you, write me a card and I will mail you a good pencil with rubber Free, also a sample of the best remedy for Headache, Toothache and most pains—Vacher-Balm. And I will send you my offer to pay you to give out samples in your spare time. E. W. Vacher, New Orleans.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents:—Greatest offer ever made. Eleven-piece toilet article set and $1.00 carving set. All cost you 50c; sells for $1.00—twenty sales a day easy. Write today. Pierce Chemical Company, Station C, Chicago.

Get Money—I Did; got $301.27 in two weeks doing plating, writes M. L. Smith of Pennsylvania (used small outfit); start as Smith did; that's easy; hundreds already started, money coming in, goods going out; people everywhere have tableware, watches, jewelry etc., for the "Gray Plating Man." Practical outfits, all sizes, heavy plate, guaranteed. Pure Gold, Silver, Nickel, Metal Plating, latest process, taught free, quickly; experience unnecessary; secrets exposed; own and boss a business that pays $15 to $50 weekly—you can; write today. Gray & Co., Plating Works, 421 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c, sells 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20Y Warren St., N.Y.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear, sweaters, and neckwear from samples. Factory prices Many making over $30.00 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Credit given. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N.Y.

Agents—Get Particulars Of The Best Self Heating Iron on the market. Low in price—absolutely practical. Three sales a day means $40 a week profit to you. Send postal Today. C. Brown Mfg. Co., 4151 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—Get My Samples and Particulars before accepting an agency. Moneymakers. Cecil Crowe, Box 521, Detroit, Mich.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

I Will Start You In The Mail Order Business, furnish everything, if you will handle my goods. Crest Co., 64 Atlantic City, N. J.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

400% Profit selling our high grade goods. Best Holiday article on market. Samples Free. Gordon Co., 1750 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money selling Martha Baird's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders. Established for years. 100 per cent profit. Send 10c for 25c can and be ready to take orders. Baird Supply Co., 2517 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid $7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1602 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

I Have A Contract to distribute a Million Free Packages Borax Soap Powder. Want reliable men and women to help. $15.00 weekly. C. Waverly Brown, 736 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 351, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Here's A Money Maker. New Low-Priced Portable Oil Gas Stove. Light in weight—compact—practical. Every home a possible customer. Cooks, bakes, heats. Sells both in Summer & Winter. Write Today for our Money Making Proposition. The World Mfg. Co., 6062 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand New proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but two pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first 8 hours. Territory free. Write now. Wendell Co., 506 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents Wanted—For "Kross-Keys" Puzzle the new money making miracle. Sample 10c. Get in early. Northern M'f'g. Co., 2, Camden, Maine.

Hurrah! Here's A New One. If you want to make big money, this is your chance—get in on the ground floor. Nothing like it ever on the market before—for the office, home, hotel, store—they'll sell themselves anywhere to anybody. Enormous profits—no opposition. Good all year—wonderful for holiday gifts. Don't wait—write for full particulars. The Master Reproducing Co., 1571 Broadway, New York City.

U. S. Government uses Richmond Chemical extinguishers that kill gasoline fires. Auto and factory sizes. District managers make 500% profit. Auto free. Richmond Chemical Co., Dept. 8, Wheeling, W. Va.

Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 9-99 Temple Place, Boston.

Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes blot, letter, line like magic; 10c sells 25c to 35c; offices buy 1 to 12; anyone that can't sell hundreds couldn't sell bread in a famine; sample 10c; S. Mfg. Co., 20 Warren St., N. Y., Dept. 8.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"How To Become A Detective." A copyrighted book will be sent to you postage prepaid upon receipt of One ($1.00) Dollar. Bradford's Detective Service, Washington, D. C.

Shorthand In 7 Lessons. Most rapid readable system. No other as easy. Sample Lesson 10c. Word-Line Co., H888, Omaha, Nebr.

CALLING CARDS

Your Name in beautiful latest style engraver's type or script on heavy best quality English Kid cards: 25 for 20c; 50 for 35c; 100 for 45c, postpaid. Nothing nicer. Samples free. American Card Co., Dept. 5, Holly, Mich.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

BY PARCEL POST

Coldbrook Woolens—Mackinaws, Meltons and Ladies' Suitings direct from factory. Write for samples. Walter N. Oldham, Box 96, Guild, N. H.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, L St., Valparaiso, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $3,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Money Making Secrets that may help you to Wealth Quickly. Circulars Free. A.E. Collins, R. 2, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.

Splendid Paying Business ready for refined, intelligent man or woman, over 30 years old, to take hold of as district agent. Large corporation. Products extensively advertised. Thousands use and indorse. Every home needs badly. Investment of $52.50 fully secured. Position should pay over $2500 yearly. Satisfactory references required. 1060 Curtiss Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

We pay $1 to $1,000 for numerous rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in Circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c for our New Large Ill. Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illu'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from $1 to $1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over $100. Get Posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

Goldometer for locating Gold and Silver ore, lost and buried treasures, etc. Particulars for 4c stamp. Wilson's World, Chicago, Ill.

Want To Buy Pea Fowls, Pheasants, partridges, cub bears, young foxes, quail. State what you have, price, and address of your bank. I pay the express. John W. Talbet, South Bend, Indiana.

100 Indian Prescriptions. All diseases. Use plants, herbs. Make your medicine cheap. Choice book 10c. Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 656 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Pub's' Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

POST CARD CLUBS

12 Pretty Views and Membership in Card Club only 10c. Jolly Card Exchange, Look Box 126, Decatur, Ind.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays Speakers, dialogues and entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

ANIMALS

Scentless Skunks For Pets And Breeders. Females $10 each; males $5 each. Frank Coler, Cambridge, Nebraska.

REAL ESTATE

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Little Farms in Valley of Virginia! Good fruit, vegetable and poultry country. Be independent. 5 and 10 acre tracts in Shenandoah Valley, $250.00 and up, easy terms. Write for handsome booklet now. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Cheap Lands In A Mild Climate where big crops are made and good markets exist is what the South offers You. Live stock, dairying, truck ing and orcharding very profitable. Lands at $15 an acre up. Booklets and "Southern Field" magazine free. M. V. Richards, Land and Ind. Agt., Southern Ry., Room 19, Washington, D. C.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Saugamon St., Chicago

PHOTO FINISHING

Beautiful Christmas Kodak Enlargements 8x10 mounted 25c. Send only the negative. Kodak Finishing. 50c Offer For 10c. Send 10c (stamps) and roll of film, any size, 6 or 12 exposure; will develop film and also make 6 pictures from best negatives. Beautiful work. Prompt service. Roanoke Cycle Company, Roanoke, Va.

Films Developed 10c a roll, Film Packs 20c, all sizes. Trial order developed, printed, 25c. 8x10 Enlargements 25c. The Camera Shop, 1 Majestic Bldg., Arcade, Detroit, Mich.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Free To Boys And Girls. Air rifles, footballs, lockets, bracelets, dolls, etc. Send for booklet. Maine Supply House, Rockland, Maine.

Boys And Girls, you can make money. Send me your name and address and I will tell you how. C. Salak, 5410 S. Robey Str., Chicago.

Guaranteed Boy's Watch or Girl's Gold-plated Bracelet given boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. Outfit free. P. Peoples Co., B-74, York Haven, Pa.

FARM LANDS

Productive state and deeded lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. No isolated pioneering. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 356 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Songwriters. Let us write music to your songs, and act as your agents in disposing of your songs for cash or royalty. National Manuscript Sales Co., 218, Theatrical Exchange Building, Broadway & 40th St., New York.

PRINTING—ENGRAVING

100 Envelopes Thirty cents. Samples free. Your Name and Address printed on the corner, postpaid. D.C. Breneise, Wheeler, Ind.

MAGAZINES

Do You Read Magazines? Our big money-saving, club catalog, Free. Write today. War Map of Europe, in colors, almost 2x3 ft. in size, 25c. Send coin or stamps. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency. 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

Be Detectives: Experience unnecessary; operate own locality; Secret Service Sturgis Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. $75 to $125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Ozment 8-R St. Louis.

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. $75.00 Month. Sample exam. questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't M-9, Rochester, N. Y.

Investigators Work In Every County in the United States, $15 to $75 per week to start. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Desk 177, Wheeling, West Va.

Motormen—Conductors; earn $75 monthly; experience unnecessary; qualify now; state age; details free. Electric Dept. 790, 215 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 200,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1450. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays. $50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

I guarantee $10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, KK, Chicago.

$50 to $100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 208 E. P. Chicago.

Make Money Writing Motion Picture Plays. $25 to $100 each. Details free. American Authors Ass'n, 1539 Broadway, N. Y.

How to Write and Where to Sell Photoplays. A new book. Contains model scenario. Price 25c. Photoplay Pub. Co., 3942-J Lowe Ave., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman $250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Women With Tender Feet Should Wear our unlined vici kid Pillow Shoe. Fits and feels like a kid glove. Soft, durable, handsome. New shoes easy as old ones. No breaking in required. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Pillow Shoe Co., 324 Summer St., Dept. P., Boston, Mass.

"Herb Doctor Recipe Book" and Catalog describes herbs for all diseases, worth $ only 20c. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5X, Hammond, Ind.

New Book reveals 20 spare-time home-businesses for ambitious women. Davis Co., 120 Myrtle Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

HELP WANTED

Easy Work; all or spare time. Addressing, Mailing, Distributing, etc., for Mail Order House. Established 17 Yrs. $5.00 to $20.00 weekly opportunity. No canvassing. For sample catalogue, particulars, postage, etc., send 10c. Monroe, 356 Comse. Bldg., Chicago.

Free mail Bookkeeping, Shorthand tuition; books, etc. only cost. Send references. Southern Correspondence Inst. C4, New Orleans, La.

Thousands Government Jobs Open To You. $65 to $150 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dep't M12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men 20 To 40 Years Old Wanted At Once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 monthly; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Manager, B-208 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Enclose stamp. Superba Co., A, Baltimore, Md.

POST CARDS

25 Xmas, N. Year & Greeting Post cards 10c. Try us and be satisfied. Ger. Am. Post Card Co., Dept. B, Burlington, Ia.

Special: Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ills.

Buy Your Christmas Goods Where You Get Best Values

Save money by buying your Christmas presents through COMFORT advertisers.

Consider the advantages:

In the first place—ECONOMY. That's important this year—every year. Firms that advertise develop such an enormous volume of business they can afford to sell goods for less money than those which do not advertise.

In the second place—better, fresher goods and a better selection. Through COMFORT advertisers and by studying the catalogues they send, you can get the pick of the world's goods. You are put on an equality with the people who live in America's largest cities. There is nothing you cannot buy.

In the third place—absolutely satisfactory dealing. When you do business with a mail-order house you KNOW you will get a square deal. Their business has been built on the policy of satisfying the customer. It is by doing business this way that they prosper.

You want your Christmas money this year to go as far as it will—to buy the best presents.

And remember one thing particularly—the BEST presents are always USEFUL presents. Don't forget this fact, as you go through COMFORT this month, reading the stories and studying the advertisements.

Consider what you can give that will give the most pleasure—by being the most useful. Then send off for catalogues or order from the advertisements.

Study your buying this Christmas.

Get the best possible value for your money by ordering through the advertisers who use COMFORT.

Send for your catalogues NOW—begin ordering EARLY.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WHEN our Puritan forefathers set apart a day in which to give thanks to God for His mercies, they little knew they were establishing a custom that bids fair to last for all time; though I fear much of its true significance has been lost in the rush of the present day.

It is not of the *one* day that I wish to speak, but of the three hundred and sixty-four remaining days which should be days of thanksgiving just as much as the one set apart by the Governor, for surely we know better than he what we have to be thankful for.

By this I do not mean that we are to go around with a solemn visage, chanting our thanks in a loud voice. Far be it from me to presume on any greater knowledge than that possessed by the average human being but I have a deep-seated conviction that such hypocritical prayers do not ascend any higher than the minds of the selfish individuals who utter them. It is a case of where "actions speak louder than words," and if we have any cause to be thankful (and who has not) do you not think, sisters, and any who read this, that the true way of expressing such thanks would be in sharing your blessings with some less fortunate person than yourself? I leave it to you, as individuals, to make use of and share the "talents" God has given you and may we all hear on that last day, His "well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Ed.

ELLIJAY, R. R. 2, Box 79, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you kindly make room for a north Georgia sister, for a cozy chat? I am a little woman, therefore will not need much room. I will leave my ten-year-old boy and five small girls playing outside as they might offend someone with their "racket," as they are all full of life and believe in having a good time, all the time.

Our principal crop is corn, although wheat, rye and oats are raised.

North Georgia apples are unexcelled. In fact most all fruits and vegetables grow well here. We supply our table with vegetables from our garden from early spring until frost.

One seldom sees a well as most everyone builds near a spring of pure, clear, cold water, which never gives out. Our greatest drawback is bad roads, especially in winter.

My mother has been a subscriber of COMFORT for a number of years and we do not intend to do without it.

Much has been said about the style of dress, but I cannot help saying a few words on that subject. Why will women dress in such an outrageous way. When I see a girl hobbling along, can scarcely put one foot before the other, I almost wish a mad dog would get after her. God has given me free use of limbs and body and I thank Him that I have sense enough not to deprive myself of the use of them.

I did not intend to write a letter but ask if any of COMFORT'S many readers ever knew of a baby having a blood tumor on its head and what came of it? Has any one known of one being successfully operated on, or one disappearing just within itself? Do you think it might cause pain or suffering? When my baby was a few days old I saw three tiny red specks which commenced growing when she was about two months old. It got about the size of a small egg and has not grown any more, it is about an inch from the crown of the head, on one side. It has never hurt her in the least. She has been very healthy but grows so little. I feel that there must surely be a cause. She is fourteen months old and weighs eighteen pounds. She has not gained an ounce in several months. I have an abundance of nourishment for her and feed her some too. I would be most grateful if anyone would write me concerning the tumor.

May Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and our dear Mrs. Wilkinson live long to continue their good work. They surely will have many stars in their crowns.

With good wishes to everyone of you, I am,
Your COMFORT sister, MRS. W. H. GUDGER.

Mrs. Gudger. I have never known of a case similar to your baby's and if you learn of any remedy I would suggest that you consult a physician before using. Even if he could not determine the beneficial effect it would have, he could, at least, advise you if it possessed any dangerous properties and it is always best not to take any chances.—Ed.

MT. OLIVET, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

You were kind to my letter a few years ago and deemed it worthy of print. I have thought I would write again, but I was misunderstood before and it has made me timid. I will try, at this late day and rectify the mistake; I said I thought from some of the sisters' talk they did not think it necessary to have churches and be a member; could live Christians at home. I answered I thought it very necessary to attend church to live the Christ life; and our editor said there were many Christians who never were permitted to attend church. She and I agree, only she did not understand me. Of course there are many in too poor health to attend church or who live too far away; but what I meant was that those who were able and lived close to a church should attend. Enough of this subject as I think you will understand me now.

I enjoy COMFORT. Some say they do not see how they could live without it. I do not intend to try. A word regarding renewals. Sometimes we fail to renew, not because we do not want COMFORT but in our eagerness to see inside we fail to see the number that means the last.

How much I would love to meet the COMFORT staff. I feel they are near kin and to read after them is like a letter from some dear one; how is it possible to get so many good and noble Christians to edit one paper, I cannot understand.

I will have to say a word regarding what Cousin Marion said in June paper. "It seems that boys have to sow their wild oats." If boys would stop to think that the result of sowing was a harvest they surely would not sow. If we sow we reap, we reap more than we sow and others reap what we sow. How many times do broken-hearted mothers, wives and even children, sisters and friends have to help reap a harvest some thoughtless boy has sown. I hope all boys who read this will never sow any more "wild oats" for loved ones to help them reap.

I have a few helps then I will close.

Anyone wanting a sleeping porch and not having the porch but having a shed kitchen can make one on top of kitchen. It does not require much lumber, just a platform and that does not need to be solid; screen or poultry wire to screen it in and for a canopy buy unbleached cotton. If this is not plain to anyone I will, if they send stamp, give more information.

To keep soda from streaking, first put soda in hand then salt and rub well together.

Where one has a small clothes closet, they can economize space by using a hoop covered with cotton and pin waists and dresses to it.

With best wishes to COMFORT'S staff and its readers,
MRS. CHARLOTTIE DAY.

Mrs. Day. I am glad you had the courage to make yourself understood; in fact, it would seem that the matter was a double misunderstanding and I fully apologize for my part of it.

Just why people think a boy must sow his wild oats is something I have never been able to understand, particularly when the result of that sowing is so evident every day. Many contend that sometime in the life of a man, comes a time when he must "sow his wild oats," as they express it, and that after he has run the limit of dissipation he will settle down more readily to domestic life and become a model husband and father. There is room for argument there and I shall be glad of the views of the sisters on the subject.—Ed.

INDEPENDENCE, R. R. 2, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I haven't written a letter to COMFORT for several years and this beautiful morning, alone, but happy, in my little home I feel as though I would like to have a little chat with the COMFORT sisters. I have made so many dear friends by writing to the sisters, friends that I've never seen but love as well as those I have. I used to think one could not make friends that way but now I know they can. I haven't much of this world's goods to give but Jesus has filled my heart full of love and sympathy for every one and I can give that freely and love to do it, so sisters don't think you can give nothing to help anyone. Love is the greatest thing in the world so let's give love and sympathy for, oh, how much the world needs it and the pity of it is so few give it. Sisters, you that are going down the other side of life like myself, let's give of our experience and let's give our love and sympathy and then we will not feel lonely or forsaken. If we have Jesus for our own friend and try to make others better and happier our life will not have been in vain.

If any of the sisters care to write to me I will be glad to hear from them and will answer all letters received. Perhaps I can help them.

My own life has been full of sorrow and heartache, but I've overcome all this and am happy in my little home. God bless you all, Lovingly.

MRS. H. C. CRAWFORD.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

A GOOD SOUP.—Boil a good piece of boiling beef till nearly tender, then slice a few potatoes; boil about a cup of rice till thoroughly cooked, put in the soup when nearly done. Also half quart of tomatoes. Slice about three large onions for seasoning and you will have one of the finest soups you ever tasted.

MRS. LAURA WROE, Valley Springs, S. Dak.

CHICKEN CREAM SOUP.—Boil an old fowl, with an onion, in four quarts of cold water, until but two quarts remain. Take it out and let cool. To the breast, chopped fine, add the pounded yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and strain into the soup pot. Season, add chicken and egg and a small cup of boiling milk just before serving.

PLAIN STUFFING.—Take stale bread, cut off the crust, rub very fine and pour over it as much melted butter as will make it crumble in your hands; salt and pepper to taste.

POTATO STUFFING.—Take two thirds bread and one third boiled potatoes grated, butter size of an egg, pepper, salt, one egg and enough ground sage to flavor. Add a finely chopped onion if preferred.

OYSTER STUFFING.—Three cups stale bread crumbs one half cup melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, a little finely chopped onion and one pint of oysters.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Remove skins from onions and parboil from ten to fifteen minutes in boiling salted water, cool and remove part of centers. Fill cavities with equal parts of finely chopped cooked chicken, stale bread crumbs and onion which was removed, season to taste and moisten with cream or melted butter. Place in baking pan, cover lightly with bread crumbs and bake slowly till onions are soft.

CREAMED PARSNIPS.—Boil, scrape and slice lengthwise. Put over the fire with two tablespoons of butter, to which has been added pepper, salt and a little minced parsley. Dish the parsnips, add to the boiling sauce three tablespoons of cream in which has been stirred a quarter spoon of flour. Boil and pour over the parsnips.

CROQUETTES.—One cup of boiled rice, one cup of finely chopped cooked meat, salt, pepper, two tablespoons of butter, half a cup of milk and one egg. Add rice and milk to warm milk. When this boils, add the egg well-beaten; stir one minute. When cool, shape, dip in egg and crumbs and fry.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—One quart of cranberries, one quart of water and one pound of sugar; make a syrup of water and sugar. Drop the carefully selected berries into the boiling syrup and cook twenty minutes.—Ed.

CHILI SAUCE.—Six large tomatoes, five onions, red pepper, two tablespoons salt, two tablespoons allspice and cinnamon, one half teacup brown sugar and four cups vinegar. Boil one hour.

MRS. DELDEE KERNS, Fairfax, Va.

TO CAN PIE PLANT.—Cut in small pieces, pack in can, cover with cold water and seal without cooking.

TO CAN TOMATOES.—Pare small tomatoes and place in jars. Put half a teaspoon salt in bottom and same amount on top of jar, fill two thirds full of water and set jars in a boiler of water and boil till the water in the jar scums over.

MRS. ZELLA (RUSSELL) CASSITLY, Red Boiling Springs, Tenn.

WHITE COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, three teaspoons baking powder. Add enough flour to roll.

ROAST TURKEY.—As turkey usually forms the most important part of the dinner, too much care cannot be observed in the preparing for and cooking of our national fowl. Here are a few hints that may be followed to advantage. If the bird is very young there will be many pin-feathers. These can be removed by holding the bird over a flame, changing positions until all parts have been singed. After removing the head and feet, split the skin down the back of the neck and cut the neck out even with the shoulders, leaving the skin loose. Remove the crop, windpipe, etc., from the neck. Make an incision under the left leg. Work the fingers through the membrane and up around between the breast and the intestines and around next to the back, thus loosening everything. Remove the gizzard bringing with it all the entrails. When all the parts have been removed, put the fowl into a pan of water to which has been added one teaspoon soda for every two parts of water. Wash thoroughly inside and out, rubbing well. Rinse and dry. Season inside with salt and pepper, stuffing the breast till it is smooth and plump. Fold the skin of the neck down on the back and pin with a small skewer. Then stuff the body of the fowl, press the legs close to the body and tie by means of cord either through or around the body. The wings may be tied the same way or fastened to the body with a skewer. Season all well and rub with melted butter. Treated thus, the turkey is brought to the table in good condition and does not present the unattractive appearance it would, had it not been properly tied.



ROAST TURKEY.

LEMON SNAPS.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, one teaspoon lemon extract, half teaspoon soda dissolved in one tablespoon sour milk; flour to make stiff and roll very thin.

MRS. DELDEE KEENS, Fairfax, Va.

CREAM CARAMEL CAKE.—Two cups sifted flour, one rounding teaspoon baking powder, one cup sugar, one half cup shortening, butter or lard, one half cup water, whites of four eggs. Sift flour then measure; add powder and sift three times. Cream sugar and butter, add flavor, then flour and milk alternately, lastly add the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in two layers twenty-five to thirty minutes.

MRS. FLOYD WINKFIELD, Nucla, Colo.

COCOA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, four tablespoons of melted butter creamed, add one cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in a little warm water, one and one half cups of flour, one half cup of dry cocoa. Stir in a dash of salt. Flavor with vanilla. For icing use marshmallow paste made as follows: One quarter pound of marshmallows, two tablespoons of vanilla, three quarters cup of sugar, one quarter cup of milk. Boil sugar and milk together six minutes; melt the mashmallows by adding a little water, combine the two mixtures, add the vanilla and beat until stiff enough to spread. Try this and see how you like it. It has been a favorite eggless cake in our family over thirty years. We are never without it.

MRS. HARRY BENJAMIN, Monroe, New York.

CENTERPIECE OF FRUIT.—Cut off the top of a pumpkin, scoop out the soft part and seeds and use as a



CENTERPIECE OF FRUIT.

fruit dish. Dark and light colored grapes, bananas, bright apples, and pears together with the rich yellow of the pumpkin make an effective table decoration.

LEMON TARTS.—Mix together the juice and grated rind of two lemons, two cups of sugar, two eggs and crumbs of cake, beat all together until smooth; put into patty pans lined with piecrust, and bake until crust is done.—Ed.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Six cups of flour, three of molasses, one of cream, one of lard or butter, two eggs, one teaspoon of saleratus, and two of ginger. This is excellent.

SPICE CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, half cup of butter, half cup of sour milk, two cups of raisins chopped, three eggs, half of a nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one of cloves, one saleratus; mix rather stiff; bake in loaf tins in moderate oven.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One and one half cups sugar, half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one cup chopped raisins, spices to taste.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Cream three tablespoons butter, add two thirds cup sugar, one egg, well-beaten. To two and one quarter cups flour, add four and one half teaspoons baking powder and a little salt, and mix alternately with one cup of milk to first mixture. Last of all, add three squares of chocolate, melted. Turn into a butter mould and steam two hours. Serve with cream sauce made as follows: Cream one quarter cup of butter, add one cup powdered sugar, vanilla and one quarter cup of cream, beaten until stiff.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Line a pudding dish with slices of cake; slice thin a pineapple and place a layer on the cake in bottom of the dish, sprinkle with sugar, then more pineapple, and so on till the dish is full; cover with slices of cake and over the whole pour a cup of water; cover and bake slowly for two hours.

FIG PUDDING.—One half pound figs, one quarter pound grated bread, two ounces powdered sugar, three ounces butter, two eggs and one teacup milk. Chop the figs and mix first with butter, then the other ingredients; butter a mould, sprinkle with bread crumbs, cover tight and boil three hours.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—One pound butter, one pound suet, freed from strings and chopped fine, one pound sugar, two and a half pounds flour, two pounds raisins, seeded, chopped and dredged with flour, two pounds currents, picked over carefully after they are washed, one quarter pound citron, shred fine, twelve eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one pint milk, one cup brandy, one half ounce cloves, one half ounce mace, two grated nutmegs. Cream the butter and sugar, beat in the yolks when you have whipped them smooth and light; next put in the milk, then the flour, alternately with the beaten whites, then the brandy and spice, lastly the fruit, well-dredged with flour. Mix all thoroughly; wring out your pudding-cloth in hot water, flour well inside, pour in the mixture and boil five hours.

LEMON SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, three tablespoons of boiling water; cook in double boiler till thick.

PUMPKIN PIE.—One and one half cups steamed and strained pumpkin, two thirds cup brown sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half teaspoon ginger, one half teaspoon salt, two eggs, one and one half cups milk, one half cup cream. Bake in one crust.

SCOTCH BUTTER PIE.—One and one half cups brown sugar, three eggs, two cups milk, three tablespoons flour, one tablespoon butter; mix sugar, yolks of eggs, butter, flour and milk together, put on stove and stir until it boils up thick. Beat whites well. Mix one tablespoon sugar to each egg, have two crusts baked, pour custard into crust; when brown pour on the meringue; when it is slightly brown let cool and serve.

MRS. LIZZIE BLY, Penrose, N. C.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Put one peck of ripe berries in an earthern jar and pour over them one gallon boiling water. Let stand twenty-four hours. Extract the juice and to every gallon add three pounds of sugar. Tie thin cloth over top of it, let stand six weeks. Bottle and seal and keep in a cool place.

R. A. CLARK, Stephensville, Texas.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, a little butter and any desired flavoring; boil ten minutes, then cool it enough to pull.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup chocolate, grated fine, one cup boiled milk, one teaspoon flour, small piece of butter; let it boil slowly and pour on flat tins to cool, mark off while warm.—Ed.

MONT ALTO, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you allow a sister from the dear old Keystone state to enter your corner just for a few minutes' chat? Our village which lies just at the foot of the South Mountain along the beautiful Cumberland Valley Railroad, with a population of about eight hundred was recently incorporated. We have three churches, German Reform, Methodist Episcopal and the United Brethren. The last of which our family belong to. Also have a large, four-roomed school building. The mountains here have an elevation of about one thousand feet above sea level and at the top of this mountain our state has provided a tuberculosis sanitarium and infirmary building and have at present about one thousand patients who are taking treatment for tuberculosis.

The forestry department of our state also have a large Botany college, also a nine-acre nursery where they raise their own seedlings to be transplanted through the forests. White pine, black walnut, oak, catalpa, linden, etc., grow here. This work is under the supervision of one of the boys who graduated at this school.

I wish Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, also our paper COMFORT God's blessing. MRS. HARRY S. REED.

LAKEVIEW, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if among all our numbers all over this Union, there are not some who are situated as we were a short time ago; feeling dissatisfied with their surroundings and wanting to find a more agreeable home. About a year and a half ago we disposed of a fine forty acres and a beautiful home in Blue Earth County, Minnesota, to locate in Virginia, where we sought a more moderate climate. We lived there a year but our dissatisfaction grew the longer we stayed, and we were preparing to return to Minnesota when we became interested in Michigan and came here to look around. Huge barns, nice horses, beautiful, well-kept houses looked like prosperity to us and so far as we were acquainted the people were very friendly and neighborly. Lakeview, also was a very pretty town and offered a ready market for everything so we decided we would not miss it by buying. That was in April before the crops were in or the trees in leaf but every day we see new evidences of prosperity among the farmers and feel more satisfied with our one hundred and twenty-acre farm, partly within the corporate limits of Lakeview.

This year and also last have proved exceedingly dry in most parts of the Union and many farmers are becoming discouraged and are thinking of moving to a more desirable locality where crops are immune from danger of drought. To such people I want to tell about Michigan.

If you will get out your old geographies and look at the map of the United States you will readily see why drouth never interferes with crops here in Michigan. To be sure, some years are dryer than others or perhaps I should say some years have more rainfall than others, but such a thing as a damaging drouth seems to be unknown. Beside the two great lakes on either side of the state there are many inland lakes and these, of course aid in moistening the air. These same great lakes also play a large part in deciding the climate of Michigan, keeping the temperature down in summer and up in winter. Just think of weather in July and August being too cool to allow bathing in the lake, yet that has been our experience this summer. How many of you could say the same? In winter of course, the ground freezes, skating becomes a popular sport and much snow falls, but the severity of the weather is greatly tempered by the breezes from the lakes.

In crop variety Michigan cannot be excelled. How many of you know that Michigan is the only self-supporting state in the Union? Who has not heard of Michigan peaches from Michigan's famous fruit belt along the shore of Lake Michigan. All fruits and berries except the tropical varieties are successfully raised. I cannot think of any crop raised in the central, western and northern states that cannot be produced *successfully* here although some crops are preferred to others because of the greater profit. Montcalm county where we are is famous for its potatoes, just

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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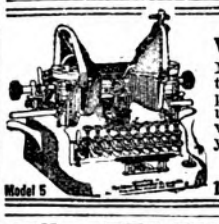
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Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

By Charles Garvice

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE RETURN.

ONE evening Sutcombe came home—he had been down to the Momus just in time to dress for dinner; and Vivienne, hearing his footsteps, called him into the dining room to look at the floral decorations.

"Aren't they pretty, Sutcombe?" she said, in the softened tones, which come so naturally to most women when they are speaking of flowers.

"Very," he assented. "Is it a special occasion?"

"Why, yes. The Letchfords are dining with us tonight. Had you forgotten?"

"Ah, yes!" he said apologetically. "I've been busy and —— Any news, Vivienne?"

It was the question he always asked when returning home, however short his absence.

Vivienne shook her head, and, as he sighed, she asked:

"Why are you so anxious, dear? Nothing can have happened to them."

He looked doubtful and troubled. "I don't know. Sometimes I'm afraid ——. It was an open boat; and I should have thought one of them would have written."

Vivienne smiled reassuringly.

"I'd trust them in a cockelshell, Sutcombe!" she said. "There was something about Lord Lesborough, in his very voice, that inspired confidence. Oh, they are quite safe and sound—somewhere. Remember, dear, they are on their honeymoon. And whoever writes on their honeymoon? For them the world contains only two persons—Vane and Decima—I mean Nina. We shall hear presently, or they will walk in one evening. I am quite sure that they are well and—happy! Go and dress, dear; you have not too much time. Is everything going right at the theater?"

He nodded. "Yes, the play is going better than ever. It will run for a twelvemonth. I'm glad the Letchfords are coming; the sight of their happiness makes one happy."

"And how much happier if one had helped them to their bliss!" she murmured. He understood her allusion to the other couple, and smiled at her appreciatingly.

"That's so," he responded simply, as he left the room.

The Letchfords came up to time. They sat down to dinner. Strangely enough—and yet not so strangely, for the Letchfords often thought of their dead friend—the conversation strayed indirectly toward the subject of Vane's death and Julian's succession.

"I met Sir Chandos Orme today—you know him, I think, Sutcombe?" said Letchford.

Sutcombe nodded. "A little; who doesn't?"

"You'll be sorry to hear that he is breaking up—at last! I saw him in St. James Street, and scarcely knew him; and he did not know me at all. He was tottering along like an old man, his wig all askew, the enamel, or whatever it is, cracked and in blotches on his face, and his lips twisted into a fatuous, senile grin. A most dreadful wreck, poor old chap! What you call an awful warning and example. I crossed over and got hold of his hand—it shook with palsy—and contrived, after some minutes, to make him recognize me. I wanted to inquire after his daughter, Judith."

"And how is she?" asked Lady Letchford, gravely.

Her husband shook his head.

"Very bad, I gathered. She has never got over the shock of"—his voice dropped—"of that terrible tragedy at Lesborough. I don't think you knew much of my poor friend, Vane Mannering, Sutcombe?"

Sutcombe colored and fidgeted. He had not been authorized to proclaim that Vane still lived.

"I—I have met him," he said.

"An awfully good fellow—one of the very best," said Letchford, with a deep sigh. "He had a very short innings; and they weren't particularly happy ones. There was some cloud. There's a kind of ban on the Lesborough family, and I'd hoped he'd broken it; but he didn't; and the present man doesn't look as if he would."

Sutcombe looked up quickly.

"You don't like him?" he said.

"Well, n—o," he replied reluctantly. "I never did, nor did Blanche. Awfully good looking chap, and sang like a—like a blessed nightingale; but —— What was it Lady Fanworthy said to you, Blanche: That he reminded her of a black panther?"

"Mr. Julian Shore—Lord Lesborough—is very dark," said Lady Letchford, with a reproachful frown at her too candid husband.

"There was never any doubt of *your* Lord Lesborough's death, I suppose?" asked Sutcombe; and it was now Vivienne's turn to frown at him.

"Eh? What?" said Letchford, much startled. "Why, no; how could there be? We saw—or as good as saw—him die." There was a moment's pause, then he added: "By the way, now you ask the question, there is one person who refused to believe that he was burned—old Lady Fanworthy. But, then, as everybody knows, she is the most eccentric woman in the kingdom."

"Charlie!" murmured Lady Letchford rebukingly.

"Well, so she is, Blanche."

"I'm not sure that her incredulity in this case proves her eccentricity," said Sutcombe. He had been thinking during the conversation, and was rather inclined to prepare these good friends of Vane's for the shock that sooner or later awaited them.

"Eh? What?" repeated Letchford amazedly. "I was there, you know, when the terrible affair happened——"

"And saw Lord Lesborough's body?" put in Sutcombe.

"No; no one could see that," replied Letchford, in a low voice. "But there was enough to identify him. There was the coat, a fragment of it, and the buttons——"

"He might have left the coat there," suggested Sutcombe. "Oh"—he paused impressively—"or he might have lent it to some one."

Letchford stared; then he shook his head and sighed.

"No good, Sutcombe! I wish it were! If my poor friend wasn't burned to death that night, what became of him; where is he?"

Sutcombe leaned forward, and, with all eyes, Vivienne's fearfully, fixed on him, he retorted:

"I'm lawyer enough to remind you that you have to prove that he is dead. See, now, Letchford: You say that there was a cloud over his life; that he had once before disappeared and been lost to his friends; that, although he had succeeded to the title and was well off—a rich man—he was still unhappy. How do you know that he didn't disappear again; that, for reasons you and I cannot guess, he did not yield to a desire to surrender the title and the money to his cousin, the heir, to whom he was, I believe, much attached——"

Letchford sprang to his feet, his face aglow.

"By Heaven, Sutcombe, you—you know, you have heard something!" he exclaimed.

Sutcombe crimsoned, then turned pale.

"I—I——" he stammered; but before he could say any more the servant came to the door.

"Would you step into the library, my lord?" he said very gravely.

Sutcombe, glad to escape, rose promptly.

"Excuse me a moment, will you?" he said. "Some business connected with the theater. I suppose."

He went out covertly wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He had gone further than he intended, and the interruption came at a lucky moment, and would give him time to think over some way of explaining away the impression he had created. He entered the library, then started back with a low cry; for Vane and Nina stood there.

He closed the door sharply, then got hold of a hand of each and all of them were talking at once, the two men laughing in the nervous way in which men try to conceal their emotion, and Nina standing silent, but with the happy tears in her eyes.

"When did you come back?" Sutcombe was at last able to inquire.

"Today—this moment. We sent the luggage to the Carlton and came on here. All the dinner eaten?"

"No, no!" said Sutcombe, still wringing his hand. "Just at it. And Vivienne! Can't you guess how delighted she will be. De—Lady Lesborough! And we were just talking of you! But when aren't we! But, oh, by Jove!" He stopped aghast. "There's—there are some people here you know—the Letchfords!"

Vane's face lit up, and he nodded and turned to Nina. "She knows them, though she hasn't seen them. Don't you, Nina?"

"Yes," she murmured; for how often had she not listened to his story of the Letchfords' goodness to him?

"Come on," said Vane. "We're not in evening dress, but——"

"But they think you're dead," said Sutcombe ruefully. Then his face cleared. "No, by Jove! for, as luck would have it, I've just been preparing them for the fact that you are still alive——"

"And kicking!" Vane finished. "Lead on, Macduff! Poor, dear old Letchford, how glad he'll be!"

"Give me a moment—just two moments. You stay outside the door till I give the word; you'll know when to show up!"

When he returned to the dining-room Vivienne saw from his face that he had "heard news," and she uttered a low cry. But he addressed himself to Letchford.

"You asked me just now, Letchford, to tell you where Lesborough is, if he was not killed that night, as you concluded. I couldn't tell you a few minutes ago, but I've heard news, and I can now."

Vivienne rose, supporting herself by the table.

"Sutcombe! You have seen them! Oh, where are they?"

"Here, Lady Vivienne!" came Vane's voice in response, as he and Nina entered; Nina with a cry, that was followed by one of amazement from the Letchfords, and delight from Vivienne, into whose arms Nina had glided.

For hours these good people talked, one against the other, in a state of excitement which threatened to exhaust the ladies, who, after a time, retired to the drawing-room and left the three men to more serious conversation.

"The question is," said Sutcombe gravely, "did Julian Shore know the truth?"

"I say 'no!'" responded Vane stoutly.

"'And I—— Dash it all, I wish I could!" said Letchford. "But don't be guided by me. I'm prejudiced. I never liked him."

"There is only one course to follow," said Sutcombe. "You must go down and confront him, Lesborough. You will see in a moment whether he is as guilty as I deem him. Take him by surprise, and you will find——"

"That you have wronged him!" broke in Vane. "I'll go down tomorrow. If I find that he is innocent, then I will share half the estate with him, with my wife's full and free consent. I can't give him the title; that" he paused—"is not mine to give. But anything else—— You will find I am right, Sutcombe."

But Sutcombe shook his head.

"And you are happy, dear?" Vivienne was saying to Nina, in the drawing-room, as they sat close together, hand in hand. "But what a foolish question! One has only to look at your face!"

Nina's eyes shone with her felicity.

"And I owe it all to you—and Lord Sutcombe!" she said. "There is scarcely an hour of the day that we do not talk of you; there is scarcely a moment that I do not think of you! And, oh! I am so glad to get back, though we have had such a lovely time. And my play?"

"'Going strong!' That's Sutcombe's slang, dear! We will all go and see it the very first possible night!"

Be Thankful That You're Living in The U. S. A.

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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When you take a look around you at the nations of the world,
Grappling with each other, with their battle-flags unfurled,
Engaged in wanton slaughter, tramping round in seas of gore,
Puncturing each other's hides amid the cannons' roar,
From their aeroplanes and airships suspended in the sky,
Dropping bombs on people's bald spots as they deep in slumber lie.
As you contemplate starved Europe munching bricks and chewing hay.
Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

No need for mighty armies in this glorious land of ours,
For here we have material to stand off all the powers.
If an enemy approached us, ere they could fire a gun,
We'd sic Teddy Roosevelt on them and then you'd see some fun.
And if Teddy couldn't fix them ere you could draw a breath,
William Jennings Bryan would talk the bunch to death,
And you could hear him lecture 'bout it at a Chautauqua matinay,
So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

It's sad the awful hunger that those foreign folks endure,
While we have every luxury that money can secure.
We've pickles, the varieties mount up to ninety-seven,
Any single one of which would send you straight to heaven.
We've beef embalmed with drugs and dope, and sausages that bark;
We've hen fruit labeled strictly fresh direct from Noah's ark.
If shy a meal a loaf you steal, there's free board in prison—say!
Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

We're the most industrious nation beneath the heaven's dome,—
We've children in the factories, while the men all loaf at home;
Ma mustn't leave the house to vote or the home will ruined be,
But she can work in sweat shops till she's too blind to see;
There's brother on the sidewalk, sister toiling day and night,
And if the boss at forty kicks because your hair's turned white,
A wig go buy, your whiskers dye, and when you draw your pay,
Just be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

We've got a royal family,—the like has ne'er been known,—
King John the First still sits upon his oily U. S. throne.
You'll find in other countries, of kings they have but one,
While we've Kings Steel, Coal, Oil and Beef and monarchs by the ton.
They tax us in the cradle from the time we draw our breath;
Soon we'll have to pay for air or all get choked to death.
But for every million that they pinch, a dime they give away,
So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

Our government invisible's a mighty power of gold,
Makes Republicans and Democrats all do just what they're told.
We're bossed by politicians and every kind of crook,
And though our girls can tango not one of them can cook.
Our liberties have vanished, free speech, free press are dead,
But though the goddess Liberty long from our land has fled,
We've got a statue of her standing down in New York Bay,
So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

A libr'y built by Carnegie on every block you'll find,
So though the stomach's empty we still can feed the mind.
We've millions at the movies, theaters all are full,
While churches they are empty and have lost the power to pull.
More millions crowd the ball games, "fans" and crazy sports;
What's left are in the dippy house, the prisons or the courts.
But with war and Mrs. Pankhurst three thousand miles away,
We can still thank heaven we're living in the U. S. A.

We've got the dandiest country that lies beneath the sun;
The only trouble with it is the wicked way its run.
The masses only are to blame that things are on the blink,
For this land would be a paradise if the boobs would only think.
"Hard times and panics don't exist," the President declares,
"They're just a state of mind," so if starvation at you stares,
Mind you're only broke and hungry in a psychologic way,
So be thankful that you're living in the U. S. A.

"And Polly?" inquired Nina eagerly.

"Polly is in the sixth heaven of bliss—and will be in the seventh itself when she knows that you have come back. We will bring her home to supper with us after the theater; and —— Oh, tell us all over again what you have been doing!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

JULIAN'S CONFESSION.

The following day Julian Shore was sitting in the library. Though the weather was warm, a fire had been lit, and he had pulled the armchair close to it, and was crouching over it, with his thin, white hands held to the blaze. If there were, indeed, a ban on the house of Lesborough, that ban was resting very heavily on the present bearer of the title; for Julian Shore looked the most wretched and unhappy of men. It was not remorse that brooded like a vulture upon his mind, but the sense that the prize for which he had sold his soul would probably evade his grasp. For, though Judith had not actually cast him off and disowned him, he was convinced that, in refusing to see him, she was only temporizing and preparing him for her final declaration—that she intended to break her part of the unholy pact. She had hated him from the first, he knew, and had only been impelled to make that pact by the stings of jealousy and the promptings of ambition. In a word, she had hounded him on to the crime, from which she now shrank, and for which she refused him the reward.

It was of Judith, and almost only of Judith, he thought, as he bent forward, his dark eyes fixed gloomily on the fire. Of Vane he thought not at all. Vane had been in the way both of his passion and his greed for rank, and wealth, and power, and—Vane was removed. Judith, only Judith, sat enthroned in the mind behind the somber brow.

Even Lady Fanworthy's inquiry, almost anxious inquiry, for Deborah did not trouble him. Deborah had disappeared on the day of the fire; but her disappearance had not moved him. It was probable, he thought, that the reason for her absence which he had given was not far from the truth; she had, in all likelihood, gone to a relative. The loss of her services was felt by him occasionally; he missed her now and again; but he was as indifferent to her fate as he had been to that of the cat he had suffocated, as he had been to the dear, of Vane.

Judith! How to force her to keep her pact. He was now the Earl of Lesborough; or, at least, would soon be the acknowledged master where once he had been the dependent. He had performed his part of the contract; how should he force her to fulfill hers? His mind was at work on the question all day and every day, and his thin, bloodless lips now formed her name inaudibly. He rose presently, his lips twitching, and, taking a spirit stand from the sideboard, he poured out some brandy, and drank it slowly, meditatingly. Then he went back to the chair, and fell into his old attitude, and fell to muttering, holding an imaginary conversation between the woman on whom his black soul was set and himself. After a while he looked round vaguely, then he rose, and, with a stealthy glance round him, paid another visit to the sideboard. He had drained the glass of, this time, neat spirit, and was now the Earl of Lesborough; or, at least, heard a step in the hall outside.

He paused, and looked toward the door, and muttered in quite a matter-of fact voice:

"That was like Vane's. Strange!"

He sank into the chair, and leaned back, with closed eyes, the white lids gleaming, in a ghastly fashion, from the dark shadows which encircled his eyes; but suddenly the lids flickered. The door had opened, and a step—so strangely like Vane's—was heard in the room. He raised his lids, heavy with insomnia, and, without moving his head, turned his eyes.

Vane stood looking down at him with an anxious, doubtful, troubled inquiry.

"Julian!" he said gravely, gently. "Don't be frightened. It is I!"

Julian regarded him with lack-luster eyes.

"Too much brandy; no sleep," he muttered to himself. "I expected this. How like! It might be Vane himself."

"Don't you know me, Julian?" said Vane, still more anxiously, with a look of greater doubt and trouble in his face. "I have just returned to England. I came to tell you that I am alive. Get up, old fellow! Give me your hand, your congratulations! What is the matter? Julian, are you ill?"

"His voice, exactly!" muttered Julian, almost with admiration. "A perfect illusion, optical and aural. This is interesting; very!"

He rose, quite steadily, and went for some more brandy; and Vane approached, and would have laid his hand upon Julian's arm, but Julian drew back, not with fear, but with a laugh, and shook his head.

"No, no! You can't make your touch felt, you know. Ghosts can't materialize to that extent! No, no! So you are going to haunt me? I think not! I can lay you, my good cousin, as I raised you, with this!" He lifted the glass and drank a long draught. "It is only a question of quantity."

As Vane stood, regarding him with sad sternness, a foreboding of what was to follow, Julian went on:

"Not gone yet? What do you want? The orthodox, the regular thing—a confession? Take it, then, and be off, good ghost. And you are good, excellent! The very image of my dear, noble cousin. Won't that well-merited compliment send you back to hell—oh, no, good men like you go to heaven. I forgot! Pardon! Not gone? You will have that confession?"

His lips writhed into a mocking smile. "You insist? With all my heart. Well, then, my dear Vance, I laid the little plot which transported you to the good man's eternal reward. And you must admit that it was as neat and finished as any that even a Borgia could conceive. Come, now! confess that you had not the least glimmering of an idea that the laboratory was prepared for you; that the ropes of the ventilator had been neatly frayed, almost to parting point; that the combination of aconite and ammonia had been calculated to a nicety; that I had tried the fumes on a cat—poor, innocent cat; that I had the key of the door in my pocket, and kept it there while I lingered about the hall, until—well, until the fumes had done their work!"

Vane shrank back from the now glittering eyes, glittering with exultation over the fiendish work, the fluent words that left, gloatingly, the livid, working lips, shrank back with manly shame, as if he were the guilty one, and not the intended victim.

"Good God!" he gasped. "Are—are you mad, Julian?"

"Mad? Not a whit, thanks, ghost of my dear Vane!" retorted Julian, with a laugh, as he turned to the decanter of brandy. "I am the sanest of the sane; for I am one of those men who know what they want—and get it! I wanted your title, the Lesborough estates. I nearly had them, for you were supposed to be dead; but you were fool enough to come back to the land of the living, and robbed me. I could have killed you at that old idiot's—Tressider's—and, later that day, at my own rooms. But you didn't see it. Not you! You are one of those blind fools who are called honest, honorable men!"

The sweat stood thickly on Vane's forehead; the horror of the scene was almost intolerable. He tried to end it.

"Julian!" broke from him. "This is madness—stark, raving madness. You—you could not have done it!"

Julian took the glass from his lips to laugh derisively.

"Couldn't I? Not for the title and the estates, perhaps. I wanted them badly enough, but I—don't—think. I'm not sure, that I'd have murdered you for them. Murder's a serious thing, after all. But I wanted something more badly than I wanted the title and the estates. Can't you guess? You dull ghost, you obtuse phantom! I wanted the woman you once loved, and who still loved you—Judith!"

"Judith!" echoed Vane, in a horrified whisper.

Julian laughed.

"You echo her name pat enough. Clever ghost! Yes, I loved her. The day you took me to her—you remember?—well, it dated from that. Love at first sight. And you stood between her and me. 'When you are master where you are now dependent.' Those were her words. 'To win her I must be the Earl of Lesborough; for, you see, my dear Judith—oh, my love for her does not blind me to her faults!—is ambitious. She wants to be a countess—and, more than this, she wants to spite you, dear Cousin Vane! 'The woman scorned,' you know. You once loved her; she left you, and—you forgave her and forgot her. No woman will forgive that! So she made her pact with me. I was to get rid of you, and then——"

His voice broke and paused a moment, then went on:

"Judith! Why is she not here? I want her! She will not deceive me, will not rob me of my prize, herself, her love! No, no! The com-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Though Congressman Deering of Texas, would be detained in Washington some weeks longer by his official duties, it is decided that his wife and family, consisting of three little girls, shall leave at once for a summer outing on their Texas ranch in order to avoid the depressing influence of the city which, with the advent of hot weather, is sapping the children's health.

The party, consisting of Mrs. Deering, the children and their nurse, at the end of a long though pleasant journey by rail supplemented by an interesting drive with Len, the ranch manager's young son, who met them at the station, arrive in high spirits and are comfortably settled in the primitive but neat little cottage, under the pecan trees, prepared for their occupancy.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Deering's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

An exploration of the shady creek bottom under Len's guidance brought the day of their arrival to a close with no more serious adventures than the three girls being scared out of their wits by a gentle old cow which they thought was about to gore them to death, and the two younger children getting their fingers bitten by stinging lizards.

NOTE.—Our readers will be interested to know that "Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, is an ancestral estate inherited by Mrs. Burleson, from her father, Dr. Steiner, who was an army surgeon and served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson. EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

THE children were awakened late the next morning by a flood of sunshine. To lose time sleeping was no part of their plans for the summer and they had gone to bed promising each other to be up with the dawn.

The discovery that Toughey had arisen early and had unbroken clabber for breakfast, whereas theirs through long standing and the heat of the day was nearly all whey, was discouraging. It gave her a long start ahead of them; they had intended to be first in everything. It was, moreover, only a part of their grievance. Toughey had also helped with the churning and been rewarded with unstinted quantities of fresh buttermilk and the privilege of working the butter into a little round pat now hardening on the ice. Toughey had proudly displayed it as her work.

They were saved from a fit of sulks by the timely arrival of Len. His approach was first indicated by the rattle of the chain used to fasten the big gate opening into their enclosure from the road. There was a general rush to the front gallery where they all stood watching him and admiring first the skill with which he undid the fastening without dismounting, then the furious pace at which he covered the level stretch of ground between the gate and the house, and finally his sudden stop at the very edge of the gallery without injury to himself or his pony. To Toughey, he was the very spirit of the plains; she longed to imitate his reckless driving and to repeat in her own costume, so far as possible, the cowboy picturesqueness of his outfit.

"Do you think it's hard to ride?" she asked carelessly.

"Dead easy!" said Len, "anybody could ride this goat!"

And with a touch of his Mexican spurs he made the animal execute a series of bounds and high side stepping, that served rather to impress the little girls with the difficulties of riding.

"Get on," invited Len, throwing himself from the saddle with an easy movement that left Toughey in a state of grovelling admiration.

Toughey hesitated; she longed to make the trial, but shrank from the ridicule which she knew would follow a display of unskillful horsemanship; but the children, uninfluenced by such considerations, responded eagerly, though somewhat timidly, to the invitation. Len proved himself a careful teacher and carried them safely through the early stages of horseback riding. They progressed from a secure seat behind him to one less steady in the saddle; from limp figures hanging fearfully to his blouse to humped monkeys clinging desperately to the pommel, and on to unsteady but ambitious and confident little riders, keen for the pleasure to be had from a gentle pony in the country.

The spirit originally displayed by the pony was evidently a product of Len's spurs, for in the children's hands it became quite docile and in fact showed such a disposition to stop whenever an excuse offered that Toughey's contempt was excited and she was led into ridiculing its mettle. She enjoyed playing the part of a critic. At the same time she was attentive to Len's instructions to the children, whose mistakes she secretly resolved to avoid. When urged to take her turn at riding, she excused herself upon the ground that she was not in riding dress and that she preferred her own saddle which was not yet unpacked.

The ponies provided for the little girls' use during the summer were still in the pasture where they had been running at large for some months. Isum, the old negro in charge of the small stock of cattle attached to the farm, was to drive them in the next day, but, as the pasture was only two or three miles away, Toughey and the children agreed to Len's suggestion to go out that afternoon and look at them.

After consultation with Mrs. Deering, it was decided that Toughey should ride Len's pony, and that the others should go in the buggy, a topless little vehicle commonly used by old Isum for hauling salt to the cattle at the pasture. Four o'clock was to be the hour for starting.

Len now started for the Camp to look up, from among the large assortment of mules and horses, something suitable to drive. There were days on the Plantation when everything that could be put to a plow or wagon was in use and Len felt uneasy as a glance at the field showed him a long line of plows. He would be lucky to find anything other than a few tired mules turned into the pasture to rest or some horse that had gone lame and was unfit for service. It was just possible that a plow hand might have been laid off for the day because of sickness, in which case his mule would still be in the corral.

Len sent his pony racing along the road. To the left stretched the wide field and to the right the low hills, beyond which lay the grasslands. In a few minutes he was within sight of the sheds and pens used for the mules. These structures, with the Manager's house, the large building occupied by the prisoners, and quarters for the guards, together with a blacksmith shop, sheds covered with cedar brush, for the protection of the farm implements, corn cribs and various outhouses, constituted what was known as "The Convict Camp," or, more commonly, "The Camp."

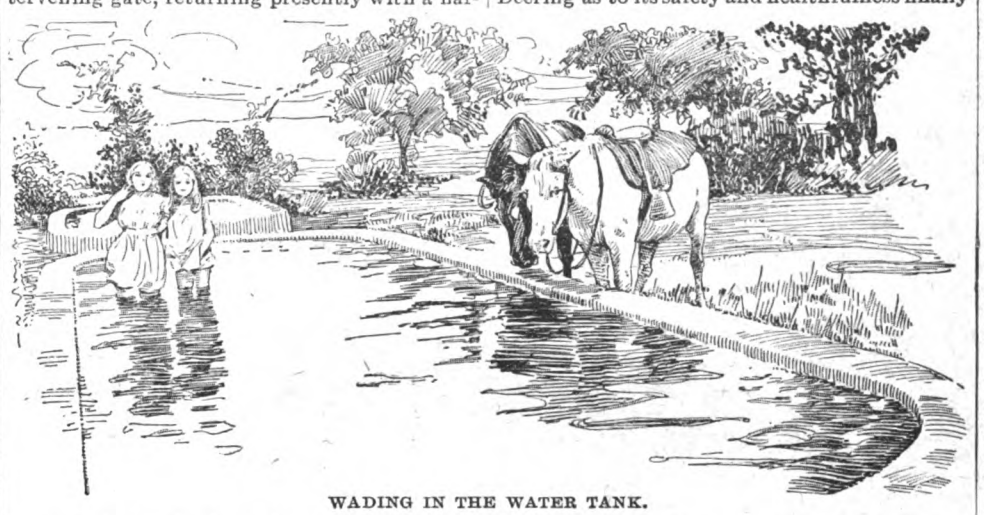
Neither mule nor horse was to be seen, but Len did not give up the search until he had entered the corral and patiently explored every corner wherein a four-footed beast might be supposed to hide itself. Nothing answering his needs could be found. Disappointed, he slowly made his way back to the hilly pasture through which he had come from "Pecan Hollow," the home of the little girls, and to which he must now return to tell then that the afternoon excursion must be given up.

At this moment a little yellow mule, known as Dixie, walked from behind a clump of cedars and stood looking out over the field at the distant laborers with an expression so human as to be comical. Len chuckled at the sight and retreating softly slipped back through the intervening gate, returning presently with a halter and a handful of sorghum. Throwing his pony's bridle over a sumach bush and uttering a coaxing whistle, he approached Dixie on foot with the sorghum extended in one hand and the halter in the other. The little mule turned an alert attention upon him. She had feminine ways that made her capture uncertain; but she was a prize worth struggling for. A favorite with both guards and men, and sought after on all occasions, it was not uncommon to find Dixie loafing in the pasture when she should have been at work. This fact was due to her own talents, for she could flatten her body and crawl under a barb wire fence like a dog, or by resting her top legs on the fore string, vault over as easily as a boy. Whether she owed her intelligence to some trick ancestor or had acquired it through the pressing necessities of her own life was not known, for she had arrived at the Plantation some years before, one of a carload of mules from St. Louis, without pedigree or history. But at any rate, her acquirements gained for her the respect to which she was entitled, and none but the hopelessly ill-tempered ever resented it when she outwitted her keepers. Her capture, as Len well knew, could not be effected through any strategy of his, and he offered the sorghum more as an expression of his good will than as a decoy. Dixie's contempt for the substantial pleasures of the corn crib was generally recognized, and when she allowed herself to be taken it seemed to be either a graceful concession to duty, or because the freedom of the pasture had ceased to be attractive to her. Fortunately for Len's plans, she proved to be in an acquiescent mood and graciously accepting his tribute submitted to having the halter slipped over her inquisitive and bumptious little nose. Fearful of a change of heart, however, he kept Dixie tied till afternoon and then, mounting his pony, he led her to Pecan Hollow where he found the children awaiting him as anxiously as if he had been late instead of being, as in reality he was, an hour ahead of the appointed time.

Immediately entering his service, they went with him to the shed where the buggy was kept, looked up the whip, put the cushion seat straight, solemnly watching the complicated process of harnessing Dixie, and finally, under Len's close supervision, drove triumphantly through the grove to the front of the house, one holding the reins, the other the whip. After securing Dixie to a tree, Len turned his attention next to unsaddling his own pony for Toughey's use.

A beautiful little English saddle lay on the floor of the gallery, but he looked vainly around for a side-saddle, and as Mamma had gone to collect the necessary sunshades, umbrellas, gloves, etc., for the trip, he called the children to know where it could be found. But these small people were too busy licking flies from Dixie's coat with the whip, to that lady's growing surprise and indignation, to heed the question, and he was about to refer it to Toughey herself, who at that moment appeared at the door; but, as she came fully into view and walked towards him, he hesitated and stopped. She was dressed in loose black trousers, a blouse of the same color and material, and a boy's hat. In her hand she carried an English crop. When she pointed to the saddle as hers, explaining that side-saddles belonged to an unscientific past and that they were all to ride astride in obedience to her father's orders, Len's surprise and confusion were complete.

Toughey spoke hurriedly and with a very red face, but her courage carried her safely through the ordeal of doing something out of the ordinary. Len, on the contrary, could not rally so quickly. His ideas of propriety had been disturbed, and, although he helped Toughey to place the saddle on his pony and showed her how to buckle the girths and taught her to mount, he found it hard, in his own mind, to adjust himself to the new order of things. The start found him silent and still wrestling with the proposition, but a few words from Mrs. Deering as to its safety and healthfulness finally dispelled his doubts, and with the admission that even the fads and fancies of city folks are sometimes based on common sense, his spirits returned and he began to enjoy the fresh impressions of the little girls and resumed his old position of instructor and guide.



WADING IN THE WATER TANK.

Their destination was the hay pasture situated on the prairie, and owing its name to the quantities of long grass cut there every summer to be used for fodder during the winter. The way to it lay through other pastures, separately enclosed and embracing within their limits numerous small hills with intervening hollows and canyons. For a time the road skirted the field but presently turning away, led through creek bottoms, somber from the shade of big trees, along the edge of ravines thick with a tangled growth of underbrush, up steep slopes where the thin soil could support only the sumach and cedar, and finally out to the breezy prairie, a seemingly boundless stretch of undulating green, crossed by an occasional line of wire fencing, and broken here and there by small clumps of timber.

The children, who at the beginning of the drive had been tucked down in front between the seat and the dashboard, and had at first been demurely content, soon reached the squirming stage and developed so many knees and elbows that Mamma was glad to yield to their clamor to be transferred to the little extension at the back of the buggy. This arrangement gave them more room and a wider view.

In the meantime, poor Toughey was vainly striving to enjoy her ride. The gentle pony of the morning had vanished and in its place was a restless creature full of nervous starts and quivers that made her feel cold in spite of the heat. Toughey's courage and self confidence were real, but she delighted in displaying both qualities, especially before the children, whom she persisted in regarding as "poor, little 'scarecats'," which was to be overcome only through her own example. A deadly fear now seized her that the pony might throw her off and forever disgrace her in the eyes of her little sisters, who were at the same time her admirers and imitators. From the beginning she was obliged to hold to the saddle, a necessity she bitterly resented. In fact, Toughey resented the whole situation; she had expected everything to be so different. Her beautiful saddle was uncomfortable and the stirrups were too long or too short (Toughey was not sure which). The bridle kept slipping through her hand and getting looser, and then the pony would make a sudden break, requiring her to let go her hold on the saddle in order that she might have both hands free to rein him up, all the while clinging desperately to the pony with her knees to keep from falling off.

"Isn't it nice, Toughey!" called the children above the rattle of the buggy.

"Yes!" answered Toughey with a convulsive movement that made the pony take a fresh start and pass the buggy.

"She's holdin' on! she's holdin' on!" screamed the children with impish delight, noting the fact for the first time. Toughey's answer to this taunt was lost in the distance as the pony bore her rapidly away, only slacking his pace when he reached a rocky incline. Here Toughey succeeded in bringing him to an uneasy standstill, and awaiting the approach of the buggy said, with a heroic smile:

"Isn't this glorious!"

She was bruised and miserable, but in her plucky little heart she was determined that no one should know it.

"I say," said Len, his eyes on the fidgeting, pony, "Moon doesn't like that saddle of yours; it's too fine for him."

"Oh, he'll have to get used to it," remarked Toughey in a voice that trembled though it expressed little sympathy for any kind of weakness.

"He's afraid of it," continued Len. "You'd better get in here and let me ride him," and handing the reins to Mrs. Deering, Len leaped to the ground. For one moment Toughey had an overwhelming sense of the rest and comfort within reach at her mother's side, and then she repelled the thought as unworthy even of consideration.

"No, indeed!" she replied with exaggerated emphasis, starting the pony up the hill to show that arguments with her were useless. Mamma regarded her with anxious eyes but said nothing. She rarely interposed an objection to Toughey's standards or forced a surrender of her ideals to the common-sense view of a situation.

If Toughey's pride brought with it pain and at times even humiliation, it at least saved her from anything that was abject and unworthy.

"She sticks on all right," said Len watching Toughey's progress as he followed in her wake with Dixie and the buggy. "And she's got grit," he added admiringly.

It was some comfort to Toughey to know that Moon's meek soul had not been aroused by her own poor riding and guiding as in her mortification, she had supposed, but by the thousand little shrieks and squeaks given out by the new leather of the saddle, and to which she now found herself lending as strained attention as the pony.

Arriving at the brow of the hill, they found themselves facing a wide sweep of prairie. A few cattle could be seen and in the middle distance rose a windmill, the almost inevitable feature of every landscape in a stockraising and agricultural country.

To this structure Len directed their course. They had now entered the Hay Pasture, and after closing the gate leading into it, Len paused to readjust Toughey's stirrups and give her saddle a few vigorous shakes to test its firmness. This attention to Moon's trappings had a quieting effect upon him. He seemed less alive to the groans of the new leather, and began to travel at a soberer gait that brought great relief to Toughey's overstrained nerves. Except at haying time, the Pasture was rarely entered, save by old Isum, so there was no road and Toughey enjoyed the ride through the long grass which bent and rustled under the pony's feet.

Now and then the children cried out, as a snake wriggled away from their path and they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25 .)

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Judge Ashburton, father of Alice Ashburton marries for his second wife Mrs. Farquahar, who has a daughter Imogen. Robert Ingraham, cousin to Alice is in love with Alice Imogen is in love with Roland Fletcher who marries Alice. Robert Ingraham marries Imogen and goes to Rome. Roland Fletcher's business takes him abroad. A girl is born to Alice Fletcher. Her health failing, Robert decides to send the baby to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, and places her in the care of the consul who gives her to the captain and stewardess of the Gracieuse bound for New York. Imogen employs a detective, who informs her of Alice's condition and the disposal of the child. Imogen, carrying her child, born one month after Robert Ingraham's death, boards the steamer, gains access to the stateroom where Olive Fletcher is sleeping, raises the little baby and removing its cloak, upon which is sewed one half of a card, the other half having been sent to Judge Ashburton by the consul, puts it on her own child and places her in the berth, where she is cared for and given to Judge Ashburton as Olive Fletcher. Imogen puts Olive Fletcher in the extension case, in which she brings her own child and hurriedly leaves the steamer, unconscious she is watched. Judge Ashburton, shocked when he reads of Robert Ingraham's death given six months previous to date, writes to Imogen and offers her a home. She conceals the birth of her child, Alice Fletcher dies. Roland Fletcher comes home for a visit and Imogen, who has the care of Olive brings her to her father. She exhibits a bad temper. A few days later Roland removes her shoes and stockings and not finding the scar of a cross tattooed on each ankle he declares she is not his child. Going to New York he sees the consul and Captain Hadley who assure him the exchange of babies was an impossibility. Roland Fletcher adopts a boy from the slums who is given the name of William Curtis Marchmont in baptism. Seventeen years later the young are in Europe. Olive is the chum of her grandmother, who gives her a pony. They go for a ride. Imogen standing in the door, and expressing her delight of the pony is confronted by a man who requests a few minutes' conversation. She ignores having ever seen him. He refreshes her memory and asks for money, an amount equal to what her secret is worth. She denies having one. He asks, "If the young lady who drives away is Miss Olive Fletcher where is the child Helen Farquahar Ingraham christened in Rome, January 15, 18—?" She pays him one hundred pounds, promising him the same amount six months later. The pony becomes unmanageable but is quieted by Alice and Mary Weston, daughters of Mrs. Weston of whom the judge buys the pony. William Curtis Marchmont, Roland Fletcher's son rides up and is introduced to the girls, losing his heart to Alice. The pony is unhitched and Olive and her grandfather accept the Westons' hospitality. Mrs. Weston tells the story of their lives and Alice's desire to study law. Judge Ashburton is surprised at Alice's knowledge and clearness of thought and makes the way easy for her to read law with him. Will Marchmont is to return to Yale. Learning to love Alice he determines to win her for his wife. Going for a walk a shower makes a shelter necessary. A report of a pistol frightens Alice. They meet Arthur Stamford, who has been injured by the explosion of a cartridge. Introductions follow and Alice invites him to her home where her mother skillfully cleanses and bandages the injured hand. Mrs. Weston invites the gentlemen to lunch and Arthur Stamford determines to know more of the family. Preparations are made for a farewell reception to Will. Judge Ashburton asks if invitations have been sent to the Misses Weston. Imogen and Olive object. Judge Ashburton appeals to Roland Fletcher, who insists they shall be invited. The invitation is accepted. Imogen and Olive, receiving with Mr. Fletcher, ignore Alice's half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives Alice most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Arthur Stamford is called to the Continent by his father's illness. Olive and Imogen out driving Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache rides home. A newspaper caught in the wind frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines.

CHAPTER IV.

A LOST LOVE LETTER.

IMOGEN and Olive were nearly frightened to death, as the horses tore along the road at their breakneck speed, but to their credit be it said, after that one terrified shriek from the latter, both sat in dumb horror awaiting in despair what they believed must be an awful fate.

Alice's heart gave one great startled bound in her throat in view of their desperate situation, and a sense of utter helplessness for a moment overpowered her, as she saw the lines trailing along the ground, and knew that they were all at the mercy of the fear-maddened horses.

Then suddenly, all the reserve force of this wonderful girl arose within her to battle for her own life and the lives of her companions.

She thought of Will and his love for her—of the bright future which they hoped to share, and she told herself that she could not be blotted out of existence in this cruel manner. She thought of those selfish women at her side—she knew that they both hated her, and her fate would matter little to them; but they were human. Roland Fletcher's daughter and Judge Ashburton's granddaughter was doubtless the most precious object in life to them, and she resolved that she would try to save her, even though she herself should perish in the attempt.

She had been used to horses all her life, for her father, in his better days, had kept several, some of them quite mettlesome steeds, and she had once broken a colt that had been declared unmanageable. Farmer Weston had been heard to say that he would trust Alice to drive anything that anyone could drive; and, recalling these past experiences, with a backward flash of memory, she determined to do a bold thing.

"Sit perfectly still, both of you!" she commanded, authoritatively, as she saw Olive edging toward the back of the trap, as if she were contemplating leaping out; "you will surely be killed if you jump; I will try to get the reins. If I can, I believe I can save us all."

She had risen while speaking, and now climbed over upon the driver's seat, although this was accomplished with difficulty, for the carriage was rocking and swinging fearfully.

Her next move was even more dangerous, and caused the horror-stricken spectators along the street to hold their breath in an agony of suspense—she stepped over the dashboard, steadying herself with one hand, and stood upon the thill. "Whoa, boy! whoa! be quiet, now!" she called out, in a clear, reassuring voice, to the horses, and kept on talking in a soothing tone to them, while she watched her opportunity.

Even while she was speaking, she could see, by the way they threw back their ears, that they had caught her words, and recognized her friendly tones.

"Softly! softly! it is all right! good boys! whoa, now!" she continued, while she bent eagerly forward to seize the lines as they were tossed hither and thither by their mad flight.

Her chance soon came, although she risked much to avail herself of it, for the switch of the tail of the off horse sent the reins close to her outstretched hand.

She grasped them, drawing them carefully up, lest they become entangled in the flying feet; then stepping back over the dashboard, seated herself upon the driver's box.

"It's all right, boys! whoa, now! be quiet, will you?" she cried, with friendly authority, as she drew the ribbons taut in a strong but gentle grasp, but with a touch which showed a practiced hand.

The horses were well trained, and they seemed to know, intuitively, that an experienced, but friendly, hand was guiding them; it mattered not that only a white-faced, delicate girl was behind them, they recognized that the master spirit was there, and it became evident to every observer that they were gradually yielding to it.

It was well for them all that the avenue was straight, broad and well graded, for it gave them a great advantage. Other teams were thus enabled to get out of their path, and there was nothing to obstruct their way.

With the lines once in her hands, and that open road before her, Alice felt reasonably sure that she was mistress of the situation. She did not once relax her strong, steady pull, nor her authoritative, but reassuring commands to the refractory animals, and after a run of more than half a mile, they finally became convinced that there was really nothing to be frightened at, and though still nervous, and all on the alert, were gradually brought under complete control.

As soon as she had calmed them down to a walking pace, Alice guided them to a triangle where another street ran into the avenue, turned them about, and drove them quietly back toward the office, but still encouraging them, now and then, by the sound of her voice.

Halfway back she met the coachman, who, hatless and pale with fright, had been tearing frantically after them.

Alice drew up beside him.

"Get in quickly and quietly," she said, and the next moment he was on the seat beside her, the lines once more in his strong hands, while a great sigh of gratitude burst from many hearts as the spectators saw him in his place.

Then the reaction came for the heroic girl, who had braved so much, and she sank back, white to her lips, and feeling as if she could never move again, and wholly unconscious of the glances of admiration and words of commendation which were bestowed on her upon every hand as she passed.

"The coolest piece of work I ever saw done!" "A downright plucky girl!" "A little heroine!" etc., etc., were some of the encomiums that were heaped upon her, and yet she heard not one of them, for, in imagination, she had flown across the Atlantic to her lover, her grateful heart thrilling with its pæan of joy.

"Oh, Will! Will! I am safe! safe. I could not leave you yet!"

When they came up with Judge Ashburton, who, with a terrible fear in his heart, had hurried on as fast as he was able after the coachman, they stopped again to take him in.

"Are they all right now, Buxton?" he inquired, in a breathless tone, and with a dubious glance at the handsome but foam-flecked creatures.

"All right, and calm as two old cows, sir; thanks to the young leddy, she 'ave saved three broken necks, and an iligant pair of 'orses, to say nothing of the trap—God bless her!" replied the man, as he bestowed a reverent look upon his silent companion.

"Were you very much frightened, my dear?" the judge questioned, in his kindest tone, regarding her with an anxious look.



But their hopes shall never be consummated-never!

The next moment the glimmer of a candle appeared around the corner.

Her next move was even more dangerous, and caused the horror-stricken spectators along the street to hold their breath in an agony of suspense.

"I do not know—I did not stop to think about that," she returned, in a faint voice and smiling wearily.

"Poor girl, it was a terrible ordeal," said her friend, in a tone that was far from steady; adding: "Now, if you will get inside the trap you will ride more comfortably."

"Thank you, Judge Ashburton; but please do not ask me to move. I fear I could not without betraying to everybody what a veritable coward I am, now that the danger is over," Alice responded, with a nervous little laugh, which betrayed how little strength she really had left.

More than that she felt a repugnance to rejoining the ladies who had been so ungracious to her.

"All right—I reckon that you are better off where you are," returned her friend.

He then entered the vehicle, expressing himself sincerely grateful over the safety of all, and they drove away in the direction of Beechcote.

Alice did not speak once during the drive, although her companions freely discussed the recent thrilling incident.

She was struggling to regain her composure, color and strength, so that she need not alarm her mother and sister upon her arrival, for her nerves were terribly shaken by the strain which they had undergone.

When they reached the cottage, the judge, bidding the driver keep a watchful eye on the horses, alighted and helped Alice down from her lofty perch.

"My child, your hands are as cold as ice! I hope this has not knocked you out completely," he observed, as he regarded her with earnest solicitude.

"No, indeed, it will not," she cheerily responded. "On the whole, I believe it has done me good, for it has entirely frightened away that miserable headache that has been haunting me all day."

"I am glad if nothing more than the headache was frightened, and we will be thankful for that small favor," the judge observed, smiling almost fondly into her white face.

Then turning to Imogen and Olive, while a slight frown contracted his brow, he continued:

"And have you ladies nothing to say to Miss Weston for the daring act of heroism which has doubtless saved your lives?—this is the second time that we have cause to be very grateful to her."

Olive flushed crimson, and Imogen bit her lips with anger at the tone of reproof.

"Of course," Imogen admitted. "Miss Weston has been very brave; but I, myself, am still so unnerved from fright that I surely may be pardoned for not having my wits about me."

"Of course," Olive echoed, "we are very glad to be safe; but under the circumstances, grandpapa, I think you are a little hard on us," she concluded, with a pout.

That was all; neither addressed the brave girl directly, and neither bestowed so much as a look of gratitude upon her.

Alice bowed courteously as she bade them good evening, and then, after shaking hands with the judge, went slowly up the steps and into the house.

Buxton, the coachman, turned his horses around, but muttering a very irreverent oath under his breath as he did so, and drove rapidly toward Castleview.

The face of Judge Ashburton was white and stern, and after a few moments, turning to his companions, he remarked in tones of grave displeasure:

"Imogen, I am at a loss to understand your seemingly heartless indifference to the heroic act which that brave girl has performed, and, Olive, I am ashamed of and sadly disappointed in you for the same reason."

Olive answered him by bursting into passionate weeping, and the sight of her tears aroused Imogen to a white heat of anger.

She sat proudly erect, and drew her mantle more closely about her shoulders, as she remarked, with curling lips:

"Really, Judge Ashburton, I cannot understand your strange infatuation for that low-born girl. I have been told that both she and her sister were veritable little horse jockies, as children, and could ride, drive and manage horses equal to any circus performer; consequently, the act of today, which you claim to have been so 'heroic,' was merely a piece of very clever posing which has won the admiration of the public and the *eclat* of being regarded as a heroine."

The gentleman had listened to and regarded the speaker in undisguised amazement during this venomous speech.

When she had concluded, there was a moment of awkward silence, then he frigidly observed:

"Well, Imogen, you have unveiled to me, this evening, a phase of your character for which I was wholly unprepared."

The woman grew even paler than she had previously been, at his words.

In her anger and mortification over his reproof of her heartlessness and his severity toward Olive; in her malice and irritation because of his high praise of Alice, she had forgotten herself, given rein to her tongue and betrayed the cloven foot.

She realized her mistake all too late, for she saw that she had shocked and deeply offended the judge, and that her offense was one which he would be long in forgetting, if, indeed, he ever forgot it.

No other word was spoken during the remainder of their drive, although Olive gradually recovered her composure and dried her tears; but she could not lift her head—she could not force herself to meet the sorrowful reproach which she knew shone in her grandfather's eyes.

It had seemed to her, of late, as if a barrier had been growing up between them; ever since that day when Alice Weston had appeared upon the scene, at the time of the accident to the phaeton, and especially since the fete at Castleview, she had been strangely changed.

She sometimes wondered if she could be the same girl, for, previous to those events, she had been, for the most part, care-free and happy; but of late, her heart had been consumed with envy, hatred and jealousy—elements which, with rare exceptions, had lain dormant in her nature, and which now rendered her both miserable and unlovely.

While she sat thus, with bowed head, musing upon what had occurred during the last hour, she espied something upon the floor of the trap that sent an electric shock through every nerve in her body—arousing anew and intensifying all the worst passions of her nature.

The object which attracted her attention was a letter.

It was addressed in Will Marchmont's bold, familiar hand, to Miss Alice Weston, Windsor, England, and bore the United States of America postmark.

The girl blushed a burning, angry crimson; then the color died away, leaving her white, and as cold as a stone.

By a dexterous movement she kicked her dress out over the missive, thus concealing it from the view of her companions.

When the carriage stopped, the judge got out first, to assist the ladies.

Imogen followed him, and this allowed Olive opportunity to secure the letter, which she hastily concealed about her person; then springing, unaided, from the trap, she rushed into the house and up to her own room.

Locking the door after her, she snatched the letter from its hiding place and devoured the superscription.

Yes, it was from Will. There could not be the slightest doubt about it—she would have known his handwriting anywhere, and she loved every line and stroke of his pen.

It was a recent letter—received that very day, having been posted in New Haven, Conn., eight days earlier.

It had been opened, too; one end of the envelope having been carefully and evenly cut across.

Her face flushed a shamed and guilty red at the thought; but her eyes gleamed with a jealous fire, and her small, white teeth were set with a resolute purpose.

She slipped the closely written sheets from their envelope, and in another moment was absorbed in the love-laden message.

Who shall describe the emotions that swept over her as she read!

An artist would have found the task a hopeless one, and the pen is powerless to do so.

They were as varied as the thoughts which produced them, and when the last page was finished, she was in full possession of the sweet secret which the lovers fondly believed was, with one or two exceptions, all their own.

"Ha! so my suspicions were well founded, after all!" Olive breathed, in a passionate whisper. "I did not dream that matters had gone so far. But their hopes shall never be consummated—never! Heavens! how did I ever bear to read such words written by him to another woman?" she concluded hoarsely, and shaking the missive viciously in her rage.

Then she bowed her face upon her hands, and wept like one bereft of her dearest hope.

But anger was uppermost, and she soon burst forth again.

"To think!" she cried, "that a beggar like Alice Weston should have won him without an effort, when I would give all I possess, or expect to possess, for one fond word from him. And grandpapa is also bewitched with her. Papa, too, lost his head over her at the fete last year, and has been sounding her praises ever since. How can I bear it—what shall I do! Oh! let me think!"

CHAPTER V.

AN UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE.

Olive returned the letter to its envelope, then throwing herself into a chair fell into a train of musing, bitter beyond description.

"I am sure I don't know why I love him so," she muttered; "he really is a nobody, whom papa found in the slums of New York; he hasn't a penny except what papa gives him, and will have his own fortune to make, while there are a dozen rich and high-born young men, here in Windsor, any one of whom I could marry tomorrow if I chose."

Her eyes were clouded, and an unlovely frown disfigured her face as she proceeded.

"But there isn't one among them who can hold a candle to Will, either in looks, intelligence or manliness. I suppose people would declare I am a fool when I might marry a title, perhaps; but I cannot help it, I love him, and, though he is himself a beggar, I would become his wife this moment if he would but ask me. But as for his marrying Alice Weston, he never shall if there is any strategy that can keep them apart. What shall I do with this letter?" she went on, slapping it impatiently upon her palm; "won't she be wild when she misses it, and thinks she may have lost it on the road where it might be picked up and read by a passer-by? I don't quite like to burn it, and I'm sure I don't want to keep it, to be tortured every time it meets my eye. I've half a mind to go down to the office some day and hand it to her, and let her know that I have discovered her precious secret. I'll think about it. Oh, dear! I wish we had not gone out driving this afternoon," she sighed, in an irritable tone. "Of course the whole town will ring with the affair—the newspapers will proclaim it abroad with their nauseating sentimentality about heroism, etc. I wonder what papa will have to say about the wonderful exploit of grandpapa's remarkable prodigy?"

Mr. Fletcher's appreciation of that young lady's act was made manifest by his going, that very evening, to call upon Mrs. Weston and her daughters, to whom he expressed his great sense of obligation and deep gratitude for Alice's courage and self-abnegation in facing a peril that would have appalled the heart of many a strong man.

He spent an hour with them, being most delightfully entertained, and went away acknowledging to himself that, in spite of their humble station in life, Will was a lucky fellow to have found such a jewel as Alice Weston.

Two days later our fair heroine received by express a neat package which, upon opening, she found to contain a beautiful gold watch, richly studded with diamonds, also a handsome chain, the friendly note accompanying them, begging her to accept the same together with the gratitude and best wishes of Roland Fletcher. The same day she also received through the post an envelope containing Will's precious letter, which she believed she had lost on the street during that frightful and never-to-be-forgotten ride behind a pair of maddened horses.

Olive, after considering the matter, had thought best to return the epistle. She had her maid, who wrote a fair hand, address the envelope, then she inclosed the missive and posted it herself. The following two months slipped quickly by, and then Will Marchmont returned to Castleview for his vacation. He looked a trifle thin from close application to his studies, but otherwise well and happy.

Alice showed a rather pale face, for she had been a most ambitious and conscientious worker, and her lover at once insisted that she must have a complete rest, saying that he would take her place in Judge Ashburton's office for the few hours a day that he would be needed, for business was not very brisk just at that season.

A most delightful summer followed, for Olive, Imogen and Mr. Fletcher went to Switzerland. Will had been invited to accompany them, but he excused himself, saying that he had agreed to help the judge, and, as that gentleman was most considerate, the lovers were free to enjoy themselves in their own way a great deal of the time.

May was a trifle lonesome and pensive, during this time, for Arthur Stamford was still abroad with his father, and she could not quite stifle the pangs of her yearning heart, while witnessing the happiness of her sister with her betrothed, although both were the recipients of her heartiest sympathy.

September brought another separation, but it was cheerfully met and the year, filled with work and study, passed even more quickly than the previous one.

Another followed swiftly in its train, and bringing no events of any importance, unless we mention the fact that Imogen received several visits, during the time, from her tormentor, the detective, who, upon each occasion, demanded an increase of the amount she had been paying him.

She was angrily rebellious in view of his extortion, but was conquered in every instance and was glad to get rid of the wretch at any price, even though she was sure that he would return again, unless fate should suddenly cut him short in his career, which she most earnestly hoped it might do.

So the third June came around, and with it Will's third and last vacation, for he would complete his course at the close of another year.

He had been at home only a few days when Judge Ashburton arranged for a little excursion, which included Alice and May Weston, to a lovely spot which was a favorite resort for parties some ten or twelve miles down the river.

He had planned it during the temporary absence of Olive and Imogen, who were visiting friends in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Fletcher was in France on important business.

They were conveyed in the very trap and by the same horses which had figured so conspicuously more than two years before, and by means of which Alice had so distinguished herself. But the spirited steeds had never given anyone the slightest trouble since, which proved that they had been completely subjugated at that time; and Buxton, who still retained his position as coachman, never wearied of rehearsing the exciting adventure and the praises of "the pluckiest little leddy that ever 'eld a pair of lines in 'er small 'ands."

He was to drive the party today, and a groom also accompanied them to take charge of the fishing tackle and a good-sized hamper, which the judge had ordered to be packed before leaving Castleview.

Their ride proved to be a most delightful one, for it was along a country road, while the day was perfect and the company very harmonious.

Upon arriving at their destination, they were both surprised and delighted to meet Arthur Stamford, who, with his father, Sir Arthur Stamford, had come upon a similar excursion for the entertainment of some young relatives who were visiting at Stamford Manor.

After the ceremony of introductions was over, the two parties agreed to combine into one and do their sightseeing, fishing, etc., together.

Mr. Tom Radcliffe, one of the Stamford guests, was a recent Eton graduate—a frank, handsome fellow, the eldest son of an eminent London barrister; while his sister, Miss Grace, a sparkling, bewitching little brunette, was a couple of years his junior.

Arthur Stamford's face beamed with pleasure upon beholding the party from Windsor, for, in spite of the fact that he had been absent for nearly two years, he still secretly nursed his love for Alice Weston.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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NESTLE close to me this month, for your Uncle is sad at heart. As I am writing this the most stupendous war of all times is drenching Europe with fire and blood. All who are engaged in that combat are brothers of mine, and be they victor or vanquished, my heart bleeds for them. If those who are fighting had been blessed with common sense instead of ignorance, if they had been determined to rule themselves instead of allowing themselves to be governed by greedy, grasping, ambitious royal tyrants, they would not be spreading death and desolation over a fair and beautiful continent. As I said not long ago: "If war can be postponed for five years, there will be no more war, and the shock of battle will never again resound in the old world or the new!" War was eliminating itself, it was leaving the earth and being driven into the sky and under the seas, preparatory to disappearing forever.

An Italian recently invented a small machine, by which, as he claims, one man can at a distance of twenty miles, and in a few moments, destroy a thousand battle-ships and as many fortresses.

No power can stand against that dreadful agent of destruction, and as soon as it is perfected it is going to abolish war, and the war experts of Europe know it. War is getting too dangerous when one man can carry about with him the power that can destroy a dozen battle fleets, and render ordinary methods of fighting obsolete and useless. With soldiers and sailors impotent and powerless, and with only reason and common sense left to decide matters, what use for kings and an idle, parasitical aristocracy with which thrones are ever edged.

But something more terrible to tyrants and autocrats than implements of wholesale destruction has been haunting the fitful slumbers of Czar, Emperor, King and Kaiser, and that has been the rising flood of European democracy which was rapidly threatening to submerge and obliterate forever, dynasties and despotism, monarchies and militarism, pageantry and plunder, caste and corruption, poverty and oppression.

The rising tide of democracy has been a swelling flood, noble and inspiring, inasmuch as it has scorned narrow nationalism (the accursed thing which makes one man who lives on one side of a river hate another man because he lives on the opposite side), obliterated racial hatred, and made men see that only as they kept apart and distrusted each other could they remain flesh for cannon, exploited nuts for royal squirrels, and only as they got together hand to hand and heart to heart, could they rid themselves of royal rascals and century long oppression, the mailed hand of tyrants, the crushing heel of despotism, the slur of charity, the pangs of hunger, and the blight of poverty.

Thinking men saw and realized this and set about the noble work of enlisting the workers of Europe in the common cause of humanity, with the result that the social democrats became the leading and greatest power in the German Reichstag or parliament.

Only the pomp and circumstance of war, and the wild appeal to blind patriotism, that naturally or unnaturally follows sword rattling and drum beating, could roll back the tide of social democracy, which the curse of militarism and kingly arrogance had fostered and nurtured in the hearts of millions. The Kaiser knew it was now or never if his mighty and ambitious schemes were to be put into effect, his throne kept from annihilation. Already Europe had three republics, and the great republic of France, though not a military menace, was an object lesson that the Teutonic people were taking to heart and profiting by all too rapidly for the taste of the War Lord. The more he and his military clique of arrogant parasites talked of peace the mightier the German legions became. Even in Manila Bay during our troubles with Spain, Dewey had to threaten war e'er the Kaiser would withdraw his nose from affairs which did not concern him, and there is nothing that can happen in the remotest corner of the earth (note the Ypiranga incident which gave Huerta enough ammunition for two years and the landing of our troops at Vera Cruz and the loss of nineteen American lives) that the Kaiser is not Johnny on the spot, not with the idea of broadening the lives of his overworked and underpaid people, but to gratify his dynastic and imperialistic whims, and to saddle more securely the brutal military Prussian caste system on his patient, docile people. The militaristic machine was working to perfection. Now or never was the time to use it. The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand gave Austria the excuse to begin the long-planned operations that were to embroil Europe and open the way for German ports on the entrance to the English Channel and at Salonika on the Mediterranean, where the Suez Canal (England's highway to the East) could be closed at will, and an Austro-German Empire, o'erlapping Turkey in Asia created, thus putting an end to Russian and Slav ambitions and the menace of the United Balkan states forever.

Bismarck, after the crushing defeat administered to France by Prussia in 1870 brought United Germany into existence. Then began a wonderful period of industrial development by Germany. But, alas! wherever her growing mercantile fleet went, it found other nations ahead of it. The Kaiser wanted colonies, but he was too late; other nations had already grabbed up the choice places of the earth. He was not to be blamed for this, and though Germany wanted to expand and have a Colonial Empire, the world could not be enlarged, or people driven off the planet to satisfy her ambitions, worthy those ambitions were.

The Kaiser however, was not satisfied. He has fumed, fussed and fretted because he too could not have an empire on which the sun never sets. But he was determined to have the empire, and to get what he wanted he has drained the resources of his country to the limit to build up a mighty navy (that would some day drive Britain from the seas) as well as an enormous army, whose ceaseless tramping has for years kept the peacefully inclined nations of Europe in a state of nervous prostration. They have been playing a great game in Europe, and for forty years I have never missed a single move.

The Balkan kettle began to seethe when, six years ago, Austria grabbed and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, which after the Russo-Turkish war had been taken from Turkey to be administered but not annexed by Austria.

Russia, who has long constituted herself guardian of the Slav people, being herself largely Slav, was furious at Austria's treachery and arrogance, but she had not recovered from the whipping Japan gave her, and France and England were not ready to come to her assistance. Then came the Balkan war which all of you remember.

Germany and Austria wanted Turkey to win, wanted Moslem infidels to whip Christians. I want you to note this fact because it shows how little Christianity counts when greed and ambition are in the scale. To the great surprise of everyone, and the great delight of England, France and Russia, the Turk was nearly driven out of Europe. The united Balkan states capable of putting a million splendid fighting men in the field and throwing the balance of power from the triple alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy) to the triple entente (England, France and Russia), gave Germany and Austria a fit. However, the Balkan states foolishly got fighting over the division of the spoils, and left weakened but heroic Servia to stem the tide of Austrian aggression.

Prince Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, known as the fire brand of Europe, a man who had incurred the hatred of the Servian people, was removed by a bullet fired by a fanatical Serb. Austria enraged, began at once to prepare for war and issued an ultimatum, which if it had been complied with would have been the end of Servia's national existence. This time Russia was strong enough to do more than protest. She ordered Austria to go easy and began to mobolize her troops, for of course she couldn't prevent Austria from doing anything until she did mobolize. Mobolize by the way, means to prepare for active service.

The Kaiser could easily have stayed Austria's hand, for at this very moment Austria had accepted England's proposals for mediation. But just when the primary causes of this great war were disappearing, the Kaiser declared war against Russia, sending too his troops across the French frontier, while still at peace with France, and hurling his huge army corps into peaceful little Belgium, in spite of the solemn vows that he had made to recognize that tiny kingdom's neutrality. This is something akin to having a man enter your house, so that he can more easily kill the man next door. The rest you know. I have gone into the causes underlying this terrible conflict at some length, so you may get a better idea of how and why this titanic struggle came about. Probably (for wars are settled quickly these days) the fighting may be over by the time this reaches your eyes—God knows I hope so.

As I said, my sympathies are with all those who are engaged and have had to suffer in this wholly unnecessary war, a war which has disgraced our common humanity and made our so-called Christianity a ghastly joke, a war which has let loose the vilest passions of men, men who haven't at heart the slightest quarrel with one another, and no possible reason or excuse for murdering one another. Surely a frightful responsibility rests with those who have precipitated this conflict, a crime against God and man.

From this dreadful carnage however, I prophesy will come good. As Sedan ushered in the French republic, so will this modern Armageddon usher in the United States of Europe, and the misrule of asinine, pompous, impossible monarchs, Kings, and Kaisers, Czars and Emperors, and all the bloody train of pestilence, carnage and ruin (a very cortege of death that ever follows in the wake of these gilded parasites) will vanish forever.

Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, Romanoffs have got to go. These men still believe in the divine right of Kings to govern wrong, a superstition which, alas, lingers in some spots in this country, where our money kings arrogantly assert, when intoxicated with the power of gold, that they have nothing to arbitrate. This is the last great struggle of autocracy against democracy, of human rights against palace policies. Granted that the Kaiser is an able, capable man, his ideas are medieval. He is the incarnation of force and militarism. He has exacted from his people an obedience that permitted them not to reason why *but required them to do or die*. People are not merely things to be governed, but each a sovereign, whose rights must be reckoned with and whose liberties must not be infringed upon. Every throne in Europe, with the exception of that of Great Britain, is supported by bayonets, and those who live by the sword must perish by it. The imperialism of Britain long ceased to be a menace. Its colonies are as independent as our own states, its markets free to the world. The imperialism of the Kaiser however is a menace to the whole world, and it has engendered a spirit of aggressiveness that must be crushed at all hazards, for a triumphant Kaiser on land and sea, would see Monroe doctrines scattered to the winds, the shadow of the War Lord darkening the universe, and the mailed fist shaking defiantly under the nose of every power, including Uncle Sam. Rampart, victorious imperialism, if not crushed now will keep the world in a state of nervous prostration for a generation or more. It is well to have a national spirit, but it must be a spirit that respects its neighbors' landmarks, and it must be a spirit that respects treaties and does not put to the sword a helpless neutral people as in the case of Belgium, trampled beneath the iron heel of military might, her people outraged, her beautiful cities burned because that little country afforded an easier access to an enemy's territory. A strange thing about this horrible war is that one third of Germany's sixty-seven million people hate it and dread victory more than defeat, because victory means another generation or two of the blood-and-iron imperialism of Bismarck, the autocratic system that means long hours and poor wages, a system they hate and despise. We should prohibit the manufacture of arms as we prohibit the manufacture of whiskey, for both are the instruments of death, and no man, or group of men, no matter how wise or good can be trusted to use or handle either. The best thing that can happen to the Kaiser (and every one of my German friends if they live but a few years will bear me out) is the defeat of his armies and the archaic blood-and-iron system of military despotism that he and his clique have imposed on his oppressed subjects. Defeat will mean a German republic, and the abolition of militarism, Prussianism and Kaiserism. The German defeat will also bring about the breaking up of the Austrian Empire and the wind up of the Happsburg dynasty. Out of the political ruins of the old empire will come the republics of Austria, Hungary and Poland and it will likewise bring the collapse of the Italian monarchy already tottering to its fall. The contagion of democracy will sweep Russia like a prairie fire. The Czar will read the handwriting on the wall and his people will demand a constitutional government with the present farcical duma converted into a parliament as truly representative as that of England and which will become republican as soon as the illiterate Slavs have become sufficiently educated to take their place in the federated states of Europe.

So, horrible as the war is, if victory perches upon the banners of those already committed to democratic ideas, and government of, for, and by the people, glorious good will come of it. But oh, the pity of it that these ends could not have been attained by reason, common sense, and cooperative thought, instead of hideous, atrocious, and detestable bloodshed.

"Come shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older,
The cause is spreading o'er land and sea,
Now the day breaketh, and hope awaketh,
And joy comes at last for you and me."

P. S. The world of late has had to stand still and get its throat cut to amuse one or two crack-brained monarchs who having played with their blood-killing machines for a number of years now want to see how they will work. Should the Kaiser and his steam roller crush European democracy flat, not long will it be prostrate and the very first to rise against military despotism will be the German people themselves and the murderous steam roller of butchery, which the Kaiser has evolved, will be the very instrument that will crush him and the merciless system he represents.

My views upon the war question are written right out of my heart and are the result of forty-four years of intense study of international questions and world events. If any of my German friends feel aggrieved at what I have written let them blame me and not COMFORT, as the views I've expressed are mine and mine only. My fatherland is the world and any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me. The earth is my mother, the Creator my father, and the heavens above are all a part of my world, my fatherland, my home. All men are my brothers. Men with my ideas do not give a rap for creeds or boundaries. All we ask is to be given a place in the sun, a little spot on God's footstool and there be allowed to live and grow physically, mentally and spiritually, ever developing the best that is in us for our own and the common good, without oppression or exploitation. I hate war, but there are some things worse than war and that is blind submission to tyrants and despots, and the hateful imperialistic ideas these monsters propagate, so that blind idiots may be led to the slaugher to further their senseless ambitions. Only a few months ago I suggested if the Mexicans could not settle their differences and develop capacity for self government it would be an excellent idea to hand a good part of that country over to the German people. That I think ought to satisfy our German readers that I love and admire them. (It may interest you to know that since this war has been on, I've read fifteen to twenty-seven newspapers daily, from seven A. M. until midnight—every two or three hours they are dropped on my bed in bunches of threes or fives.)

The Christmas season will soon be here so don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free: the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make the whole year joyous.

Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed lilac silk stiff covers for four subscriptions. New edition now out.

Now for the letters.

McRAE, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I help mamma do the house work and do the milking, washing and ironing. I also help papa in the field some, too, for I am the only child at home, and have to be their girl-boy. I live in White county, forty miles northeast of Little Rock, the capital of our state. My home is in the country, three miles from the little town of McRae, which is on the I. M. R. R. I am very fond of music and have an organ on which I can play a little. I have two sisters and two brothers, all of whom are married, except one brother in Portland, Oregon. We have not seen him in nearly eleven years, but he is coming home in October. We had not heard a word of him in eight years and had give him up as dead, when we got a letter from him in July, 1913. He sent me a pretty ring for my birthday and mamma fifty dollars in gold. How was that for a present? Well, I guess you are all wondering what I look like. I have light yellow hair, blue gray eyes, light complexion and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I am nearsighted and wear glasses part of the time, which don't do much good. I will let you guess my age, but I'm not quite an "old maid" yet. Uncle Charlie, I live about a mile from a house that was built a long time before the war. It used to be the stopping place for the old stage coach before this country was settled good, and it is said that lots of people were robbed and murdered there. There have been a number of human skeletons plowed up. Some people think that there is money buried there and there are several large holes where someone has come at night and dug for it.

I dearly love to do fancy work and work sofa pillows on eyelet toweling which I think is very pretty.

Would like to get some view cards from the cousins as I get very lonely sometimes. Your loving niece,

LYDIA OSBORNE.

Lydia, I am glad to hear from you, and I very much rejoice to hear that your brother has at last notified you of his existence. You of course will be overjoyed to see him, especially as you had given him up for dead, but I want to tell you if I were your mother, he would get that fifty dollars in gold back in a hurry. I would let him know that after lacerating a mother's heart, and grieving her to death for eight long years that he couldn't square himself with any old fifty bones. Of course fifty bones are always acceptable, and I wouldn't like to tell you what I wouldn't do for fifty bones, in fact I could be put in jail for all I'd be ready to do for fifty bones. But if I were upholstered with a real live son and he went and played dead for eight years, never worrying or caring whether I was alive or not, and if after lacerating and tearing my poor young trusting paternal heart, he sent me word that he wasn't dead at all. I'd write him a letter to the following effect—"Say, you've played dead for eight years, now take a tip from me, you stay dead. The only fatted calf that you'll get when you come home will be a bull dog and a load of buck shot." Now that's the kind of greeting that cruel and utterly selfish young people deserve, when they leave home and keep their parents and relatives in ignorance of their whereabouts. It is simply amazing the number of homes that are blighted by sons with the wander-lust—boys who hike off from the parental rooftree and who after many years of absence and silence, turn up with a chuckle at the door of the old homestead as if nothing had happened. The fact that mother ate out her heart for twenty years or more and grieved herself into the grave, dying with that absent loafer's name on her lips, doesn't worry the wanderer at all. People who leave home and forget to write or rather quit writing to their dear old mothers and devoted sisters who have spent years of time and oodles of money preparing them for the battle of life, ought to be tied to a whipping post and lashed into mince meat. It is the refinement of torture to keep loved ones in suspense. There might have been some excuse for it in the old days when ships took months to cross the ocean and travel was fraught with danger. The days before electricity, fifty thousand ton steamships, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, telephones and picture postal cards, there might I say, have been some excuse then, but there is no excuse now except cold-blooded, selfish indifference. Now boys let me read you a lecture. I mean you who are about to leave home or you who have already left home. Have a home letter day, once a week if possible, but certainly not less than once a month. Every Monday is my home letter day. I have a dear sister who lives many thousand miles away, and for twenty-six years I have never missed a single week in which I did not send her a letter or a card and there has never been a week in all those years that I did not receive a line from her. If I were too sick to write I always found someone willing to drop a line for me. Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with that Monday letter. Once a steamer sank that was bringing a letter from her to me, but the next time I go in the Atlantic swimming I expect to find that letter. You don't have to tell the girls to write home, unless they have been dragged down into the gutters of disgrace. There is nothing more delightful than writing and receiving letters from home. The fact that you are not a gifted scribe and your handwriting is poor makes no difference with mother. The worst bunch of hen tracks that were ever made, as long as they come from a beloved son will be pure joy to that dear white-headed soul, who risked her life to bring you into the world and who would risk her life again a hundred times to shield you from danger. Probably these lines will come to the notice of many who haven't written home for years and my remarks may spur them to get in touch with the old folks before it is too late. If there are any of you who have caused mother and other loved ones needless anguish by years of silence, take up your pen instantly and plead for forgiveness for all the heart aches you have caused ere it is too late.

DICKSON, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I would like to furnish several families with fresh eggs direct. How could I manage to get them direct to the consumer? W. T. H. DUNNEGAN.

P. S. I would esteem it a favor to put me in touch with a good market.

Friend Dunnegan, I never was in the egg business. I am afraid you came to a very poor person for the advice you seek. The only time that I ever succeeded in getting an egg direct to anyone was in a theater. There was a man trying to sing a song and his singing got on my nerves to such an extent that I threw an egg at him, and it went direct to the mark hitting him right on the bugle and closing up both his eyes. Now friend Dunnegan, that is my only experience in delivering eggs direct. If you want to deliver your eggs in that way, I have no objection, only please don't ask me to help you. The only other way I know of to deliver them direct will be to hire an air ship and drop them over the side on to the roofs of your customers' houses. If your farm is one side of the mountain and you have a customer the other side, the only thing to do would be to have a tunnel driven through the mountain to your customer's back door. These are about all the suggestions I can make as to direct delivery. What however is your idea in wanting to deliver eggs direct to people? Would it hurt the eggs at all if you had to carry them around a few curves and corners? It doesn't hurt an egg, my dear friend, to be carried around a few corners, and it doesn't add to its quality to carry it in a straight line. Eggs are eggs, and if you get them to us within a few years of the date of their birth, and don't ask us to pay more than a dollar apiece for them, we the consuming public have no right to kick. The Goat informs me that I have entirely misunderstood your postal card, and that you want me to find you a market for your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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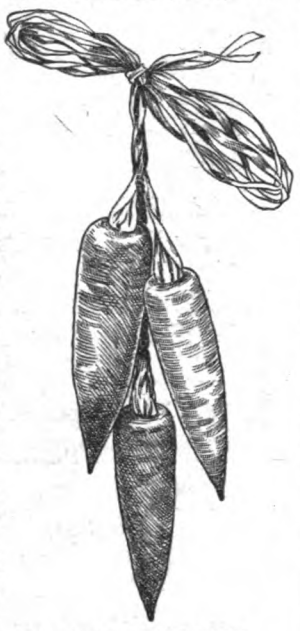
IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Christmas Gifts You Can Make for Every One in the Family

AMONG the ever useful and always needed little articles which you can make even now, are pincushions; for that any one ever had too many pins it is impossible to believe.

From odds and ends of silk and velvet, apples and tomatoes have been made for years, but a bunch of carrots, made of yellow or orange velvet and tied together with raffia is rather of a novelty.



CARROT PINCUSHION.

The shops are showing very expensive cushions which can be duplicated at home with little expense.

For instance, one sees beautiful bisque and china dolls, with their bodies added to, stuffed and shaped and then the completed figure dressed in exquisite old-fashioned styles.

The wide hoopskirt going over and completely covering the cushion upon which the doll is set.

These dresses are made of fancy silk, flounced with narrow ruffles of lace and rosettes of ribbon. A little pelisse of satin is thrown around the shoulders, and sometimes an old-fashioned hat or poke bonnet placed on the head.

Such a cushion, dressed as girls used to, would be sure to please any grandmother, as the dainty lady, besides being useful, would also serve to revive pleasant thoughts of the days of grandmother's youth.



DOLL'S HEAD CUSHION.

Dolls' heads can also be used for cushions and in different other ways.

The little one shown here has for a base a two and one half inch pasteboard covered circle. Only about a yard of four-or five-inch ribbon and a couple of ivory rings for the little cap will be needed.

Cut off about three inches for the cap, or as much as is needed. The selvage forms the lower edge and the ribbon is folded over and seamed up both sides. Then the corners are caught down over the rings which are handy for holding safety pins.



PIN TRAY.

Gather both edges of the balance of the ribbon and sew to the covered circle and around the doll's neck.

For friends who admit a liking for pin trays one can make a very pretty one in a half hour. Either a pair of round or oblong embroidery hooks can be used. Cover each of these by winding closely with No. 2 satin ribbon.

Then over the inner hoops stretch and sew a piece of fancy ribbon or silk, trim the edges off and slip on the outer ring.

Finish with full rosettes of ribbon and little glass push tacks.

Knitter's Apron

This apron is one of the handiest articles that a knitter or crocheter in wools, can use and makes a most useful and inexpensive gift.

Take a square of any pretty lawn or dimity muslin, run a hem at either end. Cut a circular piece of your goods about 14 inches in diameter, run a beading all around the edge and fasten this circle to the center of your square by sewing around in a circle of about four inches. This forms a bottom to your pocket. Run a ribbon in one of the hems and a narrow ribbon through the beading on the circle and draw up to form a circular pocket which will hold your ball of wool and keep it from rolling away. The apron itself of course is used to fold the work up in and the ribbon in the end can fasten around the waist when working.



KNITTER'S APRON.

Sachets

One can indulge friends who have a fondness for perfumes very easily. As a set of little sachets made of little inch and a half squares of satin come in sets of six, with little gilt safety pins attached all ready to pin into a waist. The sachets, of six different colors, each perhaps embroidered with a tiny blossom, such as a deep red rose on a rose satin, blue forget-me-not on a soft green, a daisy on a pale blue and so on, packed in a little box make a most dainty holiday remembrance.



HAND-PAINTED SACHET.

Beautiful little flower sachets are also shown and are especially pretty sachets for lingerie.

Tiny satin roses are made and set in rosettes of lace, which cover the real sachet. Pansies and wild roses are also made. The pansies with their yellow and two purple petals, or all yellow, white or purple velvet, with painted centers and edges.

The roses are lovely of very soft satin ribbon tied into knots, the same as the ribbon on the ends of the pin tray, to form the petals. On the back of each flower is a little satin bag which holds the sachet powder.

A larger sachet for handkerchief box or drawers may be fashioned of a triangle of silk or satin and decorated by either jointing or embroidery.

This is filled solidly excepting the two upper corners, which are folded over and held in place with a little bow.

Collapsible Sewing Basket

Both of these sewing baskets, if untied will lie perfectly flat, and for this reason are useful for any person who does more or less traveling.



SEWING BASKET.

They also make acceptable gifts to send away, as they can be mailed flat.

The first simple little work case is made of pasteboard and can be covered with material of any sort, providing it will give good wear.

Two sets of pasteboard will be needed and it will perhaps be best to cut paper pattern and get them exact before proceeding. Both should be exact squares, say 12 inches, fold in two inches on each side, this will be the depth of basket. Now cut enough out of the corners, so they will just meet on a slight slant. This will be the pattern for the under part.

Then take another 12-inch square, fold in half both ways, so as to get the center, then place this piece of paper, folded twice on first square and fold the center towards the corner and crease a line which will run diagonally from one side to the other of the eight-inch square on the first pattern.

Fold another diagonal line where the center point comes. Cut from first diagonal line on both sides towards the edge, taking off an inch from the center. Now unfold, the lines forming center square, should be just large enough



WORK BASKET.

to set in the square of the first pattern, cornerwise, fold the corners back as shown in illustration. Cut more out where corners come together if necessary. Then cut from pasteboard, making the following squares separate and overcasting together after covering.

Lace together with silk cord, making holes where the corners of the inner square comes together and in the sides and corners of the outer squares. Fit with pockets, emery, scissors, needle-case, or as completely as one wishes.

Three double linen, ribbon bound 12-inch circles will be required for the next case. These are divided into six and stretched to each other, six rings being sewed to the inner circle, through which a cord is run and tied, drawing the case into shape as pictured.

Sewing Basket of Embroidery Hoops

Another novel way of making a basket for all the sewing articles, has four, six-inch, round embroidery hoops for the foundation. Each hoop has a piece of silk stretched over it plainly for the inside, while the outside is covered with three-inch Dresden ribbon, gathered on to the hoop and drawn up in the center under a silk covered bottom, around the rims is a full ruche of narrow ribbon. The four hoops, after being covered in this way are arranged and attached to a square silk-covered cardboard. Bows are also placed at the corners where the hoops meet. Fit with the necessary fixings attached with narrow ribbons.

Unbreakable Doll

A couple of balls of white darning cotton half-dozen small bells, a couple of yards of baby ribbon and perhaps an old doll's head, are all that is needed to fashion this cute little doll.



UNBREAKABLE DOLL

First wind cotton about twenty times around a cardboard twelve inches long. Slip off and tie with ribbon about four inches from one end. Divide these ends and make two braids, then place on Dolly's head, dividing the cotton and bringing down on all sides tie around the neck with a cord. Bring the ends out half on each side and finish with bells and ribbons for the arms.

Wind more cotton over eight-inch cardboard, place over the shoulders and tie in place, then finish neck and waist with ribbon and bells and even off the ends.

For the Baby

For a baby a doll's head can be worked into a soft ball, which with additions can also be rattle and teething ring.

The little hood is of single crochet and also the ball which can be made by beginning with a chain 6, join ring 15 singles in first round then 2 singles in every other stitch, third row 1 single in each stitch and 2 where needed, 6 rounds of 1 single in each stitch. Then gradually draw in by omitting stitches.



FOR THE BABY.

Stuff the ball with wool, trim with ribbon and cover an elastic with frilled ribbon to which fasten a large ivory ring.

Another ball, may be made from the wrist of old white gloves, wash and cut into six or eight sections in general shape like sections of an orange, so that they will have a round shape when fastened together. Buttonhole the edges with bright-colored silkateen and crochet them together. Stuff the ball quite firmly with cotton before finishing the last section.

A Hat-Brush

A nice hat-brush for big brother may be made in much the same way as the doll, only for this one should use raffia; a skewer or stem of an old pipe can be used to make the handle firm. Use an old kid glove cut in strips to bind in place, then finish end of handle with sealing wax.

Cut two half circles of kid or velvet, buttonhole them all around, spread and flatten the raffia in whisk broom shape, fit the kid up close to the handle, overcast edges together with silk, then along the straight edge catch through from one side to the other with strong twist, after which even the edges of the raffia.

Paper Case

Here is part of a letter from a southern girl who evidently take pleasure, in carefully planning her gifts. "Last Christmas," she writes, "I planned a surprise for an old friend who had married and gone to live on a homestead. Knowing she probably had little money for magazines, I made a case of coarse crash toweling, lined and bordered with Turkey red, with word COMFORT worked across the front.

"This I mounted on a piece of a broomstick gilded, with red silk cord for hanging. Then I sent my last year's Comforts, with comments tucked in between the pages and specially good recipes marked, which I had tried. She wrote that the magazines were a 'gold mine' of pleasure and help to her, so each month since I have mailed her my paper." This idea is certainly a good one which others might copy, for many



PAPER CASE.

magazines which would be of special value to folks living in isolated localities, are allowed to be destroyed, or accumulates in the attic.

New Bags

Next we illustrate two of the newest bags; the first is designed especially to hang on one's wrist and hold ball of wool or cotton.

It is comparatively easy to make and can be of different sizes, just large enough to hold one's wool or if ribbon or silk 10 inches in width is used, the bag will be of ample size to hold an ordinary piece of work.

One yard of ribbon this width will be needed. Cut off just enough to cover two pasteboard circles one and one half inches in diameter, on both sides. Seam the ends of the ribbon together and from seam form two plaits turning towards the center and running seven inches down each side. Catch in place by making French knots as shown of contrasting shade of silk, or feather stitching.



KNITTER'S BAG.

Leave four or five inches of each selvage, measuring from base of plaits, plain, then run in gathering thread draw up and sew one of the covered circles in each side of the bag. Two ribbons or pieces of silk can be joined together to get the required width as was done in this bag, a rose flowered ribbon being used for the center bordered with plain old blue satin. The combination was especially pretty finished with the French knots in pink.

The second bag shows a very good way to combine ribbon and silk.

About one yard of six and one half inch fancy ribbon will be needed if one uses a six-inch embroidery hoop. One half yard of silk, one and one half yards of silk cord or ribbon for strings, nine ivory or brass rings and a bit of cotton for the little balls.

Cut from the silk a sixteen-inch circle, using the trimmings to cover the embroidery hoop. Then turn in tiny edge of circle, gather, and sew to embroidery hoop. Cut three-inch circle and make cotton stuffed ball and sew to center. Allow two inches of the ribbon for making the other balls, then divide the balance into three pieces. Sew the ends of each piece together to form points, then join the selvages. Sew the selvages of the lower points to the embroidery ring, finish the top by sewing the rings, three on each piece of ribbon, just below the points and run in the cords. Make small balls to finish the lower points as shown.



WORK BAG.

Bag of Crochet and Ribbon

Another bag which is very attractive requires only a half yard or less of figured ribbon, three or four inches in width, and a spool of silkateen. Join the ribbon then beginning at the seam make 1 double crochet into the selvage, ch. 3, 1 d. c. Work around in this way taking the stitches into the ribbon an equal distance apart. Join to first d. c., then ch. 6, 1 d. c., over second d. c., in first row. Make enough rows in this way to make the bag the required size. Then overcast lower selvages of the ribbon together and work one row of spaces across the bottom. Into this tie a three-inch fringe of silkateen.

Finish the top by crocheting over small rings through which run a made cord or ribbons.

Christmas Packages

Besides the thoughtful selection of each gift care should be taken in wrapping and tying up each article, however small, in an attractive way. A little tissue paper, ribbon and a few stickers will do wonders, or if the Christmas seals cannot be had, one can substitute swastikas and stars cut from red paper.

For the Christmas Tree

In the country if suitable decorations for the tree cannot be bought, a lot of bright new pennies, hung up by means of red baby ribbon attached to the coins by a bit of sealing wax, will make a novel and showy trimming; these can afterwards be distributed. Speaking of pennies brings to mind a delicate and pleasing way to make a gift of money.

Buy a small inexpensive photo frame and then fold the bill so that nothing but the portrait upon it will show.

In a Big Family

Where presents are distributed Christmas morning it will make a little excitement and extra fun, to have all presents intended for a certain person tied with a special color, then packages should all be wrapped in plain paper and piled on the dining table. In the morning each person receives an envelope containing a bit of ribbon. After all the outer wrappings are removed and packages sorted they are claimed according to color.

Notice

Please note that patterns for any of the articles illustrated this month cannot be supplied, and they really are not necessary for even if there are slight differences from the original designs it is of no consequence for often a clever worker can make changes which will really be an improvement on the idea. So in making your Christmas plans, change and rearrange to meet your needs, and these columns will have fulfilled their mission if COMFORT readers are helped to give Christmas joy and good cheer by utilizing ordinary and inexpensive materials.

Let us each try to make this our best Christmas so far.

The Man with Two Coats

Or, Matilda Brown's Thanksgiving

By E. Mandeville Rogus

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MATILDA BROWN walked down Mrs. Hill's front steps, and stopping at the granite post untied Martha's hitching rope, and threw it into the bottom of the buggy. Then she turned the mare's head, and climbing stiffly in gathered up the reins. Her plump, cheery face wore a smile of satisfaction as she chucked to Martha. Then she pressed her hand against her pocket, and her smile deepened.

It was the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day, and the air was heavy with approaching snow. Winter had set in early in those New Hampshire hills, and Matilda noticed that ice was already beginning to form along the sides of the Pemigewasset river, as it flowed silently by, a little below the road. The birches showed white and leafless against the dark background of evergreens on the mountain-side, and the masses of ferns and sumac, so beautiful and rich in color but a short time before were now brown and withered.

Matilda Brown slapped the reins on Martha's broad back, and urged the reluctant mare along with her voice. Already the twilight was closing in on them, and here and there a stray snowflake fluttered in the air like a belated butterfly.

Martha gingerly picked her way along the frozen road. She resented being kept away from her warm stall and evening meal.

At the end of two miles Matilda guided Martha into the main street of Plymouth. As they ambled along, between farm wagons, delivery carts and surreys they passed the shop of Miss Hester, the little, lame milliner. In the center of the window, in the place of honor, was a purple velvet bonnet. On the side, out of a rosette of black lace rose a bunch of variegated pansies. Matilda gave the bonnet one long, lingering look, and then turned her head resolutely away. Down the street they jogged until they reached a brightly illuminated shop, over the door of which a large sign proclaimed to the world that here could be found "Fits and Styles to Please."

Matilda walked into the shop, her face again wearing its beaming smile.

"Good day, Mr. Jones," she said. "I've come fer thet great-coat."

A genial smile broke over Mr. Jones's rotound face. "Doin' Heber's shoppin' fer him, air yer, Mrs. Brown? Wall, it's a wise husband thet lets his wife look out fer his comforts. As fer his luxuries he'd best attend ter them himself," and he chuckled until his fat little body shook, and Matilda was afraid he would choke.

"Thar ain't been much in the way of luxuries fer the Brown family this long while," she answered, still smiling though a serious look had crept into her gray eyes. "Times ain't what they used ter be."

Mr. Jones wrapped the coat in paper, tied the string, and handed the bundle to Matilda.

"Thet's true, Mrs. Brown," he assented. "We all feel it, some more, some less. I hope Heber finds his coat right," and he took the handful of crumpled bills that Matilda held out to him.

"Much obliged ter yer. Looks like we'll be goin' ter meeting on runners termorrer. It's feelin' mighty wintry this afternoon," and he held the door open for her to pass out. "Good night, give my regards ter Heber."

When Matilda turned in at the gate of the red farmhouse she, Martha and the buggy were white with snow.

She gave the reins to Peter, the hired man, lifted the bundle out of the buggy, and shaking the snow off her shoulders, opened the door into the brightly lighted kitchen.

"Yer late, Matilda," expostulated a tall, thin man with stooping shoulders. "It's nigh on ter six o'clock."

He was a man close to seventy, with gray hair and side whiskers and kindly blue eyes, set deep under bushy eyebrows.

"Yes, Heber, I went ter Plymouth ter do some shoppin'. These winter afternoons close in quite sudden-like, and it's dark before yer know whar yer air."

Matilda deposited the bundle on the white oil-skin-covered table, and untied the string. She pushed back the paper, and lifting out the coat shook it vigorously.

"Thar, Heber," she said triumphantly. "Thar's yer coat!"

"Why, Tilly!" exclaimed Heber breathlessly, "How d'yer ever do it? I ain't given yer no more money fer thet coat since the end of August when the apple crop failed."

"I've been savin' up too, Heber." Matilda looked at her husband, her gray eyes as full of love as when she plighted her troth to him forty years ago. "Thar's egg, and chicken, and turkey money in thet coat, as well. I sold the last turkey ter Mrs. Hill this afternoon, and thet give me jest enough. I hope it fits, Heber," and she held the coat up as high as she could.

Heber slipped his arms in it, and turned to a cracked mirror hanging between the windows.

"Couldn't fit no better if it had been made fer me, Tilly," he replied. "It sure air nice. I'll feel like a 'ristercrat when I walk inter meetin' termorrer, and no mistake." Heber passed his hands over the front of the coat, and then almost broke his neck trying to see his back.

"Thet old one was a disgrace. I'm mighty glad yer don't hev ter wear thet no more—it was every color under the sun, and then some more besides. I call it disrespectful ter the Lord ter wear such clothes ter His House." Matilda's plump, little figure radiated happiness as she untied her hood, and buttoning on an apron began the preparations for supper.

"It is if yer hev a better, but when it's the best ye hev I guess the Lord don't lay up yer shabby clothes against yer, if yer heart ain't spotted and worn," retorted Heber as he slipped off the coat. He carried it to the closet in the entry where he hung it up, and then coming back to the kitchen settled himself in the armchair near the lamp.

Mr. Jones's predictions came true, and Heber and Matilda found Martha hitched to the sleigh when they stepped out on the vine-covered porch the following morning. Heber was wearing his new coat, and his weather-beaten face wore a guileless smile of satisfaction. Matilda stood beside him, her last year's bonnet securely tied on with a white, knitted veil.

"Is yer coat warm, Heber?" she asked as they ambled along on their way to the meeting-house.

"Warm as warm, Tilly," he replied enthusiastically. "I ain't been as comfortable in years."

"Thet old coat's about ready fer the rag bag," declared Matilda. "I guess I'll put it in the rag carpet I'm makin' fer the settin'-room."

"Don't cut up thet coat yet, Tilly—it's got lots of wear in it still, and it'll serve to save this one in bad weather," and Heber gently jerked the reins to let Martha know that there was someone on the other end.

After service was over the Browns stood for a few minutes in the porch of the church exchanging greetings with their friends.

"Ain't it terruble about the poor Martins!" exclaimed Ellen Smith to Matilda. Ellen was the harbinger of the bad news of the neighborhood. She was an emaciated old maid, with an unnaturally brown false front, and unnaturally white false teeth which didn't fit.

"I ain't heard. What 's the matter?" asked Matilda solicitously.

"Their house burned down last night, and it was jes' all they could do ter get out in their night clothes," explained Ellen, delighted at being able to tell of the disaster to a new ear.

"How dreadful!" ejaculated Matilda. "Didn't they save anything?"

"They only jes' got themselves out, let alone anything else," answered Ellen, shaking her head. "The house went up like tinder. It was providential they weren't all burned ter a crisp. If it hadn't been fer the hired man they would hev been. He smelt the smoke, and got in at the winder, and wakened them."

"Where air they now?" asked Matilda.

"The Allens took them in las' night—they were the nearest—but I don't know what the Martins air goin' ter do, poor things. Mrs. Martin seems sort of dazed like, and jes' sits and wrings her hands. Purty hard in the face of a cold winter, and with no one ter turn ter," and Ellen held out her hand to the pastor who just then appeared beside them.

"I've been telling Mrs. Brown about the Martins," she explained. "I was sayin', it's purty hard ter be left without a home and destitute in weather like this."

"The hand of the Lord does bear heavy at times," responded Mr. Strong, a thin, smooth-faced man in a frock coat and white tie. "But we must never forget that whom He loveth He chasteneth."

Both women nodded their assent to this doctrine, thankful deep in their hearts that chastening had not come to them in the form of fire, and Matilda walked away to join Heber, who was folding Martha's blanket.

"I'm mighty sorry fer the Martins," she remarked, after the laprobe had been tucked in, and Martha's head turned toward home. "They ain't got so much as a stitch between them."

"Yes," answered Heber, absently. "It's purty hard—how old air the children?"

Matilda considered a moment before replying. "Thar air three, I think. The youngest one, Charlie, was two years younger than Joe,—he'd hev been seven this February."

A silence fell between them, broken only by the sound of Martha's feet as she crunched through the crisp snow. Joe was the legacy their only daughter had left to them when, after many years of wooing, she had married a traveling salesman from Boston. She had died the following year, leaving a baby boy, with her blue eyes, and sunny smile. At the father's request the old couple had taken the dimpled, gurgling child into their lonely lives. Matilda never complained of the extra work that came with him, but brought him safely through measles, and chicken pox, breathing a sigh of relief when these childish diseases were behind them. Then Joe came down with pneumonia. Matilda tended the little sufferer with anxious, agonized care. She never left his bedside day or night, and when his meager strength failed, and his spirit slipped away to join his waiting mother, she collapsed utterly, and it was weeks before the cheery kitchen saw her again.

Then she took up life's burden, determined to be bright and happy for the sake of Heber, who, she knew, felt the boy's loss as keenly as she.

"I'm goin' ter drive over ter the Allens this afternoon, and give Henry Martin this coat," remarked Heber.

Matilda turned quickly to him. "Oh, Heber! not your new coat!" she exclaimed in a shocked tone. "Give him the old one—it's got lots of wear in it yet!"

Heber shook his head resolutely. "It ain't good enough," he answered.

"It's good enough fer Henry Martin arter the way he treated yer last June about the hay," retorted Matilda, her cheeks flaming, and her gray eyes flashing fire.

"Henry told me he was sorry about thet," answered Heber, quietly.

"He wasn't sorry enough ter make up yer loss ter yer," persisted Matilda. "The old coat's plenty good enough fer him ter knock around in. He'd ruin a handsome one like thet in no time doin' chores in it."

For a moment Heber did not answer. Then he said in a low voice, "Them as give ter the poor, lend ter the Lord. I ain't goin' ter lend the Lord sech a lookin' coat as thet."

Matilda sat silent, while a look of defeat settled over her patient face. Her mind traveled back over the long summer months and the hours of toil she had spent tending the chickens and turkeys, glorying over each egg that she found, exulting over the fine appearance of each young chicken, and calculating the amount each meant in bringing nearer the ultimate goal. Then she remembered how happy she had been when her dream of securing the precious coat by Thanksgiving Day had been realized.

"It ain't fer me ter complain," she thought. "The coat belongs ter him, and he's the one ter suffer."

Then a vision of the purple velvet bonnet in Miss Hester's window flashed across her mind. Two fugitive tears stole slowly down her lined cheeks and were lost in the white knitted veil.

Martha turned in through the white gate posts, and stopped before the porch. Heber twisted the reins around the whip, as it stood in its socket and called to Peter. Then he got out, and followed Matilda into the house.

"Tilly, dear," he whispered, as he put his arm around her plump, sturdy little form, "It ain't easy—don't make it harder fer me."

Matilda laid her gray head against his shoulder, while tear after tear coursed down her cheeks. Then she drew away from his encircling arms, and groped her way up the stairs to her room. She took off her wraps and laid them on the bed. Then she untied the knitted white veil, and unpinned her bonnet. For a moment she stood looking at its faded flowers, and stained ribbon. She straightened out a crumpled leaf, and smoothed the ribbon where the veil had crushed it down. Then she placed it on the bed beside her coat.

For a moment she stood motionless, looking at a photograph of a sweet-faced boy, which hung on the wall over the bed, then she walked out of the room, crossed the hall, and gently pushed open the door of the room opposite.

The room was dark, and very cold, and she shivered involuntarily as the chill struck her. She walked across the room, and raised the green shade. The bright sunshine streamed in over the little white bed, and fell full on a battered rocking horse. Matilda glanced at it, and a sob rose in her throat.

She crossed the room again, and opening a door, stood gazing in at the closely packed shelves. A strong odor of camphor permeated the room, deepening as Martha lifted down a large white bundle, and carrying it across the room deposited it on the bed.

She unpinned it rapidly, and unwrapping it, drew out a blue sailor suit which she held up to the light.

"It'll jes' about fit him," she thought. "It ain't doin' anyone any good here, and he might as well hev the use of it."

Her stiff, trembling hands took out garment after garment, which she shook out, inspected, and laid one on top of the other. At last she reached the bottom of the bundle where another package lay tied up by itself in white paper. She took it out and slowly untied it. It was a little white corduroy suit which she had made for Joe out of his mother's wedding dress. For a moment she stood looking at it, the tears streaming down her white cheeks, then she clasped it to her bosom.

"I'll wait till next summer ter give him this," she thought. "He wouldn't wear it this winter, it ain't warm enough."

With tender, loving hands she tied the little suit up again, and laid it gently back on the shelf. Then she gathered up the pile of clothes, and went back to her own room.

The Browns' Thanksgiving dinner that day was an unusually silent one. Matilda was absent minded, and ate practically nothing and Heber, although he conversed spasmodically about the sermon, and the weather found it difficult to keep up the one-sided conversation. Both were relieved when the meal was over.

"I'm goin' with yer, Heber," announced Matilda, appearing a while later with her hat and coat on, and a large bundle in her arms. "I want ter give Mrs. Martin these things fer Charlie."

Heber looked at his wife for a moment before he understood.

"They were Joe's," she said, tremulously, "but they weren't doin' him no good whar they were, and probably Charlie will be glad of them."

Heber stooped down, and putting his arms around her, kissed the faded cheek. Then he slipped on the old coat of many colors, and turned up the frayed collar; the new coat hung carefully over his arm. He opened the door, and together they walked out into the bright winter sunlight, and climbed into the waiting sleigh.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

because they yield one hundred dollars per acre as against smaller profits from other crops. Peas for the cannery yield well also and make an early harvest enabling one to raise two crops in one year. Cucumbers, string beans, and sweet corn yield more than one hundred dollars but cannot be raised in large quantities owing to the greater labor of harvesting. An acre or two of each suffices for one farm. Michigan is the bean and pickle state you know.

This rather sketchy description I have written applies to the southern portions where there is better land. I understand that further north the soil does not permit such variety and some places are utterly worthless.

Perhaps if this is printed, you would be interested to learn of our particular farm. I surely wish I could give you all a picture of our home. As I said before our place is partly within the limits of Lakeview and the house is located where the road bends, placing it at one end of the principal street in town. We can look up the tree-bordered avenue for half a mile till the street turns again to go round the lake and our gaze brings us against another big white house. To walk along the sidewalk is a pleasure; the residences are well kept and would grace the residential section of much larger towns. The business buildings are of brick and stone, nearly all put up in 1894 after the town had been burned out. A few steps down a side street toward the east brings one to the edge of beautiful Lake Tamarack which forms an important factor in the amusements of Lakeview's young and also some of the older ones. Fish are plentful, although the lake is not deep. Our farm does not quite border the water as the railroad comes between, but it is only a few rods from the house and many a happy time have the children spent in and on it.

This year the cultivated portion of our farm has been rented as that had been the arrangement the former owner had made and the crops put in are potatoes, corn and navy beans. The wheat, oats and hay have been harvested, the hay yielding at an estimate from three to four tons per acre. The wheat was sown thin but filled well and averaged twenty-two bushels, while the oats were blown down and lost out that way. It went sixty bushels and I never saw such a heavy stand of oats in my life; that's why the first rain and wind that came along when it had attained its growth, knocked it flat. My daughter, who is five feet six inches found it reached her shoulders in places.

Long live COMFORT and the work which Uncle Charlie is accomplishing through it.

MRS. A. T. ENGLERTH.

LOXEY, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and enjoy COMFORT Sisters' Corner.

Our home is in Baldwin County, Southern Alabama. We came here from Willamette Valley, Oregon, on account of suffering from rheumatism, and this climate has certainly helped us a great deal.

This is also a good climate for people who are afflicted with asthma and hay fever.

Although Alabama is an old settled state, fifteen years ago in Baldwin county there were very few settlers; and those who did live here, made their living by keeping cattle and sheep. Now the county is settling up mostly by Northern people.

We have the finest winter climate in the world; the summers are warm, but there is most always a cool breeze blowing from the Gulf of Mexico or Mobile Bay and the nights are always cool with no mosquitoes to keep you from sleep.

Land is cheap and a great many large tracts are being set out to satsuma, oranges and figs. All kinds of vegetables grow here and talk about watermelons, the sweetest and most delicious I ever tasted are grown here in southern Alabama.

Wells are from thirty to sixty feet deep around here and the softest water ever found not excepting rain-water. We like the Southland very much and the people are very hospitable and kind, but we can't say we like Alabama laws. No law to keep up cattle, sheep or hogs, even a cross bull can run at large, and the railroad company does no fencing in this state. They can run through your farm and the farmer has to fence their right of way.

We haven't woman suffrage yet in Alabama, but hope we will have soon. In my next letter I would like to tell the sisters of the beautiful shade trees we have here, such as the umbrella trees, magnolias, camphor trees and live oaks. And the pretty song birds, the meadow larks and mocking birds. Now for a few hints.

Pin a newspaper round the churn when churning to keep the cream from splashing on the floor.

To make the hands smooth and white, also for chapped hands, take one half pint of cider vinegar, add one ounce of saltpeter and rub on hands.

I have black hair, blue gray eyes, weigh one hundred and sixty-three pounds, five feet five inches tall and am the same age as Uncle Charlie only he is fourteen days older than I. My birthday comes on October ninth.

My letter is long but would like to say a word in regard to those who are Christians. I have heard ministers ask those who were Christians to stand and many good people would remain seated. Now if you ask those who are seated, if they are sinners they will answer "yes" and do you go to the Lord in prayer? They will answer "yes." Now if Jesus came to save sinners and the Bible says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," I can't see why those who remained seated are not Christians, for the Lord Jesus will save every sinner that comes to Him.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I beg to remain a COMFORT friend, MRS. P. S. HENDRY.

LAWTON, R. R. 3, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have seen a number of letters from this state, but none from this part. I like the letters describing different places and industries.

I live one mile from the corporation of Lawton. This town was twelve years old the 6th of last August and had a grand three-day celebration. On the last day there was a big parade, which included some Indians, and all the soldiers (except one company) of Fort Sill with their artillery such as horses, big canon, camp wagons, etc. Moving pictures of the parade were taken by Pathe's Weekly. On August 6, 1901, the government sold one half sections of land for town lots and when Lawton was two days old it contained most every kind of business and several thousand people. Of course there were no wood or brick buildings, everything in tents, therefore it was called the White City, and a city that never was a town.

Until 1901 this was a vast unsettled prairie, excepting Fort Sill, the Indians and a few cattlemen the only inhabitants.

When I was a very small girl my parents moved from Texas to the Indian Territory (which of course is Oklahoma now) and settled about fifty miles from here and about three miles from the line of this new Oklahoma which was unsettled then. The next year my parents and some of the neighbors came here to Fort Sill in covered wagons for a Fourth of July celebration. I can remember enough to know the Indians dress much more like white people now. Then you seldom saw even the men with citizens' clothes and now it is the reverse. Then all had the feathers and paint and some of the prettiest and finest buckskin beaded suits. I was at the Comanche Indian school which is one mile from Lawton, several years ago on February 22 at an entertainment appropriate to the day, and it was fine. The children went through so many pretty drills. There is also a nice Indian church about one mile from the school. I have attended services there and also religious services at the school. The Indians here are most all Kiowas and Comanches, and have been called the uncivilized tribes, but they are civilized citizens now. There are a few Apache Indians here yet. For years they have been held here in the Fort Sill reservation as prisoners of war, but Geronimo, their noted chief and warrior died some time ago, and their new chief and others got the government to free them, and all that wished to leave went to New Mexico last year.

Fort Sill is four miles from Lawton. Four years ago Congress appropriated money for a new fort and many costly buildings were put up one mile west of the old fort and they now have a macadamized road between the two.

It is a treat to most strangers and visitors here to see the fort and watch the soldiers drill and practise. They have what they call the School of Fire in the fall and then there is a lot of shooting and drilling.

On the 30th of May they usually have a program, consisting of polo and push ball games, baseball, shooting off the big guns, etc., all by the soldiers and officers. Of course there is speaking, band music and grave decorating.

I have never been a complete shut-in, but believe I can sympathize with them very well as I have suffered a great deal. Had an operation for chronic appendicitis. I am also troubled with rheumatism, catarrh, chilblains, nervousness, weak eyes, and other troubles, in fact it seems I have or have had half the ills and pains one can mention.

I wonder if any of the unmarried sisters are stenographers. I worked as one two years and enjoyed it, but had to quit on account of my health. It has been over five years since I worked any. I have one sister younger than myself and no brothers. Sister has been a stenographer nearly three years and likes the work.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers.

MISS MINNIE RAY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

This Rich Black Seal Plush Trimmed Pony CLOTH LADY'S COAT $4.45

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Heart-to-Heart Talk by Our Publisher

THIS is the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of COMFORT'S Birthday, and it is with great pleasure and no little pride that I take advantage of this auspicious occasion to have a little heart-to-heart talk with you, the members of our great circle of readers.

COMFORT has now traveled one notch beyond the quarter century mark and that is not only a respectable but a venerable age for a magazine to attain in these days of stress and change, when so many publications, after a fitful existence, perish miserably, leaving nought but the bleached bones of dead hopes to cover the thorny and perilous highways that lead to the goal of literary success.

Many people, especially those who have but a superficial knowledge of the magazine field, would doubtless be prompted to ask why one magazine "dies in the borning" while another lives, flourishes amazingly and increases its popularity from year to year.

The answer is very simple. We are attracted to a certain man above all others because of his winning and magnetic personality, his tender sympathy and consideration for others, his bluff, hearty and engaging manner and democratic viewpoint. Such a man draws all men unto him. On the other hand there are men who repel us by their aloofness, their lack of warmth and spontaneity.

What is true of men is in a broad sense true of publications. One magazine enters the home and instinctively we recognize it as a friend and we welcome it as an honored guest vibrant with the sympathies that weld hearts and forge ties of universal kin. On the other hand, perhaps a more expensive journal lies upon the home table, interesting, instructive and attractive in its resplendent cover, admirable in its artistic and literary makeup, and yet with all its fine qualities it makes no deep impression nor vital appeal to our sympathies, touches no reciprocal chord in our hearts and is merely a thing of print, paper and bookish elegance.

We turn its pages mechanically, absorb its contents, then cast it aside. Not once has it stirred the heart, quickened the pulse or kindled one holy enthusiasm in our breast. Not once has it inspired us to go on the firing line where right and wrong struggle for supremacy, where the battles of humanity are fought and the race enabled to move another step forward in its onward and upward course.

In the making of COMFORT, I determined from the first that it should differ as widely as possible from the ordinary, conventional publications, most of which resemble each other as closely as peas in a pod, and like good respectable peas, they sustain life, but do not advance it. I determined that COMFORT should be a publication of, for and by the people; that it should demolish the barriers of cold type that are so laboriously reared by the average conventional editor between publisher and reader, and that it should make its appeal along broad, human lines, going straight to the heart as well as to the intellect, carrying at all times a message of hope, cheer, friendship, love and brotherhood into every home it entered, and especially the homes of the vast masses of the people whose needs are ignored and whose cry for enlightenment, sympathy and succor only too often meet with studied indifference from those whose one desire is to exploit them.

That COMFORT filled a great and crying need can be readily seen by the hearty welcome it receives in every home it enters, and the delight its pages afford to all those who peruse them. Before me lies a letter which tells the whole story in a nutshell, it reads thus: "I take a dozen magazines and papers, and though amongst this list are some of the best publications in the land, COMFORT is the favorite in our home, because it has a human touch, a vital something that makes it stand out from all the rest, radiating an atmosphere of love and good fellowship and causing its readers to regard those who are responsible for its creation as benefactors to society and dear, personal friends, as near and precious to us as are the members of our own family." Tens of thousands have written to us in this strain, and surely no man and no publication has existed in vain, that draws forth such an eloquent testimonial as this.

Every day it is brought home to us in a thousand different ways that humanity is starving for kindness and love. Few care about the masses of the people and few still understand their needs or have any honest desire to cater to them. COMFORT however, instead of viewing the plain people from the heights, suspiciously and indifferently, meets them on a common level, recognizing that we are all children of one Father, all interdependent and necessary to each other, all struggling for a place in the sun, and not until we meet our fellowman on his own level, clasp him by the hand and look into his honest eyes, can we expect to win his confidence or be worthy of his friendship, lighten his burdens and widen his opportunities.

We have ever striven to meet our readers on a democratic and fraternal basis, a plane of mutual self-interest, and the place that this publication holds in the hearts of its readers is proof indeed of the success of our efforts.

Nothing affords me greater satisfaction and pleasure than the knowledge that among COMFORT'S subscribers are both children and grandchildren of those who greeted this publication on its first appearance.

Thousands of our readers delight in informing us that one of the most cherished memories of childhood, when they were lisping tots, was the monthly appearance of COMFORT. Mother read its contents aloud to them as they gathered around her, just as thousands of mothers in every section of our land are doing today.

The impressions of childhood are lasting, and the influence for good that COMFORT has wielded on the youth of the nation (filling plastic brains with the precious seeds of truth, honor and righteousness, upbuilding character, developing the moral and the spiritual, ever pointing the way that leads to perfect manhood or womanhood and the lofty heights of ideal citizenship) has been incalculable.

Millions of American citizens, both men and women, have grown up under COMFORT'S guiding influence, and every unit of our great army of readers has been a center from which has radiated the COMFORT message of love and brotherhood, the COMFORT ideals of truth, justice and mercy. The good that has thus been accomplished by our ever widening circle of readers is beyond the power of the human mind to compute. Certainly no publication in the land has so deeply influenced the national character for good, nor imbued so vast a number of people with the simple and homely virtues that are the proudest possessions of our race.

In fighting the battles of the plain people, COMFORT is ever in the lead and among the reform measures for which it has consistently fought, or is still strenuously fighting, are such public benefits as the parcel post, the election of U. S. senators by direct vote of the people, the postal savings bank, the initiative, referendum and recall, direct primaries, the exclusion of undesirable aliens, farm credits, proper observance of the Lord's Day, the abolition of the saloon and the uprooting of the drink evil, compulsory education, abolition of child labor, the suppression of white slavery, a tax upon incomes, an adequate navy for the protection of our coasts, etc.

COMFORT is not only on the firing line of progress but it is its policy to lead and direct the advancing hosts of democracy, and by keeping well to the front, it helps to blaze the way for its mighty army of readers who rely on it to be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, ever pointing to the path that leads to the shining goal of human happiness.

To the sick and suffering COMFORT has endeavored to be a ministering angel, heartening, cheering and aiding the weary and downcast and ever binding up the wounds of those who have fallen by the wayside in the battle of life.

COMFORT'S principles are known of all men, and it has unflinchingly stood in the breach when leading its embattled hosts against the entrenched foes of monopoly, privilege and graft.

COMFORT has no political bias, it is radically conservative and conservatively radical, upholding whatever may be good and vigorously opposing all that it considers inimical to the interests of its readers, and the public generally, declining to be the tool of any party, or to promote any fad, preferring to forge ahead in its own way, knowing from long experience how to avoid these rocks and quicksands which so often wreck the fairest plans of the most intrepid crusader.

COMFORT has accomplished much, and by the grace of God and the help of its friends, it will accomplish more.

In the work COMFORT is doing I plead, and I am confident not in vain, for the friendly help and assistance of the great army of our subscribers. I want to extend the sphere of COMFORT'S influence and increase its usefulness a hundredfold. The need of your support grows more and more pressing. The enemies of the masses, who are the enemies of society, grow daily more arrogant, and you must hold up our hands and give us your enthusiastic support in our endeavor to combat them.

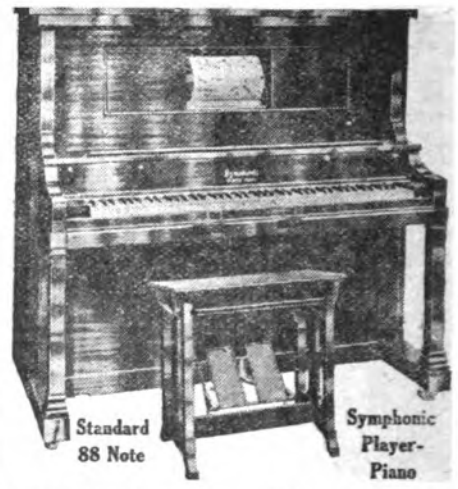
To build up the hopes of men, to banish poverty and want, crime and disease, to make strong, healthy, God-loving men and women, to stand between oppressor and oppressed, to engage in the ennobling work of human uplift and physical and material betterment, to place the American home four-square to the winds of heaven, upon a foundation of enduring prosperity and happiness, this is COMFORT'S mission. To this exalted purpose COMFORT is dedicated and its able staff of editors and contributors will, with your valuable assistance continue their inspiring work until its aim is achieved.

No publication on earth gives so much and asks so little in return as does COMFORT. Our millions of readers heartily bear witness to the fact that it grows better with every issue, and it will continue to grow better as the months roll on. We are giving more for the subscription price than any other publication has ever attempted, and I feel confident that you my friends, who have stood loyally by us in the past, and you too who have but recently enlisted under COMFORT'S banner, will spread amongst your neighbors the glad tidings of its appealing message, and so help the good work along by bringing millions more under the benign and uplifting influence of a publication whose destinies I have the privilege and honor to assist in shaping.

Thanking you most heartily for all the favors you have showered upon myself and COMFORT'S staff in the past, and trusting you will in the future with redoubled zeal, aid us in increasing and broadening the sphere of COMFORT'S influence, I am,

Your sincere friend,

W. H. GANNETT.



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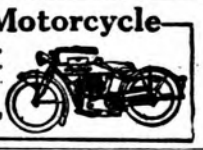
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

eggs, and you want to sell them to private families, instead of disposing of them to the storekeeper or that arch thief of commerce, the middleman. Isn't it strange that a Tennessee egg grower should be writing to an invalid in New York asking him how to find a market for his egg produce? Well I can tell the Tennessee man, and I can tell you all how to find a market for your goods. If you have a good thing to sell the only way to sell it, is to let the public know you've got it, and the way to let the public know you've got a thing, is to advertise and keep on advertising. If that doesn't bring you customers nothing will. If your local papers don't reach all the people that want eggs, have a circular printed and mail them to all the likely egg buyers within twenty miles. Get special containers and ship the eggs by parcel post. The postal authorities are doing all in their power to encourage and foster this particular line of business, so as to reduce the cost of living in the city. Newspaper advertising is always better than circularizing and much cheaper. All the things you see in the grocery store and ask for over the counter, have been made familiar to you by advertising, which is the live wire of trade. Try the local papers, and if you don't succeed make a house-to-house canvass for miles around with your dairy products. If the things I've suggested don't get results, nothing will. What a pity people do not know the value of advertising. Always run your eye over the advertising columns.

HOLT, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live in Santa Rosa Co., thirty-nine miles east from Pensacola, on the P. & A. Division of the L. & N. R. R.

I would write a brief description of my state, but it would make my letter too long, and take up space which others could use to better advantage. I love music, flowers, birds, girls and everything that is good and beautiful. I love to study Nature in all her beauty.

Pardon me Uncle, but I notice that you don't print as many of the cousins' letters as you have before. If your health does not permit it, I have no more to say about it. I certainly enjoy your talks to us, and try to bring them to bear upon and strengthen other resolutions that I make.

Cousins, what good do we get from reading and studying, if we fail to put it into practise?

Uncle, if you would spend next winter in Florida's superb, snowless climate, I believe you could walk back to Maine. I will be glad to hear from any of the cousins, especially the girls. As I have no parents COMFORT is my comfort now. I try to practise its teachings. "Uncle Charlie's Poems," will knock the "blues" higher than a kite. Get a copy all you cousins. Best wishes for COMFORT, Uncle Charlie, and all the cousins. Hoping to see this in print, I am as ever, Your friend,

CLEVELAND WHITE. (League No. 38,898.)

Grover, I mean Cleveland, there is one little sentence in your letter that mightily appeals to me, it is this, "What good do we get from reading and studying if we fail to put into practise what we learn!" My! what sermons could be preached on that little text. The world today doesn't get much education and what it does learn it doesn't apply as a rule to any worthy purpose. You all know the Lord's prayer or at least half of you do. Now the very biggest men in this country (financially and not morally big I mean) you will find in church on Sunday. Most of them are after their fashion what are called very sincere Christians. They pray long and earnestly and they give liberally to charitable causes. They know all about the teachings of Christ, but they would drop dead if you asked them to apply those teachings, and make them their standard of conduct in their dealings with their fellow men. In the Lord's prayer, to take a concrete example, it says: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth" and later it says: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Twice a day wealthy and powerful gentlemen repeat that glorious prayer and make these appeals to the Divine Power above. Mr. Rockefeller, hundreds of his class, thousands of ministers, and millions of ordinary human beings, were taught that prayer at their mother's knee and have repeated it daily and will continue to repeat it all their lives, and yet from Mr. Rockefeller down to the humblest mortal, not one wants Christ's kingdom on earth, and mighty few are willing to forgive a trespass that is made against them—if you can judge by their acts. If you trespass against a man, instead of forgiving you, he calls a Cop or brings a suit for damages in the courts. I remember having some fun of an innocent nature with a minister once, the trespass was so slight that he could have easily have forgiven me, as I apologized very humbly, but though I was under that minister's nose for four years and heard him preach on the beauties of forgiveness several times, and heard him with quivering voice and upturned eyes repeat the Lord's prayer hundreds of times, he was relentless to the end. That shows how much he put his teachings into practise. When you analyze the lives of public men whether in the business world, in the courts, in our law-making assemblies, in our pulpits, you will find that very few make any real effort to put in practise those things which they so glibly preach to the multitudes. Life becomes purely mechanical with the majority of people. The ministers who are conscientiously trying to bring the kingdom of God on earth, you could almost count on the fingers of one hand, and the fat man with the steel mills and oil wells in the front pew, if he thought the kingdom of God was coming in answer to his appeal, would simply drop dead. While he mechanically says the Lord's prayer with agitated lips, his mind is figuring out how much money he is going to make on the next bunch of watered stock. The man of millions shies at the thought of the kingdom of heaven, for he has a very comfortable heaven already, every creature comfort that his heart can crave, and power to command the services of thousands of men and the ability to exploit them to his heart's content, and to dominate their courts and legislatures. The kingdom of heaven would mean justice and brotherhood, and though the big man revels in charity, which is a curse to those who give and those who take, directly you mention the word justice, his doctor will send a certificate that if he speaks one word he'll choke, and a steam yacht carries him to a convenient tropical island, where courts and process servers cease from worrying, and billionaires are at rest. The kingdom of Heaven however is within us, it is just a precious seed, sown by God's own hand. In some hearts the soil is so stony that it never develops and never influences for good the lives of those whose precious possession it is. That seed is capable of enormous development and the thing that would develop it most is to bring up man in an environment that is conducive to manliness and godliness. An environment that will make him a creature of light instead of a demon of darkness, an environment that will make him man's brother instead of his exploiter, a seeker after truth instead of a grubber after tainted dollars. The reason so few of us apply the worthy things we learn, and make Christ's teachings a part of our every-day living is due to the fact that the world is built and run in such a way that it produces the worst in men instead of the best. The Christ ideal is service, man's ideal is profits. Christ's ideal produces love, virtue, mercy and brotherhood, man's ideal greed, lust, crime and sin. Now Cleveland, though it's mighty hard to apply noble teachings and live up to high ideals without hurting your pocketbook, incurring hatred, suffering persecution, it can be done, and the greater the opposition the more glorious the victory. You may not have the money that the other fellow has who *took the easier way*, but you will have the glorious satisfaction of knowing, even as I know, that you have put some mighty big nails in the coffin of wrong and greed, and that because of your example hundreds of other men have seen the light and are rushing with the hammer of service and the nail of determination to help you in the glorious task of boxing and burying the twin monsters, that have enslaved mankind from the dawn of the race. Every nail in the coffin of wrong makes the world an easier place for others to live and develop in and brings the kingdom of heaven nearer to hand. The day when that little seed of love and goodness automatically sprouts in the hearts of man, the dream of the centuries will be realized.

NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have read with interest your letters of advice to old and young, and want you to advise me. I am a married woman of twenty-nine years, have been married ten years and have two little girls and the kindest husband, I believe that ever lived. But Uncle I am far from being contented. The place where we live is very thinly settled, twenty miles from a railroad, and the people are most of them old timers, very ignorant and narrow minded. I won't say all the people out here, but mostly the ones in our neighborhood, the ones I have to associate with. I have lived here all my life, and perhaps you will think I ought to like it, because I know nothing different. I have never been out of the county, more than three or four times in my whole life, and I am just hungry to see something of life, to see different people, to be with someone that knows something. We are well to do and I have everything that money can buy to make me happy. My husband is very contented, because he is making money and I don't believe there is a better place to make it than right here. But of what use is anyone's money if they must live in such a place? I don't like to complain, for my husband tries so hard to make me happy. It would be different if I could get away from here once a month or so, for then I could settle down more contentedly. But it is the same thing day in and day out. Sometimes I think I am going crazy. Do you think I am wicked to be so discontented? Do you think it is right to bring up my children where they can never see anything, where there are no amusements and no place to go to for a change, and thus never know how to act when among people that do know something? Please advise me Uncle as I want to do what is right.

Your constant reader, MRS. H. F.

Dear Friend: I get many a letter like yours and I can thoroughly appreciate and understand just how you feel. In these hard times millions would be willing to change places with you, in fact I would myself if only to be relieved of one thing of which you are happily spared and that is the dread of the future. The daily battle for bread not only for one's self but for those in one's employ and the inevitable poor relations, for though there is plenty to go around in this world, things are not properly distributed and as a result, society, to its own undoing, is divided up into two classes, the haves and the have nots. Those who have too much, and those who have too little; and the hard, soul-crushing struggle of those who have too little wrinkles the brow, hardens the heart, and makes life hardly worth the living. The have nots, dear friend, will have little patience with you, railing against a condition which might not be a real hardship to them, but is a real hardship for you. I have felt very much as you have felt and not in a little town either. I know that yearning to be with someone who knows something, somebody who is congenial, someone who has ideals and aspirations, and at whose feet you can sit and learn, and dream great dreams. A depressing environment is a soul-crushing, dreadful thing, and to be marooned in some little jumping-off place where people are hopelessly dull and stupid is a torture to one who craves the companionship of intellectual people. Now if all the people around you were intellectual your life would never be a lonely one. Poverty of pocket generally means poverty of brain. Your neighbors, no doubt at times have a yearning for a broader life, a better knowledge of the world beyond, a yearning for art, music, and companionship, a craving and desire for the beautiful. The struggle for existence was too keen, and the radiant tints of their day dreaming were soon swallowed up however in the gray drab hues of plodding toil. You, my friend, have been more fortunate. The economic urge has not hobbled your imagination nor quenched the yearning of your soul for the ideal and beautiful, the inspiring and grand. Most men find a keen enjoyment in money making, fun and pleasure in the mere accumulation of dirty green slips of paper. This instinct is deeply rooted in "human" nature but until we can replace it with something better, something nobler, something more inspiring, we shall have to tolerate it though despising it. There is not much in life for the woman whose husband is a cash register. The fact that the human cash register is ready to surround his wife with every comfort does not make her life very much more endurable. Man being largely material fails to comprehend that there are things a woman craves that clothes, food and shelter cannot satisfy. A home may satisfy some women, but thank God, not all. The soul does not feed on bricks and mortar, clapboards and cook stoves. There is a hunger of the heart and the soul and brain, an intellectual and spiritual hunger, that intensely real as it is few men fail to recognise. The brain reels and gets dizzy doing the same thing day in and day out. There is nothing like a change of scene and environment, of new faces and new ideas to brighten one up, and refresh the jaded housewife, for the best home in the world can take on the aspects of a prison if we are tied to it eternally without relaxation and change. The monotony of the country side is a problem that is very real and one we are gradually solving. The writer of this letter sadly needs a change. A month in our big Eastern cities would be a Godsend to her. The change would make her more contented with her present environment and meeting with strange people would soon make her realize that the home folks had a lot of good qualities she had never discovered before, and though perhaps they were not very bright, they were at least tremendously kind and good hearted. She would also realize that people are stupid because their opportunities for acquiring knowledge and culture (which will soon be the common heritage of all) have been exceedingly limited. I would advise you friend to lay in a stock of really good books. Good books give us a chance to get acquainted with the greatest men that ever lived. No one can be lonesome who has plenty of good reading matter. Books that teach as well as entertain, books that get the mind working in the right direction, and make life an intellectual and spiritual growth (and good books will do that in the most depressing environment) are what is needed. Try and give your neighbors a helping hand. Start a social center and see how readily people will acquire knowledge if given the opportunity. Get acquainted with a few shut-ins and invalids and correspond with them and as you brighten their lives of suffering you will brighten your own, for our own troubles are really very insignificant when we compare them with the dreadful lives so many thousands have to live. Healthy discontent is the spur of progress, but be sure your discontent is healthy or don't indulge in it, for life is largely what we make it, and after we've ransacked the world for pleasure, and enjoyment we generally find that home is the best place after all.

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have read COMFORT for nine years and nothing has interested me more than your fearless attack on all existing evils and your noble and unselfish life. I often wonder why men who are enjoying health and strength cannot or will not enlist in the good work which you are doing.

I have read with interest of the work you are carrying on for the Sunshine Club.

I am twenty-one years old, have been a country school teacher for two years and am now working my way through college. It is not easy but the advantages gained by a thorough education more than repay us for a few inconveniences. I wish most heartily I had power through speech and pen, to persuade parents to send children to school regularly and when through with grammar school to send them to high school and college. (It takes money to do that.—Uncle Charlie.) Even a farm laborer is better for a good education. In conclusion I would like to ask you for your autograph.

Again wishing you all health, happiness and success.

Your loving niece, LULU GERINGER.

Lulu, so you wonder why it is men who are enjoying health and strength will not put up a stiff fight as I have done, against the evils of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



This Exquisite Seal Plush Coat, $7.98!

LADY LAURETTE. Seal Plush coats are so becoming in their silky richness that they remain the queen of wraps season after season. This model is made of lustrous Seal Plush; 48 inches long; lined throughout with black mercerized sateen. The deep shawl collar can be buttoned up close to the throat in cold weather. Closes with three large plush buttons and silk loops. Fashionable Raglan sleeves are set in from the neck, with no seam at the shoulder. Deep cuffs. In black only. Sizes 32 to 44. State size. No. 903A96. Prepaid **$7.98**

An Enormous Saving at $5.98

THE MARLBOROUGH. Fur fabric coats have held the attention of designers this season to as great an extent as have the genuine furs. This model is made of Silky Astrachan Cloth, carefully handled to obtain slender, graceful lines. It has roll collar and turn-back cuffs of lustrous Seal Plush. Closes with three large Plush Buttons and Silk Loops. Length 48 inches. Lined throughout with good quality of Sateen. In black, navy blue or brown Astrachan Cloth, trimmed with Seal Plush. Sizes 32 to 44. State color and size. No. 903A97. Prepaid **$5.98**

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THE CZARINA. Luxurious fur set of Russian Bear (comes from China Goat.) A long, soft fur of great durability. The shapely scarf measures 44 inches long and fits closely about the neck and shoulders. The deep points are effectively completed with three full brush tails. The large pillow muff is fitted with a wrist cord. Both scarf and muff are lined with satin to match. In black, grey or brown. State color. No. 908A535. Prepaid . . . **$3.98**

This bargain for the baby, $1.49

TINY TOT—This wouldn't be a Christmas page without a special offer for the baby! Child's 3-piece Brushed Sweater Suit—sweater, leggins and cap. Sweater has deep roll collar of contrasting color which buttons up close to the neck. Leggings full length, tie with tasseled knit cord at waist. In all white, in red trimmed in grey, or grey trimmed in red. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. State size and color. No. 2508A2850. Prepaid . . . **$1.49**



At the Nation's Gateway
Charles William Stores
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For Thanksgiving Entertainment

"It"

"DID you ever play 'It'?" Cousin Emily turned to the discontented twins who were fretfully tapping the window pane and watching the rain.

"No," exclaimed Helen; "that must be a new game. Tell us about it, won't you, Cousin Emily?"

Marion was sent to the dining-room to call Tom and two other boys who were spending the afternoon with him, and when they came in, Cousin Emily said:

"It is lots more fun to play 'It' when there is a larger number of players; but I guess we can get along very nicely with just us six. Now, Tom, you and Marion go out into the hall and stay until we call you."

When the door was closed, big Cousin explained:

"Now, 'It' is your right-hand neighbor and Tom and Marion will try to find out what it is by asking questions that can be answered by either 'yes' or 'no.' Remember, your right-hand neighbor!"

"Aren't you folks ready?" asked Tom, through the keyhole.

"Oh, you heard!" exclaimed Helen as she threw open the door.

"No, I didn't, Helen, honest!" said Tom. "We didn't hear a thing, so thought you must be ready."

"Well, as it happens, we are," said Cousin Emily. "'It' is something in this room and you are to find out what it is by asking questions that can be answered by either 'yes' or 'no.' First Marion can ask one, then Tom, and so on. I would suggest, however, that you ask the same question of all of us until each one has answered in his own way, every question that has been put to the others."

"All right," said Marion. "Jay, is 'it' the clock?"

"No," said Jay and each of the others in turn. Various objects in the room were spoken of but all agreed that 'it' was none of them.

Finally Tom asked Helen, who was sitting to the left of Jay:

"Is it a girl?"

"No," said Helen.

"Is it a girl, Jay?" asked Marion.

Jay doubled up in his laughter as he replied: "Yes, sir; it's a girl!"

"Why, Helen, you said it wasn't!" exclaimed Marion in indignation.

All but Tom and Marion laughed until the tears streamed down their faces as they looked at the two perplexed ones who were looking for 'It.'

"Never mind," laughed Cousin Emily; "go on, Tom. It is your turn."

"I'm not going to play!" declared Tom. "If you are going to tell fibs about it, how can we know who is telling the truth and who is not?"

And Jay and Helen went into paroxisms of laughter again when Cousin Emily replied:

"No one has told you anything but the truth yet."

After a while, when a number of questions had gone around the group, Tom called out:

"I've got it! I know what 'it' is!"

"Tell me, Tom," said Marion.

"No, sir; you go ahead and find out! Say, that's a daisy one on us, isn't it?"

"What is it, Tom; what do you think 'It' is?" asked Cousin Emily.

Tom whispered something and Cousin Emily laughed. "Yes," she nodded to Jay and Helen, "he has guessed it. Now, Marion, go on; you will soon find out. Tom, you can be in the circle, now. Sit between Helen and me—perhaps that will help Marion a little."

For each play some new object has to be selected for "It."

For a long time, "It" has been the favorite game among these children and has been played to the infinite amusement of everybody whenever some one, ignorant of what "It" may be, has appeared in the family circle.

Try This

CAN you light the gas with the tip of your finger?

This is not a trick. I have done it and others have done it.

Follow these simple directions and you can do it, provided there is a room in your home with a carpeted floor.

Start at any part of the room, walk rather rapidly back and forth, keeping the feet on the floor. In other words, do not lift the feet, as in ordinary walking, but walk along scuffing the feet, so to speak. While mother will not approve this manner of navigation, she perhaps will permit it long enough to demonstrate the interesting phenomenon.

Some one must be stationed beside the gas-jet. After you have walked a number of times about the room, approach the gas-jet, this is turned on ready for you. Immediately lift your finger and touch the tip, and presto, it is lighted by the little electric spark which will jump from your finger as a discharge of the electricity you generate by the scuffing on the wool carpet. However, if you touch any other object, ever so light, before you touch the gas-tip, your power will be spent and failure will result. The main essential is to touch the tip at once after shuffling the feet. This experiment will be successful only in cold, dry weather such as makes your hair crackle when brushed dry.

Should you suddenly touch the brow of a person present, instead of the gas-tip, you would hear a decided snap, and very likely a little cry of dismay.

Silhouettes

ON one side of a darkened room, quite near the wall, place a small table, bearing a lighted candle. Leave sufficient space between table and wall to seat one person. Over the table on the wall, pin a good-sized sheet of plain white paper.

One by one, call in the guests. Seat them at the table, next the wall. The lighted candle will cause the black shadow of their silhouette to be thrown upon the sheet of paper. Now with a soft pencil outline the profile of each guest, dismissing each to make room for the next.

After the profiles of all have been secured, carefully cut them out from the paper, keeping close to the pencil marks.

The company is now assembled. Each is given slips of paper and a pencil.

The silhouettes, all plainly numbered, are pinned to some dark background, in sight of the assemblage, and all try their best to guess to whom each profile belongs, writing the name of the person opposite the corresponding number.

Prizes are given to those who have the largest number of correct answers.

The Farmer's Wife of Today

—Her Advantages Against Her Limitations

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By Adele Steiner Burleson

THE magic twentieth century today, rolls the sum of advantages of the farmer's wife far above and beyond her limitations. Our yesterday—a generation or so ago, the farmer's wife was represented by one type only and in our mind's eye she was the human exponent of the hardest, most unremitting toil. Minus all labor-lightening devices and time-saving conveniences, her world was a round of work never done, but now—unless by her own voluntary decree, she is like her husband, the most thoroughly independent, all-around comfortably situated individual in the world.

Whom do we mean when we speak of the farmer's wife? The term is subject to much classification, division and subdivision, for there are as many different kinds of farmers' wives as there are different kinds of farmers. But I doubt not we all have the same definitely outlined figure in mind when we speak generally, not specifically of the farmer's wife. She stands serenely in her domain, by common consent living in a small house, in the midst of fields and pastures, more or less distantly removed from the centers of trade and the rush of metropolitan life.

Does she gain or lose through this detachment from the city?

The spirit of the age demands the fullest development for each individual. Under the conditions of her life is this possible for the farmer's wife?

Credited with all of the primitive virtues, she makes a good start, according to public estimation, towards working out her own good. But to her admitted good qualities, she must add the power of developing her especial tastes and talents before it can be conceded that she has done the best for herself and consequently those about her.

To what extent is she handicapped in an effort to secure the recognized best things of this life?

Beginning with our physical needs we come first to pure air; something the farmer's wife always possesses in such unstinted quantity that she is probably slow to recognize it as a blessing. Perhaps only the urbanite, in his constant struggle against contamination by the smoke and germ-laden dust in the air he breathes, can fully appreciate what she takes for granted. Good air means good lungs and good health, both of which are necessary for good spirits.

Pure food ranks high among the things considered essential to health and life. In the city it is procured only by the enactment of numerous laws and their enforcement by an army of inspectors. Their non-enforcement and dishonesty sometimes make it unattainable. Their very purity frequently places upon meats, chickens and eggs, a price prohibitive to the housewife with but moderate means at her command. For neither the wholesaler, nor the retailer is disposed to suffer the loss occasioned through the condemnation of quantities of tainted food. The loss occasioned thereby with cold storage charges in addition are passed on to the consumer, often making first-class meats and poultry a luxury in many households.

Go to the country! There you find smokehouses stored with hams, bacon, lard and that priceless product, pure, wholesome country sausage. The poultry-yard is noisy with its broods of turkeys, chickens, ducks and frequently guineas and geese. In the pastures may be seen cattle and the flock of sheep. Here is an abundant meat supply at hand, most of it ready for use and all without menace from impurities. It is an improvident farmer's wife whose table goes unsupplied with those things which too often in the city are counted expensive luxuries.

In the matter of vegetables, the city markets might appear to have the advantage over the garden patch in the country, for in them may be found the first fruits of many climates. The delights of melons in mid-winter and strawberries in January, however, are more apparent than real. They may prove satisfactory to the grower and retailer as a source of profit, but to the real lover of the luscious fruits and berries, familiar with their true sundeveloped flavor, they are but poor substitutes. Picked green, shipped long distances and high priced the mid-winter vegetables are beyond the reach of the many. Even during the summer season, when they may be had fresh and ripe, the prices continue high enough to be a drain on a limited income.

In the country, on the other hand, with a small outlay of labor and almost nominal cost, the farmer's wife can command the fresh, naturally ripened dewy products of an early spring, and summer and late autumn garden. Add to the material advantages of such a garden, the pleasure of making it or superintending it, and in addition, the culture acquired from a knowledge of the growth and habits of plants, and we find the country woman far in advance of her city sister, who orders her vegetables by telephone or selects them from a market stall.

Even drought, once the frequent wrecker and constant menace of the country garden, need no longer be feared, for since the coming of the windmill, the gasoline and kerosene engines irrigation on a small scale is always feasible, and its absence where it is needed, is but an indication of thriftlessness.

Pure water, like pure air, is another natural heritage of the dweller in the country. It is to be had on almost any farm. By a little digging and only a superficial knowledge of drainage, a well of the purest water may be secured. With more expenditure of time and labor artesian water is within reach. Or, the farm may possess that great blessing, a spring of subterranean birth. Nature supplies these waters pure and it would require unusual carelessness and ignorance on the part of the owner to pollute them. Safe from contamination through other people's drains and unlimited by meters, the farmer, by a simple system of piping can make the farm's water supply a source of comfort to his family.

Aside from its practical value, the presence of a river or brook within the farm's limits adds greatly to the æsthetic enjoyment of the owner. Who has not experienced the allurements of a small stream? A harborer of sun perch, a producer of the delicate water cress. A smiling addition to the landscape, a companion for every mood, it should be and doubtless is an unfailing source of pleasure to the women into whose daily life it enters.

It is a common complaint among city people that they are practically cut off from the big phenomena of nature. Some of them from the vantage ground of high windows possess a view. A view is pleasing—sometimes inspiring, but who would not substitute for it the intimate associations of a leafy hollow in the woods, of the fellowship of a breezy hillside?

In the city there is no watching for day across wide stretches of verdant field and pasture, no waiting for the unsurpassed glory of a sunset or of moonrise, above the thicket's dark line. Such joys as these are ever at hand to the farmer's wife.

Quiet—Of inestimable value is the quiet of the country. To be undistracted by the noises of trolley cars, automobiles, horns, bells, factory whistles, the roar and rumble of railroad traffic and street criers, is an advantage apparent to every one. But not everyone realizes the importance of quiet to the nervous system.

Many of our public office holders and most successful business men owe their steady nerves and good constitutions to the dreamless sleep of boyhood days on the farm.

The remote whistle of a locomotive, or the call of a night bird, breaks the silence perhaps but not the peaceful quiet of the country.

Hurry—Of equal benefit to the development of a satisfactory system is the absence of strain in country life. Work and plenty of it is to be done on the farm, but there appears to be enough time in which to accomplish it. The day is regulated by "sun-up," noon and afternoon. In the city, time is reckoned by hours and minutes. The wife must have the breakfast ready at a fixed hour, that the husband may make his street car at a particular time in order to arrive at his place of business to keep an engagement at a certain moment.

Hurry seems to be an inevitable law of city life that sooner or later drives its victims to the country for the relief which quiet brings to the tortured nerves.

Illness rarely takes the rural woman to the city; on the contrary, while there, she draws on her splendid reserve of energy acquired through long quiet days free from strain. Pressure is a great producer, but the doubtful quality of work done under whip and spur and the penalty paid for it in overtaxed nerves, at least negatives its value. A moderate industry, backed by the desire to do and plenty of time, will accomplish something more nearly of an expression of your real self, than is the case when necessity is forcing you to finish one piece of work, no matter how, because other things are crowding upon you.

Dress—The advantages of simplicity in dress is recognized by the farmer's wife and serves to illustrate the tyranny of fashion, for in town few women are willing to ignore the conventions in the matter of dress. In a large circle the spirit of rivalry and emulation, prompts women to make their clothes an item of large expenditure and frequent extravagance leading to the betrayal of their husband's interests. When her circle includes only the members of her family her appeal to them is made through her housewifely qualities and sweetness of character. No artificial adornment of her person is needed with which to secure their attention, their admiration, or their appreciation of her worth. Nearly every woman in the world is a natural dress reformer but it is only in the sympathetic atmosphere of her own home and where that home is practically protected from outside invasion that she carries out her theories and consigns to everlasting limbo, the high heels, corsets, hobble skirts and other unintelligent developments of urban civilization.

Proper out-of-doors exercise and recreation are problems in city life not always easily solved. There are but few occupations in the city that offer the out-of-doors exercise necessary to keep one in proper physical condition for the best work. To secure such exercise one must either walk, play tennis or golf, ride horseback or go in for bathing athletics. Most of these things require either more time or larger means than are usually at the disposal of the majority of people. Whereas in the country there is never any lack of space for tennis courts, rent free, with no club dues attached; and a farm without at least one saddle or driving horse, safe for use by the farmer's wife and the children, would hardly deserve to be called a farm.

The riding habit the country woman wears may not be of the latest fashionable cut, nor the mount groomed to a satin finish; and following the traditions of her family she may even use a side-saddle instead of riding astride and her way will be across pastures and fields instead of along the bridle paths of a fashionable park, but the splendid exhilaration of the healthful and delightful exercise will be equally as great while the expense involved is almost nothing.

The woman who interests herself in poultry or live stock, provides for herself many hours in the open that her city sister greatly envies her. Health and information follow the mere routine of her duties as it does most occupations in the country. Entertained and instructed in a perfectly natural way, which is the best way by her own pursuits throughout the day, there remains for her the quiet evening hour with a good magazine or book whereby she gets news of the rest of the world. And if she will only keep in mind the fact that no other world is any more worth while than her own, no life necessarily richer or fuller than hers, she can add happiness and contentment to the other good things inherent to country life.

Of all the slanderous charges against life in the country that of monotony is the worst. It must have originated with the person to whom the evening star is a poor exchange for electric street lights, who finds his greatest happiness in cafe music and the moving picture shows. To this type of person it is useless to urge the advantages of the country. He would go anywhere or do anything to avoid thought or reflection and he finds this easiest amid the noise, the flashing lights, the amusements of a big city.

Where does a man or a woman go, when he or she wants to write a book, a play, a lecture or a speech or any kind of a message to the world into which he or she plans to put the best thought, and energy, the sum of personal experience? Why, they go to the country of course. To the place where they can be free from interruption, away from the frequently idle and unnecessary as well as the inevitable distractions of the city.

In view of the immense public libraries now a modern feature of all large cities, it would seem that books are most accessible to the urbanite, but when you consider that modern fiction is the character of the book doing the most of the circulating and then count the cost in time of registering and returning each book, the advantages of a circulating library do not appear to be so great. The difficulties in the matter of getting books make the farmer's wife more discriminating, perhaps as to those she acquires. But even if her reading be confined to a single metropolitan newspaper, one or two good magazines and the bulletins issued by learned men, through the great Department of Agriculture, she possesses everything requisite to self culture. To secure these bulletins, she has but to write to her Congressman and ask that her own name or that of her husband, be placed on the list of those to whom the government publications are to be mailed. Within these pamphlets may be found the latest scientific conclusions of government experts on all subjects of interest to the farmer.

The time when these bulletins were held to contain only the impractical vaporings of theorists is long since past. Their conclusions have been demonstrated in the government laboratories and worked out along practical lines on government experiment farms and they now stand as the latest word on all agricultural matters. A study of these publications will oftentimes open a new world to the farmer's wife.

There are many lines of work and achievement possible to the rural woman that would be closed to her were her energies confined to the narrow limits of a town flat or a house with a yard sufficient only for a clothes line.

Among the primitive virtues still practiced in the country is that of real hospitality. The arriving guest is received with open arms. She is not met at the front door, after a disheartening wait, with the chilly statement from the hired girl that the mistress is "Not at home". All doors are open to her in the country. She shares the family duties, considering it a privilege to feed the chickens and help with the churning; also to inspect the latest registered calf and learn from the farmer himself the condition of the crops. From another sphere, bringing with her its atmosphere, its news, its cheer, she is always entertaining to her hosts. No theater parties or afternoon teas, involving effort and expense, must be planned for her. To drink a cup of milk fresh from the cow and buttermilk fresh from the churn, she considers her highest privileges.

Our æsthetic joys are increased through her participation in them. We become freshly alive to the beauties of nature. We point to the sunset with a feeling of ownership, almost as if we, ourselves had arranged the details. Of a particularly silvery moon, or an especially starry heaven we are pridefully proud, and are conscious of a generous pleasure in sharing them with her. Perhaps this power she has of bringing to the minds of her country friends a realization of their many blessings is the best of all the things she does for them.

In spite of the fact that every year the big cities are getting bigger, there is an increasing number of people who are learning that the persons living in the city are only those who cannot afford the privilege of living in the country. More and more men of means are providing country homes for themselves and their families. They want their children to grow up under natural conditions; to have all the glorious experiences with live things and growing things, to which childhood is entitled. And it is doubtful if a single farmer's wife can be found who is not fully alive to the tremendous advantages of the country for her children.

It is only when they reach the high school age that town begins to offer things the country is unable to supply. The big colleges are not a country product. The technical knowledge in the professions that wins a degree cannot be acquired on the farm. The boy or girl who wants to study law or medicine, civil engineering, electricity or architecture must leave the farm. It is at this period of life that the city makes its irresistible call to them. And during the years that follow, years of work, oftentimes hard, unremitting, competitive labor, the city holds them. But few among them ever forget the old farm. Through the busy years it beckons to them and when the fight for success has won they go back to it. And all during their stressful lives in the city, whenever they can escape for a few days, these children of the country flee to the fields with gun or fishrod or camera or perhaps just a walking stick and a knapsack.

Temperament unquestionably plays a large and important part in determining for a woman whether or not she can live in the country and still properly fulfill her destiny. She has no control over the environments to which she is born, but she can sometimes successfully combat them afterwards. The important question to be decided, of course, is whether or not they are favorable to her development and progress.

Ambition and industry are the levers that move the world, but not infrequently discontent masquerades as ambition and plays sorry tricks on those who listen to its voice.

To complain of one's surroundings is not infrequent. To feel one's self unappreciated, misunderstood or wasted intellectually and spiritually starved, is a situation that confronts most of us sometimes, and many of us all of the time. Nothing helps people so much as a healthy dissatisfaction with whatever is wrong, or immoral or unbeautiful in their lives. But to live with unseeing eyes, blind and insensible to the beauty in the duties closest to them, dreaming only of the things made unattainable by the limitations of their lives, wrecks more people than all other causes.

The country girl should be very certain that her cramped life, if such she considers it, is due to unsurmountable conditions in her home before she makes up her mind to leave it.

The country woman can commit no graver blunder than to influence her husband to abandon the old farm for an untried life in the city, if it is the glitter of life which attracts her. The advantages of the move should be thoroughly understood and carefully weighed, else the wife may find herself minus the happiness she had anticipated as well as without many, many material comforts whose loss she had not counted on.

Sometimes the change is made in the interest of the older children, whose studies take them to the laboratories and special schools of the big cities, but rather than such a general uprooting, would it not be better to throw the young people on their own responsibility in the city, sheltering them so far as may be possible, keeping the farm with its steadying influence for the times when they can come back to it. With the wonderful correspondence extension work done by the big universities, no one need leave home except for the yearly examinations at some nearby high school, to get an academic degree. This plan may lack much that is desirable and educational and enjoyable for the college student.

There is no campus in it, or fraternities, or college athletics, or warm friendships with classmates, who, in this case are like "ships that pass in the night." There is absent the stimulating effect of competing fellow students, the personality of the professor with his magnetic influence over the susceptible young heart and mind. On the other hand, it eliminates the sometimes prohibitive expense of sending a boy or girl away from home and makes possible to them in the only way a college education. It may save to the farm the young capable hands without which the crop could not be made. Also, it might protect the boy, during critical years from the idleness of social distractions and even permanent dissipation and bad habits.

There are some arts that may be pursued easily and happily in the country but if the farmer's wife or daughters wish to study painting, or sculpture, or music seriously, it will have to be admitted that they must, at least, be in touch with the city.

The painter takes his sketchbook and goes to the country for the summer, but his studio, his classes, his work are in town. To really study art, one should be surrounded by it, breathe its atmosphere, hear and talk its jargon; and be prepared to make the sacrifices it demands.

Music is not less exacting of its followers. It too, has a world of its own, and those who enter it close the door to many of the simple joys of life. Talent of the highest order alone justifies its pursuit and then only where conditions are favorable to its development, for a lifetime is none too long for its sincere cultivation. To its earnest devotees, it makes big returns, but to the country girl fretting for a musical training in the big city and knowing little of the cost either in money or time or effort, music is apt to prove a sad disappointment. The opera, its highest expression, does not enter into the daily life even of the city woman. It is a rare and costly treat, not always considered a possible experience to the thrifty housewife.

There is another feature of city life, from which women of the rural districts are more or less cut off, and that is the club. Of great significance to women has the club become. It exists in such variety of form as apparently to answer the need of every kind of movement, be that charitable, philanthropic, patriotic, æsthetic, political, civic or purely intellectual. So widespread has the organization of women become that it is doubtful if any woman, no matter how remote from urban activities or essentially rural her life may be, can altogether escape. But the farmer's wife, even though she be enrolled in one or more of these widespread associations, is not subjected to the strain of attendance, or of committee work, or the preparation of statistics or papers. She may lose, or feel that she loses through non-participation, but the compensation is there, as it is in most things. At least she avoids, besides the strain, the unpleasant personal jealousies and conflicts that only too frequently disturb the harmony of these societies. Neither is she burdened with dues, which in a surprising number of cases are a heavy tax upon the member's incomes. For not even the smallest wheels turn without the modern motive power—money.

One other essentially urban product, from which the farmer's wife is separated is the theater. Within the compass of this word are many things. It stands for the biggest artificial pleasure supplied by modern artificial life, although it has existed in its highest form since the early days of Greece. Its appeal is universal. Behind its doors may be found all things for all men. There they go for laughter or tears, intellectual enjoyment or light amusement and at all times thrills. But alas, for the quest of the theater patrons! no need to say "alas" if they get what they seek, but how often does that happen? The good play is on the stage but not on every stage, not even the majority of them. People enter the theater to be cheered or chastined, they come

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Corn Silage for Horses

ANSWERING several inquiries we have to state that corn silage must be very carefully fed to horses. It is excellent as a part ration, if perfectly made and saved, but it is injurious if fed in excess or if the least bit moldy. A practical horseman of our acquaintance has well said that "moldy silage will kill a horse as sure as a shot gun." That is true. Horses are far more liable to injury from moldy feed than are cattle, swine or sheep. We have known of several instances where horses were killed by eating frosted and moldy silage thrown into the farmyard, as unfit feed for dairy cows. This feed caused cerebro-spinal meningitis, or forage poisoning. The trouble often is termed "staggers," or "blind staggers." The terrible loss of horses in Nebraska and Kansas a few years ago was due to molds in pasture grasses. Stabled horses did not succumb. Abortion in mares may be caused by any moldy feed, or by ergot in hay or grass; but it is about sure to happen if moldy silage is fed. Let silage be made from corn that is practically ripe. It is a great mistake to feed silage made of green corn. That becomes sour, or acid and has a wine odor. Acid silage is extremely irritating to the kidneys and anything that is irritating in that way is unfit feed for horses. Alfalfa hay has a like effect, if largely fed, or if the least bit moldy. It also is loosening to the bowels. It may be safe as a well-nigh exclusive ration for horses when made in a semi-arid state where the sun shines bright and hot every day and molds do not form. So with silage. It is safe feed if sound; unsafe feed if moldy or damaged in any way. Make silage a part ration for idle horses, growing colts, mares in the first stages of pregnancy, but not when well along in foal. It may also form a part of the ration of the idle stallion, but must not be fed during the breeding season. In all cases let silage be fed in conjunction with a larger quantity of first-class clover or mixed clover or Alfalfa hay. It is a good plan to run the hay through the cutter and mix it with the silage at feeding time. Fifteen pounds of silage is sufficient at any time, in conjunction with hay, for a draft horse. Lessen the amount if the kidneys or bowels are irritated by this feed.

Rational Feeding of Hay

A farmer has written us that his horse is not doing well, being "loggie" and dull, but ravenous in appetite. He adds that he is feeding this horse 55 pounds of hay, or thereabout, a day! No wonder the poor beast does not thrive. That much hay should feed four or five ordinary horses that are well fed on oats, bran and roots. The rule for feeding hay is to allow one to one and one quarter pounds for each hundred pounds of body weight. The lesser amount is given when the horse is at hard work. The amount of hay may be increased for an idle horse, with a corresponding reduction in oats. Hay in excess of what the horse actually needs and perfectly digests is wasted and detrimental. The rule for feeding grain is to allow one and one fifth to one and one third pounds for each hundred pounds of body weight of horse. The larger amount is fed to the hard worked horse. Wheat bran should form one ninth part of the concentrated feed, by weight, and the mixed feed should be dampened at meal time. Do not feed bran mashes once or twice a week. They commonly cause indigestion, or colic. Bright oat straw may well form a part of the roughage ration of the idle horse in winter and ear corn may take the place of some of the oats. A few pounds of good silage may safely be fed, but moldy hay is extremely dangerous feed for a horse. Avoid all moldy feed for horses. Such feed is the common cause of diabetes and may even prove poisonous, or cause cerebro-spinal meningitis, or "forage poisoning." Carrots are excellent winter feed and parsnips are almost as good. If Alfalfa hay is fed less oats and bran need be given. Allow the drinking water before feeding. See that each horse has some exercise every day. Idleness leads to disease.

Work Horse Rations

Work horses at the Wisconsin Experiment Station are fed a grain mixture of usually nine parts of oats and one part of bran by weight. They are given from four to seven quarts three times per day, the amount depending upon the size of the horse and the character of its work. In addition, two or four ears of corn are thrown in with the grain mixture. When a horse is thin and more flesh and better condition desired, as many as six ears of corn are given. On idle days the ration is cut down about one third in bulk and the grain mixture composed of seven parts of oats and three parts of bran and one half the amount of corn. From fourteen to eighteen pounds of hay, preferably good timothy, are given daily, about two thirds of which is given at night and the remainder in the morning. No hay is fed at noon. The horses are watered the first thing in the morning, just before leaving the stable, if not too warm, on entering the stable at noon, and again on coming into the stable at night. Salt is given to work horses once a week on Sunday.

Draft brood mares idle and doing only light work in winter are fed a mixture of four parts of oats and one part of bran. They are given four to six quarts twice a day, with corn stover at noon and from fifteen to eighteen pounds of hay per day, with free access to salt.

Draft foals are fed the first winter a ration composed of sixty-five pounds of crushed oats, ten pounds of cracked corn, ten pounds of bran, and fifteen pounds of cut Alfalfa or clover per one hundred pounds of mixed feed. It is thoroughly mixed and given either dry or slightly dampened. Thrifty draft foals will eat on the average about twelve pounds of this mixture per day, but very little hay or roughage in addition is required.

The Rat Nuisance

We want readers of this paper to give us their experience in ridding a farm of rats. In the long run are cats better than traps and poison as rat destroyers? If poison is used what should be employed, where and how? Is poisoning of rats liable to kill chickens and cats? It is common to see poultry picking at dead rats and mice and kittens do the same thing. The old cat may be too wise to eat a poisoned rat, but how about the kittens? We have seen as many as eighty rats killed at threshing time in one stack bottom. What a lot of grain these vermin must have consumed. It is not uncommon for the floor of a henhouse to be tunnelled in every direction by rats and what farm women has not had rats take the little chicks just when they are growing nicely and promising fine things for the future? One farm lady told us the other day that she had lost twenty-five incubator chickens in one night from rats. The dead chicks were piled in one heap and the neck or head of each showed a bloody place. Did rats kill those chicks, or was a weasel, mink or skunk to blame? Those who know are invited to tell us how much damage relatively is done to chickens by rats, skunks, weasels and mink. Some think that mink and skunk are of little damage. Most people believe that the rat is the worst offender, but possibly that is due to the fact that rats abound almost everywhere. Over in Scotland whole districts are banded together for the destruction of rats on farms. Money is assessed according to the acreage of each farm and professional rat catchers are employed. They are present at each threshing and work with trained rat dogs and ferrets, besides using traps. Poison is not so commonly employed. Rats apparently are increasing terribly in the states and are a far more serious pest than the English sparrow which has been called the "feathered rat." Let us have a postal card from you on the subject. Give only a statement of actual experience and in as few words as possible.

About Hog Cholera

The excessive feeding of new corn does not cause cholera; but it is a great mistake to stuff hogs on such feed. It surely weakens them and makes them more likely to contract cholera, or succumb to the disease if attacked. Cholera is due to a germ that has not been isolated and cultivated. It is termed a "filterable," or "ultra-microscopic" germ, being so small that it passes through a filter of porcelain and cannot be detected with the highest power microscope. The germs are carried in the air, in dust, in water and feed. Allowing hogs to drink from a creek is dangerous, as careless people often throw cholera carcases into such waters and the disease spreads to hogs drinking from it lower down the stream. Keep dogs and strangers off the farm, and especially pedlers selling alleged cholera cures or preventives. The disease cannot be prevented by medicine and is not curable by drugs. If the disease is right in the district have the hogs immunized by a graduate veterinarian of experience who will use fresh and reliable serum. For permanent immunization serum and virulent blood are injected at the same time. This is called the "Simultaneous" method or treatment. It should only be applied on exposed farms, where the disease has existed, or where hogs are to be kept immunized in the same way. Where the disease is present the well hogs should be immunized with serum alone and will be permanently immunized if they are exposed to the disease. Serum alone gives temporary immunity. It is a safe treatment, causing few if any deaths. The double treatment causes some losses. The best way to immunize hogs is to treat with serum alone and in a week give serum and virus. This costs more, but the results are most satisfactory. The sucking pigs of sows that have recovered from cholera are immune to a certain degree while nursing; but they have to be immunized when weaned, or when about fifty pounds in weight. If pigs are given the serum alone treatment it has to be repeated frequently to maintain immunity. Do not let any inexperienced person inject serum or virus. Virus should only be used by a graduate veterinarian and with the knowledge and consent of the state veterinarian, when the disease is on or very near the farm.

Winter Care of Milk

Many people believe that because the weather in winter is cool and there is less likelihood of milk's souring, milk needs no especial care. The contrary, however, is true. Milk needs better care in winter than it does in summer, strange as this may seem.

The reasons are these:

Cows Outdoors Much in Summer Produce Good Milk

Because the cows are outdoors much of the time in summer where the air is pure and fresh and are gotten up only to milk, there is little dust and dirt in the stable. These are usually cleaned early in the day, the doors left open and the bad air, odors and dust blow out or have time to settle during the day. If care is taken to brush off the flanks and udders at milking-time there is little danger of bad germs getting into the milk. The only other necessary precaution is to keep milk vessels absolutely clean in summer and cool the milk down rapidly as soon as drawn to as low a temperature as possible and then keep it cool.

Cows Confined in the Stable Much in Winter May Make Milk Bad

The cows are confined in the stables much in winter. The air becomes bad and laden with dust which gets into the milk at milking-time. Since little attention is paid to cooling, the bad germs rapidly *spoil* the milk. It is well to remember that spoiled milk is not necessarily sour milk. Milk may have a bad taste or odor and still be perfectly sweet.

Storing Milk in Stables a Bad Practise

Storing milk in the stable to keep it from freezing cannot be too strongly condemned. Milk absorbs odors very rapidly and is the best possible place for the breeding of bad germs. Under no conditions should it ever be stored in the stable but should be carried out of the barn as soon as possible after it is drawn from the cow.

For these reasons it will be seen that it is necessary to take more care in the handling of milk in winter than in summer.

A Few Good Rules for the Winter Care of Milk

1. Don't throw down hay, clean the stables, bed the cattle or otherwise stir up the dust immediately before milking time.
2. Always brush off dust, dirt and loose hair likely to fall into the pail from udders and flanks before beginning to milk.
3. Keep clothing, hands and milking utensils absolutely clean. Always scald all milk utensils every time they are used.
4. Never keep milk in the barn or stable.

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Farm Cured Meats

There is no cured meat so palatable as that cured on the farm when the curing is properly done. There are several ways of putting up meat so that after curing it is almost the equal of fresh meat. Since these things should be more widely known COMFORT'S Modern Farmer is pleased to be able to give them to its million and a quarter subscribers.

A Good Pickle for Meats

The foundation of all cured meats is a good pickle for its preservation. Such a pickle is made as follows:

Eight pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpeter, water enough to dissolve the ingredients.

They should all be placed together in a large kettle, covered with water and boiled and stirred. Enough water should be added to thoroughly dissolve all the ingredients.

The above is sufficient for 100 pounds of meat. The meat should be packed in a large stone jar (or barrel) previously thoroughly cleaned with scalding water and then cooled. When perfectly cool, the pickle is poured over the meat. If insufficient to cover, water should be added. The meat may be held under the pickle by use of a brick which has been previously boiled. The important points are these:

1. The pickle must be boiled, then left to cool in the same receptacle in which it is cooked.
2. The meat must be cool.
3. The jar or barrel must be washed with boiling hot water.
4. The weights used must be boiled.
5. Everything must be perfectly cool when the meat is packed snugly and the pickle poured over.

How to Cure Hams

Use the pickle prepared as above. Leave hams in the pickle from four to six weeks, or until cured through. Remove, drain, and smoke for one or two days, using corn cobs or hickory wood. Hams cured in this way keep well into the summer if hung in a dry place.

How to Make Bacon

Use the pickle exactly the same as for hams. Leave the strips of side meat in the pickle two or three weeks, or until seasoned through. This can be told by cooking a sample. Remove, drain, smoke and store exactly the same as for hams.

How to Make Corn Beef

For corn beef less salt should be used, from five to seven pounds, depending on taste. This pickle serves as a brine in which the beef may be kept for several months. At the first indication of staleness the beef should be removed, rinsed in fresh water and drained. The pickle should be boiled, skimmed and cooled; the barrel or jar washed with boiling water and cooled and the whole repacked as in the beginning. It is better, however, to make a fresh pickle for the second packing.

How to Make Dried Beef

The strips of round steak or shoulder free from bone may be packed in the same pickle with the cornbeef. In from three to four weeks remove, drain and smoke exactly the same as for hams or bacon. Then hang up near the stove to dry. When properly cured, dried beef may be kept all summer and is very palatable.

How to Make Sausage

Use neck and flank pieces of beef free from bone and gristle. The shoulders of pork, the lean part of the jowl and some of the loin are excellent for pork sausage. A good mixture is one part of beef to two of pork. Grind together in sausage grinder. Season with salt, pepper and sage to suit taste, the heavier the seasoning the better the keeping qualities. Pack in cloth sacks or in jars that have been boiled and cooled. Cover jars by pouring over sausage a coating of lard. Paper sausage cases are now on the market. Sausage in bags or cases may be smoked if desired. Pork sausage may be made as above by omitting the beef and beef sausage by omitting the pork. Beef sausage is best smoked.

What It Costs to Make Pork

Farmers often ask: "Does it pay to feed sixty cent corn to make six cent pork?" or to put it in another way "Will a bushel of corn make ten pounds of pork."

This question has been extensively investigated by the experiment stations. In his study and research Henry found out three facts that should be thoroughly understood by every hog raiser:

First.—The older a pig becomes the less the gain per cent of live weight. The pigs gave one hundred pounds of gain after weaning for each 384 pounds of feed while it required 947 pounds of feed to produce 100 pounds of gain in the mother sows, or nearly three times as much. The pigs gained 7.4 per cent of their live weight each week, the sows but three per cent.

Second.—The older the pigs become the more feed it takes to make a pound of gain. Pigs averaging under fifty pounds each gave one pound of gain for each three pounds of feed—pigs weighing from 50 to 100 pounds required four pounds of feed to produce a pound of pork while pigs weighing over 200 pounds required five pounds of feed to make a pound of pork. Judging from these results, it seldom pays to feed pigs weighing over 250 pounds.

Third.—The longer the feeding period the more the feed required to make a pound of gain. For the first four weeks of feeding of a lot of pigs of about 200 pounds weight each, Henry found that it required only four pounds of feed to make a pound of gain while for the second four weeks, feeding of the same pigs, it required nearly five pounds of feed for a pound of gain and for the twelfth week of the feeding period it required six pounds of feed for one pound of gain. All these facts must be taken into account in finding the cost of producing pork.

Cheapest pork is produced by: 1. Feeding young pigs. 2. Fattening them as rapidly as possible. 3. And selling as soon as the pigs are fit and the market is right.

Do Winter Pigs Pay?

The question is often asked, "Does it pay to carry pigs over winter?" In the corn belt the farmers have learned that it seldom pays to have the pigs come in the fall and carry them over winter for the next season's pork. Cheapest and best pork is made from pigs from six to eight months old. By having the sows farrow in April the pigs can be made ready for market as early as the following October if kept growing from the start. A good breed of pigs should weigh at this age at least 200 pounds. Pigs dropped in November, fed and cared for all winter may perhaps be finished a month or so earlier but will be but little heavier at that time. The cost of keeping pigs during the winter months is much higher than in the spring, the danger of loss is greater, the cold weather prevents rapid gains and they are much more likely to become stunted in growth. The only advantage in winter pigs is having them ready to finish for the early market when prices are better. As a general rule, however, *winter pigs do not pay.*

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

PREVENTING WEEVILS IN PEAS.—I have a lot of fine peas and I want a remedy to keep the weevils out of them. I want a remedy that will not be poisonous or injurious to people. W. G. D., Leesville, La.

A.—The peas should be exposed to the fumes of bisulphid of carbon in a tight room, for a large quantity of peas, or in a tight box for a small quantity. Let them remain a few hours; then they should be stored in metal containers, or strong paper bags. If it is found that weevils have already affected them they should be treated with the bisulphid at intervals until used. Be very careful about fire in handling this substance. It is as dangerous as gasoline, or more so, and the fumes of bisulphid of carbon are as explosive as the gas from gasoline; so keep fire, lamps and lanterns away from the place where the bisulphid is kept or used, and air the place out thoroughly when through with the operation.

FROSTED SILAGE AND FODDER.—In response to numerous inquiries about the effect of feeding frosted silage and fodder we give the following information and advice.

FROSTED SILAGE.—If the corn silage freezes to the sides of the silo do not allow it to remain there until a thaw occurs. Scrape it down every day and throw it into the center of the silo, after the silage for the day has been thrown down; then bury the frosted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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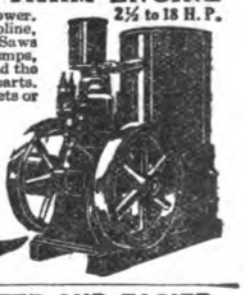
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Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $80 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. **The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.**

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for the Coming Season

By Geneva Gladding


9876

WHETHER of silk or cloth, checked, striped or plain, the new materials are used to bring out the lines of a chosen style.

Waists with raglan sleeves and yoke effects have the body portions of the model of contrasting material. Tunic and girdle skirts are similarly treated.

Flounces and ruffles in various depths are shown.

One sees high luster broadcloths, failes, whip-cords and new ripple woolens for street costumes and suits.

For dressy frocks, heavy charmeuse, faille silks and soft satins will be worn, in plain colors and stripes.

Silk braid or binding is much favored for tailored gowns, with buttons in military style, to match. Coats are taking on new and slender lines, with but a slight fitting at the waist, more width at the bottom, large collars, and flaring cuffs.

For children simplicity reigns. Styles for little folks produce comfortable garments, affording physical and mental freedom, and withal graceful and becoming.

Mother's dresses have tunics, so daughter's frocks are made with double skirts. This naturally raises the belt line. When belts are set low they are quite wide.

Capes for school are worn this year, and are so convenient and pleasing, especially when prettily lined.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

9876—A Splendid Coat Model for Misses and Small Women, in either of two lengths. This new and stylish model is good for ratine, eponge, brocaded woolens, cheviot, serge, linen, or silk. The design is cut on loose-fitting lines with body and sleeve in one. The collar may be rolled high and the front lapped with straight edge, or rolled in revers style as illustrated.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

9765—Dolls' One-piece Set of Underwear. These models comprise a new style chemise and drawers combination, a petticoat and waist, and a night dress that may be finished in Empire style.

Cut in six sizes: For dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require two yards of 36-inch material for a doll 24 inches long, for the entire set.

1062—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt, with or without yoke tunic. Striped novelty woolen was used in this instance. The style is good for charmeuse, velvet, taffeta, corduroy, serge, broadcloth or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for a 24-inch size. For tunic alone it requires two and one half yards.

9819—Infants' Short Clothes' Outfit. These simple styles, all of which are provided in this pattern, are practical and easy to make. They are composed of a yoke dress to be finished with long or short sleeves. A simple double-breasted coat with round collar and bishop sleeve, a cap in Dutch style, a night dress, a petticoat with added waist, a feeding apron, drawers, rompers and a play dress. Lawn, muslin, gingham or chambray, also flannelet may be used for the dresses and rompers. The coat is good for all cloaking materials. The cap will develop nicely in fur, velvet, corduroy, cloth, silk or lawn. The night gown, underwaist and petticoat in flannel, flannelet, muslin or cambric. The feeding apron in jean, toweling or oilcloth. The drawers in cambric or longcloth. The pattern is cut in one size. It requires: 1, Yoke dress, two yards; 2, coat, two and one quarter yards; 3, bonnet, three quarters yards; 4, nightdress, two yards; 5, petticoat, one and three eighths yards, ruffle, three eighths yard; 6, feeding apron, five eighths yard; 7, drawers, three quarters yard; 8, rompers, one and three quarters yards; 9, underwaist, three eighths yard; 10, play dress, three yards, all of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

1052—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with long or short sleeve. Blue chambray with trimming of blue and white checked gingham is here shown. The model is also good for percale, for lawn, drill, linene, seersucker, serge or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1054—A Popular Serviceable Model. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, figured percale, lawn, drill or mohair may be used for this style. The front is made in panel shape below the belt, widening out over the belt and joining a back portion which is attached to the skirt by a belt.

Cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9387—Kimono for Misses and Small Women. Flannel, flannelette, lawn, crepe, cashmere, eiderdown and duckling fleece are very desirable materials for garments of this kind.

Cut in five sizes; 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires three and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

9782—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. Blue and white striped flannelette with trimming of blue was employed to make this design. The pattern is also good for lawn, percale, crepe, flannel or silk.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9904—Girls' Dress with Over-blouse. The model will develop well in galatea, lawn, percale, serge, voile, poplin, silk or challie. The over-blouse closes on the shoulders, over an under sleeve, finished with wrist length sleeves and a round collar.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 40-inch material for waist and skirt; overblouse requires one and one half yard in the 10-year size.

9863—A Stylish Simple Gown, for Misses and Small Women. This stylish model was prettily combined in checked brown woolen, for the skirt, and brown crepe for the waist. A soft and pretty girdle of red messaline forms an attractive finish. If made of one material, serge, corduroy, velvet, linen, silk or satin could be used.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires four and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 16-year size.

9939—Ladies' House Dress. Simplicity marks this style, and promises much for its popularity. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, crepe, lawn, dimity, voile, seersucker, kindergarten cloth or lawn.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, and requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9068—Men's Yoke Night Shirt. Cambric, muslin and outing flannel are all suitable for the making.

Cut in eight sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast measure. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

9731—Ladies' Combination, Corset Cover and Drawers, with or without ruffle. Nainsook, cambric, lawn, long cloth, crepe and silk are suitable for this design. The cover and drawers may be finished as separate garments, if so desired.

The pattern is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires one and three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the corset cover, two and one half yards for the drawers with two and one half yards of embroidery five inches wide for ruffling for a medium size.

1089—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. Serge, cheviot, mixtures, galatea, gingham, drill or linen, corduroy or velvet may be used for this style. The blouse is cut on simple lines with center closing. The trousers are straight and cut in regulation style.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1081—A Good Style for a School Dress. Figured percale was used for this design. It has a three-piece skirt joined to the waist, under a wide belt. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. A turn back cuff finishes the short sleeve.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

1078—Girls' Dress with long or short sleeve, and Tunic Blouse. Brown serge, combined with plaid woolen is here shown. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three-piece model, and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the belt, but it may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1090—Ladies' Costume consisting of a Basque with Body Lining, and with long or short puff sleeve, and with or without tunic. This style may be effectively developed for afternoon calling or evening wear. The design is good for cashmere, garbadine, voile, velveteen, taffeta and crepe.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for skirt and basque, with two and one half yards for the tunic and one and one half yards of 27-inch material for the sash girdle, for a medium size.

1080—Girls' Dress with Raglan Sleeve. This style is easy to develop, is graceful and attractive, although simple, and is good for any of the season's dress materials. As here shown, blue woolen, with trimming of red serge, was used. Galatea, gingham, chambray, seersucker, corduroy or velvet are equally good.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9983—Girls' Dress with yoke and sleeve portion combined, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This design will develop nicely in galatea, linen, corduroy, percale, gingham, chambray, dimity or lawn. The dress is a one-piece style, with the fullness held in place by a belt.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1077-1076—A stylish Gown for Home or Calling. New plaid woolen in brown and green tones with trimming of brown broadcloth, is here shown. The waist opens over a vest of shadow lace. The skirt may be made with or without the flounces.

The dress is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1077, six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1076, cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven yards of 44-inch material to make the dress for a medium size. Two separate Patterns, 10 cents each.

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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

He had only recently returned, and, as yet, had had no opportunity to see her, although he had planned to call at Beechcote on the very evening of his cousins' unexpected arrival, since when he had, of course, been obliged to devote himself to their entertainment.

Sir Arthur, his father, was a pale, intellectual-looking man of nearly fifty years, and, although he was now in better health than he had enjoyed for years, he showed that he had been a great sufferer in the past.

"Did I understand my son to say that your name is Marchmont?" the gentleman inquired of Will, as he approached him, after the introductions were over.

"Yes, sir—my name is William Marchmont."

"Ah!" the word escaped Sir Arthur involuntarily, and with a slight start, which he hastened to cover by remarking, while he earnestly studied the young man's face: "You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I was born in America, but I have lived in Europe with my guardian, Mr. Fletcher, during most of my life," Will replied, and flushing at his companion's question, for the subject of his nativity was a delicate one to him.

"Your guardian—then—ahem! Your parents are not living?"

"No, sir; but, pardon me, Judge Ashburton is beckoning me to go and help him with the fishing tackle. I will see you again later."

He bowed courteously and hurried away, while Sir Arthur Stamford's face grew suddenly set and grave.

"William Marchmont," he whispered, with pale lips. "Can it be possible—after all these years?"

He fell to musing where he stood, but he was not left long to himself, for his friends called to him that they were ready to go upon the lake, and insisted that he must accompany them, although he would have much preferred to find a shady spot and settle comfortably down to the new magazine which he had tucked into his pocket before starting.

The boat was large and roomy, easily accommodating them all, and the two brawny-armed boatmen propelled them over the lake with a stroke that was both steady and exhilarating.

They spent an hour or more thus, exploring many pretty coves and inlets, then settled down to the work of fishing beneath the cool shadows of some overhanging trees, and two hours more were passed in this fascinating sport, when, with a well-filled basket they returned to the shore, ready to enjoy the delicious lunch which their capacious hampers contained.

The grooms soon had the fish prepared and cooking over a fine bed of coals, the young ladies meanwhile laying the cloths and arranging the tempting viands, while their escorts did duty at making coffee and running at their bidding.

A merry time followed, as they replenished the inner man, told stories, sang rollicking college songs and tossed their jests back and forth with a spice and vim which betokened a thorough enjoyment of fun.

"Now, for the caves!" exclaimed Tom Radcliffe, when they finally arose from their feast and left the grooms and boatmen to take their turn.

"The caves!" repeated May, in a tone of surprise; what do you mean?"

"What, Miss Weston, have you lived within a dozen miles of this spot all your life and never heard of one of the greatest curiosities of the county?" queried Arthur Stamford, who had overheard her remark.

"I must certainly plead guilty," May returned, with a shy blush and smile, every tone of his voice sending a thrill of joy through her heart; "won't you please enlighten me?"

"With pleasure," he replied, coming to her side. "A short distance from here there are some very interesting caves and underground passages, which have excited the curiosity of many people regarding their formation and design. Some claim that they must have been the home or haunts of hermits ages ago; others that smugglers resorted to and occupied them while carrying on their nefarious traffic, for one passage runs down to the river, and there are various other stories afloat regarding them."

"How romantic! I have never been in such a place. I trust, however, that we shall not be suddenly confronted, in some dark and winding passage, by either recluse or smuggler," May laughingly rejoined.

"Do not fear, for am I not here to protect you?" the young man retorted, in the same spirit and striking a heroic attitude.

The words were lightly spoken, but they sent a lovely flush into May's cheeks and made her eyes gleam more brightly.

Judge Ashburton and Sir Arthur begged to be excused from joining in this excursion, and the young people started off in high spirits upon their exploring expedition, as soon as one of the boatmen, who was to act as their guide, was ready to accompany them.

They were obliged to walk a mile through the woods but to English lads and lasses this was nothing, especially as they found themselves so congenial to each other.

Upon reaching the entrance to the caves their guide produced candles, and after lighting them, presented each with one. The opening leading to the first cave was so narrow that they were obliged to go single file, but, after a little, as they began to descend, the place became wider and the roof more vaulted, while various passages stretched away in all directions. They explored them all, finding many curious formations of rock, and evidences that numerous other parties had been there before them, for names, signs and hieroglyphics of every nationality, craft and description had been carved here, there and everywhere.

They could not follow the passage which led to the sewer, the guide told them, because it grew so low toward the terminus that one would have to go upon his hands and knees and he never attempted to conduct parties beyond a certain point.

As they turned to retrace their steps, Alice and Grace Radcliffe, who had become quite friendly, paused, every now and then, to examine the walls, on either hand, and discuss their geological formation; thus becoming absorbed in their occupation and in each other, they gave no heed to the movements of the others of the party.

In this way their companions got on considerably in advance of them without their observing the fact, or, at least, without giving any special heed to it, for they had not a thought that they could be lost, for the lights were still distinctly visible.

At length, as they were passing on, Alice suddenly tripped and nearly fell.

"Oh! my shoe has come untied," she exclaimed. "Go on, Miss Radcliffe, and keep the lights in sight, and I will follow as soon as I can tie this string."

The young girl obeyed her, for she now realized how far they had fallen behind, and she thought to overtake the party and detain them until Alice could join them.

Alice carefully set her candle down, leaning it against the wall of the passage, then stooped to tie her shoe.

This was soon done, when she was ready to go on her way.

"Miss Radcliffe!" she called, as she saw that her companion had disappeared from her view.

But the girl had turned a corner and did not hear her. Alice caught up her candle to follow her, when she stumbled over a loose stone, dropped her taper and the next moment was in utter darkness.

"Miss Radcliffe," she called again, but only dismal, uncanny echoes answered her, and she began to think her situation decidedly uncomfortable, although she experienced no fear, for she felt sure that Will or someone would return for her as soon as she was missed.

But what was that? She surely had heard something or someone move almost beside her!

The next instant her heart leaped into her throat, and a thrill of terror went quivering through her, as a strong, firm hand grasped her arm and an unseen form obstructed her way, while a gruff voice muttered in her ear:

"Keep quiet! I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER VI.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

For a moment after that iron hand closed over her arm Alice seemed to be frozen with fear.

Her heart drooped back into her bosom like a lump of lead, and every muscle in her body grew tense and rigid under the awful strain upon her nerves.

But the girl was possessed of a dauntless spirit, as we know, and almost immediately her courage arose to meet the emergency. She vigorously shook off the hand from her arm.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a sharp, alert tone.

"It doesn't matter who I am," said the voice out of the darkness, "and we've no time to waste upon explanations. Tell me—do you come from Windsor?"

"Yes."

"Do you know a woman by the name of Ingraham, who lives at a place called Castleview?"

A shock went vibrating through Alice at this question.

What could a low creature, who, like an outlaw, was hiding in the bowels of the earth, know of Imogen Ingraham, or what could she have in common with him she wondered.

"Speak, can't you!" said the man, impatiently, as she hesitated.

"Yes, I know Mrs. Ingraham."

"Will you take a letter from me to her?"

Alice shrank with abhorrence from becoming the messenger from this mysterious unknown to the woman who was almost as repulsive to her.

"She is not at Castleview," she said; "she is away for the present."

The man ground his teeth in disappointment.

"Blast the luck!" he muttered, then added: "Do you know her address?"

"I do not."

"Well, will you get it—write it on the letter and post it for me?"

"Why do you not attend to the matter yourself?" Alice coldly demanded.

"That is impossible," the man returned, with a quick, indrawn breath. "I couldn't be asking questions at the office about her. Please oblige me, young lady," he pleaded, softening his tone. "It is a case of dire necessity or I would not ask it; I wouldn't have frightened you so, here in this uncanny place, if it had not been. But let me say—if the family at Castleview are your friends—do not let anyone know that you have met me, or that I made this request of you."

"Why?—why this mystery?" questioned Alice, with a cold chill. "No," she added, hastily, "I do not wish to have anything to do with the matter; I——"

"Miss Weston! Miss Weston! Where are you?" a clarion voice suddenly called, and sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the trembling girl.

"Here!" she returned, in resonant tone.

"Take the letter," said the voice beside her, and the missive was rudely thrust into her hand; then her unknown companion shuffled away in the darkness, and she was alone.

The next moment the glimmer of a candle appeared around a corner and Arthur Stamford stood before her.

He sprang to her side.

"My darling! My darling!" he breathed; "I feared you were lost."

He threw the light from his candle full upon her face, and bending down searched it eagerly.

"How pale you are! How you tremble! Were you frightened," he continued, tenderly.

"Yes, I began to be a trifle anxious," Alice returned, flushing hotly under his fond, solicitous look, and at his manner of addressing her; "my shoe lacing became loosened, and I stopped to tie it. I told Miss Radcliffe to go on and keep the rest of you in sight, and I would follow; but, unfortunately, I dropped my candle, which left me in darkness, and I could not find my way."

"Grace should not have left you alone," the young man returned; "these passages are very perplexing unless one knows them thoroughly. But the moment she overtook us I hurried back to find you."

"That was kind," said Alice, appreciatively, "but let us now hasten to rejoin our friends or they will also become uneasy about us."

She was most anxious to overtake them, because the secret which her companion had involuntarily betrayed upon finding her, had caused a feeling of blank dismay to take possession of her.

"Wait one moment, please, Miss Weston," the young man gravely returned, "for, in an unguarded moment, I have betrayed feelings which demand further explanations. Alice, I love you with all my heart—I have long loved you; yes, ever since that day when you found me wounded and bleeding and played the 'good Samaritan' to me. I should have told you this many months ago, but I was called so suddenly to my father that I had no opportunity. I might have written you, but I kept hoping that we should return and I could make my confession in person. Our absence was, however, prolonged, and now, coming upon you suddenly with a great fear in my heart, I have, perhaps, revealed my love at an awkward moment. But, dearest, my heart beats only for you—my future is in your keeping. Let me try to win you, Alice, for my wife; say that you return my affection—give me hope that you will some day be mine and let me prove to you how strong and true and loyal a heart you have won."

The kind heart of the gentle girl ached for him as she listened, for she saw that he was desperately in earnest and he had looked very manly and handsome as he pleaded his cause.

"Oh, Mr. Stamford!" she faltered, when he paused, and in a tone of deep distress; "why did you tell me this? I am so sorry. I——"

"Why did I tell you? Because I had to tell you. I must know my fate. And why are you 'sorry'?" he questioned, earnestly, as he bent nearer to search her face.

"Because—although I have the kindest regard for you, as a friend, I do not—I cannot return the love you offer me. I cannot be your wife," Alice sorrowfully replied.

"Miss Weston! Alice!" the young man exclaimed, in a voice of keen pain; "you must not tell me that I have been building a castle in the air—that there is no foundation for the fond hopes which I have been cherishing for more than three years."

"Indeed, I must," Alice gently though firmly returned; "but, if there has ever been anything in my manner toward you to encourage you to believe that I had the faintest suspicion of your regard for me, or that I could ever become your wife, I hope you will forgive me. I did not dream of such a thing; I—I thought that my sister was the attraction which drew you to Beechcote."

Arthur Stamford started violently and swept the beautiful face before him with a searching look.

"Can that be possible?" he cried; "have I indeed been such a blunderer? Ah! I begin to understand; there is another who has already won what I have sought; am I not right, Miss Weston?"

Alice flushed crimson, and her lovely eyes drooped.

She was not prepared for so direct a question, and since her engagement was still a secret, she hardly knew how to answer him.

There was only a momentary hesitation, however. She was not a girl to trifle with anyone—a straightforward course was and always had been the only possible course to her.

"No, Mr. Stamford," she said, at length, and meeting his eye with a kind, regretful look; "let me say again that I am deeply grieved by what you have told me; but truth is best and kindest, under all circumstances, and—I will tell you, in confidence, that what you have surmised is correct."

"And you are already pledged?" he breathed, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Yes."

There was a moment of utter silence.

Then Arthur Stamford observed, with a hopeless air and in a husky voice:

"Forgive me, then, for wounding you with the confession I have made; but pray assure me that I may still regard myself as numbered among your friends."

"Most certainly, and I feel honored to possess your friendship," Alice cordially returned. "And now——"

What she would have added was suddenly cut short by the appearance of another light in the passage, and the next moment they recognized their guide, who, wondering what could have detained them, had returned to look for them.

"Here you are!" the man observed, as he came up with them. "I told you how it would be if you didn't keep together—it's mighty easy to get lost down here. What has happened?" he concluded, regarding Alice's pale face, earnestly.

"Nothing very serious, Mr. Compton," young Stamford replied, and trying to speak in a natural tone. "Miss Weston stopped to tie a refractory shoe lacing, then dropped her candle and had to stay here in the dark until I found her; but let us get out of this gloomy place as soon as possible. I feel as if the sunshine would be very welcome."

"All right, come on," responded the man, as he turned to lead the way.

His companions followed closely, but they had not proceeded far when they met Mr. Marchmont coming to seek them. He and Tom Radcliffe had been ahead of the party, all of whom they supposed were closely following; but on reaching the entrance to the caves, they learned from Grace Radcliffe that Alice was behind, and both Mr. Stamford and the guide had gone in search of her.

This caused him some alarm, and he also turned immediately back to find his dear one.

"Has anything happened," he questioned, anxiously, as he reached the side of his betrothed, and caught her by the hand.

"Oh, no, and I am more sorry than I can express to have made so much trouble for everybody," Alice replied, with a little laugh, which she tried to make reassuring, but in which Will detected a nervous thrill.

"No one will mind the trouble, dear, so long as we have you safe," her lover replied, in a low voice, and giving the hand he held a fond pressure.

A few moments more served to bring them out into the fresh, sweet air and the welcome sunshine, and there was not one of the company who did not experience a sense of relief to be once more above ground.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Grace Radcliffe, shrugging her graceful shoulders. "I think hereafter I will be excused from exploring the bowels of the earth; the outside of it is entertaining enough for me."

"Why, Grace, you are actually shivering! Did you happen to encounter the ghost of a hermit or a smuggler, while you were poking about by yourself," inquired her brother, in a hectoring tone.

"No, but truly, I half expected to be confronted by one at every corner," she retorted, "I am not sure that Miss Weston may not have met one, after I left her, for she is as white as a ghost herself," she added, with a mischievous glance at Alice's pale cheeks.

Alice was a trifle dismayed to have the attention of the whole party thus directed to her, for her various experiences underground had somewhat unnerved her. Even now she could feel the pressure of that rude hand upon her arm, while the mysterious letter which she hastily concealed in her pocket, upon the appearance of Arthur Stamford, was a very disagreeable secret upon her conscience.

"I am very sorry to know that I give such a ghostly impression," she tried to say, lightly. "I am cold," she added, unable to repress a shiver of repulsion, "and am heartily glad to get into the sun again. I can assure you, however, that I met only human beings in my wanderings below."

But she was a long way from being as light-hearted as she had spoken, for she found her thoughts constantly reverting to the man whom she had encountered—wondering what he could have in common with Mrs. Ingraham and what secret was hidden in that letter in her possession and which she now regretted she had not thrust back upon its author, refusing to have anything to do with it.

Then, to, she was depressed in view of Arthur Stamford's unexpected confession of love. As she had told him she had never dreamed that she was the object of his frequent visits to Beechcote. She had always enjoyed his companionship, for he was very genial and entertaining; but, as he had laughed and jested most with May, who was of a more piquant temperament than herself, she had believed and hoped that he was seeking her sister who, she felt assured, loved him devotedly, and to whom she now feared it would be a terrible blow, if she should ever learn of his avowal that day to her.

The young people grouped themselves upon a great rock by the riverside, where they fell to chatting socially while they sunned themselves and waited for a fresh cup of coffee which one of the grooms was preparing for them.

Meantime, Sir Arthur Stamford and Judge Ashburton, who had refused to accompany the exploring party, had been having an interesting and somewhat remarkable conversation during the absence of their youthful companions.

Ordering a groom to bring some cushions from the carriages, they established themselves comfortably under the shadows of a wide-spreading tree, each with a fragrant Havana between his lips, and proceeded to become better acquainted with each other.

"My son tells me that you have been located at Castleview for a number of years," Sir Arthur observed, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes; my son-in-law purchased the estate some seven years ago," the judge replied.

"I have never been to Castleview since Lord Ellerton went to India and to his death," Sir Arthur remarked, a shade of sadness stealing over his face. "We were very close friends, and his untimely end was a great shock to me. I have myself been in poor health during most of this time, and have been obliged to live abroad, thus I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher. I shall, however, seek his early acquaintance, now that I am home again and in a better condition to make new friends. Allow me to say I find the way very pleasantly paved to the acquaintance by our meeting of today," he concluded, genially.

"Thank you; I assure you that the pleasure is mutual," cordially returned the judge. "You will find my son a fine fellow and stanch friend; he is, however, away from home just at present."

"Ah! will he return soon?"

"In a week or so, I think, unless something unforeseen occurs; meantime, Will and I are keeping bachelors' hall, since the ladies are also away."

"Young Marchmont seems a fine, promising fellow," Sir Arthur observed, shooting a keen look at his companion.

"Yes, Will is a nice boy; an exceptionally nice boy," said the judge, in a gratified tone.

"He mentioned to me that Mr. Fletcher is his guardian—has he been under his care long?" queried the baronet, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Since he was five or six years of age."

"Is he an orphan—are neither of his parents living?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied Judge Ashburton, with a note of reserve in his tone.

Sir Arthur glanced up at him, scrutinizing his face sharply.

"Pray do not think me unduly inquisitive," he said, "but the young man interests me. It he a relative of either yourself or Mr. Fletcher?"

"No."

There was an awkward pause after that briefly intoned monosyllable, during which the baronet appeared to be struggling with some embarrassment or emotion, his companion was at a loss to decide which.

"Has—the young man a middle name?" he questioned, after a moment.

"Yes—'Curtis'!"

"Heavens!" burst from Sir Arthur's pale lips as he sat suddenly erect.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BREAD FROM TULIP BULBS.—On account of the scarcity of wheat in Holland the Association of Dutch Bakers has sanctioned the use of a so-called "tulip bread" in which one third of the flour used is made from ground tulip bulbs. The bread is said to be very nourishing and the war ministry has recommended its use in the army.

UNIQUE TATTLE-TALE LAW.—The first arrest in the history of California under the statute which makes it a misdemeanor to give information to any employer that an employee has served time in prison was made at San Francisco recently. Peter Wirt, sentenced in Los Angeles to a year in San Quentin for assault with a deadly weapon, complained to his parole officer, that his roommate, Frederick Schroeder, a painter, had informed their landlady against him. The parole officer had Schroeder arrested and appeared against him in court. Decision was reserved.

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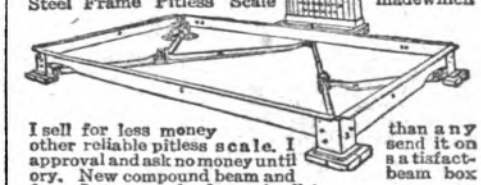
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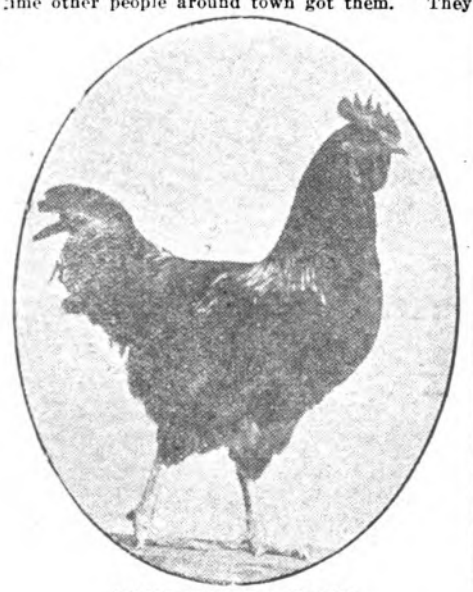
BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Origin of Rhode Island Reds

SO many farmers as well as regular poultry people, are keeping Rhode Island Reds to the exclusion of all other chickens, which is not strange when one considers their splendid laying and table qualities, which have established them firmly as the head of the general purpose type of fowl, that many of our COMFORT subscribers have asked me for information about the origin and development of the breed, and I have, after some trouble, succeeded in getting what I think is authentic information. Two men, John Macomber and William Tripp, of a small town in Massachusetts, which was called Westport about fifty years ago, but which has been rechristened, and is now known as Central Village, made a business of buying up fowls through the country for the New Bedford market, and as the supply was not always satisfactory, they determined to try breeding something better than the average bird they could pick up. They wanted a breed of good size and quick growth. They did a whole lot of crossing with all sorts of birds, without any regard for beauty, shape or plumage, for both men were busy, and only cared for market qualities, and probably it was just the fact that size and health was selected in all the ancestral matings that has made the breed so strong and vigorous. According to the data collected by the Agricultural Station at Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1900, Mr. Tripp was the one who eventually carried out the idea of establishing a new breed on strictly general purpose lines. Judging from several accounts given by neighbors, and Mr. Tripp's son and daughter, the original crosses made by both Mr. Tripp and Mr. Macomber were between the old red Shanghai and Cochin China birds, though at some subsequent time Malay and Brahma blood was introduced, and Mr. Tripp's son, in a letter written some years ago to the Agricultural Station, mentions the fact that at one time his father tried introducing both Brahma and Wyandotte blood, but did not like the result nearly as well as the old breeds, and so dropped it, and built up a new flock by selecting the best hens from his own old matings, and the best cockerels from Mr. Macomber's stock. Both of the gentlemen having passed away before any real investigation started, we have to depend on others for information. Several interesting points are stated in a letter written by a Mr. George T. Howard, of Little Compton, Rhode Island, Experiment Station, in 1900.

"The Rhode Island Reds originated on the farm of William Tripp (now deceased.) This man raised them for a good many years, and after a time other people around town got them. They



SINGLE COMBED COCKEREL.

were called the 'Bill Tripp' fowl. Finally someone from out of town, I think, came through the town, bought up some of the best of them, and took them to some poultry show and called them Rhode Island Reds. I think they are a very good fowl for this climate, and am raising them altogether at present."

Mr. P. H. Wilbour, son of Isaac C. Wilbour, who was one of the veteran poultry raisers and handlers of Little Compton, writes:

"A few years ago Miss Rebecca, daughter of William Tripp, informed me that a certain Dr. Aldrich came there and bought a few pullets and cockerels. He exhibited them, calling them Rhode Island Reds, and this is the first intimation that she had of the name—R. I. Reds."

All of which goes to prove that to Mr. William Tripp is due the honor of originating one of the best utility fowls the world has ever known, for they lay large brown eggs and develop plumy breasts and shanks at an early age, so are good table birds at all ages.

A letter from Dr. Aldrich furnishes such explanatory history that I give it in full:

"In 1890 I could not obtain any history of the Rhode Island Reds outside of the territory bounded by the Seaconnet river, the Atlantic ocean, the east branch of Westport river, and the Massachusetts line. The great poultry farmers on the south shore, Sisson, Tripp, Seabury, Manchester, Beebe, Brown, Wilbour, etc., all bred Rhode Island Reds in 1890, and fine flocks they were. At Miss Tripp's, north of the south shore (one mile from Levi Sisson's) I obtained the history of her flock that dated back forty years (now sixty-four years). She remembered her father bringing the red rooster home, and they have bred the fowls ever since. There were rose and single comb fowls. I should say more rose than single. At Tiverton Four Corners, in 1891, I obtained as fine a specimen of rose-combed Rhode Island Red cock as I ever saw in my life, red to the skin, and today his blood is undoubtedly to be found in some of the best strains of Buff Wyandottes as well as in some good strains of Rhode Island Reds. The first Reds on the Island of Rhode Island were at Bateman's Point, Newport, from my eggs. Later they were found in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. In 1891 or 1892 I found practically no Rhode Island Reds on the Island, or east of Hick's Bridge, so-called, except one flock on the road to Horseneck. Between Westport river and New Bedford there were no Reds in the early nineties. Tolman's Reds (Bay View House, Tiverton), were raised from eggs obtained from Mr. Cottrell in 1892 or 1893. Mr. Cottrell's Reds were called Red Malays. They were all single comb (not a rose comb in the flock) and some of the best Buff Rock strains date back to these single comb Reds of Mr. Cottrell's. In the Tiverton country the Reds were not rose comb, but single, and were called Malays more often than they were called Rhode Island Reds. These Reds had no suggestion of Leghorn blood in them. The rose comb Rhode Island Reds now in Tiverton were obtained in Little Compton. At Westport (head of river) the Reds looked 'Leghorny.' There was no doubt some rose comb Leghorn blood was in some of the flocks. At Central Village the Rhode Island Reds were rose and single comb, and were bred in large numbers by Mr. Booth and Mr. Kirby (both of whom are now dead) and others, between Central Village, Hick's Bridge, and Westport Point. At Little Compton there were rose and single Rhode Island Reds. I have no doubt the rose comb came from the rose comb Shanghai cock rather than from any Wyandotte or rose comb Leghorn blood, although the latter could occasionally be seen quite plainly. Very little Wyandotte blood could be found. Occasionally some white Wyandotte blood could be found, introduced from cockerels raised by Fred Bowen of Fall River, but the rose comb, I am sure, antedated any introduction of Wyandotte or Leghorn blood, that is, in the neighborhood of Little Compton."

A study has been made of the fowls of succeeding generations, and the endeavor has been o correct the standard to correspond as nearyly as might be with the characteristics of the best specimens obtained in the process.

The standard in use at the Rhode Island Experiment Station is herewith submitted, in response to numerous requests for the same from poultrymen interested in the advancement of this valuable variety of fowls:

Rhode Island Reds, Male

Weights: Cock, eight pounds; cockerels, seven pounds.

Comb: Pea, of medium size, having the appearance of three single combs joined together at the base, the center division being straight from front to rear, evenly serrated into not less than five points, highest in center, the side divisions slightly curved with not less than four serrations and merging into the central division at front and rear; bright red in color.

Defects: Comb, when too large and inclined to one side, or having insufficient "channels" between divisions, or excessively large, cut one half to even two points according to degree. Combs other than pea, or so loose as to fall from side to side, refuse score-card recorded.

Head: Medium in length, skull wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes. Face bright red, showing free of feathers well above the eyes, eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, well developed, clearly defined, and bright red in color. Beak stout at base and well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: When depressed in front of eye, wattles too small and rudimentary, beak slightly turned to one side, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. When beaks are crossed or wattles absent in males, refuse score-card record.

Neck: Medium in length, nicely curved, hackle abundant and flowing well over the shoulders and cape. Color bright ferruginous, free from color other than as described.

Defects: Hackle too short, or failing to cover shoulder and cape; black appearing in a stripe, white in undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Back: Medium long, back proper mahogany bay in color, shading from back proper into a rich ferruginous saddle, hangers falling well down over the points of the wing bay.

Defects: Narrow or pinched in saddle; oval or roached back; white in undercolor or black in surface color; cut one half or one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy when the shell bone is crooked or one or both hips are slipped.

Breast: Full and round from shoulder to shoulder and from throat to keel bone, making the quarters prominent, color rich ferruginous red, shading into a lighter hue of the same in the undercolor.

Defects: Wedge-shaped from quarters to keel; white in undercolor; surface too light in shade; cut one half to one point for each.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight, well supplied with muscles from front to rear, color same as that of breast, shading lighter to the fluff.

Defects: Crooked keel; keel muscles shrunken; drab color in the surface or white in the undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Wings: Medium in size; with points well covered by saddle hangers. Color of wingbow, mahogany bay; of coverts, rich ferruginous, forming wing-bar; of primaries, black and rich ferruginous, black predominating lower edge of lower web laced with rich ferruginous; of secondaries, lower portion of lower web rich ferruginous sufficient to create wing-bay of this shade, the same color going about the point of the feather, lacing the upper portion of the upper web, this upper lacing growing wider as the secondaries comb upwards, the five feathers between secondaries proper and back taking on a surface color to match that of back and cape.

Defects: Loosely-folded primaries; twisted feathers in primaries or secondaries; white or gray appearing in any part; cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy twenty per cent of white or gray, or primaries folded outside of secondaries.

Tail: Carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed; sickles, lesser sickles and larger tail coverts extending well beyond tail proper. Tail proper, sickles, lesser sickles and coverts black; lesser coverts black with a rich green sheen.

Defects: White or gray in any part; too small or pinched; sickles straight; cut one half to one and one half. For carriage between thirty-five degrees and full squirrel position, cut one half to one and one half points. When carried positively to one side pass the specimen as unworthy.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles; color of plumage rich ferruginous. Shanks and feet yellow or reddish yellow, smooth in scale, and free from feathers or down.

Defects: Thighs too long; knees slightly turned inward; hock failing to show in profile below body line; cut out half to one and one half according to degree. Shanks too light in color, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Single crooked toes cut one point. Pass as unworthy generally deformed feet; positive knocked knees; and any other color than the shades of yellow.

Undercolor: Shafts (quills) of feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: White or black or any color other than described.

Rhode Island Reds, Female

Weights: Hen, six and one half pounds; pullet, five and one half pounds.

Comb: Pea, like that of the male, only smaller in proportion to weight of fowl.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Head: Medium long, skull medium wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes, face deep, the red showing well above the eyes. Eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, small but distinct and bright red in color. Beak medium stout at base, well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: Same as for male except as indicated.

Neck: Medium in length and slightly arched, rich ferruginous color, free from black or any other color than described. Hackle sufficiently long to cover cape and shoulders.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Back: Medium long, cape medium broad and flat over small of back, which with back proper to hips makes a slightly inclined plane, the saddle taking a concave sweep to tail, plumage fairly abundant and of a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Breast: Round and full, quarters prominent, muscles heavy, shoulder muscles rounding to keel-bone, color ferruginous.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Body and Fluff: Keel-bone straight with full keel muscles, color matching the breast and shading lighter to fluff, which is medium in development.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Wings: Bow well rounded, and in color rich ferruginous to match saddle proper, the coverts rich in a lighter shade of same color; primaries rich ferruginous and black, the former predominating; secondaries, rich ferruginous, in lower web of sufficient width to secure the wing-bay of that color and turning the point and lacing or penciling the upper web of the secondaries in the same color, the balance of each feather may be black, the five feathers between secondaries and back matching the back and saddle in surface color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Tail: Tail carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed. Tail coverts moderately developed and showing the tips of the tail proper to the rear of the same. Tail proper, dark chestnut in color which may shade into black at tips of feathers, coverts a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male except as to sickles.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles, feathered in a rich ferruginous color. Shanks and feet smooth in scale, yellow or may become straw colored with age.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Undercolor: Shafts. (quills) if feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: Same as described for male.

The weights are heavy enough to ensure a reasonably heavy carcase when dressed for market, and yet light enough to retain the excellent egg-producing quality of the breed. The breeder with late-hatched chicks also has a chance at these weights in the fall shows.

The surface color of plumage should show red all over the fowl without striking contrasts in shades except for the black of wing and tail feathers. The surface color should not be endangered by excessive attention to undercolor. If the dark gray or slate undercolor is necessary to retain a sufficiently deep surface color, or if it is correlated with the vigor and virility of the breed, it should not be sacrificed.

Strength of color in the young fowls is desirable, since the color is liable to fade with age, especially in females.

Breeders of single and rose comb Rhode Island Reds will very lightly insist that these varieties be allowed. The pea comb has the advantage of being very well adapted to the cold and variable climate of Rhode Island and the states of like latitude. It does not bring the breed into close competition with the buff varieties of Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks. Several prominent members of the American Poultry Association have expressed the opinion that the pea comb Rhode Island Red would be readily recognized and admitted as a breed by the said association. Whether it is best to subject the breed to the somewhat artificial conditions entailed by the rules and regulations of the above-mentioned association is a question to be settled by the breeders.

The aim has been to breed to a standard which would allow typical fowls of both sexes to be produced from "single matings." It is to be hoped that breeders of Rhode Island Reds will continue steadfast in the purpose to perfect this breed according to a standard which will not necessitate resorting to the unnatural scheme of "double matings" (so-called). It is also very desirable to so manage the breed that it shall retain its qualities of utility while gaining in uniformity, symmetry and beauty.

Correspondence

P. G., Jersey.—I have bought a new farm of about thirty acres, containing two chicken-houses. (1) How many chickens can I have in these houses? (2) How shall I situate these houses: on the ground, or elevated three feet above the ground? (3) Is it better to make the chickens run at large, or have them yarded? (4) How many acres of corn, wheat, buckwheat, etc., do I need to feed three hundred chickens a year? (5) What kind of trees do you think are good to make shade for the chickens in summer?

A.—You don't give the size of chicken-houses, so I can't say how many they will accommodate, but the general rule is five square feet of floor space to each bird. (2) If the ground is well drained, it is better to have houses built on the ground, especially for winter layers, as they are warmer and freer from drafts. (3) Laying hens are better yarded; growing birds and breeding stock are better kept on free range. (4) The answer to this question depends on so many conditions (ground, care of crops, climatic conditions) that I don't feel competent to give it. (5) Plum, peach or pear trees are the best to plant in poultry yards. If I can be of any further assistance to you, please write again.

M. C.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens. When they first take sick their heads hang right down to the ground, a little water runs from the mouth and the eyes are wet. They drop to the ground and stay there unless disturbed, with the head hanging and eyes closed, for two or three hours—sometimes longer, and before they die they flop like one with its head off. Our chickens have free range; they rustle their own living during summer from stubble fields and haystacks and Alfalfa fields. They have always been healthy—our only depredation is coyotes. The hens have been laying good. Seven died yesterday—all hens and pullets. No rootsers yet affected.

A.—The hens have limberneck, which much resemble ptomaine poisoning, which human beings get by eating meat, fish or canned goods. Fowls usually get it by eating the flesh of some dead animal; often a chicken which has died in some remote corner and escaped notice, a rat or wild bird. In hot weather such carcases become infested with maggots within twenty-four hours, and chickens will eat a great quantity of such things, which of course upsets their digestive organs and creates a condition resembling ptomaine poisoning. This reacts on the nervous system and causes a muscular contraction which affects the neck. Unless the bird is noticed soon after having eaten the putrid meat or maggots, there is little chance of saving its life. The best treatment is to administer a dose of turpentine and sweet oil—a teaspoonful of the former and two tablespoonfuls of the latter to three tablespoonfuls of Castor oil. Repeat the dose in about three hours.

B. H. C.—I keep the Light Brahma chickens, and one of my year-old hens has a scum-like, with a dot-like place on one eye; is healthy otherwise and lays. I wish you could help me and others on this subject. I can't find anything about it in my poultry book. Sisters, do any of you have this breed? Did you ever use remedies with success?

A.—The bird has what is called keratitis, which is inflammation of the outer membranes covering the pupil of the eye. Remove the bird to a dry, warm place which can be kept almost dark. Bathe the eyes with cold water containing a little dioxogen: then anoint the inner part of the lid with an ointment made of ten grains of finely-powdered iodoform in an ounce of vaseline. Then mix the following in equal parts: Pulverized camphor, boric acid, and sub-nitrate of bismuth. Mix thoroughly, and blow through a quill into the nostrils.

J. C. L.—I wish you would tell me what ails my chicks and how to cure them. They first get dumpish, and a white substance gathers under their eyelids; it grows fast and soon makes them blind. These chicks are broiler size; they eat and drink until they get blind, then they remain quiet and stupid for a few days and die. I feed them a variety of good healthy food, such as wheat, corn, and mash of bran, corn-meal, and steamed Alfalfa meal, grit, shells and charcoal always before them. There are about one hundred in a large wire netting yard, and their perch in warm weather is in a roomy shed open in front.

A.—From your description I don't quite understand the trouble your birds are suffering from, so can only suggest that you read the answer to B. H. C., and try the same remedies, as they are sure to be helpful in any trouble of the eye.

C. F. H.—Have been a subscriber to COMFORT for ten years. As I pass it along when I finish reading them, I have none for reference. Would like to have more information about my chickens. They are about five months old, and have done fine until lately. They seem to sneeze all the time. A substance comes out of their noses; does not smell bad. I opened it and it had white spots on the membrane around the heart, and going up in the neck. The gall was large and dark green. At first I fed them chick feed (bought ready mixed). When they were six weeks old I fed Kaffir corn. Am now feeding barley. They have free range. Have been putting coal oil in their drinking water. My neighbors' chickens have bunches on the sides of the chickens' heads between the nose holes and the eyes. The eyes finally swell shut, and matter runs out of their eyes. When you press on the bunches the matter comes out of the roofs of their mouths, and out of the nose holes. Do you think my chickens have the beginning of that disease, whatever it is?

A.—I fear you have rather a hard case to fight, as the description of spots around the heart suggests that the birds are affected by a mold-spore, known as aspergillosis. It is quite a common fungus. It grows and thrives on numerous materials, such as moldy hay, straw, grain, old litter and manure. Fowls usually become affected through damp, mouldy bedding or grain, and the warmth and moisture of the bird's body are especially favorable to the development of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

This Little Girl Had A Spinal Deformity

Little Miss Taylor had Potts Disease, a progressive, destructive disease of the spinal column, usually tubercular, and often accompanied by paralysis. The trouble in this case had been in existence three years when her mother, Mrs. W. S. Taylor, R. F. D. No. 2, Clinton, Ind., brought the child to this Sanitarium, Feb. 22, 1910. At that time, because of the disease and deformity of the spine, the child's head was forced forward—her chin in contact with her chest.

This picture, recently taken, shows her condition and appearance at this time. Write Mrs. Taylor. *In treatment of this case plaster paris was not used.* The



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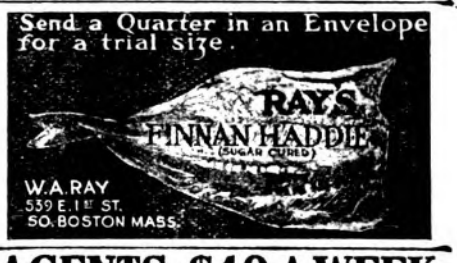


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Mental Telepathy

By E. Byron Wilbur

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"DO you believe in mental telepathy, or the sympathetic affection or influence of one mind over another without the use of words, signs or other visible means of communication?"

"Well I never did either, until I was about twenty years old," said Aunt Kate, one evening as we were gathered around the fireside. "In fact I had never heard very much about it until afterward," she said.

It was along late in December and we had little else to do in the evenings except read or tell stories, and of late Aunt Kate had been telling some pretty good ones, so we were all eager to hear what we knew was coming, another one of her stories. Only this time it was to be a true one, as we knew from the way she began.

"Oh, do tell us about it, Aunt Kate," we cried in chorus.

"All right," she said. "Now be good children while I tell you the story."

"You have all heard more or less about Dick, haven't you? I don't often speak of him but I am sure you all know of him and the story I am going to tell you now is of how I met him and of a strange experience we had of thought transmission."

Here she stopped to wipe away the tears that persisted in coming into her eyes.

"Oh, don't tell us if it makes you cry, Aunt Kate," said my younger sister, who was always too tender hearted to even hurt a fly.

"Now don't mind me," said Aunt Kate, "I may as well tell you even if it does bring back old memories.

"When I was nineteen, father died. In those days when a man died he did not leave a fortune or a life insurance policy for his family and it usually befell the older children to take care of the family and the farm until the younger children were old enough to take care of themselves. And so it was in our case. My brother took up the farm work and as we all had to help in some way, it was decided that if I could secure the place, I was to teach the district school to supply what ready money we needed. By great good luck (for me) the last teacher had just been married, so when I applied for the position the school board was only too glad to let me have the place.

"I taught all who came throughout the fall and winter and liked the work, so when they offered me the position for another year, I accepted eagerly.

"It was in the early fall that I met Dick (his real name was Richard Carothers), but we all called him Dick. He was coming along the trail with his axe over his shoulder—but I had better tell you how he happened to be in our country at all. You see it was the same old story of the city man with the failing health. His doctor had sent him West for his health and he was building a cabin over by the river, and intended to hunt and trap, that winter as he thought the long tramps would give him the needed exercise and fresh air besides being good sport. It was from his work on the cabin that he was returning when I saw him on the occasion that I now speak of.

"Well, as I said, he was coming along the trail by the schoolhouse just as I was letting the children go home one evening, and he stopped for a chat and then walked along home with me. He was a handsome fellow, tall, broad shouldered and deep chested, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Two months in the open air had already done wonders for him and to look at him now one would not think he had ever been sick a day in his life. I had met him formally at a quilting bee over at the house where he was staying while he built his cabin, when he first arrived so we were not quite strangers, although I did not pay much attention to him at the time. But that was because I was shy and a bit bashful, for I liked him even then.

"Dick soon became a regular caller at our house and the neighbors began to whisper that they might need a new teacher before long.

"One day Dick went to town and on his next visit he presented me with a beautiful little pearl-handled revolver. He said he would teach me to use it too, because even if I never needed it, it would do no harm to know how anyway, and one never could tell when the occasion might arise when a weapon would be a good thing to have around. He hoped though, that I would never find any use for it other than shooting at a mark.

"We spent a good many pleasant afternoons and evenings together, he teaching me to shoot, until I finally became a pretty fair marksman.

"Then winter came on and I believe it was one of the most severe winters I had ever seen. The cold was fearful and the snow was so deep that it covered the fences, what few there were. All the wild things soon began to suffer and the wolves were getting so bold as to attack people occasionally. But most of these attacks were only rumors from places far from our neighborhood. Nevertheless I began to carry my little revolver. My brothers made fun of me for carrying such a toy. They wanted me to carry a rifle, but I had lots of faith in my little pistol, partly because Dick gave it to me I suppose, so I went on carrying it just the same. Nothing had bothered me so far and I had not seen a sign of a wild animal for so long that I was beginning to think it was all a scare anyway.

"One day I had been giving the children some examinations and that evening I stayed a little late working on the papers, correcting and grading them. Before I realized it, it was getting late, and I knew that I would be caught by darkness before I could get home unless I hurried. I did not fancy the prospect, so I hurried.

"I had not gone far before I thought saw something in the timber off to the left of the trail. Soon I saw it again and this time I knew I was not mistaken. It was a big timber wolf. I soon saw more of them and once, on turning around suddenly, I saw two or three of them skulking along behind me altogether too close for comfort.

"I began to wish someone would come. I did not care much who it was, but vaguely I wished it would be Dick. Soon I saw wolves ahead of me and then upon rounding a bend in the road, there stood two big brutes squarely in the middle of the trail with their mouths wide open for all the world as though they were laughing at me. I stopped as they showed no desire or intention of moving and looked around. On all sides of me, in front and behind, there were more wolves, all at about the same distance from me.

"I opened my lunch box and took out the scraps. These I threw as far as I could to one side, thinking to attract their attention while I made good my escape. Only the ones on that side so much as moved, the rest all sat back on their haunches and watched to see what I would do next.

"The situation was getting desperate. I knew that before long it would be getting dark and they would gradually close in on me, so that I must do something while I still had light. The wolves knew it too. Cowardly brutes. One could see that they were only waiting for the feast till there would be no danger in the taking of it. But I made up my mind that they should not feast on me if I could help it.

"I took out the little pistol Dick had given me, thank Heaven I still had some means of defense. Oh, if he were only here, he would show them. Dick, Dick, I thought, where are you?

"I took careful aim at the nearest wolf and pulled the trigger. I killed him, too, thanks to Dick's training. The rest of them started a quarrel over the body of their late comrade and seeing my chance, I ran for home as fast as I could go.

"They must have finished him at a mouthful, for I soon heard them coming again behind me. I turned and fired a few shots at them but they only scattered and surrounded me as before. And my cartridges were nearly all gone too. Oh, why didn't someone come. I finally gave it up. The only thing for me to do was to climb a tree, there I could stay until morning or help came or I froze to death. I knew that the folks at home would not think anything of my absence as I sometimes went home with one of the children to spend the night. Usually I told them of it beforehand but they would not worry if I did not. So I hardly dared hope for help from that quarter.

"I crept over toward the nearest tree. It was not very large but it looked easy to climb. When I got close to it I suddenly threw down my lunch box and books and scrambled up to the first branches. Quick as I was though, the wolves were almost as quick, for as I swung up on a branch one of them jumped and caught my skirt, tearing out a piece of it and carrying it away with him. This made me lose my temper and I fired my last cartridge at him. I hit him, too, and then had to sit and look on while the rest devoured him.

"And I thought that soon, perhaps, they would be tearing me to pieces as they were their late fellow. For there was no way to get help. Even if I had been on the ground I had no way of signaling for help. I could not build a fire and if I could the smoke of it would not be seen at any distance, for it was too near dark. While we still had an hour or more of twilight the sun was so far down that it was already too dark for smoke to be seen, at the same time being light enough so that the light of a fire would not be seen.

"Then it was that I thought of a story I had once read, in which a girl brought her lover to her rescue just by thinking steadily of him. I had never read or heard much else about it. All I knew was that one had to center the mind on the person and the message to be conveyed, and repeat the message over and over, not allowing anything to interrupt the train of thought.

"I resolved to try it. It would do no harm and I was willing to do almost anything to get safely out of my predicament, and Dick would be the person I would call for.

"Then I thought steadily and clearly, 'Oh, Dick, come to me, I am in danger, come to me.' I think I must have repeated those words to myself for half an hour or more. It was beginning to get dusk and I knew that it would soon be dark. Help must come soon if it was coming, for the wolves were getting excited at the thought of being cheated out of their prey for so long and a few of them were clawing and biting at the base of the tree. And to my astonishment they were making fair headway too. The trunk was nearly one third bitten off before I noticed what they were about, so absorbed had I been with my thoughts.

"For the first time I began to be really alarmed, for now I was entirely at their mercy. My cartridges were all gone and I knew that the instant the tree fell it would be all over with me. The fall would likely stun me and even if it did not I was without means of defense. Then, too, I was getting stiff and numb from sitting so long in one position in the cold and I realized that I would soon be freezing.

"By this time the whole pack were biting and tearing furiously at the tree. Occasionally one would leap at me even though I was well out of reach. And when he would strike the tree with his paws I could feel the stem quiver under the impact. By this I knew that the end was not far away.

"I began to say my final prayer. I had prayed before but now that I saw the end drawing nearer and nearer I prayed to our Father to take me into His arms and let me dwell in His kingdom forever. And I think I prayed for almost everyone I knew and that I might meet them in the Great Beyond.

"Just as I finished my prayer a great brute leaped higher than the rest and struck square against the tree high up and I heard the wood crack and felt myself sway back and forth as you have seen a nest swing in the topmost branches of a tree. If there had been a spark of hope left in me it died then. I gave myself completely into His hands as I sank back patiently waiting for the final crash that would seal my doom.

"C-r-a-c-k. I started up, thinking it was the final rending of the tree. But no, there beneath the tree lay a wolf in his death struggle. Even then I could not realize what it meant. I did not understand that rescue was at hand, that I was saved.

"C-r-a-c-k. This time a little nearer, and one more of the pack fell. Then three more shots in quick succession. The pack was dwindling rapidly under that unerring fire.

"By this time the rest of them were beginning to realize that it was no safe place for a real, live, respectable wolf and after a few more shots they turned and ran like gray shadows into the timber.

"The last few shots had been fired close at hand and I tried to turn to see who my deliverer was who used the rifle with such accuracy. But I could not, I was too stiff and numb to move.

"'Well, little girl, they most had you that time,' said a familiar voice, behind me, 'Just wait a minute and I'll have you out of this.'

"I tried to speak but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Rescue had come after I had given up all hope, and the shock was too great, I could not utter a sound.

"Then Dick, for it was no one else, stepped around where he could see my face. I don't know how I looked, but he said afterward that I had the expression of one who had looked death in the face. 'Why, what's the matter, Kate?' said he, 'you look as though you had seen a ghost.' Still I could not answer. And not one word could I say until he had put me safely on the ground.

"Then I cried, 'Oh, Dick, I thought you never would come.'

"'Why little girl,' said he, looking puzzled, 'did you send for me?'

"'No, Dick,' said I, 'only in my mind. But how did you happen to come this way?' For you see I was curious to know if he had received my message, as I knew it was out of his way to come over this trail.

"'Well,' said he, 'I had been over to Pearson's this afternoon and I did not get started home until late. I was tramping along through the woods when I seemed to hear someone calling me. At first I could not make out who it was, and then it came again and I knew it was you. Even then I thought nothing of it, for I had been thinking of you and I thought it was just my fancy. But the call came so insistently that I stopped and listened. This time you seemed to be calling for help and I heard my name. I didn't wait any longer, but set out for your house to see if you were there and to satisfy myself that you were all right, for I knew I could not rest until I did.

"'Somewhat to my surprise, they said you were not at home, when I reached there but that you had probably gone home with one of the neighbor girls for the night. You see I still wouldn't believe it was anything but my imagination.

"'I didn't say anything, but somehow I knew better, right then, and I didn't want to lose time explaining things. So I made tracks for the schoolhouse as fast as I could go, for I thought that if I did not find you there, I should find something to tell me where you had gone.

"'So I was not greatly surprised when I saw the wolf pack under this tree, and I opened fire on them at long range, even at the risk of hitting you if a bullet should glance. I kept on firing as I came up, and, well, here I am and mighty glad to get here in time to save you. From the looks of this tree I was not much too soon, either.'

"We walked home together, he helping me along with his arm around me, for I was completely exhausted. I tried to thank him but somehow I couldn't. Before we got home, Dick had managed to say that he would like to protect me from wolves and everything else all the rest of our lives and I had told him that he could. So when we reached home we had a very happy story to tell, for all of my dangerous experience.

"And Dick put the ring on my finger then and there. He said he had bought it long before. Dear old Dick, I guess he knew how I felt toward him, though I had tried not to show it. It's pretty hard to fool the man you love if he loves you, he is almost sure to find out your real feelings for him. Sometimes even before you are aware of them yourself.

"That was over fifteen years ago, but I recall it all as clearly as though it were but yesterday. The only really happy days of my life."

"Well, but what became of Dick," we asked, "did he die, or what?"

"No children, he did not die, at least not that I ever heard of. But I will tell you the best I can.

"The following spring we had a quarrel over some trifling matter. The first quarrel. In the heat of passion I gave him back the ring and told him I never wanted to see him again. Poor Dick, and I know he loved me so much. I was sorry before he was out of sight but I was too proud to call him back.

"I heard, a year or so later that he had gone back home and gone into his father's steel mills. They say he is now one of the greatest steel magnates in this country.

"He has never married either. I have read of him in the daily papers a great deal and have seen his picture on the front page once or twice. The same old Dick, only perhaps a little older looking and with a few lines about the mouth and eyes. His only ambition seems to be to make money, for they say he does not pay any attention to the many ladies who are constantly 'fishing' for him.

"Perhaps sometime I may see him again. Who knows? I seem to have lost control or something or I could bring him back to me in the same way that I caused him to come to me the other time. Heaven knows I have tried hard enough, but perhaps he has turned against me and will not answer the call even though he hears it. I can't blame him if he has.

"But dears, remember this, if you ever have a love affair—and you will have—don't let any petty quarrel arise between you, and never part in anger, for pride is a powerful agent especially when wounded, and if you let it master you, you are almost sure to live to regret it, the same as I have.

"Now, good night children, that is all of my story, and it is time you were all in bed. I hope my next story will not be so sad as this one. I will try to think of a funny one for tomorrow night. Good night."

The Poor Little Czarevitch

By C. L. Chapman

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RUSSIA, as everybody knows is honeycombed with anarchists and no ruler is more in danger of assassination than the czar, so for this reason he is guarded day and night by intrepid soldiers and a large corps of detectives in civil dress but even with all this precaution, the "Little Father" of 175,000,000 people, Nicholas II is fearful each day that intrigue or conspiracy may at any moment end his life. In spite of his power, his immense wealth and the measures taken to protect the imperial family of Russia, the czar is very unhappy knowing that his son, the young czarevitch is an invalid and cripple. In the face of the most rigid censorship, even the peasants in the most remote provinces of the Muscovite empire know by this time that the heir to the Russian throne, the Czarevitch Alexis, may never be able to succeed his father.

Alexej Nikolajewich comes, as far as blood is concerned, from the strongest, healthiest and most vigorous family of all the rulers in Europe, but owing to the lack of political stability in Russia many members of the family have died at a comparatively early age, not from any hereditary disease, but by an assassin's hand. The life of the present emperor has been threatened more frequently than the lives of all the sovereigns of Europe put together.

Prior to the little czarevitch's arrival in the summer of 1904 only daughters had been born to the czar and his consort. The little czarevitch was baptized when he was twelve days old, amid great pomp and ceremony. He was dressed in blue and white, we are told, and rode in a gilded carriage drawn by eight horses—the most gorgeous "perambulator" a baby ever had.

The future czar's godfathers were mighty monarchs—his great-grandfather, the late King Christian of Denmark; the German kaiser, King Edward of England, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. At the baptismal ceremony the child raised his hand and spread it out as though pronouncing a blessing. Superstitious and ceremonial Russia looked upon it as a good omen, as also the fact that it poured rain after the service. On the day the czarevitch was born the state settled upon him an annual income of $2,000,000 to cover all his expenses until he is fifteen, when a further allowance will be made. Besides this, the czar has transferred to his name foreign stocks which will bring him in yet more.

A general attends him constantly, and he has a body-guard of loyal Cossacks. Learned men have the direction of his education and scientists are engaged to invent instructive toys which will teach him subtle lessons in kingship. But with all this the young czarevitch lives the most harmless, the most simple and plainest of lives surrounded by his family only. We hear only the most contradictory stories of his health, but whatever may have befallen the little czarevitch we know that he has been unable to walk and has been carried about upon the back of a burly Cossack, and is spared fatigue in every way, and no wonder that he is called "The Poor Little Boy."

No wonder the whole Russian people grieve, but it is pleasanter to look at the brighter side—the homes of the czarevitch, for instance. One of them, the winter palace in St. Petersburg, would accommodate 6,000 people and it does house the Russian court of one hundred and seventy-three princes, counts, barons, generals and noblemen. Nothing more splendid can be thought of, even the kitchen is a wonderful place, with its cooking utensils of solid silver and its spice boxes of solid gold. All the china that has belonged to Russian monarchs for ages is here, and is indeed a rare collection.

The children have their schoolrooms and playrooms and the young Prince, Alexis, who is devoted to everything military, has a room he calls his barracks, in which he keeps his toy soldiers and weapons.

Not long ago the president of France, presented the little fellow with a complete camp outfit, tents, furnishings, and all sorts of models of guns and equipment, and he set it up in his military room with great glee. When he visits his father's summer palace, he enjoys a miniature lake, with the craft in models of all nations upon it. It is at this summer home that the czar and his family are able to dine without attendants about. When they finish a course they press a button and the table disappears through the floor and another one rises to take its place, reminding one of an Arabian Night's story.

And then the little czarevitch has a lovely mother. She was a German princess, and her mother was the daughter of the good Queen Victoria of England. But the greatest sorrow that has come to her was in the birth of her son. Four daughters were born to her in succession, while the czar and the rest of the royal family were eagerly wishing for a son to continue the line of the Romanoffs. Finally a son came and the joy which his birth brought was soon darkened, however, for the czarina, by a series of national and inter-national events which made Russia the storm center of the world.

The war with Japan took a disastrous turn just a few weeks before the birth of the heir, and then came the revolution when it seemed each day that the czar might have to abdicate or flee from Russia.

Before the little czarevitch was one year old an attempt was made to assassinate him. Since then attempts have been numerous but little is ever known in regard to them, for each time the seriousness of these injuries is withheld.

But prior to his enforced inactivity of the last year, he took a great deal of interest in all military and naval spectacles and has been present in an "official capacity" in more than one high state function.

But it is common talk in St. Petersburg that Alexis, should he ever grow up into manhood and retain fairly good health, will not be well enough to continue the line of the Romanoffs as emperor.

Many will assure you that his days are numbered and "that Russian statesmen are already planning a scheme for altering the constitution, in order that the male succession may not be imperiled in case the czar and czarina die without another son."

Another report is that the czar is determined to place his daughter Olga on the throne.



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The White House Burned By the British in 1814

By Edna May Colman

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THREE times in a hundred years has the city of Washington witnessed the moving of the Executive Mansion!

Just a hundred years ago the worthy citizens of the straggling village, derisively called the City of Magnificent distances, were listening in fear and trembling for the first sound of the blatant bugles and the triumphant rumble of the guns, which with the rythmic tramp of horsemen should foretell the approach of the conquering British that were daily and hourly expected to swoop down upon the infant capital city, to wipe out its meager populace and reduce its public buildings to smoking ruins.

Despite various timely warnings this disaster overtook the nation with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, for the spirit of the revolution still hovered over the land and the glorious mantle of the illustrious Father of His Country still rested upon the shoulders of American arms, while the marvellous exploits of the intrepid Decatur made the country so secure in its faith in its defenders that no one dreamed that this patriotic pride could suffer such a tremendous fall; when this same soldiery became panic stricken at the first shock and suffered utter and ignominious defeat, for lo,—the Battle of Bladensburg, on August 24th, 1814, was a complete victory for the English forces, who immediately followed up their



DOLLY MADISON.

advantage and marched on to Washington to capture and destroy it.

Many weeks before General Winder had sounded the note of warning to the President and his cabinet in the following words:

"The door of Washington stands wide open and I cannot shut it with the few troops under my command."

So also had the English Admiral boasted that he would dine at the banquet table of Mrs. Madison and make a bow in her drawing-room.

But no one, from the president down to General Winder himself, seemed to possess the characteristics of a military strategist, or to have the courage to make a proper defense, for, before abandoning the city, the secretary of the Navy instructed Commodore Barney to blow up his ships and retreat, so that when the British landed at Benedict about thirty miles from the Capital, they marched for three days, serenely meeting no opposition whatever and at Marlboro, the flotilla of gun boats were blown up at their approach. Commodore Barney's marines retreated to join Winder's and they alone, gave a good account of themselves at the battle, but they were vastly outnumbered, as the infantry gave way at the first onslaught of the enemy, and following the example of the commander-in-chief and other leaders, scurried out of danger.

Judge Cranch, an eye witness of the invasion of Washington, described the event as follows:

"A wound has been inflicted which age will not cure; and a scar has been left which time will scarcely efface."

With the news of the defeat, and the sound of the battle in their ears, the onrush of fleeing men and women, half crazed with flight grew apace, and none had thought to make a stand to save their homes. Of the pitiful 8,000 people that made up the city's populace all but a tenth fled.

Mrs. Madison felt bitterly the desertion of friends and the animosity toward her husband which was growing upon every side and while she watched and waited in the Executive Mansion for the return of the President and his friends for whom a dinner party had been planned for the afternoon, she penned the following letter to her sister which reflects the horror and anguish she endured as well as her bravery. This letter has found its way into the works of many of the early writers.

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

"Dear Sister:

"My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage and firmness to remain in the Presidential House until his return and on my assurances that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me beseeching me to take care of myself and the cabinet papers, public and private.

"I have since received two dispatches from him written in pencil, the last is alarming, because he desires that I shall be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city, that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention to destroy it. * * * * I am accordingly ready. I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage. Our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. * * * *Disaffection stalks around us. * * * * * * * My friends are all gone; even Col. C. with his hundred men who were stationed as a guard over this inclosure. French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the house. To this last proposition I positively object, without, however being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

"Wednesday morning, Twelve o'clock.

Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions as if there was a lack of arms or spirit to fight for their own firesides!

"Three o'clock:

Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg and I am still here within sound of the cannon.

Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect him!

"Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but I wait for him. * * * * At this late hour a wagon has been procured. I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland or fall into the hands of the British soldiery events must determine.

Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll (Daniel Carroll) has come to hasten my departure and is in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting till the large portrait of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process we found too tedious for these perilous moments so I have ordered the frame broken and the canvas taken out. It is done and the precious portrait in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping.

"And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the retreating army will make me a prisoner by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall write again to you or where I shall be tomorrow I cannot tell."

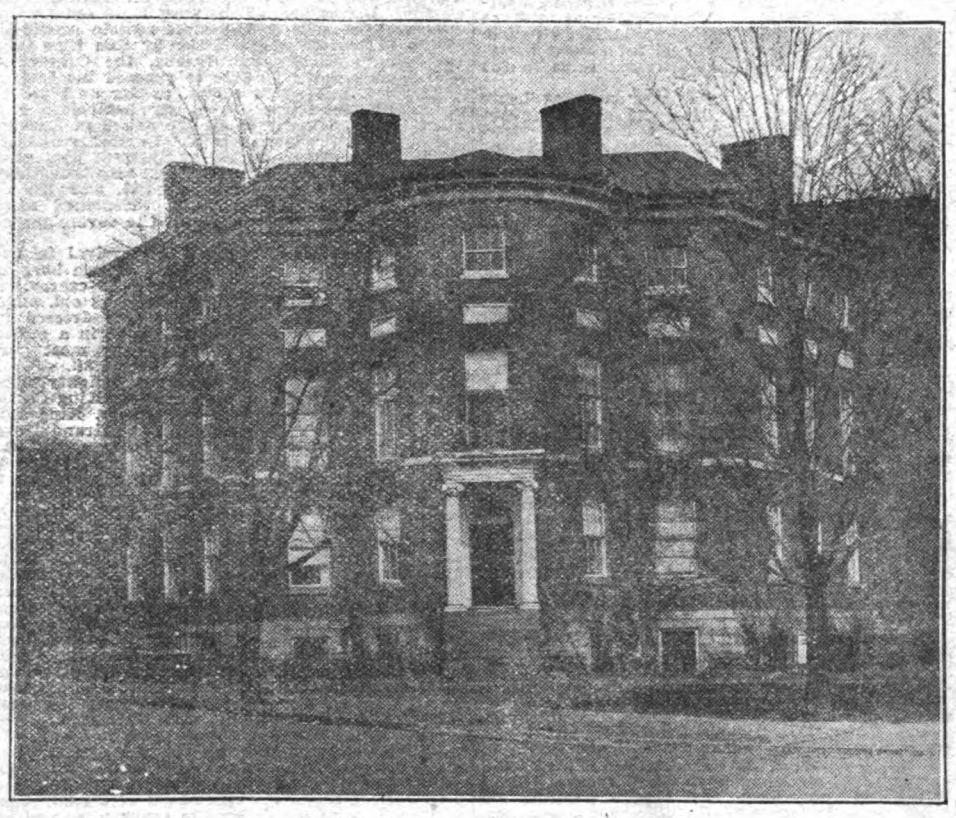
The portrait and the wagon load of portable articles was at the last given over to the care of French John, the doorkeeper of the Mansion and Magrau the gardener who took them to a house near Georgetown.

Mrs. Madison's departure was made only in company with her servant girl and Mr. Daniel Carroll who escorted them to a tavern two or three miles over the river where upon learning that this house was overflowing with fugitives, Mrs. Madison went to another place and called in and went up-stairs. The woman upon learning her identity immediately ordered her in insulting terms to leave at once, which she did, seeking shelter a few miles further on.

At daybreak the little party set out again to meet the President at the place agreed upon and after traveling many weary hours through the intense heat they finally reached the tavern only to meet a most unfriendly reception. The landlord and a large party of Washingtonians, many of whom had partaken of the hospitality of Mrs. Madison and received favors at her hands, determined to refuse her shelter to show their disapproval of her husband's course with regard to the war. Here, the first lady of the land had to appeal for admittance and submit to the insults of former friends, because she was loathe to leave the place, fearing to miss her husband. Finally she was admitted, just in time to escape the wild fury of one of the worst electrical storms the country had ever known. Toward night the weary President arrived and had scarcely settled down to rest when a messenger brought word that his biding place was known to the British and that they were on their way to capture him, whereupon he at once escaped and hid in the woods, intending to make his way to the Virginia shore of the river.

Mrs. Madison in disguise set out again early in the morning to join her husband, and on the road met another messenger bringing word that through their fright at the tornado, the like of which they had never seen and the rumors of the approach of a large force of Americans, the British after ransacking the President's house and feasting upon the good things in the larder set fire to the building and beat a hasty retreat to their boats, burning all public buildings as they went.

With the good news of their evacuation of the city, Mrs. Madison started on her twenty-mile journey to Washington and upon reaching the Long Bridge found it burned at both ends, so



THE FAMOUS OCTAGON HOUSE.

that in order to get across she had to abandon her disguise to induce the boatman to admit her to his ferry.

Returning forty-eight hours after her hurried flight she found the Presidential House a smoldering ruin and had to go to her sister's home for a temporary residence. All of the city suffered at the hands of the invaders. One authority in describing these perilous times says that only houses showing barred doors and shuttered windows were fired.

One of the traditions of the day claims that Admiral Cockburn entering the halls of Congress, sprang into the speaker's chair and shouted, "Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it will say 'Ay.' The Ays have it. Light up." Thus the Capital was given over to the flames, and through the streets, the wrecked and burning homes looked as though fire and lightning might have played a game of tag in a mad orgy of destruction. The office of the National Intelligencer received special vengeance at the hands of the raiders.

Though many offers of residence were made to the President and his wife, they preferred to rent an establishment for themselves and of the few pretentious houses left unharmed, none seemed so suitable or well adapted for their needs as the beautiful Tayloe Mansion, called the Octagon House at 18th and New York Avenue. This was by far the most elegant private residence in the city. It had been built by Col. John Tayloe, as a winter home through the advice of General Washington, who used his privilege as an old and intimate friend to overrule the decision to erect a winter home in Philadelphia. The house was begun in 1796 and was completed in 1800, with the distinguished Dr. Edward Thornton, the architect of the Capital as the designer.

Col. Tayloe came of distinguished lineage. His grandfather, William Tayloe, emigrated from London to Virginia in 1650 and John Tayloe, his son, a member of the House of Burgesses, founded the noted estate of Mt. Airy, Virginia. He had twelve children, one of whom, John, commissioned by Washington in the Revolutionary War, built the Octagon House, so named for its shape.

The Tayloes intermarried with most of the prominent families of Maryland and Virginia. Col. Tayloe's mother was the daughter of Governor Plater of Maryland and his wife, the daughter of Governor Ogle, also of ryland.

Col. Tayloe was a wealthy man according to the standards of his day, for at the time he built the Octagon, he was enjoying a yearly income of $75,000. His house was most substantially built, being of imported brick trimmed with Aquia Creek sandstone with mahogany woodwork which is today in excellent preservation. Being a famous turfman, his kitchen, quarters and stables were constructed to accommodate a large number of servants and racing horses.

Here, the popular Dolly Madison established her home and held magnificent court, dispensing the same type of lavish hospitality as had been the rule under the rule of the Tayloe family. All of the names famous in the annals of the nation of that period resounded through the splendidly proportioned rooms and floated up to the eyes above the spiral stairway around whose windings so many tales of tragedy and romance have been woven.

This house, today, is in far better condition than many of less than half its age. It stands upon a triangular lot fenced in by a high brick wall, and has the pillared portico of old Colonial style.

The interior is a marvel of fine workmanship. The doors of the first floor are of mahogany and all of the work in the circular vestibule coincides with the circumference of the tower; the doors, sash, glass being made on the circle and all are in perfect working order. The drawing-room mantel is made of a fine cement painted white still showing a faint tracery of gold leaf. Leading back into the dining-room are two secret doors, in which the wash-boards and chair-boards, etc., run across the doors, being ingeniously cut some distance from the actual doors. No keyholes, hinges or openings show on the blind side. The knobs, shutter buttons are of brass and evidently of a special pattern. Two old cast-iron wood stoves still stand in the niches prepared for them in the vestibule, and one has only to close the eyes to see in imagination the elegant, powdered and bewigged and beruffled procession of old-time celebrities, warming their frosty fingers over these quaint old sentinels of a past grandeur. One can picture the buxom Dolly toasting her numb toes in the costly gold-and-silver slippers, one of her many Parisian vanities, in the genial warmth of these ugly little stoves, then the greatest innovation of the age and only to be found in the homes of the wealthy.

All of the rooms surround the circular central hall and all connect some by concealed doors and secret closets. Egress to the street was provided through the dining-room by means of a secret door into a closet and out to the sidewalk, or roadway as it was then, by a basement window. Unexpected closets, secret doors, subterranean passages leading in two different directions, cellars and sub-cellars have all added to the wierd history of the handsome old place which lost its festivity and well kept prosperity with the death of Col. Tayloe in 1828 and gradually became saddled with such a shivery reputation of ghostly occupancy that no one would or could live in it any length of time. Later on, some sisters of charity tried to dispel the ghostly visitors by sprinkling holy water liberally over the entire building, but this did not avail. During the Civil War it was used as a storehouse for records and documents and from time to time has had a variety of tenants, none of whom lingered very long until the American Institute of Architects bought the property and converted the second floor into offices.

Through their interest in preserving the history and traditions of the place, the visitor may wander through the various rooms and stand in hushed reverence in the second story circular room, where President Madison's cabinet gathered around the same old mahogany table that is still in place and upon which the Treaty of Ghent was signed Dec. 14, 1814.

One may peep in Mrs. Madison's bedroom and boudoir while fancy takes a flight that bridges the years and brings a faint perfume and a fleeting vision of the charming chatalaine of a century gone, before her dressing table, deftly adjusting her famous turbans, and skillfully touching up her smooth cheeks with Paris rouge. One may likewise hear the snap of the silver snuff box, the rustle of her voluminous silken garments, and the click of her heels as the spirit of the past carries the enchanted visitor down the broad stairway into the drawing-room to listen to the merry chatter and the shuffle of the cards as the maids and matrons assemble for the games of Loo or perchance 'tis the measured tread of Beaux and lady in the stately minuet, so pregnant is the place with the atmosphere of the past.

Today, the old Octagon stands a monument to the old-time integrity of workman and material, its walls and floors unharmed by the touch of time, and its memories of romance and history as vivid as if only months instead of a century had rolled over its vine-covered face and effaced most of the pristine beauty of the old-fashioned box-bordered walks and flower beds. And another century may roll up its records of lives and events, and fill up its pages with the romance, history and tragedies of other celebrities of the nation and once more the hand of time may check off the landmarks and the Octagon, may be, no doubt will be found, standing solid and serene, basking in the mellow sunlight of a sound, ripe old age, the like of which, belongs to the generation of its builders.

Within a few weeks the burning of Washington was avenged by the death of the invading commander, the American victory at Baltimore, which gave birth to the Star Spangled Banner, the de-



MRS. JAMES MONROE.

feat of the British at Plattsburg and the surrender of the fleet on Lake Champlain.

At the Octagon House, peace was celebrated by a series of joyful assemblies and fetes. In the universal rejoicing all parties buried their animosities and the blunders of the President and his cabinet were forgotten. There, the "Peace Winter" was the gayest for many years.

With all of the facilities and advantages of the Tayloe House, the Madisons did not remain there more than a year, moving to a smaller and newer brick building on the corner of 19th and Pennsylvania Avenue which is best known to history as one of the Seven Buildings, built by Elbridge Gerry of Boston. Though considered a most elegant residence it was located on the outskirts of the city, but still only about four blocks from the burned Executive Mansion.

Here, though weary of the exactions of official life, Mrs. Madison continued to live up to and even surpassed her regime of the Octagon. Her ideal of hospitality made the nation's guests her guests and her table was frequently compared to a harvest home supper in its abundance and variety. Her wagon made daily trips to the Georgetown Market, and often the supplies for one day cost fifty dollars.

While residing in the Gerry House President and Mrs. Madison gave the famous levee in honor of General Jackson whose brilliant victory at New Orleans had set the country wild with joy. This house remains but little changed from its original appearance, except that its first floor now accommodates a drug-store and a tailor shop and its color has been changed to a dull yellow. In point of preservation it compares favorably with the Octagon and is another lasting testimonial of the substantial workmanship of the artizans of a hundred years and more ago.

When Virginia once more scored over her sister states in sending another son into the Presidency, in James Monroe, the new President's house was as yet unfinished, and the Monroes solved the problem of a residence by taking possession of the one the Madisons were leaving, and conferred upon this quaint old structure the added prestige of being the abiding place of two presidents.

To the social distinction it had already acquired under the queenly Mrs. Madison was added that given it under the rule of Mrs. Monroe, said to be the most stately lady ever to fill that position. British born, was Mrs. Monroe, daughter of a wealthy English army officer who took up his residence in New York, becoming head of the chamber of commerce there. To the father and sisters Elizabeth Cortright degraded herself and her family in her marriage to the rather obscure young Virginia lawyer as it had nothing but romance to recommend it. However, later years placed her far above her relatives in position. Right royally she assisted her husband in the discharge of his ambassadorial duties at the court of France. There her popularity with the French people gained her the title of "La Belle Americaine." When Madame de Lafayette was imprisoned in the Bastile and expecting execution, the visit to her of Mrs. Monroe produced such an impression upon the authorities that the French lady was liberated soon after her friend's departure.

Upon assuming the duties of First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Monroe sought to restore the formality of the Washingtons to her drawing-rooms, and was exacting as to the people admitted and the costumes worn to her functions. No one was ushered into her presence without the proper credentials and attired in the small clothes, silk hose, etc., the court dress of the times. She never returned calls, and imbued with the ideas prevalent at foreign courts, her levees were the extreme of formal ceremony. To illuminate her drawing-room according to her taste she spent a hundred dollars per night on wax lights alone and her refreshments and service displayed her foreign culture.

Mrs. Monroe watched the completion of the new Executive Mansion with great interest and anticipation as she was to have the honor of enjoying all of its new beauty. She made many trips of inspection and upon one occasion had some of the larger pieces of the broken mirrors, of which there were quantities in the debris gathered up and made into small hand mirrors then so useful to the dressing table of the period. One of these may be seen in the National Museum in the case with one of the costumes of that administration.

As the vengeance of the British left nothing of the President's palace but the blackened walls, these were painted white to conceal the fire stains and then the exterior was made white to correspond, to which fact the building owes the name, White House. To preserve the unity of the name and the condition the building is given a coat of white paint each year. Though entirely rebuilt no change was made in the original plan and when finished it stood forth once more to the adoring gaze of the nation a duplicate of its original shape and size, which it retained until the Roosevelt Administration.

To the restored White House, Mrs. Monroe brought from the Gerry House her splendid personal collection of rare and beautiful works of art gathered in her foreign travels and in 1820, her younger daughter, Hester Maria had the distinction of being the first daughter of a President to be married there. Her marriage to her cousin,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

An Inspiring Example of Womanhood

By Edna Mary Colman

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ONCE more the Grim Reaper has plunged the nation into gloom and sorrow, and great and small, rich and poor are grieving with the President and his family over the death of the gracious First Lady of the Land who had won the hearts of the people, throughout the length and breadth of the country, by her unaffected sweetness and unfailing sympathy toward all in need and suffering.

So widespread was her influence for good, so great her service to humanity, that to the sorrowing citizens of the Capital City, as well as the nation at large, her loss has made a gap that it seems impossible for even time to fill.

Mrs. Wilson was richly endowed with Nature's most gracious gifts. Her many physical attractions but reflected the beauty of mind and lofty purpose to which she devoted her lifetime from girlhood to death—service to others. Hence she was a most unusual woman, great, in the biggest sense of the word for in her make up self formed the smallest part. Her life was a beautifully rounded-out symphony of loving, unselfish effort and harmonious result, and left its impress upon the lives of all with whom she came in contact. The most astonishing characteristic of this woman, upon whom had fallen the nation's greatest honors, was her humility. So unassuming and retiring was she that she thought too little of her own opinions to voice them. When thousands of women hung upon her words, ready to follow her slightest suggestion, she remained silent, preferring to work out the solution to the many problems that confronted her as wife of the President in her own mind and then quietly aid and direct the accomplishment, with no thought of glory to herself. Yet so clear was her insight, and so broad her conception that her husband daily sought her advice and opinion upon the great problems of the nation. He had the profoundest respect and admiration for her sound judgment and perception in all matters of political and national importance.

So strong was the bond of affection and sympathy between the President and his wife that it was an accepted understanding that the support of either one upon any project meant the full approval and endorsement of the other. All through her illness her constant and chief concern was that the President be kept in ignorance of her suffering. Toward the end she put a charge upon Dr. Cary Grayson, saying:

"If I go away, Doctor, promise me you will take care of my husband."

Through all her life, Mrs. Wilson had steadily declined to belong to clubs and organizations that would absorb her time, declaring that she must keep herself free to be ready for her husband and daughters when they needed her, yet she quietly slipped into her place in the White House, and in the full glare of the pitiless limelight that always keeps its brightest rays bent in full strength upon the head of the nation and his family, and assumed all and many more of the burdens and obligations of public life than any president's wife before her had ever attempted to do.

Her social regime was simpler, making up in genuine hospitality and sincere enjoyment whatever it may have lacked of the glitter and brilliance of former administrations. Each individual came away from her receptions with a warm glow of satisfaction, because of her charming personal greeting. Never did she look bored, even when toward the last just before her illness began, she was obliged to sit down. Generations of gentle ancestry bequeathed a courtesy that was as much a part of her as her soft wavy brown hair and expressive dark eyes.

Her thoughtful consideration of her husband's welfare had become a sort of second nature with her and to spare him a little extra fatigue and exertion she received many delegations for him so that he might give the time to the more weighty matters of state. In the same spirit of thoughtfulness for others, during his illness less than a year ago she shook hands and gave a kindly word of greeting to each one of the one thousand Corn Club boys and girls of Ohio who were in Washington last fall.

The little band of eight Eagle Boy Scouts will treasure their Eagle badges with greater pride in the memory of the queenly lady who so warmly praised them as she carefully pinned the prized trophy to each khaki covered breast.

As the daughter of a Presbyterian Minister, Mrs. Wilson was always active in church and philanthropic work in her girlhood and so she continued her church interests and activities all through the busy years that followed.

When she first came to Washington, she became interested in the work of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation, the District Branch of which with Mrs. Archibald Hopkins was busily working to clean up the alleys and eliminate the slums. The pitiful condition of many of the old colored people living in poverty and squalor had a peculiar appeal to her, because of her Southern birth and the care which the old families of the South bestow upon their "old mammies". The condition of the children tugged at her sympathies, too.

Mrs. Wilson not only attended the meetings of the District Branch of the Federation but she made any number of personal tours of inspection through some of the worst of the city's alleys and slums and partly as a result of the interest she manifested, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives for the Reclamation of such pest spots. Though it was discussed at great length no action was taken upon this bill until the day of Mrs. Wilson's death. The night before she recalled her interest in the alleys and slums and mentioned to the President that it would give her much happiness if the pending bill could be passed. The morning after, the President spoke to Mr. Tumulty about the matter and asked that something be done about the bill if possible. Mr. Tumulty thereupon discussed the bill with Secretary Bryan, several Senators and Representative Johnson, chairman of the House District Committee, who called an executive session of his committee, where it was decided to report the bill favorably at once and to make every possible effort to have it passed as soon as possible. All of the members of the committee knew of the bill and many of them had accompanied the various parties which Mrs. Wilson had gotten together to go through the alleys. The alley bill passed the Senate unanimously and the fact was made known to Mrs. Wilson during a period of consciousness about two hours before she died. Though the bill passed by the Senate and the one reported favorably by the House District Committee are unlike their purposes are the same. The hurried adjournment of Congress owing to Mrs. Wilson's death prevented the bill being brought up in the House at that time, but undoubtedly that body will approve the measure that will bring about the reforms Mrs. Wilson longed to see prevail in the Capital City.

To the people of Washington and no less to the people of the country each one of whom has, or should have, a deep interest in the Capital of the nation, the alley bill is of great importance. It provides for a gradual emptying of about 11,000 inhabitants out of 268 alleys, thus removing root and branch the most unwholesome centers of disease, vice and crime which the city contains. How or why alleys came about as living places for humanity are questions too remote to go into, the fact remains that they should be closed to habitation. They are winding intricate passages hidden from view of the street, sometimes housing between two and three hundred people, breeding places for moral and physical ills that disgrace the name of Washington. One half of the children born to colored mothers in the alleys are illegitimate, many of these are born to girls from thirteen to eighteen. Communicable diseases prevail to a greater extent within the alleys and the alley death rate is nearly twice as great as that of the street making the general death rate of Washington higher than that of forty-one of the fifty cities of the United States with a population of a hundred thousand or more. Even New York with her congested population has a death rate far below that of the beautiful Capital City. One of Mrs. Wilson's earliest expeditions was to Goat Alley, considered the worst of its kind in the city. She was accompanied by Mrs. E. P. Bicknell, chairman of the committee on housing of the National Civic Federation and two secret service men. She traversed the entire length of the alley on foot and was so impressed by the conditions she found there that she accepted the position of honorary chairman of the advisory board of the housing committee, in order to help actively with the clean-up work. Mrs. Wilson never indorsed any cause simply by letting her name be used, so in the duties of honorary chairman, she worked as energetically as the rest of the members of the committee. This was only one of many, many trips this earnest woman made through the dirty and dismal byways of the city. Never did she manifest the aversion and disgust she must have felt, nor did she show any aloofness, but went as any serious-minded, interested woman would who sought to see conditions for herself and the way to better them. She stopped repeatedly to talk to the children and their parents and though her comments to her companions were few they were always pertinent. There are scores of poor alley dwellers who will always treasure the wonder of the moment, when the gentle First Lady of the Land stepped down from her splendid limousine and walked through their midst, with a pleasant word and a friendly handshake for any and all who greeted her. True, time and time again, she went home with her dainty gloves stained and grimy, but that was the least of her concern for she loved to do things to help people, that was her idea of life and her religion.



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

At one of the meetings of the federation a newspaper woman asked her to say a few words for publication about her interest in the alley clean-up work or any of the other many lines of reform for which she was working. She replied with her usual courteous manner that she had found it best never to permit herself to be quoted and that of course she could not make any statement regarding it, but she added earnestly, "You can see that my whole heart is in this work." As proof of her interest that very morning she brought a letter from the President to Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, head of the District Branch of the National Civic Federation, and which was read to assembled wives of Senators and Representatives, expressing his heartiest indorsement and cooperation with the plans of the workers in this movement.

In blotting the alley from existence in the Capital, the tumble-down shacks were to be demolished, many of the alleys turned into playgrounds and parks, others were planned to be used for the erection of garages and stables while in some Mrs. Wilson wished to see the establishment of modern sanitary, community wash houses where laundresses, for a few pennies might take their piles of soiled linen and wash and iron them under sanitary conditions. One of these laundries, was put in operation just a short time ago and here young girls and women who wish to learn are taught to wash clothes clean and to starch and iron them properly. This sanitary laundry was one of the projects that had Mrs. Wilson's deepest interest and she contributed her time and money to further its advancement.

She also was a frequent visitor to the library of the blind where her daughter, Miss Margaret, has frequently sung.

Early in her regime as Chatalaine of the White House she began investigating the sanitary conditions of the various big government departments. Through the long corridors and winding passageways and in and out of the big rooms, she went with always a pleasant word and handshake for such of the employees as evinced a desire to speak to her. Quietly and without any advance notice she would appear and though she said but little, nothing escaped her. Mrs. John MacLaughlin, called the fairy godmother to the department clerks because of her tireless work in their behalf for several years, piloted Mrs. Wilson through the various buildings and through her interest, all of the departments now have rest rooms, sanitary drinking cups, and little branch hospitals where first aid may be given in case of actual illness or accident of any kind. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving received one of Mrs. Wilson's first visits and all suggestions made by her were most gladly received and cheerfully carried out, with the result that their new building has one of the finest, best equipped, rest and lunch rooms for its employees of any in the country. Just a few days before her death, Mrs. Wilson received a letter from Public Printer Ford of the Government Printing office expressive of the appreciation of himself and the 1700 women who work there for her efforts in securing a rest room for them so that those employed on the per diem basis, if taken suddenly ill might lie down for a few minutes and then perhaps go back to work, whereas before if ill, they would have to go home and lose their pay and the government lose their work. A corridor was converted into this grateful comfort spot by the erection of a simple partition and the addition of a few chairs and couches.

Among some of the other reforms and improvement projects for the Capital city for which Mrs. Wilson gave her time and energy were as follows:

Sufficient visitorial and inspection corps for enforcement of school attendance laws, regulation of child labor, supervision of dependent and neglected children, sanitation and municipal tuberculosis and school nurses.

Sufficiently organized and adequate agencies to supply tee need for a modern municipal hospital, a municipal lodging house, a juvenile court building, provision for the care of the feeble minded, provision for the treatment of drug victims, a parental school, open-air schools, playgrounds and recreation centers, public comfort stations, public baths and wash houses; legislation to promote the use of school buildings as social recreation centers, establishment of a social welfare department, the compulsory removal of careless and dangerous tuberculosis patients, a revised child labor law, a revised school attendance law, amendment of the loan law, improved procedure for the commitment of the insane and the adoption of the indeterminate sentence law.

Besides all of these various weighty matters she lent her name and gave as freely as she could of her time and support to the Southern Commercial Congress, and the Southern Educational Association.

Being of the South she was naturally interested in every practical progressive movement that related to that section and the indorsement she gave to the work of the Southern mountaineer women, was the greatest benefit that could befall them. Like all people with any self respect these women did not want charity, they only wanted an opportunity to show their beautiful, old-fashioned hand-made rugs, carpets, curtains, counterpanes, etc., to people who would be interested to buy them. Mrs. Wilson graciously allowed them to fit up a room in the White House with their handiwork, and she exploited it by telling her friends and having the women of Congress and the Cabinet come to tea and inspect the exhibit and talk to the weavers themselves. The result was order after order for the quaint work from the toil-worn hands of these women who have preserved a lost art, in the remote fastnesses of their mountain homes, and to whom the chance to sell their work for real money, not trade it off for supplies, was the greatest boon the President's wife could confer. Moreover, when each of her daughters was married, numerous pieces of this old-fashioned industry were purchased by their mother and included in her gifts to them.

To the poorhouse she constantly sent flowers from the White House. Never before did the poor of Washington receive so liberally of the floral beauties of the White House conservatories. Hospitals and orphan asylums were always remembered, and to the little newsboys of the street she was "an angel" for she would buy their papers and laugh away the return change. So great was their love for her that they took up a collection among themselves and bought a floral offering for her casket.

Mrs. Wilson chose to do her good works after the biblical injunction to not let the right hand know what the left had done, so that her private charities, are known but to a few. In addition to her own activities for the betterment of mankind must be added the various projects that occupied her daughters' attention, for this family was united and harmonious and these girls were reared to adore their father, and all of their interests and activities had the sanction and support of their parents, so that behind the Lighthouse work, the Philadelphia settlement work of Mrs. Sayre, and the welfare labor of Miss Margaret and Mrs. MacAdoo there was always the sympathetic interest and guidance of their mother, both in Washington as well as in Princeton.

Many a struggling artist and ambitious musician have cause to remember Mrs. Wilson with gratitude for the opportunities she made possible for them to show what they could do and thus get a start up the ladder of success.

Said one woman of her: "Even her servants love her and it is a great thing to have your servants' esteem."

Mrs. Wilson started her married life with the genius of a home maker, though an artist of marked ability. Her paintings reflect her ideals for they portray mostly the serenity of nature. It would seem as though tranquility of temperament was the secret of the charm this woman exercised upon her surroundings for she seemed to have moved through life in tune with her environment, having a faculty for casting aside trouble and the graceful ease of a reposeful nature that radiated comfort and serenity and peace in her home and the tact that instantly put guests at ease and won admiration from the most critical.

Her death coming so unexpectedly, was such a shock as Washington has not felt for years. When the big iron gates were closed and locked, the shades were drawn and the somber emblem of death hung from the door of the White House as if it were a simple private dwelling, the whole city responded to the grief within, and lowered its flags, stopped its merry makings and frolics and hushed its voices into low murmurs in reverence to the gentle lady who left them a legacy, greater than any monument that money or art can produce, a legacy in the legislation that means happier, healthier, better lives for thousands in the years to come.

Telegrams of condolence and sympathy flooded the White House by the thousands, and floral tributes filled the rooms requiring half-a-dozen vans and wagons to remove them. They came from every class and degree of society from the newsboys to the magnificent tributes of foreign governments and from the handsome offering of the Boy Scouts to the simple bouquet of some lowly protege. Yet these are long since faded and dead but Mrs. Wilson's life was so fraught with good works that it is deathless and will continue green in the memory not only of her family and friends but as an example and inspiration to all other women of exalted position to use their talents for the good of mankind.

The White House Burned

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Samuel L. Gouverneur, occurred but a week prior to the death of Stephen Decatur, at whose house the young couple had been given a ball but two days previous.

To the Monroes, Lafayette came as the nation's guest accompanied by his son and by them entertained during his stay in the city.

Through the years that followed little was done to the White House until Mr. Roosevelt came into the Presidency, when the building was enlarged by the addition of two wings, the basement utilized, and the attic converted from a storeroom into additional bed, bath and dressing-rooms. The conservatory was removed and the State dining-room enlarged, while the floors were all reinforced and many minor details changed. During this remodelling period, President Roosevelt occupied the house or Jackson place, which was also dubbed Temporary White House, and which, by a coincidence was the one occupied by Monroe when the Madison's cabinet. The stay in the Jackson place house was of but short duration, and it was not in the strict sense a moving, for the White House furnishings were not removed to it and much of the work was done in the summer while the President and his family were at their own home in Oyster Bay.

Foolish Distrust of Banks

"Every child should have a bank account and be taught to make it grow gradually but surely. An intelligently managed bank gives youth its start in life, middle age its competency and old age its comfort and security."—Postmaster General A. S. Burleson.

Very frequently one reads in the newspaper about persons who have lost a large amount of money, perhaps the savings of a lifetime, because they did not have confidence enough in banks to leave their money on deposit there.

They preferred to act as their own bankers and lived to regret their folly.

Here is a summary of a number of recent news items of that nature.

Mammoth Springs, Ark.—When Mrs. Kate Williams sold her home several days ago she stowed the money, $3,000, in a leather satchel and elected to be its guardian. Early in the morning a small band of men rode into Mammoth Springs, robbed the house at which Mrs. Williams was a guest and made off with the satchel.

Jersey City, N. J.—The other night while Nicolo Dambrosia, Nicolo Lucarello and Tony Lucarello slept in their flat in the basement of the tenement house at 123 Myrtle avenue a thief crept in and stole the three pairs of trousers that cover the sturdy limbs of Dambrosia and the brothers Lucarello in the daytime.

But in the trousers of Nicolo Dambrosia snuggled $2,350, and in those of Nicolo Lucarello $650, and yet again in those of Tony Lucarello $410—all sweet American dollars, dug with the pick and the shovel.

Altoona, Pa.—When Thomas Fitzsimmons, an electrical engineer, returned to his home from a night job he found his wife and five children all partly under the influence of chloroform, while the house had been thoroughly searched. Ten hundred dollars had been taken from its hiding place. Having no confidence in banks, Fitzsimmons kept his savings in the house.

Terre Haute, Ind.—Robert Sluscser, a glass blower, put $65 in gold and silver in the bottom of a coal hod and filled the latter with coal to hide the money over night. The next morning he made a fire and dumped coal and coin into the stove. Suddenly he recalled hiding the money and frantically extinguished the fire. The coin was melted into a lump.

South Scranton, Pa.—Fearing to trust his hoard to any of the local banking institutions, Frank Scholski secreted it behind a picture in his home. One day last week during his temporary absence some stranger cleaned out the "bank."

Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. George Shea of Duluth, Minn., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. John English, in a suburb of Seattle, has reported to the police that she has been robbed of $20,000 in currency.

Mrs. Shea's husband, who intended to follow her from Duluth, and buy property here, shipped the money to her by express. She intended to put the money into a bank at once, but for various reasons put it off. When she and her sister decided to visit Seattle they hid the $20,000 between the sheets of a bed. On returning home at night found that burglars had ransacked the house and stolen the treasure.

Multiply these cases by hundreds and thousands every year and you get some idea of the toll paid by foolish persons who do not make full use of the security afforded by the banks.

T. D. MACGREGOR.

Betty and the Fairy

By Uncle John



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BETTY was a little girl ten years of age and lived with her mamma and papa and baby brother on a farm. They were poor people but their home was cozy and comfortable. She was a smart child but selfish and lazy. Her mother had a lot of work to do, as all mothers have, but Betty would not help to do a single thing. At night when she got home from school, instead of starting to peel potatoes or set the table, she would throw her books in a corner and run right out to play. If her baby brother Paul tried to follow her and called out, "Tum bat here oo Betsy," she would run faster so he could not catch up. Once, he got lost but even that did not cure her. Her father worked hard in the field all day and did not know how lazy she was. He believed her to be a good child and loved her very much. Betty's mother never told on her but she was often sad and lonely. One rainy day, after dinner the family group sat in the dining-room, The father was mending a harness, the mother sewing, the baby busy with his toys and Betty, as usual, sat idle. Her mamma had twice asked her to pick up some patches and spools which had fallen out of the work basket but still she did not stir. Noticing how disobedient she was, her father got vexed and said:

"You lazy girl, obey your mother and pick those things up at once."

Betty got down to find the spools, at the same time muttering:

"That's always the way, I have to do all the drudgery."

Her patient mother answered reprovingly:

"Every day you neglect the little chores you should take delight in doing, and I am much worried about what is going to become of you."

"I never knew this before," put in the father, "and if it continues, I am going to ask the fairies to come and take her away and leave us instead a good little girl who will help her mother."

This gave Betty a little scare and that night when she went to bed, she plunged her head under the clothes and kept as still as a mouse, but she did not sleep. She lay awake dreading the little tasks she would have to do to help her mother, and wishing for a life of entire idleness and self-indulgence, for she had the wrong notion that to be busy meant to be unhappy.

Presently she fell to thinking how nice it would be if she were a cat and could sleep and stretch and yawn all day in a warm, sunny spot or huddle up under the stove. This pleased her fancy for a little while but soon she decided that it would be still more pleasant to be a bumble-bee buzzing around lazily among the sweet-smelling flowers. Imagining herself floating dreamily above a garden soon lost its charm and she sought more enticing pleasures.

"Why," she exclaimed, half aloud, "a bee stays too close to the ground and does not travel far enough. What I want to be is a chipmunk with nothing to do but play and climb and bound from tree to tree."

For a half hour, she pondered over this kind of existence in quite a happy mood, but the spell of discontent would not stay away and she found herself endeavoring to think of some creature that had a more care-free life than a chipmunk. At first it was hard and quite stumped her, but of a sudden, she thought of the birds that fly so gaily about.

"They certainly have the finest time of all," she said, and felt vexed that she had not thought of being a bird in the first place. Only half satisfied, she soon began to plan what kind of a bird she would prefer to be.

Before she had made up her mind she felt a touch and peeping from under the clothes, she beheld a sight that at first scared her. At the side of the bed stood a beautiful fairy with a bright, pretty face, a wonderful crown on her head and in her hand, a golden wand. When Betty got a good look at her, strange to say, she was not afraid. The fairy spoke, saying:

"My child, follow me; I will show some wonders. You shall have a taste of the life the wild creatures, which you envy, really lead."

Betty did not try to move, but she felt herself rising out of bed and was surprised to find that she was fully dressed. Right through the side of the house they passed, just as if an open door had been there and, once outside, it seemed to be broad daylight. She felt very queer walking along, because she was not trying to move her feet at all. Up and down they went just by wishing to, and when they landed on the stone walk, they did not make any more noise than a snow-flake does in falling on the water. The first thing Betty saw was a cat, lolling upon their own back porch, and the instant she set eyes on it, it turned into a girl about her own size and stood up, and Betty herself turned into a cat. The fairy had disappeared, but a faint voice was heard saying:

"Now you can find out for yourself, what an easy life a cat leads." Just then her mother came out the door in a hurry to get a pail of water. The door accidentally struck the cat's side; the mother, without meaning to do it, stepped on her tail and spilled cold water on the sleek fur. Betty tried to yell out:

"Mamma, mamma, don't you know me?" But the only voice that came said, "Me-ow-w-w, meo-ow-w." Try as she might, she could not get herself recognized. With much disappointment, she noticed that her fur was black, while their own cat, she recalled, was a gray one. More discouraged than ever at this, she slunk down towards the barn, but imagine her terror, when, without a moment's warning a huge bulldog sprang at her, snarling and growling savagely. With wildly beating heart, she managed to escape by leaping upon a fence. The dog continued to jump and bark at her, but she felt quite safe because she knew that he could not climb. Her safety did not last long however, for two boys who chanced along began to throw stones at her. Scampering away, she took refuge under a shed, but it was damp and dark and anything but pleasant there. Fear was the only thing that made her stay but after what seemed an age, she grew so hungry that she decided it would be as well to venture out and get pelted as to stay there and starve. Cautiously she poked her head out and much to her surprise, saw the pretty fairy standing there.

"Are you contented with being a cat?" came the question.

"Oh, no, no, please save me," cried the unhappy girl, this time her voice sounding quite natural.

"All right Miss Betty Cat," came the answer, "you shall now become Miss Betty Bumblebee."

Instantly the child found that she was a bee, winging its way across a field of clover toward a flower garden. She was with a lot of other bees and they worked, worked, worked, without a second's rest, sucking the honey from the flowers and carrying it back to their home in a hollow tree. You may be sure that lazy Betty did not like this kind of a busy life. If she stopped to rest for an instant, all the other bees would scold and threaten and punish her, and indeed would have killed her if she had not begged for mercy and promised to work constantly like the others. She could not understand how they could work so hard and be so happy, for they seemed very gay and contented indeed. Before the day was over, she was tired and disgusted and decided to fly away by herself. She got her chance by lagging behind the others and set out at great speed across a ploughed lot. A man was stooped over, working, at some distance, and she made for him. When she drew close, she saw, with joy, that it was her father, and tried to fly right into his arms. He seemed angry and a little scared and taking off his hat, struck at her with it, trying his best to crush her life out.

"Oh, papa, dear papa, save me," she tried to say, but the only sound he heard was the "Buzz, bu-z-z-z," of a bee. Much against her will, Betty Bumblebee was forced to fly away, and meeting with the fairy again, she was turned into a chipmunk quicker than a wink. She was able to hop from tree to tree all right, but she was too hungry to think of anything but food. It took a long time and a great amount of climbing and searching to find one good nut, for they were scarce that year. Lots of times, she would be just about to pick one up when some other animal would snatch it from her. Every breeze that stirred the leaves startled her and once a hunter fired a bullet that just grazed her furry coat. There did not seem to be a second's rest or peace. At last she crawled into a small hole in the ground with another chipmunk. It was a long, narrow tunnel with many branches and three entrances, and seemed a very nice, cozy place to reside in while she was in her present form. She was just making up her mind to be contented for a while, when the ground above began to rend and tear and a big, shiny steel dagger came through the roof and nearly struck her. She looked again, in great awe, and saw that it was a plow point that had done the damage. Some farmer plowing his field, had rooted them out and destroyed a home that it would take weeks to build. This was the worst blow of all and as soon as she could crawl out, Betty cried in her real, natural voice:

"Oh, kind fairy, please come back."

"I am here child, or you could not speak with a human voice," came the answer.

"I am very sorry that I hated work so much," sobbed Betty. "I do not want to be a bird. Please change me back to a girl again and I will help mamma take care of my baby brother."

"Very well, if you think you have learned that your own lot is the happiest one for you, so be it," was the response. Betty began to feel around and much to her joy found that she was a girl and better still that she was at home in bed. She rubbed her eyes and sat up and tried to learn whether or not she had been dreaming or had really been in fairy land. Try as she might, she could not solve the riddle. Of one thing she was certain; it was broad daylight, so she got up and dressed, and after tidying up her room began to help her mother set the table. A happy smile came to her mamma's face and she hugged Betty tight and gave her a big kiss, saying with glad tears in her eyes:

"My, what a good change has come over my little girl."

Every little help she did that day made her feel gayer, so at last Betty had learned that the way to keep happy is to be unselfish.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

GRADY, N. MEX.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and chat a while with you? I am a cripple and if I did not have so much to do, would get very lonesome away out on these prairies. We live on the great plains. The days are warm and nights cool. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters very much, particularly Mrs. Wusson's letter about adopting a grandma. If I were strong I, too, would like to adopt a grandma. I have always loved old folks and some of my dearest friends are old ladies. I dearly love babies, too. I have been married five years to a good "Tommy." One little baby came to brighten our home, but God in His infinite wisdom saw best to take him home to Himself. Oh, how hard it was to give our darling up. I find Mrs. Leupp's "mite" the greatest comfort. It is a great thing to know and love Jesus, for He is a comforter indeed. I wish the whole world knew Him.

Mrs. Barnes. You voiced my sentiment exactly in regard to the poor girls that go astray. If we would let them know we love them and try in Jesus' name to help them to a higher plane of life, there would not be so many of them think that no one cares for them and it does not make any difference how they live. I think the world is dying for "a little bit of love."

I am twenty-six years old, five feet, two inches tall and weigh seventy-eight pounds. Have black hair and brown eyes.

Now for the hints:

When anything sticks to pots or pans while cooking, wet pan and turn bottom up in a pan of warm water and let stand a minute or two. It will then be easily washed.

For the blues, Jesus said: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace: in the world ye shall have tribulation. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

I was Gusie Battles before I married. If any of my old friends see this I would be glad to hear from them, also from any of the sisters that care to write me.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,
Your COMFORT sister, MRS. T. B. CHRISTIAN.

PITTSBURG, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a girl from the Sunflower state.

This is not a very good farming country. We have lived on the farm five years and the crops have been a failure every year. This year they need rain and if we do not get it there will be no crops.

This is a very pretty place. Almost all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruit are raised; that is, in a good year. We live in the coal mining districts for coal is mined all around our place. Land is worth from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. We live seven miles from the air line and two miles from the railroad and we can go to town almost any time.

Pittsburg is the largest industrial city in Kansas, with commission form of government, municipal owned water works, unexcelled educational facilities, magnificent churches and a fifteen thousand dollar Y. M. C. A.; seven million tons of coal mined annually, valued at twelve million dollars; eleven thousand men employed in mines; many manufacturing industries, five banks as solid as Gibraltar, over three million dollars deposits, beautiful parks and seven miles of paved street and one hundred and fifty miles Inter-urban railway. Population twenty-one thousand; our large Manual Training Normal School burned down about a month ago. They are now rebuilding it.

I have lived in Pittsburg all the time till the last five years.

I hope this will benefit some of the sisters that are thinking of coming to this part of Kansas.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters in different places as we are thinking of moving to a different state; will answer all letters I receive.

I will describe myself before I close, I am seventeen years old, light complexion, light hair, hazel eyes; and weigh about ninety-eight pounds.

Trusting you will all live long and happily is the wish of MISS BERTHA LENSKI.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have often thought I would write to our circle in the dear old COMFORT, but kept putting it off till I read the letter from Grandma where you asked for the opinion of other mothers. I shall endeavor to give mine from experience with my own children, and from observing some of my neighbors and friends. I am the proud mother of six children, four girls and two boys. One of my girls was taken home when she was four years old, there to await my coming, but I still have four girls for I have my dead sister's only child who is as dear to our circle as if she were our very own. When my children were babies I taught them that when I told them to do a thing I meant for them to obey, and at once without comments of any kind. Sometimes after they grew larger they willfully disobeyed me and I did as that wise old man, Solomon, said to do, else spoil the child. Even yet with my baby, nine years old, I have to be emphatic as well as with the others. I have never had to use corporal punishment more than a few times with each child but they know quite well to obey. I want to say that I never saw children, from the eldest to the youngest more devoted to their mother, they never grow weary doing little kindnesses for me, all of them are so affectionate and sympathetic that my neighbors and friends say they are splendid children. I have been observing some of the mental persuasion children and to tell the truth I would be glad to have the control of them for a few days and then I feel safe in saying they would know more things about obeying their mothers.

I can't help but feel sad when I think of how the poor mother will see her mistake when she has to send her young girl to a house of correction, and see her boy go down to the depths of degradation through her own mistake in training them while small.

Don't think that I believe a baby should be spanked for his little errors, far from such, but there is a way to make them understand what you want them to do, that is to tell them and see they do as you wish them to do, and always be truthful and honest with them. Never make promises you can't fulfill. Above everything, seek Divine guidance from our Lord, ask Him to teach you how to deal with each child so that they may be of service for Him. I have never seen a child that I could not manage and have them love me. You know love begets love. I am fond of children and they soon find that out. Right now I can in my mind see the faces of two dear little tots when they see me. One will say: "Hello Tom," the other one "Hello Ganley," meaning "Gramy" the name his mother taught him to call me. Some day should we be so fortunate as to have any real grandchildren I shall try to persuade their mother to rear them as I have mine.

I can't close this lengthy letter without telling that COMFORT is a great comfort, especially the Sisters' Corner; you are doing a noble work, one that will live long after you have gone to your reward.

Cordially yours, MRS. CHAS. D. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Thompson. You are the first mother to respond to my request for opinions, but I hope to hear from many others. Here is an opportunity for the moral suasion mothers to give us their ideas and experiences. So much depends on the early training of children that we cannot be too careful. It is not always wise to follow the same line of government with all children, even in the same family, for often their natures are entirely different, and the best way can only be determined by careful and watchful care.—Ed.

Browning Ave., IGNACIO, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I hope the few ideas I send enclosed herewith will be of benefit to the large sisterhood who use the columns of COMFORT to their mutual advantage.

I wonder if any of the sisters would enjoy discussing through these columns, books they have found profitable? I read a great deal and try to select good helpful books and have accumulated quite a small library.

This is a new town of a few stores, a schoolhouse, two hotels and nearly two dozen residences. Aside from the few merchants and some carpenters and other laborers, most of the population are owners of or workers on nearby ranches. There is considerable excitement around here now owing to the reported find of good minerals a few miles distant, this being the nearest railroad station thereto. A short distance from Ignacio is an agency of the government and a school for the Indians, and a great deal of land adjacent to here is owned by Indians.

Another lady and myself are trying to cooperate with the Bishop of western Colorado to erect, furnish and maintain a small Episcopal church here. I would be glad if some of the sisters would suggest ideas for us to follow up in having a bazaar, making articles therefor, or any way by which we can raise funds for the furtherance of this work for the moral uplifting of the community. There is a surprising number of unbelievers here, with their immoral infection. Someone suggested our trying to help by the use of the chainless prayer method, but Uncle Charlie has influenced me against that scheme.

The Indians and whites together are going to have a fair here, comprising exhibits and entertainments.

My husband has been a subscriber of COMFORT for many years and I have gained a great deal of help from its perusal, and have saved many, many clippings from it.

How many of the sisters like aluminum cooking utensils? They are so new that it is questionable whether they are an improvement over other kinds or not,—some acquaintances praise them and others do not.

Almost all of the ladies around here ride horseback, and all but a few ride astride.

In addition to the whites and Indians here, we have a large number of Mexicans, so that the population is very mixed. Many of the Indian women (squaws) carry their infants (papooses) on their backs.

To a dweller in an old, large city, it is quite unique to see a town grow up where but a few years ago there was only a smooth uninhabited stretch of land.

This town is on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the track is narrow gauge over the Rocky Mountains, and travelers from the far eastern states seem to regard the engine and coaches as rather a toy affair. We are about sixteen hundred feet above sea level.

One particular localism is that the majority here speak of anywhere east of the Rocky mountains as "Back East," so that when you hear of things back east, that may mean in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri or Oklahoma, or Indiana.

Living is expensive here, owing to the very high rate on freight over the mountains, and also, because there are no nearby manufacturing points, everything except grain, hay and the staple vegetables and fruits, have to be brought in.

I could write much more but my letter is probably too long now, so, wishing you and all the sisters much success and happiness, I am, Yours very sincerely.

MRS. ABBY SCHILLER.

Mrs. Schiller. Would it be asking too much for you to write us again, giving a list of the books you have found helpful and also tell us of the success you meet with in your church work, for I feel sure you will be successful. When one's time is limited they should use care in selecting their reading matter, so as to make the most of every minute.—Ed.

1215 Malvern Ave., HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if a sister from the greatest health and pleasure resort in the world will be welcome in your happy circle?

Isn't it grand to be a member of this bright, helpful family whose rays extend from coast to coast? What a big reunion there would be if we could find a place large enough to accommodate "our family!"

If I am not intruding would like to tell you about this wonderful little resort. Thousands come here annually to bathe in these famous natural hot waters, and "go on their way rejoicing." There are forty-four springs with an average temperature of 135 degrees Fahrenheit, the hottest being 157. One can hardly hold a cup while drinking. They discharge about 800,000 gallons a day, and are all located on the United States Reservation. The waters are radio-active in a marked degree and to the presence of this element in gaseous form is now generally attributed their salutary effects. The United States Government made a reservation of the springs and surrounding country and took possession of them in 1832 setting them apart as a National Park and Sanitarium for all time. We have twenty-three beautiful bath-houses under rules and regulations approved by the Secretary of the Interior and eleven are on the Reservation at the base of the Hot Springs Mountain, constituting what is known as Bath House Row. It is beautiful during the season (winter) when a light snow, which seldom falls, covers the lovely trees that border that side of the street and they nod their heavy heads and give one a clearer view of the handsome bath-houses with their elegant appointments—a sight that is worth

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beautiful Thoughts Make Beautiful Faces

MY pretty girls and I have learned together many wise secrets from cream-jar and powder box and other appurtenances of our toilet-table. We have talked about what to do with that annoying freckle or two which insists on bridging our nose; how to dispose of that little patch of superfluous hair which shades our upper lip; what method to use to send the pimples and blackheads scattering; and a hundred other subjects which have to do with beauty.

Look about you, Polly and Sue and Betty, and pick out among the women you know or meet, the one who seems to you the most beautiful or the most attractive. Sometimes a very plain woman has more of what we call attraction or charm than a faultlessly beautiful woman. Study the plain woman who "attracts" and see what is her secret. Then study the beautiful woman who has attraction as well—not the placidly handsome woman who is good to look at but has no drawing power—and find out in what lies her charm.

In every instance you will find that both the plain and the beautiful woman are attractive by reason of their expression. The eyes have kindliness and tenderness behind them, and a quiet



JOYOUSNESS IS A BEAUTY ASSET.

sympathy; the mouth looks as if it had always said kindly, happy things, and every line of the face carries the memory of a smile.

We can all have charm, all possess attraction, though our snub nose turns skyward and our eyebrows are so pale as to be non-existent, and our cheeks bear the freckles of a hundred suns.

Let me tell you a secret: Beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces.

This sounds a little like preaching, but it isn't, girls. It is a real beauty sermon. If you don't believe me, consult your mirror at once. Let your face fall into its natural lines while you criticize it. Now, think of something which displeases or irritates you, and watch the change in your expression; permit yourself to feel contemptuous or impatient with someone, and see what marks it leaves upon your face; feel neglected or forlorn, and watch the corners of your mouth droop and the lines of your face lengthen.

Don't do this too long, for just looking unhappy sometimes results in making us so.

As an antidote, when you have seen your face grow unattractive as it will—under the influence of these unpleasant emotions, try the other kind. Feel joyously happy—your face becomes illumined; think of all the delightful people you have known and the pleasant things they have done for you, and watch the lines of your face soften; feel sympathy for someone in trouble, and see the eyes grow big and tender.

Then notice how your mouth curves under pleasant emotion. Watch it carefully, then let it fall back into the lines you have made natural for it, and see which expression you like the best. I know the answer! And, once you have found out that the mouth with its corners curved slightly up, the line of the lips not firm and straight but relaxed and softened, gives an expression of beauty or charm to your face, you will cultivate just that kind of a mouth.

Then examine your forehead. Are there any perpendicular wrinkles crossing its smooth surface? I don't like to say this, but as a matter of fact they wouldn't be there if you hadn't been indulging in unpleasant thoughts—in temper, irritability or worry. So begin to erase them at once by resolving to avoid just those states of mind. If you feel one coming on retire to your bedroom and shut yourself up with your mirror. It is a sure cure.

However, if you will promise not to let any more of those harsh little lines come into existence, we'll help you get rid of the ones that are already in evidence.

Cut yourself some rather wide but not long strips of heavy court plaster. At night, scrub the forehead with a complexion brush and hot soapy water; then rinse thoroughly, and dry quickly. While the flesh is still warm and plastic, spread the little lines out with the first and second fingers of your left hand smoothing with the first finger toward the left and with the second finger toward the right. With the right hand quickly paste a strip of the court plaster across the up-and-down lines near the top. Smooth out the wrinkles below this strip, and apply another plaster. Three strips will do the deed. Leave them on all night. In the morning, soften with warm water and remove immediately, washing the forehead with warm water, and, after drying massage across the wrinkles with finger-tips that have been dipped in cold cream.

If this trivial attention is given, night and morning, and the thoughts well looked after so that there will be no encouragement for the wrinkles to remain, it will be only a short time until the brow is as smooth and as pleasant to look upon as one could wish.

If you want to help train your mouth to pretty lines, practise curving up its corners, a few minutes at a time, several times a day. This is an excellent method for curing nervous headaches. You all know how, at such times, the temples seem to tie themselves up in tight knots and the nerves become tense and strained. Curve up the corners of your mouth and involuntarily the tension at the temple relaxes. Keep them curved, whatever your real emotions, and relaxation will set in.

Which goes to prove, I think, that if we thought gentle, kindly, happy thoughts always, we wouldn't have nervous headaches! It is only when we allow ourselves to feel continuously irritated, worried, or rushed, for some little space of time, that a nervous headache ensues. Remember this!

Massaging the cheeks up, to prevent the sagging or drooping of the muscles, will help in the good work. Of course, a good scrubbing with hot soapy water always precedes massage of any kind, and the fingers must be well anointed with cold cream. There should be no up-and-down movements on the cheeks, but the flat palms of the hands should rub the flesh up; stop, then rub up again, not touching the cheeks as the hand changes its position from top to bottom of cheek.

I don't need to say that this world would be a happier world for us, if we could always think happy, joyous thoughts, and see happy, joyous things about us; but I must emphasize again that it is also the royal road to beauty and to the possession of that attribute we call charm, which can make a plain girl be most popular in her neighborhood and make it possible for her to seem distinctly pretty even though by every law of beauty, she apparently is not.

So, I want my girls to take this, not as a preachment, but as a plea for their making themselves as beautiful and attractive as possible. The outside of us is after all, something like a window and whatever we have stored inside—beautiful things or ugly ones—is sure to show forth to the world. Think beautiful thoughts, girls, and the beautiful face will come.

Answers to Questions

Exercise to Induce Peristaltic Action

Lie flat on your back on the floor and clasp the hands behind the head. Place your feet under a bed or couch. Then slowly raise to a sitting position. Keep the body perfectly rigid, bending only at the waist; inhale as you go back, exhale as you rise. Practise this exercise five or ten minutes in the mo ing, while you are still in your night clothes.

Alice O'N.—I believe what you are referring to is the parsley bleach. This bleach is made by boiling a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water until the parsley is reduced to a pulp. Then strain and add to the resulting liquid fifteen grains each of powdered alum, pulverized camphor and powdered borax. Shake well before mopping the face with a soft cloth or small sponge.

G. M. D.—I wonder if this is the hair-destroyer you have in mind:

Depilatory

Sulphuret of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn-starch with the solution and apply to the offending hairs. When dry the hairs will come away with it. If this depilatory irritates the skin, rub in a good skin food. You must bear in mind that depilatories only remove the hairy growth temporarily, and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. If the arms are pimply or sore, do not use this remedy.

A Reader.—Liver spots are generally caused by some disordered condition of the internal organs of the body, and it is best to consult a reliable physician at once. Exercises, such as bending the body and rotary movements of the torso are extremely beneficial and should be practised ten minutes, morning and night. In addition walk two or three miles a day. A daily sponge bath before breakfast is an excellent liver tonic. The following lotion will be of assistance:

Bleach for Liver Spots

Boric acid, two drams; distilled witch-hazel, two ounces; cologne, two ounces.

If you wish a stronger bleach than this, I shall be glad to print one for you.

Hazel M. C. and A Reader.—Blackheads are a very common blemish, and it requires daily treatment to banish them. The first thing you want to take into consideration is the condition of your internal organs. If you suffer from indigestion or constipation, blackheads and ugly pimples will in most cases be the result. If indigestion is your trouble, from now on make a point to drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. For constipation, some mild cathartic such as my Fig-and-Senna Paste would be effective. Also, drink eight to ten glasses of cool water during the day, and get plenty of outdoor exercise. Eat wholesome, well-cooked food, and do not eat fried foods of any kind or rich pastries. A daily bath is imperative. This will open up all the pores in the skin and make them more able to do their work of throwing off poisonous matter. Give



BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS SHINE FORTH FROM THE FACE.

special attention to the face, scrubbing it with a complexion brush and hot soapy water. Scrub gently, so that the skin will not be irritated. After this, rub in a little boric powder. If this smarts the skin, rub in a little cold cream. Steam the face once a week over a basin of boiling water, then rub in a quantity of soap jelly. Omit the boric acid treatment that evening.

Soap Jelly for Blackheads

Pare a cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar, and use as wanted. A comedone extractor may be procured at most well-stocked drug-stores for twenty-five cents. Touch the spot with diluted alcohol to contract the open pores after you have extracted a blackhead by means of this instrument. Yes, I consider swimming very good exercise for girls. It is a woman's privilege to speak first when passing a man acquaintance on the street. If you wish to plumpen your bony neck, practise moving the head from side to side and backward and forward, with the muscles of the neck held taut. Practise this exercise for five minutes morning and night, until the desired results are accomplished. Also, massage the hollows at the base of the neck with a good plumpening cream.

M. H., Goldie C., Mrs. Midget and Mrs. W. E.—The remedy you speak of is a proprietary article and I am sorry I cannot give an opinion concerning it. The Epsom salts for the reduction of flesh is very simply made, as follows:

Epsom Salts Paste for Reduction of Flesh

Shave fine three quarters of a bar of white kitchen soap and place it on the stove in two cups of boiling water until it is entirely dissolved. Then when it is partially cool, stir in a cup of warm water in which you have dissolved a quarter of a pound of epsom salts. Rub this preparation into the fleshy parts at night, and let it dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue this treatment daily until the flesh disappears. Any other information you may wish in regard to reducing baths, dietary, etc., I shall be glad to give you at any time.

Melvina R.—The best way to remove the tiny wrinkles under the eyes is to coat the skin thickly with a good skin food and massage gently with a circular movement for four or five times daily. If, in addition you will coat the skin with the cream at night, after the face has been bathed in hot, soapy water, you will obtain results in a shorter time. You can make an excellent toilet water according to the following directions:

Parisian Toilet Water

Oil of lavender (Metcham), four drams; oil of rose, one half dram; oil of bergamot, three drams; tincture of musk, one half ounce; tincture of ambergris, one half ounce; rose-water, triple, one half ounce; alcohol, ninety-five per cent, one and one half pints.

Mix well, let stand for a week, and then filter through porous paper.

Grace R. R.—I am very pleased to hear that you were so successful with the Portugal Bust Food. Yes, I am always pleased to answer beauty letters, and you may ask as many questions as you like and they will receive attention through the columns of this department. Boric acid makes a delightful eye brightener and strengthener. Fill a glass eye-cup full of three per cent solution of the boric acid, and after pressing the cup into the eye socket, tip the head back and blink the eye, letting the liquid run into the eye. Repeat this bath daily and you will soon notice a marked improvement in the appearance of your eyes.

Jeannette B.—There is no denying that a too voluminous bosom is a beauty defect. In order to reduce it, bandage it with thin rubber sheeting and wear the bandages constantly. This bandaging will result in excessive perspiration which will break down the fatty tissues in time.

A. T. G.—If you possess a flabby chin, saturate a heavy cotton bandage with the following astringent, place under the chin, and tie at the top of the head. Leave the bandage on all night.

Alum Chin Astringent

Dissolve a small piece of alum in a cup of ice cold water.

Lotion for Oily Hair

A simple lotion for oily hair contains:

Borac acid, one dram; lavender water, one and one half ounces.

Rub this into the scalp until the oiliness is no more.

Hansel.—The only thing you can do, now, is to wait patiently until the gray strand you dyed has grown out to its natural color. Regrets generally follow in the path of home-dyed hair.

Violet.—You will find the following tooth powder a very excellent one:

Simple Tooth Powder

Powdered camphor, one ounce; precipitated chalk, four ounces; powdered orris root, eight ounces.

If you wish to whiten and soften the hands, rub the following cream into them several times a day:

Hand Whitening Cream

Lanolin, one hundred grams; liquid paraffin, twenty-five grams; extract of vanilla, ten drops; oil of roses, one drop.

Mrs. H.—Yes, it is possible to make your own smelling salts, and I am giving below formula for a liquid that is poured over the squares of carbonate of ammonia:

Oil of bergamot, one ounce; oil of verbena, one quarter ounce; attar of roses, one dram.

Keep the bottle tightly corked.

Marion.—A dandruff remedy containing one dram of boric acid and two and one half ounces of cologne water is a very simple and effective lotion. Apply to the scalp with a small sponge or with the finger-tips. A very simple shampoo that it would be well for you to use to aid in the removal of the dandruff is as follows:

Egg Shampoo for Dandruff

Break three eggs into a china bowl, and beat well together. Rub the eggs into the hair, allowing them to drain into a bowl of warm water, to which you have added the juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of salts of tartar. Shampoo vigorously, and the eggs will produce a splendid lather. When you feel that your hair is perfectly clean, rinse thoroughly and dry in the sun. I am sorry that it is against the rules of this department to give an opinion concerning a proprietary article.

Mrs. E. A. L.—Bandage your child's ears with a stout bandage at night, and let him wear it all night. Place the bandage securely under the chin and over the ears, and tie at the top of the head.

Reta from Sunny Land.—I do not approve of bleaching the hair. It will only make it brittle and retard the growth of the hair. Better let your hair remain the color it is. Your English and writing are very good.

Miss L. M.—One or two applications of the larkspur infusion will kill all the vermin in the hair. Here is the formula for it:

Larkspur Infusion

Pulverized larkspur seed, one dram; boiling water, one pint.

Wash the hair with this at night, and in the morning shampoo the hair thoroughly.

Mrs. D. R.—The pores of the nose are generally more enlarged than those of the forehead and cheeks, and are therefore more apt to become filled with dirt. In order to avoid trouble of this sort, scrub the nose with a soft complexion brush and hot soapy water. Do this every night, and spray the following astringent lotion over the nose after the bath, and several times during the day, as well:

Benzoin Astringent Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, thirty drops; hamamelis water, thirty drops; orange-flower water, two ounces.

Have your druggist put this lotion up for you, and place in a perfume atomizer that throws a fine stream. If your wrists are thin and scrawny, practise the following movements for five or ten minutes twice a day.

Exercise for the Development of the Wrist

Open and close the hand rapidly, using considerable tension. Also, try bending the wrists back as far as they will go. Do this gently, as the wrists are easily strained.

Chicago Girl.—Your dry and wrinkled skin is probably due to your not taking enough liquid into the system. It would be well for you to drink two quarts of water, at least, every day. With such treatment your skin will become more pliable, and the wrinkles will gradually disappear. You are entirely too young to have a wrinkled skin. In addition, after your face has had its nightly bath, coat the skin thickly with a good skin food and massage gently across the tiny lines several times. Then wipe the surplus cream off the face, and dash quantities of cold water over it, as this will firm the skin. A liquid powder would be the worst thing you could use with your skin in the condition it is at present.

May.—If your face has become tanned by the hot summer sun, wash it in sour milk every day. This will not only whiten, but soften the skin as well. A complexion brush should be wielded gently in order to secure the best results, otherwise the skin will become coarser and you will only make a bad matter worse.

Catherine.—The liquid rouge is obtained by mixing the following ingredients together:

Bloom of Rose

Pure brandy, one pint; benzoin, one half ounce; red sandal wood, one ounce; Brazil wood, one half ounce; alum, one half ounce.

Pour into a bottle and tightly cork it; agitate thoroughly once daily. After two weeks decant and use. Apply this lightly to the cheeks and it will defy detection.

Lorraine.—I do not blame you for wishing to bleach your freckles out of existence, as they detract greatly from one's good appearance. Apply the following bleach night and morning, and in a short time you will have an unblemished skin. Test the remedy on the arms before applying to face:

Freckle Remover

Rose-water, six ounces; glycerine, one half ounce; bitter almond water, two and one half drams; borax, one and one half drams; tincture of benzoin, two and one half drams.

Rub the borax up with the glycerine, gradually adding the rose and almond waters, lastly the tincture of benzoin, agitating the mixture all the time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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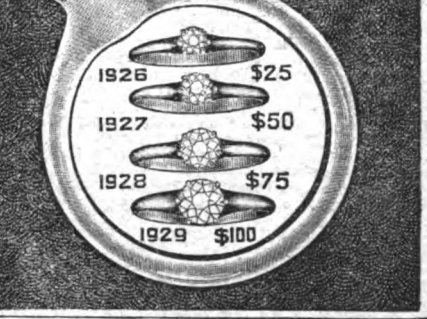
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Patriotism and the Boy Scouts

IN beginning to talk to boys about patriotism, I find myself at once in a quandary, not because there is a lack of things to be said, but rather because of the very immensity of the subject. I know of no topic that is bigger or more important nor of any that touches the lives of everyone of us so intimately. Next to religious zeal or the pure love of God, it is probably the finest quality the human soul can attain. It has been defined in a thousand different ways but perhaps most aptly by this phrase, "love of one's country." How simple, indeed, those words are, how commonplace and hackneyed and oft repeated, and yet, they contain a wealth of meaning that is worth pondering over.

In the first place, this love of country has inspired a countless number of noble deeds, daring exploits and great sacrifices and has secured for you and me and all the world most of the material benefits that we enjoy today. Some of those benefits which you are familiar with are, peace and security, the right to a free education, protection from natural enemies, from fire and plague and epidemics, from thieves and injustice, liberty of conscience, in short, the right to be free and happy and to strive for a better existence. In many civilized countries only a few of those great blessings have been achieved. Militarism saps the resources of all of Europe and enforced service in the army robs many of a brilliant career. The greatest of all things to be accomplished in this world is genuine human liberty. Any sane, true and unselfish attempt to bring it about is a patriotic act. You do not have to wait until you are twenty-one years of age before beginning to be patriotic. It is not a condition of mind that comes in a slap on a certain day or hour. You do not enter it suddenly with a burst of joy and surprise, as one might enter a city after a long and tiresome journey. It is a consciousness that exists within you and it must be used and exercised and developed. This is done by reaching out and recognizing and doing to the best of your ability the thing that is nearest to you. The substance of all the great literary masterpieces and the sermon preached by every noble life is simply this; a life of service is the only life worth living. The service must be for others, for your country, for the world at large. To be able to serve humanity capably, you must fit yourself by study, clean thinking, good reading and plenty of wholesome outdoor play of the kind fostered by the Boy Scout organization. This is patriotism of the right sort and it certainly must follow that a lazy, negligent and selfish life is a species of treason. If you do not love your country enough to find out what you can do to make things a little better and then go and do those things you will be on a par with the soldier who refused to go to the defence of his town, even though the tramp of the approaching enemy was heard. It is sublime to die for a good cause but it is better to live for it and strive to advance it by constant, voluntary acts. Keep in mind that grand motto, "Do a good turn daily." The sum total of good accomplished in a few years of even one boy's life would amount to a whole lot; the aggregate benefit derived from an order as large as the Boy Scouts would be almost immeasurable. You will find real pleasure in doing your part well. It will give your life aim and direction and aid you to cultivate the grandest of all virtues, unselfishness.

It seems to me that all the wars, fights, debates and political contests that ever occurred were but incidents in the age old struggle of mankind for genuine freedom. The patriotism of a few has been the mainspring of all this strife and is therefore the force that has brought us up from savagery. In the world today, there is a great deal of preventable misery and since no one can be really happy unless all are happy, the Scout with his fine sense of duty and honor need not look for an opportunity to transmute those principles into acts of kindness. The chance to gain a place on history's pages may not come to you, but a chance of some importance will come. Perhaps you do not realize it, but it has already come and will continue with you as long as you live. Nothing could be more false than the ancient idea that opportunity knocks only once at every man's door. I doubt that anyone ever believed it. Every good resolution is the germ of success and no success worth while can be achieved in a few days. Be patient and never quit trying and it will come to you, but, as a matter of fact, it doesn't really come at all, that is, from the outside. It is within you all the time, hidden away somewhere. Its growth is slow like that of a plant or tree. You, and you alone, can aid this growth or retard it or stop it altogether. I will not attempt to tell you how, because no man is big enough or broad enough or wise enough to do that. However, we may get down to brass tacks and consider the question in this manner.

Whenever we wish to acquire knowledge of any subject, we proceed to study it and almost the first step in our study will be the selection of models or chief exponents of the science or profession or quality we seek to know about. If we were in search of information about Polar expeditions, the names of Peary and Scott and Amundsen would at once occur to our minds; to learn about the Christianizing of the world, we would delve into the Bible and read the wonderful story of the Savior and His followers; the study of the drama or poetry would bring Shakespeare into our lives; in order to grasp the essentials of music or literature, law or oratory, physical culture or athletics, or in fact any phase of human activity, it is helpful to know the life and work of any one who proved to be a great success. Coming back to the subject of patriotism, to American boys at least, two names loom out ahead of all others. You can easily guess that they are Washington and Lincoln. As exemplars of unstained character and unswerving devotion to the cause of liberty; as mighty toilers for the highest ideals in government, and willingness at all times to sacrifice personal glory and ambition, that such grand object might be achieved, they have few equals and no superiors in history. If we read about them in the right spirit, we can sense, in some small degree, the fine glow of feeling they must have experienced in conceiving and promoting their noble enterprises.

Washington was justly styled the "Father of his Country," because of the leading part he played in winning its independence, and from the the fact that he was the first president. With great skill and courage he led the continental army through seven years of discouraging warfare and by sheer force of his personality won ultimate victory. Sometimes his troops suffered great privations and grew restless, discontented and mutinous; sometimes dissensions arose in Congress and among the states; sometimes appointments and promotions in the army caused jealousy which threatened to disrupt it, but, in every situation, he proved to be master, and brought the jarring factions together, by infusing into their hearts some of his own unquenchable and immeasurable love of country. When, at the end of the war, the officers and troops, outraged by the unjust treatment of Congress, proposed to make him king, he indignantly refused and by appealing to their patriotic principles, successfully urged them to submit to proper authority and help to work out the problems of peace. Finally, when he had completed his second term as president and was importuned to accept the office again, he modestly and steadfastly declined and thereby established a precedent which will be of inestimable value, as long as time lasts. In every crisis, we can see his oneness of purpose, in every decision we feel that he was moved by the highest patriotism.

In Abraham Lincoln, we have another almost perfect type of patriot. He stands out in history as the great lover of humanity. Look at his portrait and you will see how deeply suffering has graved his kindly countenance. More than he bore no man can ever bear, for the woes of a whole nation rested on his heart. He was the healer of his country's ills; the master surgeon who sewed up the gaping wound that threatened its life. Through the long, desolate period of war, he administered the affairs of government with consummate skill, with patience and fortitude and kindness. He was maligned and criticized and blamed more than any chief magistrate had ever been but in peace and with forbearance he stood it all. His one mission in life, as he often stated, was to save his country, and the unpleasant incidents he encountered in the fulfillment of this mission were as nothing to him. Who, among us, can measure the love he bore his country or count the sacrifices he made to promote its welfare. When, in the trying days of the war, his little son took sick, he chose with sublime submission to Fate's decree, to remain away from the bedside that he might attend to the pressing affairs of the nation. Night after night, he labored at his desk, hoping against hope that the cloud of woe would be lifted, not only from his home, but from his beloved native land as well. He would not listen to his friends when they urged him to spend more time with his afflicted family, because, though he loved them dearly, he knew that hundreds, and perhaps thousands, would suffer if he neglected his presidential duties. Half starved soldiers in prison might be waiting for an exchange or a reprieve; condemned men might be hourly expecting a pardon; accused persons anxiously praying for judgment; and, even the guilty, seeking hopefully for his forgiveness. Besides this vitally important routine work, the waiting-room of the White House was usually crowded with forlorn women, mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, pleading for the lives and liberty of their loved ones. "They are all my children," he said, "and I must not neglect the many for the one." When his beloved child passed away, although grief shook his giant form as the wind stirs a leaf, he uttered no word of complaint but bore the cruel blow in silence and resignation. It was the supreme test and his manner of withstanding it teaches us to what great heights patriotism may lift the human soul. Lincoln's faith in divine Providence was never shaken. All his public utterances are tinged with it. Constantly, in his speeches, he referred to a ruling Power, and no doubt it was his love of God that sanctified and glorified his love of country. The Gettysburg speech, which epitomizes his work and character so well, reads almost like a prayer. I hope that every boy will like it well enough to commit it to memory. It contains the sentiments that make true patriots, and will, if properly understood, lend a new and more sacred meaning to your sense of loyalty to the flag. Think, what those great leaders and scores of others, did to preserve the flag from defeat and dishonor. Surely their example is worth emulating.

Unfortunately for you boys, history deals mostly with war deeds, and you are apt to get the impression that a patriot must be a great soldier or conqueror. This is all wrong. The true love of country can find expression in time of peace as well as on the field of battle. Honor the intrepid warriors who preserved our nation, with your whole heart and soul, but remember, at the same time, that your own town or locality, is just as much a part of the United States as the field of Gettysburg was on that memorable fourth of July. Whatever you do to improve it or make it a better place to live in, comes under the head of patriotism. You can begin by curbing your own more or less natural disposition to be reckless and destructive. For instance, instead of throwing refuse on the public thoroughfare or where it will appear unsightly, carry it to a proper place or receptacle. It is not, that I would have you become a street cleaner, but, emphatically I do urge you to cease to be careless in scattering or spreading rubbish. In German cities, the sidewalks and pavements are as clean as a parlor floor because the people are educated not to throw even a scrap of paper or burnt match or a cigar butt upon them. When you begin to practise a civic virtue, like helping to keep your town clean, others may laugh at you at first, but if you are in earnest and persist, they will gradually be shamed into following your example. Here is an instance of what may be done by any gang of boys. In a certain village the lads had no convenient ball grounds, but in a most desirable place was a vacant field that belonged to a man who was rather hard on youngsters. The plot was an eyesore because it had been used for a dumping ground and was grown high with weeds. The boys wanted it badly but were afraid to approach the owner on the subject. After talking it over a dozen times, they hit on the bright idea of having some influential person plead for them. The town doctor was a jovial man of very wide acquaintance and they swooped down upon him in a body. He fell in with their plans immediately and taking several of the older lads with him sought out the landowner. The latter was rather glum that morning and at first it seemed like a lost cause. However, the doctor grew enthusiastic and pointed out to him that the lads merely wanted to play on the ground and to do that they would have to level it off and improve it, which would be really a favor to him. This line of talk won the day and he consented to let them have it. Immediately they set to work with rakes and hoes and shovels and after a few strenuous days the place was in good shape. It goes without saying that the fixing up of the ground proved to be the best kind of sport. The boys had promised to be reasonably quiet in their play and to desist altogether when any nearby neighbor requested them to do so. None of the neighbors made such a request however, being influenced in the right direction, I imagine, by the good example set by the once grumpy landowner. When the grounds were in use a while it was discovered that home base was so near a barn that pitched balls and tick fouls constantly rapped against it. This, in time brought a complaint and for a while it appeared as though the boys were about to lose their well-earned right to play. However a meeting was called and an ex-ballplayer easily solved the difficulty by suggesting that they build a backstop of canvas or poultry netting. As a matter of fact, the man who had complained was so well pleased that he built the backstop himself at his own expense. Thus, by being patriotic enough to respect the rights of others, the boys of this town won a playground and made a host of friends. A good practise is to be constantly on the lookout to protect life and limb. If some careless person has left a bonfire smouldering near a fence or building, put it out, or if you haven't time, at least, call the person's attention to it who is apt to suffer loss. Should you see a hole or dangerous spot near the skating place, put up some kind of danger signal or warn people going that direction. Suppose a large icicle is hanging over the door of a wee cottage occupied by a feeble old couple; will you pass it by or will you get a pole and knock it down? Those commonplace instances suggest hundreds of others. It is better to do one good turn than to merely think about doing a hundred. Team work is what counts most. Not much public good can be accomplished by one alone. Let us suppose that the school ground is muddy and poorly drained and that the building needs a new flag. You could not correct both conditions yourself, but you can start the good work. Organize an improvement club. Seek advice from men who know. They will tell you how to go about the work and will supply you with tools and material. Once the work is started everyone will gladly lend a hand. Money for the flag can be obtained by working at odd jobs or getting contributions outright. It only takes a little money and everyone will want to be on the list of donors. You know, of course, that the flag is the visible emblem of our country and that it contains thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen original states and one star for each existing state. It is in effect a concise history of our country. Every soldier on duty must salute it by raising the right hand at attention. Every boy should do likewise. Since no applicant can become a Scout until he is able to tell the history and composition of the flag, we may say, with pride, that patriotism is the foundation upon which this great movement is built. I feel certain also, that this same love of country and zeal for the public welfare, is a vital thing in the heart and soul of every true American boy. Let us love and revere the old flag and willingly do our share toward making it really stand for the principles that gave it birth.

Two thousand one hundred and ninety women attended the University of Paris during the past year; 99 studied law, 570 medicine, 248 science, 32 pharmacy, and the remainder were in the course in letters.

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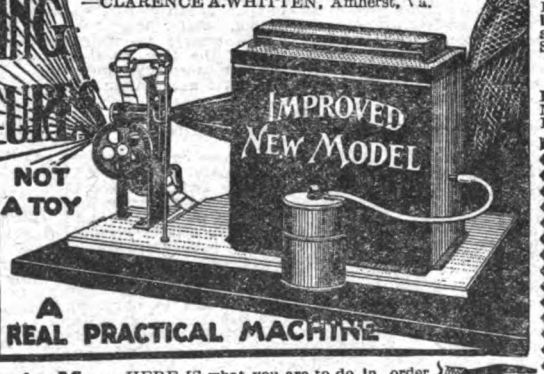


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I am very thankful for that wonderful Machine and I think it is the best I have ever seen. I am going to have an entertainment today, and therefore I have not much time to write letters. I think I will make about $10.00. I have sold 300 tickets already. Joseph Rauch, 2411 W. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

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I am slow about sending in my thanks for the Moving Picture Machine, I received about a month ago. It is a beauty. I would not sell it for $25.00 if I could not get another one like it. Leland S. MacRae, 416 Iroquois St., Laurium, Mich.

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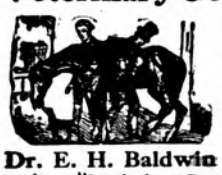


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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have three pigs. They have scabs all over them, coming off and leaving sore places. C. R.

A.—Wash the pigs with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip, used hot. You can buy the dip at a drug-store. Afterward apply every three days a mixture of two ounces of sulphur and half an ounce of the dip shaken up in a pint of sweet oil. Keep the pigs out of wet and filth.

PARALYSIS.—I have a sow which was taken with something like fits. She could not use her legs for a long time. Now she can use her body and fore legs. Her hind legs seem drawn up and wasting away. Her pigs were eight days old when she was taken. MRS. R. W. C.

A.—You might as well put the sow out of her misery as paralysis is present and the muscles are wasting away. Recovery would be unlikely and treatment therefore unprofitable. Such a condition is brought on by the drain and strain of nursing affecting a sow that has been pampered and that has come from pampered stock.

FOUNDER.—I have a saddle horse which appears to be sorefooted in the front feet, walking better on soft ground than hard. When walking he throws one foot in front of the other. He has been this way six months. B. O.

A.—An attack of founder no doubt caused the condition described. Have the soles of both fore feet covered with pine tar and oakum and then with thick leather pads on top of which put on flat, wide-webbed bar shoes. Then clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them, one at a time, with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard, at intervals of two weeks.

LAME CATTLE.—I have a heifer two years old. Her hoofs have been split for a year; they are sore. I have a cow with two of her hoofs split and sore. It bothers them to walk. MRS. W. M. A.

A.—This is not ordinarily a contagious disease, but is due to standing in wet and filth or wading through filth, rank wet grass or grit. Cleanse the parts, poultice with hot flaxseed meal for a few days, then cover the parts with cotton or oakum saturated with a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant. Renew the dressing daily.

CHOREA.—I have a three-year-old Jersey cow that throws her head down nearly to the ground and jerks her body backward. At the same time her eyes are set and she does not appear to notice anything going on about her. She slobbers, and sometimes lolls her tongue, the muscles in her mouth twitching. She will jerk her front feet eight or ten inches from the ground. Sometimes she will only have one or two spells and at other times she will have fifteen or twenty, one right after another. She has been that way for a year but is getting worse.

A.—The disease appears to be chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is practically incurable. It is common in horses, but comparatively rare in cattle. Possibly the ailment is aggravated by indigestion, or excitement. Give her a physic of epsom salts and keep her quiet. When the symptoms are severe give half ounces of bromide of potash every four hours in water.

ITCH.—I have a pony, bought it two months ago. It had an itch. The hair stands up in little tufts and then falls out. The skin appears to be scaly or dry. I cannot keep it clean. I give bran and oats mixed, made wet, twice a day. S. S.

A.—This probably is an eczematuous condition due to indigestion from overfeeding and lack of exercise. Stop all grain feed and substitute bran, roots, hay and fodder. Have the pony clipped, then wash affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip at intervals of three or four days. Work or exercise the pony thoroughly every day.

QUITTOR.—I have a horse six years old. Last spring he injured one of his hoofs. It will not heal. It does not appear to bother him. F. H. D.

A.—There is no good reason why the case should not prove curable, if you can employ an experienced graduate veterinarian who will scrape away all the diseased tissue in the discharging fistula and inject a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate. The part should then be poulticed with hot flaxseed meal for a week, then injected again and the hoof-head blistered after cleansing and drying. After the blister has been put on inject into the discharging place every other day a little of a 1-1000 solution of formaldehyde. The veterinarian should remove the shoeboil by knife and then treat as common wound.

GARGET.—I have a filly four years old which brought a colt in May. She has had a sore udder since the colt came. It swells, breaks, and discharges and goes down a little. The colt is still nursing. Do you think best to wean it? What is the cause of the trouble?

A.—Wean the foal at once and do not rebreed the filly as her udder is permanently ruined for milk production. Inject a little tincture of iodine into the discharging places twice a week and each day rub the udder with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lanolin or lard. She had an attack of inflammation of the udder (mammitis or garget) possibly due to infection, bruise or chill.

MANGE.—I have a mule which has skin disease. It is itchy and somewhat scabby. A. A. M.

A.—If the disease is true mange it will spread with certainty to other horses in the same stable. Most likely it is something more simple. Have the horse clipped; then wash affected parts with a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip made creamy with flowers of sulphur. Repeat the washing in a week if necessary. Give the horse a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until well; then gradually discontinue the medicine taking at least a week to the work.

CATARRH.—I have a Scotch Collie dog that has trouble with his head and throat. He makes a snuffling noise and in the morning sneezes, causing an offensive discharge from his nose. He usually has a good appetite, but sometimes he will refuse his food for two or three days. MRS. C. G.

A.—The dog has catarrh and cough. The latter may be due to chronic bronchitis. Give him a teaspoonful of glyco-heroin twice a day and if necessary increase to three such doses a day.

PANTING.—I have a mare fourteen years old. For the last four years she has had what I call "dry panting." She sweats but little and pants very hard in summer when working her. (2) I lost a four-months-old colt last month. She died with congestion of the bowels. J. P. B.

A.—The mare has been overheated at some time or another and never will be comfortable in hot weather. Have her clipped fall and spring. Work her in the cool of the morning and evening. Do not feed corn in hot weather. Allow small drinks of cold water often when at work. Drugs will do no good. (2) It will be necessary for you to give us a full description of the symptoms present and the history of the case so that we may be able to make an intelligent diagnosis and prescribe confidently for the trouble.

SPAVIN.—I have a mule that goes lame on the right hind leg, and he rests it the most of the time. He is losing flesh and flinches when I press on the lower part of his hoof joint. A. J. S.

A.—The mule probably has a bone spavin on the hock and if so you should have a graduate veterinarian fire and blister the joint and spavin and then tie the mule up short in stall for a six weeks' rest.

FOUNDER.—I have a three-year-old horse, that was water foundered about three months ago. Is there any remedy? D. H. P.

A.—There is no such disease as "water founder," but we shall be glad to give you advice if you care to send us a detailed description of the symptoms present. This always is necessary in asking veterinary advice in this department.

ITCH.—I have two cows and a calf that has some kind of a skin disease. Small blisters appear, and after they break, a hard scab forms. The cattle are rubbing and licking themselves all of the time. MRS. R. L.

A.—Isolate the affected cattle and wash them with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip made creamy with flowers of sulphur. Repeat the application as often as found necessary. The disease may be scab.

LOSS OF HAIR.—I have a mare that does not appear to be in good health. She has shed all of her mane and tail and the hair comes off in spots all over her body. The hair starts to grow and when about three inches long falls out. O. O. S.

A.—It would be well to have the mare clipped and then wash affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip made creamy with flowers of sulphur. Let the lotion dry upon the skin and repeat the treatment at intervals of a week. See that chicken lice are kept out of the stable. They often cause skin trouble of horses. Night and morning give the mare half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic until she has a healthy coat of hair. Carrots and flaxseed meal would be good adjunct feeds for this mare.

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TOUGHEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

shudderingly drew in their feet and legs which they had hitherto allowed to dangle over the low, board railing in the bed of the buggy. Toughey, who was now following the buggy, laughed at their fears and could not forbear remarking, though with some difficulty:

"Look out children! snakes can climb!"

"You bet they can," was Len's surprising, and to Toughey, disconcerting rejoinder. "But these cowardly chicken snakes are glad to run away and besides," he continued, "I'd just like to see one try to get into this buggy!" And touching Dixie with the whip he increased her speed to such an extent that the children clung to each other, even forgetting to bestow upon Toughey the usual clubbing following her mistakes.

In a few minutes they reached the substantial cement tank at one side of the windmill. Here they stopped and everybody, including Moon and Dixie, had a drink of the fine artesian water.

The ponies had not been seen but it was hoped to find them during the return trip upon which they now started.

Leaving the natural depression in which the tank was situated and taking their way slowly up the long incline, their attention was attracted to the increasing number of cattle in sight. They appeared on every slope and filled the air with their bellowing. It soon became apparent that the buggy was the cause of their excitement and they began to move towards it, slowly at first, then faster and finally at a swift pace that brought them rapidly nearer.

"They think we have salt," said Len. "Old Isum always brings it to them in this buggy."

Mrs. Deering was interested when a little later they were milling around the buggy and Len was pointing out the finer grades to her. Just then came a wail from the children.

"They're goin' to hook us!" they chorused.

"No they won't," said Len reassuringly

"Give us the whip!" they demanded, and although Len laughed, he complied with the request and the children proceeded to beat at the heads of the more intrusive cows.

But the fight proved so unequal that they again appealed for help.

"Go faster, Len! faster!" they screamed. "They *will* hook us!"

Len responded by slapping Dixie vigorously with the reins, and uttering loud whoops of "Mula! Mula!" succeeded in urging her into a swift gallop.

But the cows, bent on getting salt, only increased their pace and crowded closer on the little girls. As Mamma looked back with an encouraging smile, a big, red-eyed bull thrust his drooping horns so close to the children and, as it seemed even to her, with such a menacing twist of his head, that she was glad when they came tumbling over the back of the seat into her lap. From this safe position, it became an easy matter to laugh at their former fears and to sympathize with their recent foes, the poor, disappointed cows, and even to regard themselves as culprits for not having brought the salt.

All this time Toughey had been sorely tried. In the beginning, when she found herself in the midst of the bellowing cattle, she had given herself up for lost, confident that her last hour had come. But, as time passed and the pony did not notice them and she began to realize that she was not being gored nor likely to be, her courage rose and gradually making her way to the outskirts of the herd she reached the gate almost as soon as Len did. There they parted with their noisy followers, although for a long time afterwards their voices could be heard.

The drive home was cool and pleasant, and as they descended again into the hollows, they got entirely away from the sun. By the time they reached the open road and again looked out over the plantation, the sun was so low behind the hill that the valley and Pecan Grove were already in shadow.

Nurse was ready with supper for them, and during its progress Toughey and the children lived over their experience with the cattle.

There was but one regret connected with the trip; they had not seen the ponies, and while tomorrow seemed a long way off and a long time to wait, they fell asleep that night with many happy thoughts of the rides they were to have during the beautiful days ahead of them on the Plantation.

Toughey's reflections were soberer, and as she sat with Mamma on the gallery in the quiet starlight her talk showed that behind all the fun and pleasure, she felt the beat of Nature's great heart and realized that it was worthy of the deepest love and most earnest study.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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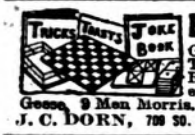
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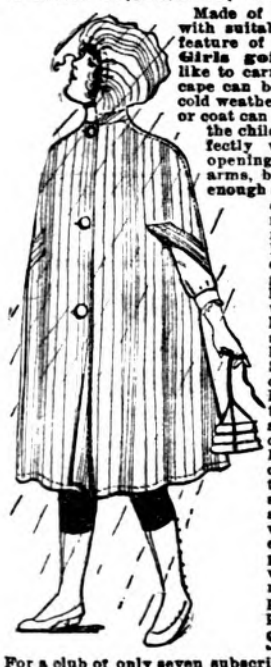
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Blue Bell, Charleston, W. Va.—It is quite proper to ask a gentleman to call, even though he has been going with you for almost nine months. But why have you not already asked him? (2) It is no longer good form for a lady to hold a gentleman's hat when at church. (3) We do not think a lady should answer four letters a week from a gentleman unless she is very much in love with him, indeed. Some in love write as often as fourteen times a week.

J. B. U., Saskatoon, Sask.—A girl five feet ten should never wear any stripes up and down. If they encircle they will make her look shorter. But why wish to look short? Tall girls are more stylish. With brown hair and brown eyes you may wear any color that is not too pronounced, but some shade of red rather sets off the brown more than other colors do. For a nice stylish dress to wear at your work in the store, get some plain dark material, or gray, and have it made very simply and to fit snugly. Frills and furbelows and flowing gowns are not good to work in. A black-and-white shepherd plaid would make a very handsome and serviceable suit.

Country Girl, Covedale, Ky.—An eighteen-year-old girl five feet nine inches tall weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds is about right, as one hundred and fifty-five pounds is average and she will fill out as she grows older. The minimum weight is one hundred and thirty-one pounds, maximum, one hundred and seventy-nine. (2) The simplest way to introduce people is the nicest and that is merely to say: "Mrs., Miss, or Mr. Blank let me introduce, or present, Mrs., Miss or Mr.," as the case may be, always introducing the gentleman to the lady. When strangers enter a roomful of company, it is not the best form to introduce them all around, but to two or three desirable persons and let them later seek whom they please, or they may talk to other guests without introduction when they have been started. (3) Correspondence cards are cards instead of sheets of paper and are used formally or in writing short notes.

Blue Eyes, Fisk, Mo.—Having made one mistake in marrying and with that mistake still under the same roof with you, do you think you would improve matters any by trying another man who has a female mistake under his roof? We do not believe you would better yourself any and you owe it to your "three sweet little girls" to bear your burdens for their sake. Their influence on their father may improve his treatment of you, particularly when they are older and he will be ashamed to earn their disapproval. By and by, if he is still ugly, you and your daughters can leave him, and that may make a better man of him. But don't make your mistake any worse by taking another mistaken person to live with.

Country Belle, Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Usually when a young lady is referred to as "fast" it is not meant that she is too forward, but is, as you say, "tough." She may not be really bad, but she shows the signs. (2) When a young lady and gentleman cease their going together, they should be polite to each other and speak when meeting in any company, though they may avoid each other as much as they please. It is not agreeable for others to be embarrassed by the personal differences of two people who cannot get along together. (3) Buggy riding with one's beau is all right if it is the custom of the community.

Anxious, Leadville, Colo.—If your friendship for this girl who used to be your chum is based wholly upon rules of etiquette, you may be very formal in your renewal of the friendship when she has returned to your town after a long absence. If your friendship is the real thing you will not wait to act upon formal rules, but get around to see her just as quickly as you can. Etiquette is one thing and friendship another and a very different matter.

A. R., Manassas, Ga.—What's the matter with you, anyhow? Haven't we repeatedly explained in this column that dealing in or handling so-called "Love powders" in any way is illegal and will subject the offender to arrest and possible imprisonment? What do you want more to believe it? Do you want to be arrested and disgraced before you will believe? Other COMFORT readers, please, take notice. Most love powders are harmless, powerless frauds.

Somebody's Sweetheart, Cottage Wood, Minn.—As you have been engaged to the young man for five months, we think it is within your rights to ask him if he does not think you should have an engagement ring and also if he has any good reason for not talking about your marriage as a definite reality. Possibly he is one of the kind of young men who become engaged merely to enjoy greater liberties. If he is not seriously intending to carry out the engagement, you should break it at once. A set of cuff buttons would make a very appropriate Christmas gift and even less than three dollars will be enough to pay for them, but do not give them to him until this engagement matter is definitely settled.

Cherry, Yale, Mich.—Sorry, but there is no known method of winning them back when once they are really lost. Simply make up your mind to accept your losses bravely, and for the sake of your friends don't go around moping about it and refusing to see anybody and yearning all the time for him who is gone. Of course, your heart may be sore and you may not feel very cheerful, but don't make a public exhibition of your sorrow and don't let it conquer you, but you conquer it and accept philosophically the goods the gods send you. Thousands have done it before you and so can you if you will.

K. B., Watkins, Minn.—An aunt and nephew by blood, not marriage, cannot be legally married in the United States as far as we know the law, and should not marry if they could. Such a marriage is repugnant to every sense of decent order.

Black Eyes, Zach, Tenn.—The gentleman opens the gate for the lady at her own house, but she opens the door of the house, as it is supposed that he has no right of entrance into a house not his own. You ask him in exactly as you would ask anybody else. Why not?

C. V. M., Jasper, Ala.—A bow is often as much as is necessary in acknowledging an introduction, either by the lady or gentleman. However to say something—"I am glad to meet you," or some other oral recognition—is better when it can be said fitly. (2) If the marriage is with a ring, the ring must be placed on the bride's finger as part of the ceremony.

Miss. Gray, N. C.—Etiquette condemns all familiarities.

Schoolmates, Bexar, Texas.—It is quite proper for a lady to go to church with a gentleman in a buggy.

Sunflower, Osprey, Fla.—Fifteen years between the lady and gentleman is not too much if the man is of youthful spirit and both of them are fairly mature. That is to say, a man of forty is not too old for a woman of twenty-five, while a girl of twenty shouldn't marry a man past thirty, unless there were very good reasons why the difference in age should not count. Again when two people are really in love with each other, age doesn't count. (2) We think it would be proper for the young lady to tell her mother if she were kissed by her sweetheart before another lady. (3) The young man may take the girl's arm if she has no objection.

Schoolma'm, Driscoll, N. Dak.—It is quite proper to write to the young man who wants to marry you, but whom you do not wish to marry, but your letters should in nowise lead him to believe that you may change your mind and yet accept him. That is neither fair to him, nor honorable in you. Make it plain to him that you are writing merely as a friend and he can expect no more. And don't write regularly so he will begin to look for your letters. When a man is in love and losing, he grasps at the least straw.

Brown Eyes, Charleston, S. C.—When you are at a party at the home of your fiance, you should act exactly as any other guest, unless you are asked by the family to lend a hand in looking after the company. In that case you lose your identity as guest and become assistant to the hostess, and should act accordingly.

Ignorant, Darlington, Ind.—It is quite proper for a lady to ask a "gentleman friend" to write to her when he goes away, but don't say "gentleman friend." (2) It's a pity you didn't know enough to go home when the party was over and staid all night. The young man's sister must have thought you were impossible and we are not surprised that he left next morning without seeing you. It is not so much a question whether you should speak to him when you meet him again, as whether he will want to speak to you. We suggest that you inform yourself on social usage before attempting any more society affairs.

G. K., Belpre, Kans.—You should not be so anxious for the young man to call. He has given you his picture and that should console you during his absence. When he is ready to call he will do so and in the meantime you must wait. If you should see him at any time, you might ask him when he would call.

Red Head, Philadelphia, Tenn.—If you have been writing to him for two years hoping that he would propose and he has not done so, we advise that you stop the correspondence. It's a waste of hope and postage. (2) In response to your inquiry: "It is good for one to Bee constantly dreaming of one that dozent care for them, or is it Best to show them they are as much to me as I am to them?" we would say that it is not. Still, we may be mistaken and you might dream a while longer if you are sure the dream will not change into a nightmare. Dreams do that sometimes, you know.

Linked by Fate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

pact was too serious. Murder! Yes, it was murder. And did I shrink from it? And am I to be robbed—robbed—robbed——"

He staggered, and, making for the chair, fell into it, his head sunk on his breast, his long, thin hands extended, as if to clutch at something.

Vane strode to the decanter, but he would not touch it—it was contaminated by that other hand. He went to the half-conscious wretch and grasped him by the shoulder and shook him; and presently Julian opened his eyes, and, looking up saw Vane—and knew him.

"Vane!" he cried.

"Murderer!" said Vane sternly.

Julian struggled to his feet and held out his hand, with a quavering laugh.

"Is it you? No ghost, but yourself!" he faltered thickly.

"Yes, it is I!" said Vane sternly, and yet with the pity one extends to the insane, criminals though they may be.

"Then—then you escaped?" said Julian. "How? I am glad, very glad! But—how?"

"Deborah, the deaf mute," said Vane huskily. "She saved me—I wrapped my coat round her —— You hound! The woman who was devoted to you gave her life——"

Julian shrugged his shoulders, and drew his hand across his brow, as if to clear away the mist that enshrouded his brain.

"Deborah! I never thought of that. I thought she had fled—in horror! Deborah! Poor woman! Oh, poor woman!"

His voice broke, then he laughed the laugh of the insane.

"And I have shown your ghost—*you*, in fact—the whole bag of tricks. I have given myself away? Yes?"

Vane's stern eyes answered him.

"Well? What are you going to do? You can't accuse your own cousin, your own flesh and blood, of murder! Think of the scandal! The indelible stain on the family name! You won't do that; what will you do?"

He had the best of it, as Vane felt.

"I ought to strangle you, kill you by any means, you—you traitor!" he said. "Get out of my sight! Get out of England—anywhere. I will see that you do not want. I will write to you; leave your address with Tressider. Get out of my sight. Wait!" as Julian walked with incredible steadiness to the door. "Tell me—tell me that Judith knew nothing of your hellish plot; that she is innocent of any complicity in your crime!"

Julian smiled. "My dear Vane, I wish I could set your mind at rest on that point; but I can't. I don't say that Judith was aware, fully aware, of the modus operandi; that she knew exactly how I was going to—remove you; but I'll swear that she knew you were to be removed! If you have listened attentively to my confession, you must have gathered that fact."

"Liar! Murderer!" said Vane.

"Murderer—well, yes, I admit; but a liar—I never lied yet. Lying is vulgar—and useless. But Judith. Oh, yes, 'when you are master,' et cetera. Oh, she knew! I saw it by her face that night, heard it in her shriek. And, mind you, Judith must abide by the compact. Judith is mine! Mine, by the right of the price I have paid for her! Not yours!" He advanced threateningly, his hand upraised, his fingers clutching at the empty air. "Not yours! You would not have sinned as I have done for her. You——"

His voice sank, and he laughed.

"Pardon! You will admit my claim to her. I am going. You will not see me again. When a man loses, as I have lost, after such a struggle, effort, he should efface himself. I admit that. I am going, and you will not see me or be troubled by me again."

He walked, quite steadily now, toward the table.

"Will you allow me to use a telegraph form? Thanks."

In horrified silence Vane drew back and watched him. He took a form from the stationery stand, and, after a moment's thought, wrote a message, very plainly and distinctly.

When he had finished he rose, looked at Vane with a calm, cool, indeed critical gaze, then with a smile said:

"Thanks! Good by!"

Vane watched him as he went out of the room, then sank into a chair—not the chair in which Julian had sat—and buried his face in his hands. How long he sat he knew not, then or ever; but, suddenly remembering the unhappy wretch, he sprang to his feet and hurried into the hall.

He almost ran into the arms of Prance, who uttered a yell of amazement and fear, calling on his name:

"Lord Lesborough!"

"Mr. Julian!" cried Vane.

"Mr. Julian? Lord Lesborough! His lordship went out a quarter of an hour ago! But—but—oh, lord, who are you, sir? Oh, my lord, is it you, is it you?"

The whole household was in confusion. The clamor of tongues, the cries, and screams, and tears of relief and thanksgiving so confused Vane that he was thwarted in his intention of following the unhappy man. But, at last, he got a carriage and drove to the station, to find that Julian had departed by the train which had left a few minutes before Vane arrived.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. K., California, Mo.—The gladiatorial combats of Rome were considerably more destructive than beneficial, especially to the defeated gladiators if the audience turned their thumbs down which meant death. Gladiatorial combats continued in Rome for six hundred years, being abolished by Constantine, the Great, but revived under Constantius and continued under his two successors. Honorius finally ended them forever. Thousands of men were destroyed in these bloody combats.

Della, Little Rock, Ark.—Marriage of first cousins in Arkansas is illegal. In other words, it is not a marriage. No minister or magistrate would perform the ceremony if he knew the relationship. In Tennessee or Texas, two of your adjoining states, such a marriage would be legal. We advise you not to contract a marriage which has both civil and natural laws against it.

Mrs. R. M., Lyons, N. Y.—It is more difficult to sell a patent than it is to make the original invention, unless it happens to be one that will sell itself. If you have one that applies to some particular kind of machinery, advertise it in some journel of machinery, or write to firms who manufacture that particular machinery. You can do it at less expense and quite as successfully as the average agent would do it.

Miss M. R. P. K., Bowen, Ky.—The Panama Exposition opens February 20, 1915 and closes December 4, 1915. These dates were fixed before there were any immediate indications of a European war, and the directors announce that the Exposition will open just the same, war or no war. It will cost about fifty million dollars and will be worth going clear to California to see.

W. G. A., Lost Creek, W. Va.—Real swell dressers have the hose and scarf to harmonize in color with each other and may harmonize with the color of the suit, but that is secondary. Quiet dressers of good taste have all to harmonize, though hose and tie need not be of exactly the same color. With a dark coat and light trousers gray socks are in good taste, though any quiet color may be worn. A safe rule to follow in dress is to avoid anything that is conspicuous, either in whole or in part. Even a glaring tie may destroy the harmony of an *ensemble*, otherwise exactly what it should be. The Haberdasher, New York, is a magazine of men's styles. Write to it or to H. Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, for rates.

Mrs. S. S., Wooster, Ohio.—To you and to all COMFORT readers who have old furniture, china, silver, or other relics they wish to sell, we will say that dealers pay very small prices for such articles, except where they happen to be well-known makes and in demand, and the best customers for them are collectors who may want just what is offered and are willing to pay good prices. But nobody will buy "sight unseen," or by mere description, and the articles must be brought to public notice. That means they should be advertised in the nearest city papers where collectors have their homes. If they are interested they will write for further information and will arrange to see the articles if they want them. Mere age in these articles does not give great value, but a chair or a bedstead, a hundred years or more old, will sell for a good deal more than it brought when originally sold, if it is in good condition. So of the other old things, except books. First of all, though, in the matter of value are well-known brands of old-time makers who stood first in their own day.

C. M. D., Hallettsville, Texas.—A good waterproofing for shoe-leather is made of four ounces of beef tallow, an ounce of resin and an ounce of beeswax melted together. When cold add six ounces of neat's foot oil. Apply with a rag to soles and uppers, first warming them, and rub in with the hand. Two applications will make them waterproof, but at the same time they will be air tight and you will have your feet wet from perspiration and more chance to take cold than if you got your feet wet from the outside. Waterproof shoes should be worn only as rubbers are, that is, in the rain or snow, and not constantly. (2) Home treatment is of no value whatever, in the disease you mention. In fact, it makes it worse. Only a skilled physician can do any good. Deafness caused by typhoid fever or catarrh must be treated by a specialist.

L. D., Lincoln, Ark.—For information about homestead lands in the northwest, write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C., asking for detailed information if possible, along the lines you wish to know particularly about. No matter what you are told about lands by anybody, don't bind yourself to take any anywhere until you have seen them with your own eyes, or someone has gone to see them who knows exactly what you want.

E. W. B., Claire City, S. Dak.—There is a demand by some druggists for skunk oil, but it must be in sufficient quantity to justify shipment. If in small quantity the better way is to place it with a local dealer. Write Brewer Drug Co., Worcester, Mass. (2) Choosing a housewife is such a delicate matter and so very personal that we can only advise you to find a girl who wants to be your housewife and propose to her. Securing a wife and securing a hired girl are conducted along different lines.

Red Rose, Alma, Wis.—We suppose you mean by the "United States press" a post-office inspector as he investigates improper letter writing to be sent through the mails. If you know of improper letters being sent through the mails, notify the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. who will refer it to the force of inspectors, as there are many of them.

D. L. L., Benton, Ky.—Railway mail clerks are under civil service and all information as to qualifications, examinations and so forth may be had by writing to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. G. W., Newark, Ohio.—The hoop snake is wholly a creature of the imagination orginally started by the man who first told "snake stories."

Mrs. W. E. L., Supply, Ark.—The United States, the leading sugar consumer of the world, uses about three and a half million tons annually, or 81.3 pounds per capita. Of this it produces about a quarter million tons of cane and half a million tons beet, and seven thousand tons of maple. It imports from Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines about nine hundred thousand tons and from Germany, India, West Indies and elsewhere about one and three quarter million tons. There isn't any one man who has cornered the sugar market, but several large manufacturers control the market without cornering it.

F. J. T., Keegan, Maine.—You are like most of the COMFORT readers who want to change their work and get at something which pays better—you ask us what you must do. That is not the way to succeed. The intelligent, active person doesn't ask what to do, but after he has found something and worked at it a while he asks advice as to how to improve his methods. You are intelligent and active and if you would study conditions around you and learn what your community needs that it will pay for, and cannot get except through some special means, an agent usually, you will take up some article or other, something of general household use, and get the agency for it. Keep your present job and work the other at night, or in any spare hours you have until you get it going, or prove that it is not worth working. Then try another and keep on trying till you find one that will pay to run it exclusively. When this is established, take on another and add others till you find that you can become agent for a number and can hire agents, on commission, you being the responsible head. COMFORT has very many advertisements of articles of the very kind you should begin with and we advise you to study its columns and pick out something that looks good to you as necessary in your community. Very little capital is required, except intelligence and activity. You've got to start yourself and if you wait for somebody else to do it, you will never get beyond being a hired man, liable to lose your job any minute. This agency business is only one way of becoming independent. We know a man who rented two acres of ground he used to look at from the railroad track where he was a walker, working as many hours a day as you do at about your pay, and today he is the leading florist and nurseryman in a town of eight thousand people and his hothouses are on the original two-acre plot where he started with nothing but intelligence and activity.

Mrs. L. W., Williamsport, Pa.—Write to Commissioner of Land Office, Washington, D. C. for information concerning land opened in the forest reservations in Oregon. Why will COMFORT readers insist upon writing to COMFORT for official information when they could save weeks of time by writing direct to the offices from which they must finally get their information? If they do not know the office to which they should write, any official or other intelligent person in their community can tell them.

Mr. M. H. Snider, Clarendon, Ark., wants to hear from COMFORT readers who live along rivers which produce mussell shells and fresh water pearls, particularly on the White river in Indiana. Also he wants to know what prices shells bring for buttons. Write direct to Mr. S. and not to COMFORT.

Miss M. B., Underwood, Minn.—We have frequent inquiries for the addresses of Woman's Exchanges and to all such inquirers let us say again, simply address your letters to "Woman's Exchange" in the city where you want to do business with it, your nearest city being usually the best for your purpose. Put your own address in the corner of the envelope so that your letter may be returned if not delivered, as all cities do not have Exchanges.

Mrs. R. C., Gerome, Wash.—If you have a good story send it to some magazine or other, first looking them over to see which one you think would be most likely to want your kind of a story. Enclose a stamped envelope for return if not wanted.

I. G., Waterbury, Nebr.—There are 330,603 Indians in the United States,—probably more than there ever were—and they are scattered all over the country. Oklahoma leads with 117,274; Arizona next with 41,505; New Mexico, 21,725; S. Dakota, 20,555; California, 16,513. Maine has 892, New Hampshire 34; Vermont, 26 and Delaware the least number of all, only five. Your own state has 3,890. There are 111 boarding-schools and 223 day schools supported by the government and 57 mission schools conducted by various religious denominations. For further particulars write to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Miss H., Blanchard, La.—We decline to give you the addresses of magazines which buy stories, for the reason that if you do not know which magazines buy stories you don't know enough about story writing to warrant your trying to write one, much less trying to sell it afterward. Other COMFORT readers with literary aspirations and nothing to back them but ignorance, please make a note of this. The magazines that publish stories are the ones that buy them, of course.

Miss L. B., Columbus, Ala.—We are very much pleased to learn of COMFORT girls studying domestic science, because not only they, but girls and women all over this land need more knowledge of this very useful science, but we are not pleased to have any of them ask us for the addresses of correspondence cooking schools, which we know nothing about, if any exist. A girl studying domestic science should learn enough from her studies and teachers to know about the best cooking school in such detail as we could not possibly give. The trouble with too many students is that they learn just what is put before them and nothing else and then they wonder why they can't do as good work as the student who learns all there is to know about the subject.

Mrs. R. R., Copan, Okla.—First cousins may marry in Texas. The states in which they cannot marry are Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

Subscriber, Seneca, Mo.—Mothers' pensions laws are now in operation in California, Colorado, New Jersey, Washington, Utah, South Dakota, Idaho, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Missouri has no pension law yet, but Kansas City has been authorized by the state to adopt the system. Detailed information on this subject may be had from local county or town officials and a lawyer's services are not required as it is the object of the law to make its working as simple as possible. The laws vary in the different states.

Mrs. M. E., Noxapater, Miss.—The game of dominoes is a very pleasant and easy game for the old folks and the children and we can heartily recommend that every COMFORT family have it for household use after the day's work is done. A box of dominoes may be bought for as low as a quarter, or perhaps as low as ten cents. We cannot tell you so you will understand it, how to play the game, but the man you buy it from can show you in a minute, if directions do not accompany it.

A. G., Rowena, Texas.—It is not necessary to have your preparation patented, or registered under the Pure Food and Drug Act, but it is a protection and the registry gives it a certain authority it would not otherwise have. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for particulars.

H. H., Greenville, S. C.—Write to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C. for information and blanks on securing copyright. You will be perfectly safe in sending to a publisher without copyrighting, and if he accepts it he will copyright it. You can sell it as well without copyright as with it, if it is what the publisher wants.

F. B., Gilmore, Idaho.—Diamonds will not burn except under intense heat. They will be ruined by any ordinary fire, which you can prove by dropping a fine one into the kitchen stove and letting it remain for fifteen minutes.

Back to the Farm

"Plenty of our young men and women, thousands of them, I may say, are getting away from the farms and going to the cities for better opportunities to make money," said the man who had on farmer's clothes and looked the part, "and yet it is the farm where the best money may be made if the youngsters will stick to it and do it right. Maybe their fathers couldn't make a go of it and had nothing when they died except the farm, but farming now isn't what it used to be. The total value of farm products for 1910 was very little short of nine billions of dollars, and a billion and a half of this was in corn. But corn doesn't pay like some other things that the farm raises. Take apples. We raise about 40 million barrels a year and it has gone as high as 68 million barrels. We send to foreign countries from a million and a half to three million barrels annually and the supply is far from the demand. Apple land in Oregon and the Northwest has increased 500 per cent in value, and in New York from $60 to $100 per tree is not unheard of. Trees that produce $50 a tree are numerous. But they don't grow apples on these farms as our grandfathers did. They do it in a businesslike manner. Eggs and chickens are other products that pay enormously when handled right. I know a farmer who has a thousand hens averaging 200 eggs a year, and gets 40 cents a dozen the year round for his eggs, that is to say, 17,000 dozen at 40 cents a dozen, amounting to $6,800. He has 150 acres and doesn't need the half of it. Another farmer with a good stream of water on his place has made reservoirs and is raising fish to the extent of about $2,000 a year and hardly got a start yet. Out West small fruit farms are worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars an acre and some apple and melon farms cannot be bought for three or four times that. It's all in the way they do it, and the young man or young woman, who thinks that life on the farm is not in it with life in the city, is making the one great mistake which can only be rectified right now. After a while it will be too late."



The Language of "The Makings"

is known all over the world. You can go to any tobacco store, booth or bazaar, from Calcutta to Stockholm, from Yokohama to Buenos Aires—make the sign of rolling a cigarette—and the native dealer will hand you a sack of "Bull" Durham tobacco. He understands what you want, because "Bull" Durham is identified with *hand-made cigarettes* the world over.

Millions of men of all nations and all classes *roll their own* cigarettes from ripe, mellow

GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO
(Enough for forty hand-made cigarettes in each 5-cent sack)

You can tell "Bull" Durham as far as you can smell it. It has an unique, delightful aroma, possessed by no other tobacco. An exclusive process known only to the makers of "Bull" Durham gives this added delight.

Ask for FREE book of "papers" with each 5c sack



Send 5c and your tobacco dealer's name, **FREE** and we'll mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 5c sack of "Bull" Durham and a 14-K gold-plated "Bull" Watch Charm, *Free*. Also a "Book" of Cigarette Papers and an illustrated booklet showing how to "Roll Your Own." Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1229

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.



GENUINE DIAMOND RING FREE
Solid Gold Filled, warranted 3 yrs. Set with small GENUINE DIAMOND chip. To interest you in our fine gold filled rings, will send this ring your size, upon receipt of only 12c coin to help pay advertising. Money refunded if you are not pleased.
THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 89, Attleboro, Mass.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

Comb and Brush



That Will Stand Long, Hard Use

The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking.

We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, **ebonized finish,** pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which **prevents dust and germs** from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black secret process material, is well named **Bull Dog** or **Unbreakable.**

This Premium No. 263 safely packed and sent by Parcel Post for a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CHRISTMAS OUTFIT FREE

1	14	—	15	22	5	18	12	1	14	4	—	1	21	20	15	13	15	2	9	12	5

WIN A PRIZE The first two figures of the above line spell a word, the next eight spell another word, the last ten spell another word. The three words constitute an article that everybody wants. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the three words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE WORDS WE WILL SEND YOU A SURPRISE OUTFIT CONTAINING A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF 40 CHRISTMAS SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, ETC., ALL EMBOSSED IN COLORS AND BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE LATEST CHRISTMAS DESIGNS. ALSO A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND $5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST. All you have to do is to enclose with your answer 2 two-cent stamps to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc. USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the three words. ACT QUICKLY. Write the three words on a slip of paper, mail it immediately with your name and address and 4 cents in stamps. And you will promptly receive as your reward this SURPRISE PACKET, which is a handsome assortment of 24 STICKERS, 11 SEALS, 5 TAGS, etc., enough for all your Christmas packages, together with a copy of a New York Magazine, also a CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND $5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST, which closes Dec. 23, 1914. Act promptly. This is your opportunity to enter this great contest in which we give away THREE AUTOMOBILES, AS FOLLOWS: A 5-PASSENGER 1915 OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE, A 5-PASSENGER 1915 MAXWELL AUTOMOBILE, A 2-PASSENGER 1915 FORD AUTOMOBILE, A CONCERT GRAND PIANO, with Player Attachment, A $150.00 PHONOGRAPH, A LADIES' GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, A GENTLEMAN'S GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, SIXTY-EIGHT CASH PRIZES, ETC. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize a Prize identical in character and value will be given each person so tied. TRY AND WIN. Address

E. H. KEMP, Mgr., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 17, NEW YORK

DROP HEAD SEWING MACHINE

$8.75 $8.75



$11.95

$16.45

If you are thinking of buying a sewing machine and want the best sewing machine made at less than one-third agent's or dealer's price, then

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG

which illustrates in actual color of oak our full line of famous, light running and noiseless Faultless machines at $6.75 to 22.95, and describes them in complete detail. It tells all about the wonderful, improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines; gives hundreds of testimonials from people now using them, and explains understandingly why our light running and noiseless Faultless machines surpass all other makes, no matter what the name or price may be. For your own good, for economy sake, before you buy,

WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG

and read our great liberal offer to send you a famous, light running and noiseless Faultless Sewing Machine without any money in advance on 30 days' free trial; see our life time guarantee; safe delivery guarantee and read our latest and greatest offer whereby you can use any of our sewing machines at our risk 90 days free in your own home. Write today.

JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., 150-151 W. Madison St., Chicago



"BIG" DOLL

FREE to GIRLS

AND A SET of DOLL FURNITURE

This SLEEPING DOLL is a great big beauty, NEARLY HALF A YARD TALL and beautifully dressed in satin and laces. Has curly hair, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, closes its eyes and goes to sleep. Beautifully dressed, trimmed underwear, stockings and shoes that can be taken off. You can have this beautiful Doll for distributing only 8 of our handsome pictures at 25 cents each. Everybody wants them and will take same on our liberal offer. We also include Set of Doll Furniture, consisting of Table and Four Chairs—of Bamboo—made in far-off Japan.

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address. We send the pictures free and take back if you can't dispose of.

M. O. SEITZ, 10-G-5, CHICAGO

GENUINE DIAMOND 4 RINGS FREE YOUR BIRTHSTONE



TIFFANY WEDDING SIGNET - YOUR INITIAL

4 solid gold filled Rings, guaranteed for 3 years. GENUINE DIAMOND chip, Signet with your initial, Tiffany Wedding and your Birthstone all Free. Just order 12 easy-to-sell jewelry novelties; sell at 10c each; send us the $1.20 and these 4 beautiful Rings are yours. Order today.

NATIONAL GIFT COMPANY, Box M 258 ELMIRA, N.Y.



Superfluous Hair Remover Free!

Banish that mannish appearance! "SEE-HAIR-GO," an Indian discovery, positively removes any hair growth instantly! Even toughest, most wiry hair imaginable. Unlike any other preparation. Germicidal; antiseptic; won't injure or irritate tenderest skin. Results guaranteed. Delicately perfumed; pleasant to use. Free trial bottle (plain wrapper) to prove its merit. SEND 2c POSTAGE.

Mary Louise Wright, Dept. 46, 504 E. 47th St., Chicago, Ill.

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE



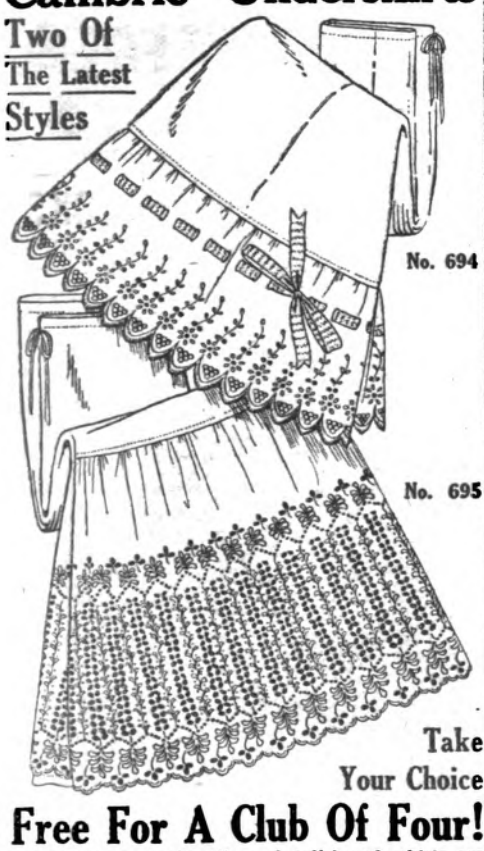
Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold, return $3.00 and we send Rifle.

Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 630, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

Cambric Underskirts

Two Of The Latest Styles



Take Your Choice

Free For A Club Of Four!

THESE two very attractive and stylish underskirts are made of fine quality **cambric** with flounces of muslin embroidery and come in sizes from 36 to 44 inclusive. The skirt shown at the top is made with a narrow flounce 6½ inches deep with a beading about one inch from the top of flounce through which is drawn pretty lingerie ribbon. The skirt shown at the bottom of the illustration has a 14½ inch flounce of handsome eyelet embroidery. Both these skirts are up-to-date in style and shape being cut along straight lines which give them the fashionable **narrow effect** now in vogue. The regular retail value of these skirts is **one Dollar,** but we are giving them away free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either skirt **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. In ordering be sure to mention **size** also say whether you want **skirt No. 694 or No. 695.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

THE summer is gone and the Summer Girls shiver, while Cupid's sharp arrows are froze in his quiver, at least, during November, which is really too dreary a month for flirting, though most of you, my dears, begin to chirk up a little by Thanksgiving and take hope again. I don't know what we would do with November if it weren't for Thanksgiving, and I believe it was set for this month just to relieve the dreariness. Still, after all, the gloom isn't really in the month so much as it is in ourselves, or will be if we let it get in, and we must make extra efforts to be cheerful and happy and make November ashamed of itself. Therefore I'm going to stop talking and get to work.

The first letter I take up is from Cousin Mercedes of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, after telling me how she loves her church and that I mustn't think she is conceited because she happens to be "given a gift of God to be good," devotes four pages of letter to the young men she admires and is admired by in the church and a few on the outside. I can only say to her that if she will think of the religion she professes instead of the young men who are trying to flirt with her in church she won't have to ask me so much about them.

Ater, Weston, W. Va.—A girl not quite nineteen surely need not worry which of two young men she should choose when neither is what she wants as a life partner. Treat them both nicely and wait three or four years for the right one. (2) It is quite proper to shut the door between your mother's room and that where you are receiving a caller.

Troubled, Moore, Okla.—I think when a girl of twenty-one works on the farm like a man and does housework like a woman she has earned the right to have company and enjoy the association of other young people and if you are independent and insist upon your rights your father will grant them and not keep you so closely at home. You need not be disobedient or disrespectful in the slightest. Simply say that you have earned that much pleasure in life and you intend to have it. Ask the young man to call for his scarf pin and if he is all right and as respectable as your father is, ask him to call again and when he asks you to go out with him, go. Children have rights that parents are bound to respect and the children should teach their parents, if they will not learn any other way.

N. E. D., Hillsdale, Va.—My dear, nobody marries, I fancy, without some little doubt whether they should or not, but they marry just the same and sometimes they laugh at their previous doubt, and sometimes they do not. You can only do as the others do, and if this very excellent young man wants to marry you and you are not sure you should marry him though you want to very much, then marry him and do all you can afterwards to dispel the doubt you had. You have my blessing to begin with. (2) It is not good form for the gentleman to send the lady a stamp for an answer in regular correspondence. (3) It is not at all necessary to send a present in return for one, though you may do so if you wish.

Dotty Dimple, Portland Oregon.—Until you are engaged to him, he has a perfect right to call on other girls and you are very foolish not to want him to do so. If he likes you well enough to have you for his "steady" that should be enough without forcing him to quit you entirely, or become engaged.

R. L., Mesquite, Texas.—Don't be asking me about the right or wrong way to kiss or be kissed. Cut out the kissing, my dear, and you won't have to be asking about it.

Troubled Beauty, Toshes, Va.—With the common school education you have and the nice young man waiting for you, I think, you can well afford to forego a college course and remain with your sick mother. But, my dear, you should learn to spell. Suppose you get good books and read to your mother, by which you may educate yourself along useful lines and also see how words are spelled correctly. You write: "I am in kneed of advice," and I give it to you. You also write: "I have all the luxeys of life," which should include a spelling book.

Brown Eyes, Hale, Mo.—Isn't the young man's friendship worth anything to you if he goes to see other girls, especially as he does not live near you? You have only a friendship claim on him, and why destroy that because he wants other friends. If I were the young man I wouldn't want your kind of friendship.

Beauty, Blaine, Wash.—You may be as pretty as the men say you are, but you are sillier than you are pretty if you will submit to the coarse attentions and familiarities of a married man because you don't want to make trouble by telling your own father, or the man's wife. You have every means of protection and if you will not use them, you deserve whatever happens.

Lolap, Elkins, W. Va.—Just keep the two beaus you have guessing, and in the meantime get a grammar and spelling-book and learn a whole lot of things you don't know now, especially the spelling. Does the beau you write to spell like you do?

Dolly, Van Buren, Ark.—Of course, if you are satisfied with him, go with him and marry him. A little thing like getting drunk and cursing you before people and setting the whole town talking, doesn't count for anything. After you become his wife he will get drunk and curse you so often that you will get used to it and the town will drop it as a subject not worth talking about. Still you say you love him and he loves you! Well, only the people who love each other should marry. So go ahead and marry him. I can stand it if you can.

Blue Eyes, Dale, Okla.—Really, cousin, I don't know how you can "win a nice respectfully boy's love," but I imagine if you would learn to use the English language properly, it might help some.

Indian, Davy, W. Va.—When a bashful youth who never goes with girls, hangs around one particular one all the time and is afraid to say anything, it is a sure sign he cares more for her than any other girl he knows.

Puzzled, Knox City, Tenn.—Holding hands, especially in buggy-riding, seems to be such a universal custom among young persons, that I think you should rather have laughed at the young man than to have been angry with him for trying to hold yours while you were driving with him. Whether it is right or wrong to hold hands, the custom is too firmly fixed, I think, to break it. Just the same, if you don't want your hand held, it is very easy for you to prevent it.

Gray Eyes, Santa Rosa, Cal.—Yes, my child, if the young man gets uncomfortable when you look at him and you get uncomfortable when he looks at you, I should guess that you are both in love. It often affects young people that way.

Broken-heart, St. Louis, Mo.—My dear, you have let your love lead you far astray, but there is yet time to come back to the fold, if you will only be brave enough and strong enough to conquer the bad and be guided by the good. I believe you can do this and if you will talk honestly and square to your sweetheart I believe he will help you in the struggle against yourself. You have done wrong, but it is not too late to do right and that you must do or be finally lost.

Ruth, Normal, Nebr.—There is no known way, my dear, of keeping the young man's love if he really doesn't care for you, though he may say he does, and is getting tired of you. What they think is love isn't love and is not warranted to keep. My advice to you is to call to your help all the good hard common sense you have and if he wants to leave you, let him go. If he really loved you he would at least stop chewing tobacco, though I think you might let him smoke. You mustn't be too exacting.

Blue Eyes, Leslie, Ga.—In your very uncertain state of mind and heart, I think you should not marry the young man who wants to marry you, nor the other young man you think you would like for a husband, but should prepare yourself for the work you can get in the city, with your aunt. In two or three years you will become more settled and have a broader view of life.

Bully, Manzanola, Colo.—Don't by any means lose such an exemplary and thrifty young man as this one is, but don't marry him until you are two years past seventeen, at least, and four would be better. By that time you will be sure of his love, if he will wait, and he will have more money at interest than he now has.

Forsaken, Havana, Fla.—If you and your sweetheart can't outwit your cruel stepmother who insists on having the children remain in the room when he calls, I don't think you deserve to win each other. Your love must be stupid if it can't find a way to commune together. If he is scared off by a little obstacle like this, I don't believe he is worth having.

Lassie, St. Petersburg, Pa.—You are as foolish as you think he is sensitive, if you will not speak to him of his lack of good manners and try to correct his etiquette for fear of hurting his feelings. If he is the excellent young man you say he is in other respects he will be only too glad to be corrected by a cultivated girl whom he likes. Don't be as silly as he is bad mannered. The good Lord gave women to men to smooth them out.

Beginner, Mammoth Springs, Ark.—A sixteen-year-old girl should not marry a twenty-year-old boy, whether some of his relations are respectable or not. Both of you wait five years before marrying each other or anybody else and you will be better prepared to assume the responsibilities of marriage.

Western Girl, Gildford, Mont.—One day in the week is quite as good to marry on as another, even Sunday, when ordinary contracts are not legal. It isn't the day in the week, it is yourself, that makes marriage worth having. (2) Before two people marry they should know everything about each other that could possibly make any kind of trouble between them after they are married. Many marriages are made unhappy, or broken up entirely, by withholding personal information which should have been communicated beforehand, especially in regard to health. (3) The best way to get around the word "obey" in the marriage service is to be married by a service that does not contain it. But don't worry about it. Most women obey to suit themselves when they are wives.

Would-be-happy, Canton, Kans.—Some young people, of both sexes, have a way when in love of continually insisting that the other one doesn't love as they do and a lot more of the same kind of silly suspicion. I don't know why they do it and I don't believe they do. If I were you I would tell the young man to stop talking like that, or I wouldn't have anything more to do with him.

There, my dears, your questions have been answered and I hope you are all perfectly satisfied; if they are not exactly what you expected they are better for you in some instances than if they had been the way you wanted them. You see I am trying to help you, even though I have to scold you occasionally. Now take my advice to heart, all of you, and let it be a help to you and the good Lord hold us all in His hand. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

spores, which affect all parts of the bird's body and the air-tubes. Often sneezing and a discharge from the nostrils lead people to think that they have cases of roup, or at least a roupy cold to deal with. Your neighbors' birds may be in an advanced state of the same disease, but I rather think that they have roup of the eyes, which frequently develops lumps just under the eye, varying in size from a hazel-nut to a hickory-nut. For your own birds I advise the following treatment: Make tar water by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of wood tar in a quart of warm water. Remove the birds to some small, tightly-built house or room. Place a very hot brick in a pan half filled with ashes and pour a little of the tar water on the brick, using a little at a time to keep up a vapor until the air of the house or room is heavily charged with it. It is well to treat all the flock at once if possible, as by that means the fear of contagion is checked. The house in which the birds have been roosting must be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, especially water and feed dishes. Your neighbors would do well to follow the same advice, supplemented by personal treatment for each really sick bird. Tell them to make a lotion of half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with three of water, and spray the bird's nostrils, mouth, throat and eyes. If you have no regular spray, a small syringe or a medicine dropper will answer the purpose. To prevent contagion the bird should be quarantined.

T. W. N.—Will you please tell me the disease of my chickens. The chickens were eight weeks old when they took the disease. Their backs seem weak and their legs also. Their legs seem to dwindle away and their hips are a dark greenish color. They have good appetites and seem to grow some. They stand up straight, and their tails drag around. They have had free range on wheat stubble and grass and weeds. Have fed corn-meal mixed up wet, and wheat also. My neighbors' chickens are in same shape.

A.—The condition you describe puzzles me. The fact that you say the skin of the hips turned a dark green color, and the shanks shrunk, and that they carry themselves in an upright position, suggests poison and inflammation of the crop. But you don't say that there is any diarrhea, which is usually present in such cases. However, I think that the best thing I can recommend you to do, is to give the birds Castor oil, which will clear out the intestines and relieve any pressure in the crop. Mix it with the morning mash, allowing about three tablespoonfuls to each bird.

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Red Rose Rag	Everybody Two Step	Waiting for the Robert E. Lee	Will the Angels Let Me Play
On Moonlight Bay	Everybody's Doin' It	I'd Love to Live in Loveland	Roses Bring Dreams of You
		Alexander's Ragtime Band	If I Had a Home Sweet Home
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Bead necklaces are more fashionable than ever this season. For the last two or three years these handsome, inexpensive neck ornaments have been steadily growing in popular favor and now the style has become so firmly established that no lady or girl can really call herself "up-to-date" in dress unless she is wearing one of them. The most beautiful necklaces come from Austria where they are **hand made** by skilled workmen who first string the beads in single strand then cleverly weave the strands together in different ways producing many varied handsome effects. The style shown here was the prettiest one we found among a dozen different samples submitted for our approval so we have purchased a large quantity of them and are going to distribute them free among our readers. It consists of three strands of **pure white Austrian beads** woven together so as to form a single strand which **fastens with gold-plated clasp** and in the center there is attached **as a pendant** a smaller double strand of beads decorated with a beautiful large **imit. Amethyst,** an imit. **gold bead** and a large pear-shaped bead at the extreme end. This necklace when unclasped is 15 inches in length while the lower part, or pendant, is 2½ inches in length. The real beauty of this handsome new necklace does not appear in our illustration but we hereby **guarantee** that every lady or girl who receives one from us on this offer will be more than delighted with it. Be sure to read the following **free offer** then send in your order today.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

going many miles to see. The entire country is beautiful in the spring when tiny flowers dot these majestic mountains with such riot of color that it makes me long to be able to gather them for those who love flowers and are unable to get them. The United States General Hospital is situated just above Bath House Row and is also owned and controlled by the Government. It is a pretty, clean place with beautiful grounds and spacious buildings. How I wish I could send thousands of gallons of this pure, hot water to the many suffering ones that are bent with rheumatism and suffering from stomach troubles and various diseases that these waters are known to cure.

We have taken dear old COMFORT since I was a child and could not do without it now.

How many sisters have tried plain salt water for falling hair? I have found it very effective.

Mrs. Barker, I agree with you, be kind to the old people, remember we will be old ourselves some day; so please be kind and thoughtful of them.

Mrs. Wilkinson, I can think of nothing nicer than to have you for a neighbor, always so ready to give good advice, just as patient and sweet as can be. You certainly have my best wishes in your big but grand work. If I have not worn my welcome out may I come again sometime? Will be glad to hear from the sisters.

MRS. NAN BROOKS.

Mrs. Brooks. You certainly are welcome to come again, as is everyone, for we shall all be interested in a further description of the wonders surrounding you. Truly, God's work is evident everywhere and if any unbelievers come to the Springs for treatment, the wonder-working powers must be more convincing to them than any sermon ever preached, and they can go on their way, stronger in faith as well as bodily strength. I only wish it were possible for me to know personally, all the sisters with whom I have become acquainted through the medium of Uncle Sam; though I sometimes wonder if I would be a disappointment to them.—Ed.

NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I venture to write again after nearly a year's delay? I, too, am like Mrs. F. A. Wilson, not very large, am five feet six inches tall, brown eyes and dark brown hair and tip the scales at just ninety-five pounds. Mrs. Wilson I, too, think it wrong to lie to children but of course a mother meets with some very perplexing questions from children, but when they do they should not lie to them, just tell them they are too young to know just then but when they grow older they shall know.

My baby isn't old enough to know these things; is only seventeen months old and is just walking.

Mrs. Proctor, you spoke of giving baby sweet cream, also pure olive oil three times a day. I gave her pure olive oil and thanks to it, for today I have a good, well baby in that respect. But whenever she catches the least bit of cold her bowels get disordered.

I am interested in the letter which says a girl ought to teach at least one term of school before marriage. I never taught school but since then I have wished I had, for I agree with Mrs. Wilson that there is always a dark side of life no matter what profession you follow.

I am twenty-two and married when twenty years old. Our home has been one of the happiest but I never was strong or well and tire easily. Sometimes I just wanted to throw up my hands and quit, but there was my husband, he is always so good to me. When I am tired he comes in from his work and helps get dinner or whichever meal it happens to be; then, too, my little baby needed my attention so there I was. I just had to work. Several of the sisters were so kind to offer their advice in regard to my baby's sickness and I greatly appreciated it, too, and meant to reply to those who wrote.

I think COMFORT is just the grandest paper. I hope its good work goes on forever.

Enclosed is a recipe for a cake, but it must be mixed just right or it won't be quite so nice.

Wishing everyone of the readers and Mr. Gannett and Mrs. Wilkinson success, MRS. FLOYD WINKFIELD.

OXFORD, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I seldom see a letter from Maine in "our corner," so thought I would break the ice, and send one, even if it wasn't very good. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a long time and think it the best ever. I always find many helpful things in each number. There were so many fine things in the July number. I want especially to speak of Mrs. Barnes' letter. I fully agree with her, if we can say no good of a person we can at least keep still, and if we see a fellow creature on the downward road, instead of giving them a push we can reach out a helping hand. I have always found the Golden Rule a good one to follow, "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." I believe in doing all the good we can and whenever we can and I try to practise what I preach. There are so many little ways of helping others, even if we are poor, if we watch for the chance.

I want to say to the Western sisters, that while they have many advantages in their states which we do not have, that after all Maine is a grand old state.

Now sisters, I want to ask a big favor of you. I would like to receive not only one, but a lot of letters from every state in the Union, and I will surely answer.

I have been a widow for fifteen years, no near relatives, except one girl with whom I make my home. I have been in poor health for eight years and often feel lonely, so letters are most welcome. I have one dear little grandson, a little over two years old. What a comfort children are! Some call them "troublesome comforts," but I do not think so. Now for a few helps:

If your sink drain becomes clogged, invert a cup over the opening and move it rapidly up and down for a few moments; it will clear it at once.

In making apple sauce, before you sweeten it add a tiny pinch of soda and as soon as it is done foaming, sweeten it, does not take nearly as much sugar, and with the high price of sugar now, it is worth saving.

Now sisters, if I am fortunate enough to have this printed I shall look for lots of letters and I hope I won't be disappointed. With love to you all and a loving "God bless you all," I am your COMFORT sister,

MRS. A. F. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Thompson. It is some months since we have printed a letter from a Maine subscriber. I hope that more of our Maine readers will follow your example, and write good letters to our Sister's Corner, not only expressing their opinions on current topics but also describing their families, their surroundings, their manner of life and the advantages they enjoy in their respective communities, as do so many of those who write me from the West and South. Maine is a good place to work in, for you can work and yet enjoy life here. The people of Maine—they average as well as any anywhere—are intelligent, industrious, prosperous and happy, as a rule, but seem content to enjoy their advantages in silence without trying to boom their state or their respective localities.—Ed.

MONROE, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is from a sister in New York State, who is knocking for admission. May I come in? I shan't stay long as I am very busy.

I think it would be a good idea if people, corresponding with each other, would mention COMFORT, I believe it would be a good fellowship bond, and would insure an answer.

I am twenty years old, five feet eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, brown hair and eyes, and may I add good natured. I have been married three years and have two children, a girl two years and a boy nine months old. Also I want to say I have a good husband. He doesn't drink or swear, is kind and loving and spends his evenings home with me and the children. I am as much in love with him as ever, but now I hear some sisters say that I am not past that silly age yet. I feel quite rich with such a good husband and the babies and I am thankful too.

I do all the sewing for my family and make patchwork and embroidery, besides doing all the housework. The time speeds far too quickly for me. I sing as I work and find work a pleasure. It all depends on a person's mood they are in as to the work they have to do. Think clean, cheery thoughts and you will be surprised how quickly the "blues" will go. One can't stay all day in a pint measure. By that I mean, we have so much work to do and only a certain time to do it in, so we can't spend all the time on one thing but do much as can be done in a day. I had a young lady friend, stopping with me, who had a baby. She had her baby spoiled. She held it on her knee continuously and would say, "let that go till tomorrow," and "the first baby is always spoiled." I hope there are very few people who think that way. We shouldn't allow ourselves to become lazy and above all we shouldn't spoil the babies. If we don't set an example for the children, we can't expect our children to be ideals of the perfect childhood and later manhood and womanhood. Now, I don't mean to even think my children are perfect either, for I am only trying to do my best and bring them up properly and to live for what is right.

It fills one's heart with pity for so many of the young girls who are victims of the white slavers who go wrong through the "blindness of virtue." Mothers should tell their daughters certain things at a certain age when they can understand; many tragedies would be avoided if mothers would assume this responsibility and swallow their mock modesty before it is too late. If girls were taught to shun every strange man, not allowed to read "dime" novels, they wouldn't imagine every man a possible "Prince Charming." A little time spent in teaching them sewing and cooking would help them to be useful women and wives when the right one comes along.

Can someone do me a favor and tell me what will rid the hair of dandruff? Love to all the COMFORT sisters, I am, sincerely yours, through COMFORT,

MRS. HARRY BENJAMIN.

COTTONWOOD, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS ONE AND ALL:

Here comes a sister from eastern Oregon to tell you that I am one with you. I have taken COMFORT for quite a while and I never will be without it is long as I live. It does me much good to read your letters, they are so full of helpful things.

May God bless those that take little children in their homes. There is nothing makes a home so happy as little children. I have one dear little boy fifteen months old. He is a world of company to us.

At present this is mostly a stock country, but some farming is done as well. It is a good fruit country in some places. It is too cold to raise tender fruit, but the hardy fruit does fine and no better vegetables are grown anywhere. Grain also does well, our soil is the very best, we don't use anything on our land to make it produce. Land is selling very cheap here, too. There is one thing we need bad and that is a market, but I suppose that will soon come.

What do you sisters say about a Badge Pin for our corner? I think it would be nice to have a pin representing our corner.

I have read so many requests for remedies for rheumatism that I am sending a tried and true remedy. To

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

A. M.—Certainly, I will be glad to print directions for banishing blackheads, as they certainly are a great trial. Don't grow discouraged, as daily treatment will soon rid you of this beauty defect. First, never forget to bathe the face at night, before retiring, using hot soapy water and a complexion brush. When the face is cleaned and has been rinsed free of soiled lather, dry the skin and rub over the face a handful of boric powder. If this smarts the skin unduly, massage in a little cold cream. Once a week after the face has had its nightly bath, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over the face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage with a good cream for several minutes. On this night omit the boric powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

When your face is free from blackheads it is time to use an astringent wash, as the tiny pores will need to be contracted. I am giving formula for a pore contractor below:

Astringent for Coarse Pores

Tincture of benzoin, one ounce; juice of cucumbers, four drams; cologne, four drams; elder-flower water, sixteen ounces.

Bertha.—The hair should be washed every ten days if extremely oily. If dry and fluffy once every six weeks will be sufficient. Do not dampen the hair when combing or brushing it. If you keep up this practise you soon won't have any hair to comb. Healthy hair should be left alone. If your scalp itches or the hair is thin or falling out, massage scalp for twenty minutes every day with the following pomade:

Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarter drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Push the scalp to and fro with the finger-tips and occasionally knead it deeply, using a rotary movement. If the hair splits it generally means that the scalp is in need of nourishment. Of course all split ends must be cut off if you expect the hair to grow longer. I hope I have given you the information you needed.

Miss M. L. K.—Rub ankles heavily with toilet water for twenty minutes a day. This will break down the fatty tissues and the ankles should grow beautifully less.

Mollie.—I would recommend using the preparation mentioned by you, peroxide of hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and at the same time rots the root. Dampen the hair daily with peroxide. If the extra hairs grow only around the ears I do not think it would irritate the skin to dampen the growth with aqua ammonia or camphor every other day. Do this for a long time, say eight or nine months, and the hairs should fall out. Remember to apply the peroxide once daily and the ammonia every other day. Use the same treatment for hairy arms.

Dolly.—Stop using the cream mentioned. Cocoa-butter makes a better flesh builder. If you would make a point of drinking two quarts of creamy milk every day you would soon see an improvement. Massage with oily substances will plump the shoulders but slowly. The milk piles the flesh on rapidly.

Rose.—I really think you should use a dye, if your eyebrows are really white. Massaging them with yellow vaseline will slightly darken them.

Helen.—A dimple is a most natural desire and to bring about this result, you must press the blunt end of a new penholder into your cheek for fifteen minutes, after which coat dimple with white of egg, then apply plenty of powder. If you do this four times each day for several months, your dimple will come to stay.

Genevieve.—Probably you don't know that peroxide of hydrogen, in addition to making a good antiseptic mouth wash, bleaches yellow teeth to a milky whiteness. I advise you to try this simple tooth bleacher.

Emma.—Perhaps your hands are red because you wear your clothing a trifle snug. If the belts, collars, cuffs, corsets and sleeves—especially the armholes—are an easy fit there will not be so much probability of red hands. You should drink from eight to ten glasses of cool water a day and take a cold sponge bath upon arising in the morning. Several times during the day hold your hands underneath a stream of cool water.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

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No experience necessary. Business furnishes the capital. We want men who want to make money—men who are ambitious to double their **salary every sixty days.** To such men we offer an opportunity that will make them independent—**a position of prominence,** with abundant money, time that is all their own, and permanent prospects of increasing income.

NEW INVENTION—JUST OUT

Nothing else like it. **Low price.** Sells on sight. **Guaranteed.** QUICK sales. Big profits. Unlimited possibilities. We want Local Sales Agents, General Agents and District Managers. Co-operation and Assistance. You can make double

$2210.00 THE FIRST YEAR

Mail your application today. Territory is being rapidly assigned. Do not delay. Make preparations to start at once.

DAYTON SWEEPER CO.,
Dept. 112, Dayton, Ohio



AGENT'S SAMPLE ON FREE TRIAL

New idea in vacuum sweepers. No Bellows. No wooden parts. Double action pump. Operated by wheels—creates powerful, continuous suction. Revolving brush picks up all lint and ravelings. Works like magic. Abolishes labor. Low Price. Brilliant Opportunity. WRITE TODAY.



Shetland Pony Given Away

Here is your chance to get a fine Shetland Pony. Cut this picture into six pieces and paste or pin the pieces together so as to make a complete picture of a boy riding a pony. Mail it to me with your name and address and I will tell you all about the great contest in which you can win a beautiful pony.

1500 VOTES FREE

Pasting the picture together does not win the pony but you will receive my great offer and a special coupon good for 1500 votes toward the pony All you have to do to get this coupon is to send your name and address at once.

Sec'y **Popular Co.,** 163 Popular Building **Des Moines, Iowa**

25 ASSORTED HIGH GRADE SOUVENIR POST CARDS Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, &c. Postpaid **10c**
THE S. & D. CO., Dept. 60, Brunswick, Maine.

What Every Girl Should Know Before Getting Married. 140 illustrated pages. 50c. postpaid. The Cardway Publisher, Saginaw, Mich., W.S.

Colds Quickly Relieved, **Catarrh** prevented by using Dr. Woods Anti-Cold Remedy. Price 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Circulars Free.
A. RAWSON MEDICINE CO., Rawson, Ohio.



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Roman gold finish, set with beautiful colored stone. Given for selling only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each. We trust you.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 76, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

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We give Camera, 2 packages plates, developing outfit, instructions and handsome photo brooch frame FREE for selling only 12 packages Bluine at 10 cts. each. You can earn money making photo brooches with this. Write for Bluine. BLUINE MFG. CO., 342 Mill St., CONCORD JCT., MASS.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S BOOKS
Poems, Cloth bound, 50 cents. **Song Book,** 30 cents. Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide

Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl.** Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of

LUNG TROUBLE

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis,) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let us send You the Proof—Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

Lung Germine Co., 105 Rae Blk., Jackson, Mich.

Remoh Gems



Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. *Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass.* Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4 color catalog DeLuxe, it's free.



Remoh Jewelry Co. 661 Washington Ave. St. Louis

This **Stem Wind WATCH AND RING** **FREE**



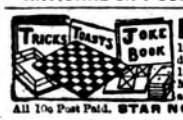
American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for selling 20 packages BLUINE at 10c ea. Write for them.



BLUINE MFG. CO., 337 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

FREE **AIR RIFLE** EVERY BOY should have this POWERFUL RIFLE and learn to be a good shot. 32 in. long. Best grade of steel. Walnut stock. Lever action. Strong, accurate shooter for small game. COSTS YOU NOTHING TO OWN IT. Just order 20 pkgs. Gold Eyed Needles. Sell at 10c each, give thimble FREE with each pkg. SEND NO MONEY. Extra present if you order now.

NATIONAL GIFT COMPANY. Box M 269, Elmira, N. Y.



BIG PACKAGE OF GAMES 10c

165 Parlor Tricks and Games. 350 Jokes, Conundrums and Riddles. 75 Toasts. 13 Comic Recitations. 15 Card Tricks. 40 Magic Tricks and Puzzles. 20 Monologues. Checkers and Chess. Dominoes. Fox and Geese. 9 Men Morris. Fortune Telling, &c.

All 10c Post Paid. **STAR NOVELTY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

LOTS OF MAIL If you want to get lots of mail from different firms—Send us your name and address—and we will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, 12 sample Cards, 14 fine Pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage; and you will get lots of mail—and the big lot of presents besides. Williams & Co. 326 Madison St., Chicago



VOICE THROWER 10c Wonderful Instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. McKINLEY CO., D2 WINONA, MINN.



BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed for 10 years, with stone for any month, $1.00 value to introduce our catalogue. Send 20c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size.

Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 5. East Boston, Mass.

Drawnwork Scarf



EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

times. Do you know my dear, when I received my birthday letters last year (and there were thousands of them) at least half the writers, and especially the women, asked me the same question you have done. Women quickly sense wrong and injustice where men don't. They are worried as to the future of their children. Men as a rule are not. "Oh," says the man, "I had to take a chance, my kids will have to do the same." The woman worries. She knows there is something wrong, she knows the world is out of joint. Order is God's first law and women crave a well-ordered world, where peace, justice, prosperity and plenty reign, and where children can bloom and flower without the blight of want, suffering, poverty and pollution. The dull witted who want to keep the ballot out of women's hands so that the poor darlings can't be sullied by the smirch of politics, heedless of the fact that no woman has to go into politics to cast a vote, forgetful too of the fact that a woman suffers just as much from rotten politics in her home without the ability to improve conditions, as any other member of society, and has as much right to alter conditions which are intolerable to her, as a man has to alter conditions which are intolerable to him. To hear superficial thinkers talk you would imagine as long as a woman had some old ramshackle joint that could be called a home, with some tobacco-chewing male to boss the ranch, she ought to be perfectly contented, even if her life was one long round of toil and drudgery, child bearing and child raising. I did not intend however, to talk about suffrage now. I merely touched on the point so that you may know that women in the mass would, if given the opportunity, clean up this old world of ours and put it in order. When streets in our cities get unspeakably vile, it is the women who come out with mops and brooms and clean them up just to shame the men. The great world cleaner however, is the ballot. Not until women get that broom in their hands will they accomplish anything worth while. The women of Illinois closed up a thousand saloons the other day, and they did it as easy as rolling off a log, while without the ballot they might have talked a thousand years, without getting one rum joint closed. A woman is naturally spiritual, and when you hear something clicking in her inside you'll know it's a heart and not a cash register, and you won't have to shovel any tainted money from her cranium to get at her conscience. Men would do better if they knew better, but the very things men ought to know are the very things they know nothing about. You won't find one man in a thousand who knows anything about political economy or economics. You see men with newspapers in their hands. They peep at them at the breakfast table, get a squint at them on the crowded car. At night after dinner they may spend an hour with newspapers or magazines. I'm talking now of the prosperous, well-educated business men, and if you look over their shoulders while they are reading, you will find they are studying Wall Street stock quotations, and the one or two things that concern business and dollars, and at the best they will only give a glimpse at the headlines, though they won't miss many lines of the spicy divorce cases which appear with unfailing regularity in all our morning prints. The ordinary man cannot conceive of a world in which he won't have to rush to business and rush home again. His check book is his Bible, the dollar is his god. His pet aversion and haunting horror is his pay roll. As long as he can keep his pay roll down to what he thinks it ought to be, he'll admit that life has some splendid spots, but there is always the dread that those who are on his payroll may want another fifty cents a week and that might mean one automobile less, an income cut from a hundred thousand a year to seventy-five thousand. As to how the men or women live who roll up his profits he concerns himself not at all. His daughters are well chaperoned and well provided for, the white slave traffic doesn't get them, so why should he worry. Business begets selfishness. There is nothing altruistic about business. It is a game of grab, and the man who is most ruthless in the grabbing game is the man whose name is on every tongue. Men may not admire his methods, but they envy him his cash. Yes, we live in a business world, and business is a Moloch that tramples all underfoot who are not swift and slick in a business way. I am living in a business world, so are you. When you are in Rome, they say, you must do as Rome does. In other words if people in Rome steal, you must steal too. If Romans lie you must lie. I however simply decline to subscribe to any such Satanic doctrine. I'm in a business world but I am not of it, in fact I loathe and despise it, for it is the world that stifles the best in humanity and brings out only the worst. It is a world in which the slickest, and not the fittest survive. It is a world of exploitation, a world not of humans but of squirrels and nuts. I don't want to be a predatory squirrel, neither do I want to be an exploited nut. I believe God put men on earth for something higher, something nobler and finer than to make profit out of one another. A business world crushes all the finer sensibilities out of men and in consequence we have to have governments which spend all their time in inventing checks and passing laws that will keep dog from eating dog, the more powerful man of dollars from swallowing the less powerful man of dimes. What a noble occupation for the elected representatives of the nation! Men being born into this kind of a world and having to get their living in this kind of a world and not having imagination enough to conceive any nobler, higher better kind of a world, strive madly either to be predatory squirrels or give up the struggle and resignedly become exploited nuts. Newspapers and magazines, being also business propositions, are careful to print nothing that will disturb the inflow of profits, in fact they cannot say anything without antagonizing the more powerful business interests and to antagonize them would be to invite destruction. Many magazines have been forced out of existence and their proprietors sent to bankruptcy because those who owned and controlled them revolted at present-day conditions and tried to expose the rottenness that existed and still exists in every avenue of our national life. Men having no imaginations of their own are unable to do any thinking unless some seeds of thought are dropped into their brains by men who like myself, try to live on the heights where the glory of God and His universe can be glimpsed and not in the misty valleys where men struggle in the morasses of their greed and selfishness, trampling the weaker underfoot and making life a nightmare of torture for the many. Nothing can be accomplished without thinking, not everyday thinking, but right thinking. Nearly every man thinks in a rut, just as gold fish if they are taken out of a bowl and put in a stream of water will still continue to revolve in the narrow circle to which they have been accustomed. Every man thinks of himself and is buried in the miserable depths of his own selfish interests. He never realizes the glory and grandeur of thinking for others and of caring for and worrying for others. He is the human chicken who never pecked his way through his miserable shell. The masses as a whole never see or read a progressive paper. The nation has been divided up into two political camps and instead of all men working together for national good the powers of wealth and privilege keep the voting element arrayed against each other ever warring with each other and so precious time, in which millions die miserably is spent, in which Mr. Tweddle Dee Democrat tries to convince Mr. Tweddle Dum Republican that he is several kinds of an idiot and does not know how to run a country, and Mr. Tweddle Dum Republican retorts to Mr. Tweddle Dee Democrat in the same strain. As a matter of fact neither of those old parties care at heart whether the masses of the people have a crust to eat or a place to lay their heads. They are well paid, why should they worry? The world will advance, not by any efforts made by these parties, but in spite of them. The great majority of the people

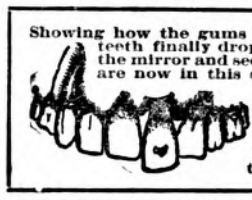
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Sore Teeth Diseased Gums

My Book Sent Free Tells All About It

Why Suffer Any Longer?

I offer to you, dear reader, a wonderful, new, simple and painless method of treatment at home for these affections. With this new treatment you can save the teeth nature gave you, make your mouth healthy and escape the torture and expense of false teeth. It is simple, easy and pleasant. Besides, it is painless and cannot possibly harm you in any way.



Showing how the gums recede and the teeth finally drop out. Look in the mirror and see if YOUR teeth are now in this condition. If so I am sure you will welcome the opportunity I offer you and write me at once for further particulars.

Stop Despairing. Don't Give Up Hope of Saving Your Teeth

Write me today and learn more about this new and easy method that you can use at home so there will be no further need for you to undergo the long, painful or expensive dental treatment. Bridges, crowns and false teeth are unsightly and rarely satisfactory, and through this treatment of the causes of bad and sensitive teeth, gum disease and foul breath, they should be unnecessary.



Why wait until your case gets to this pitiful state?

If you are suffering with Pyorrhea or Riggs Disease, gingivitis, receding gums, elongated or loose teeth, soft, discolored or spongy gums; if your breath is foul, if your teeth pain while eating; if you are subject to bad tastes—then, for your own sake, send for my book and learn how easy this method is—how painless and speedy—how it will quickly and permanently give you sound, healthy teeth.

Don't wait. There is no pain connected with it. I have received scores of letters from people saying they would have given hundreds of dollars had they known of my home method in time.

Merely ask for my book and it will be sent at once, together with full information and the names and addresses of hundreds of people who have used it and found such blessed relief—all FREE and without obligation of any kind. Use letter, postal or this coupon at once.

If you suffer in any way whatever with sore teeth or gums, you should learn what I am doing for hundreds of others every day, and read the interesting and valuable little book I have published free for the benefit of all sufferers.

Read These Remarkable Letters

What I have done for these people and hundreds of others, I can no doubt do for you.

Stopped His Bleeding Gums

Your method is certainly satisfactory and beyond my expectations. My gums quit bleeding second or third day. Apparently new gums growing up next to my teeth. My teeth are a cleaner white than before and do not hurt me when I eat. If I had known you 10 years ago and taken your kind advice, no doubt I would have all my teeth today, and sound ones, too. Anyone doubting your ability to treat teeth you may refer to me. I will tell them what you have done for me.—Frank C. Giffen, Oakland, Kans.

Saved Her Teeth

I am so sorry I did not know of you ten years ago before I had so many teeth pulled out. You may be sure I will tell everyone about what good it has done me.—Mrs. Jennie Burgess, Bloomfield, Iowa.

Says Wonderful Cure

I am writing to tell you of the wonderful cure. My teeth are firm and feeling fine. I am so happy. I thank you again and will speak a good word to my friends about you and your treatment.—Mrs. A. A. Castle, 21 Hazzard St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Cured Him and His Mother

Joe L. Duclas, Prairie du Roches, Ill., writes: "Your method cured me as well as my mother of very sore mouths."

Hundreds of others have written me the same way. I have had 21 years' experience and know what you want is a quick and painless method of relief and I offer it to you now. It is foolish and ignorant to put off when so much is at stake. Take your pen or pencil and write me now—today.

DR. F. W. WILLARD A-45 Powers Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your free book and full information about your method of treating sore teeth and diseased gums.

Name .....

Address .....

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

silage in the sound silage and it will soon thaw out. If this is done the affected silage may safely be fed to cattle, but it would be best not to give it to horses. They are more liable to damage from frosted or slightly moldy silage than are cows. If the frosted silage is allowed to remain stuck to the sides of the silo for months so that it freezes and thaws alternately it will be likely to become moldy and so prove dangerous. Some farmers allow the frosted silage to stick to the sides of the silo until spring when it thaws and falls down. Then they throw the silage into the cattle yard and allow horses and cattle to eat it. When this is done some of the silage is sure to become badly molded in the yard and such silage is liable to kill horses from cerebro-spinal meningitis or "forage poisoning." Use the frosted silage right along, after thawing it out before it becomes moldy, and no ill effects will result.

FROSTED BEET TOPS.—Such damaged leaves cannot safely be fed while frozen, but if they are thawed out by drenching with cold water and are then fed as a part ration with plenty of sound hay they will do no harm. Another good way to handle these beet tops is to pile them and before severe frost run them and shocked corn through the silage cutter and into the silo. At the Wisconsin station it has been found that they make good feed when so treated. There is no need of letting tops go to waste and they are of comparatively little value as fertilizing material. Sheep eat them as a part ration along with hay, grain and wheat bran or oilcake.

FROSTED CORN FODDER.—Such fodder has in the first place lost at least fifty per cent of its feeding value from weathering in the field and in the second place it is not fit feed when frosted. When thawed out it is safe, if not moldy, and if fed as a part ration with good hay. Do not feed it to pregnant mares. It may cause abortion. It is best to get the corn fodder into the shed, or stack it as a windbreak about the stock yard, and feed it as we have just suggested. Corn fodder should not stand out and waste all winter.



RING AND BRACELET GIVEN for selling 6 boxes of Smith's **ROSEBUD SALVE** at 25c per box. A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid, new style, patent hinge Bracelet, and gold shell Wedding Ring, or choice from our large premium book. **SEND NO MONEY**, we trust you.



All Our Bracelets Have Manufacturers Guarantee Tag Attached.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 10. WOODSBORO, MD.

This offer made by old reliable firm established 22 years.

FREE Four Beautiful Ferns

EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home **more bright and cheerful** especially through the **long winter months to come** than beautiful charming **ferns** and the superb collection we offer you here comprises **four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture.** They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost **no attention** except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT'S **famous rose collections** are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be **absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type,** and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were **fresh from the greenhouse.** Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety. **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer** each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a **new variety** recently introduced and one of the **finest ferns** for house decorative purposes ever grown, of compact vigorous growing habit producing **in great numbers** wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot **hiding it completely from view.** The pinnæ, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively **undulated** giving the whole plant a most beautiful **wavy** appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, **while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.**



The "Whitmani"

This charming **creation** has caused **a real sensation** among lovers of plants, each frond being as delicate and finely cut as **the most perfect ostrich plume** by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding **new fronds** from six to eight inches wide of **fine feathery foliage** entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of **from ten to twelve inches** and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. The "Whitmani" is one of the **few feathery foliage ferns which everyone** can succeed in growing **to a superb finished specimen** even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the **most beautiful lace** by reason of which it is sometimes given the name **"lace fern."** The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lacy foliage makes a plant of such **airy grace and value** as to be desired by everyone.

"The Boston"

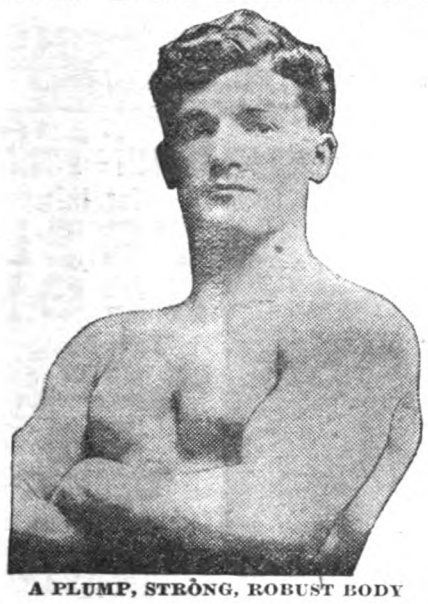
This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worthy of a place in every home. It is known by some as the **"Fountain Fern"** which name is derived from its **graceful drooping habit of growth** and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring **from six to eight feet long** and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you **by Parcel Post prepaid** the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** each one of them a **strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot** and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. **Premium No. 611.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

People Used to Call Me "Skinny"

But Now My Name Has Changed. Gained 15 Pounds and

Look Like a New Man



A PLUMP, STRONG, ROBUST BODY

"Before I took Sargol people used to call me 'skinny' but now my name is changed. My whole body is stout. Have gained 15 pounds and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared a man who had just finished the Sargol treatment.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. O. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

Would you too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30 pounds of good, solid "stay-there" flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?

Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is best proved by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this free package today, inclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc.

Address The Sargol Co., 12-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This test will tell the story.

FREE SARGOL COUPON

This coupon, with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address The Sargol Co., 12-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Club Offer. Send only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

G. W. H., Freeland, Md.—Adenoids in children produce many symptoms and in some instances almost indicate idiocy, with its slobbering and inability to talk intelligibly. As to enlarged tonsils, they can be determined only by examination. As the three doctors who have seen the child disagree, we would advise that you take her to Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, where whatever the physicians say may be relied upon and if cure is possible it will be effected. Great progress has been made in recent years in the treatment of children's diseases and thousands who would have been lost have been saved by taking them in time. Parents should not attempt to treat their children by home remedies and ignorance, but should give their little ones a fair start in life by having the advice and attention of a competent physician. And let us say in conclusion that adenoids have done as much harm to children as any other one ailment of the human body and this trouble might be easily remedied if properly attended to.

J. N., Danville, Va.—The coating of your tongue is due to indigestion and the treatment your physician is giving you is the one for you to follow, as you find it is improving, though perhaps slower than you think it should be. You cannot correct an error of years in a few weeks. We might suggest that you could improve the condition of your stomach by drinking hot water half an hour before meals, or any time when you feel a fullness in your stomach. Drink two or three glassfuls at a time as hot as you can bear it. If you are troubled with acidity, take a pinch of soda occasionally in water, when you feel the acid rising.

E. B. H., Camp Chase, Ohio.—A simple remedy for lice in the head is pulverized parsley seed rubbed well into the roots of the hair. Benzine is also a remedy, well rubbed in, but care should be taken not to have any fire of any kind, not even a lamp, in the room. Crude kerosene will kill lice and nits. Alcohol is better and cleaner than either, but don't use wood alcohol. The use of a fine comb and plenty of soap and water is also recommended.

Mary, Brule, Wis.—Pimples and boils when continued for a long time as yours have been are not amenable to the ordinary simple remedies, and you must consult a physician to learn the cause. When that is known proper treatment may be prescribed, and not before.

J. A., Roby, Texas.—This is a woman patient, who after mentioning a list of her ailments writes: "Don't say go to your physician, for I can't follow their instructions for resting, bathing and dieting. I have two children of my own and three motherless children, all under fifteen, and a husband to do the work for. When I sit down I can't rest, there are so many things that need doing." Yet if she did go to her physician and was told what was wrong with her and properly advised as to treatment, she would be much more able to meet the duties that fall upon her. She has never seen a physician except once and he told her she was suffering from nervousness. This was true enough and from what she tells us her nervousness is due to indigestion and lack of system in doing her work, which makes it over-work. Such patients are not for us to treat except to advise them to consult a physician and learn something about their physical being and its requirements. Utterly ignorant of how to care for their bodies how can they expect health when they do nothing to promote it, and are always doing something to destroy it? COMFORT has thousands of readers like this and they should realize what they are doing to themselves and take measures to prevent disease instead of taking medicine to cure it.

D. S. M., Lawrenceville, Ga.—A man of thirty-two, five feet ten inches tall and weighing two hundred pounds, might have consumption, but it would be mighty hard to make anybody believe it. Still, he should be able to take a deep breath without hurting and he shouldn't have pains in his back, sides and stomach—unless he has indigestion which causes all sorts of peculiar internal pains and nervousness. Just what is wrong we cannot guess, but a physician could tell certainly, if he were consulted and allowed to examine the patient. We recommend that this be done at once.

E. M., Leechburg, Pa.—Possibly the best remedy for tonsil trouble is to remove the tonsils, the operation being a simple one and not causing much pain. The tonsils do not control the voice, though when they are enlarged they render it hoarse. They cause a lot of other trouble, sometimes serious, and you should have them removed, unless after examination your physician tells you you should not, which we hardly think he will do.

E. S., Whittier, Cal.—Asafetida, which is a gum resin from a plant, is useful in promoting the appetite and improving the digestion, in this way relieving nervousness to an extent. It increases the action of the heart and the temperature of the skin, and is a mild brain stimulant increasing the feeling of cheerfulness, the flow of ideas, and sometimes almost has the action of an intoxicant. Its very offensive odor, which cannot be remedied and which affects the breath and the entire skin, prevents its more general use, except in cases of hysteria and depression, when the odor has a certain psychic effect. (2) Aspirin is a form of salicylic acid and is used in some cases of polyarticular rheumatism as deranging the system less than salicylic acid. (3) Sea-sickness and car-sickness are indefinite diseases, so to say, due to nervousness probably, or to causes not definitely known. Some persons are subject to them and others are not and the only sure cure is not to ride on the cars or on the boats. When you awaken at 2 A. M. and cannot go to sleep till five o'clock, you might try reading in bed, after you had got up and walked around, or eaten something to produce a change in your circulation. We do not believe in lying in bed trying to sleep when sleep will not come. Get up and do something, but be ready to get to bed again very quickly if you feel at all sleepy. Sometimes a hot bath will quiet the nerves at that hour.

Comtesse, Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is very likely the adenoids, which should have been removed when you were a child, make you dull and stupid now, and have a defective memory. We advise that you consult a physician at once as to their removal. You live in a community where there are memory teachers in plenty and by proper training your memory may be vastly improved. (2) The slightly crossed eye of your friend is hardly hereditary. Not more so, at least, than any other small physical defect would be and a crossed eye can be remedied by proper glasses, if your friend is not too old to be changed.

F. L. F., Port Hope, Mich.—If the bones of your nose are crooked you cannot make them straight except by an operation. In some cases—many people have their noses straightened—the operation is simple and in others not and what yours will be can only be determined by examination. We advise you not to have it done unless it is quite disfiguring. Short fingers do not necessarily indicate short persons, but usually stocky people have stubby fingers. Just why some people or some hands are smaller than others is farther over in the book of natural production than we have got.

M. T. M., Stephen, Ark.—When a person has been troubled from birth with any kind of disease, it is almost a certainty that no cure is possible and the best that can be done is to afford relief. As you have never had an aurist examine your ears we advise that you do so, the least expensive way being to go to your nearest city where there is an Eye and Ear Hospital. Here you will get the most scientific treatment and the best advice and you will know then what to expect and what to do for the future. Your headaches are the result of the ear trouble. If your condition can be improved by skill, the longer you put off having an examination made the more difficult it will be.

Miss F., Minco, Okla.—By the time you have picked those small red spots on your nose with a pin a little deeper you will have disfiguring blotches there that the most skillful skin specialist cannot restore to their present condition. They are there because the veins in that particular part of your skin are close to the surface and you cannot remove them unless you remove the veins. Let them alone or go to an expensive skin doctor for his treatment, which will probably produce no better results.

Mrs. C. L. G., Delrio, Wash.—Cutaneous diseases, other than those well known for which there are established remedies cannot be treated except by a physician who can examine them and determine causes. In this case you have been making external applications only, when there is a condition indicated which calls for internal remedies. The recurrence of the rash at stated intervals shows that the trouble lies deeper than the skin. Consult a physician and ask for other treatment than external.

A. R. H. S., Hebe Springs, Ark.—For your benefit and that of other COMFORT readers and inquirers who have good remedies which they wish to put up and sell, we will say that the best way to reach customers is to advertise your remedies in your local newspapers and at the same time place them with some druggist you know, reserving the right to sell on your own account at the same price he does. Gradually your remedies will become known in this way and you will build up a good local business. If you happen to have an unusually good remedy which effects many cures your business will grow until you can extend your advertising to papers beyond your county, and trade always follows advertising, if the goods advertised are as represented. Put your remedies up in the best style you can afford, to make them externally attractive. (2) We should not advise you to sell a remedy which you had received from a state institution unless you were authorized to do so. Write to the institution and see if permission will be granted. Also write to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C. and have your remedy registered under the Pure Drug and Food Act.

Old Subscriber, Lamberton, Minn.—Too many mothers of daughters are deplorably ignorant of their needs at the age your daughter is, fifteen, and you should not depend upon hearsay advice, nor advice by mail, but should consult a physician and learn what every mother of a daughter should know. The most important change in a girl's life occurs at about this age and her future health and happiness depend largely upon her passing through it under the most favorable conditions of exercise, study, diet, sleep, work and play. This is not to be learned by the mother or the girl through a public print, but from the private advice of a competent physician and one who has daughters of his own, if such there be in your vicinity. We think if you will follow our advice in this matter, your daughter's condition will so improve that you need no longer worry about her as you are now doing. All COMFORT mothers with young daughters coming into womanhood are urged to heed this advice.

M. L. A., New Ipswich, N. H.—Neuritis is an inflammation of the sheath of the nerve and in its milder forms is sometimes referred to as rheumatic inflammation. Ordinarily it is a most painful disease and its cure is slow and careful treatment is necessary. Its cause is often obscure, but it may be brought on by cold or shock. (2) The "Leggra" you mention is mispronunciation of pellagra, described elsewhere in this column.

J. O. M., Promise City, Iowa.—Pellagra, also known as Italian leprosy, Alpine scurvy and by other names, is a disease affecting the skin most exposed to sunlight. It is common in hot countries and its predisposing causes are heredity, poverty, insufficient and improper food and clothing, malaria and especially the eating of diseased corn, the fungus containing the poison or parasite. It is fatal after a few years if left to take its course, but it may last for fifty or sixty years. Ask your doctor for other particulars. In recent years especial efforts have been made in this country and others to control it.

The Farmer's Wife of Today

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

away, bored or disappointed, disgusted frequently, insulted some times. The theater someday may fulfill its high mission, but at present it fails oftener than it succeeds. At any rate it fails often enough to make the farmer's wife, if she knows, rejoice that her boys and girls are removed from its influence.

In a summing up of those things which do not come into the life of the farmer's wife we have a list of non-essentials. Moreover, the question arises as to how many of these things enter actively into lives of city people. Strange as it may seem, outside of a narrow circle of artists and art lovers, it is a fact that the people who go to the art galleries are mainly strangers. During a week's visit to the city, the farmer's wife can crowd in as many, sometimes more museums, matinees, concerts, art galleries and other unusual experiences than the city woman thinks she has time for in a year.

The main struggle and expense of life in the big city is getting the things that in the country are as free as air. People of small means look forward all year and save all year for the summer outing, which, by general agreement is most delightfully and heathfully spent in the country—that same place once despised as the extinguisher of ambition,—the destroyer of hopes.

So when we balance the advantages of the farmer's wife against her limitations, the blindest, most bigoted pro-urbanite can see that in all the essentials for happiness the former overwhelmingly outweighs the latter.

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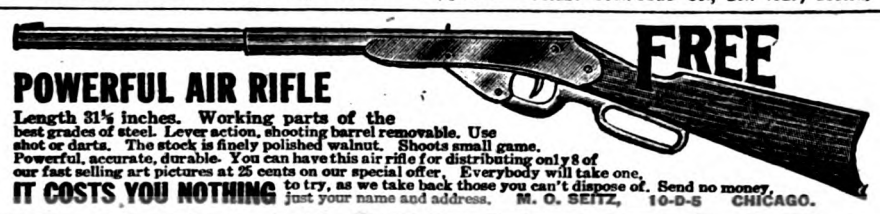
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The brush is nine inches long, 2½ wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine **Mirror,** is eight and one half inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real $12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

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RODS and Dip Needles for treasure seekers, pay after first find. Cir. 10 cents. Add. Jewell Novelty Works, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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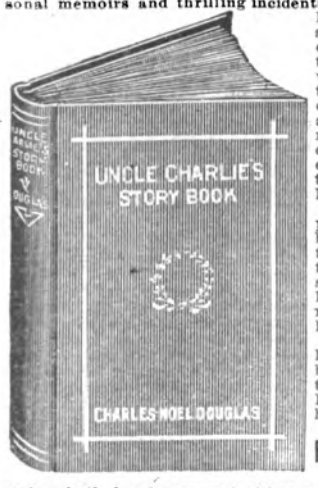
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Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

are so exhausted when the day's toil is done that they are glad either to go to bed or else go to the saloon or the movies for a little rest or relaxation. The church says: "The poor ye have always with you," and so the masses think that even heaven itself has entered into a conspiracy to keep them poor and wretched. The pulpit is silent except to things which concern another world. It is so much safer to talk of other worlds than this one. You can't offend anyone. You must remember, my dear Lulu, that every man who has ever tried to help humanity up the brier-strewn path of progress from Christ to our present day, has been turned on and rent by those he has tried to help. I'll wager a thousand dollars to a cent that if I were to go out into any typical rural community and give the people a good hot talk and try and drive a few ideas into their thick cocoas, I'd be egged and stoned and have to flee for my life. New ideas do get into people's heads and the world does progress, but that is due more to the mighty wheels of evolution, the urge of God, the scourge of necessity, than the thinking ability of mankind as a whole. There are however, thousands of thinking men who would give their lives, even as I would, to help the world onward and upward, but their voices are as of those crying in the wilderness, and though they can do much good work in their narrow spheres, necessity restricts the field of their operations and they do not have, as I am privileged to have, a pulpit from which I can talk monthly to six millions of people. But don't despair, we are moving forward. Things that were regarded as anarchistic twenty years ago are now too commonplace to be mentioned. My ideas seem progressive to you, but as a matter of fact, there is nothing I have talked about or advocated in these columns that is not considered, ancient, fossilized and ossified in really progressive countries. Now, Lulu, look around you. There are plenty of progressive men right in Jamestown, North Dakota. I met one there as far back as twenty-six years ago. There are good men and men of ideals in every community, but as a rule they foolishly keep quiet, for goodness is a modest flower, and so the blatent mouthey, grasping politician, shrieks from the house tops and the ignorant believe he is the only one to lead them to victory, but there are good people in the world and right will conquer in the end, for the truth that is to set us free is gradually creeping into men's minds and God has ordained that truth shall conquer, so gird on your armor every one of you and take your place in the ranks of right and give no quarter.

P. S. You will find my autograph in my books which you can easily obtain.

144 Co. C. A. Corps, FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a soldier boy of twenty-one. Have been in the service one year and am liking the army fine. All I dislike about the army is I have to be away from my dear old dad and mother. I never was away from home so long in all my life. It's funny how boys will wander so far from home isn't it. But when my entialment here is done I am going back to my father's house and there I am going to stay until God takes one of us I remain with a verse, when my entialment here is done if I see this in print I will call again,

Your neffew,
LEXINGTON B. BROWN. (League number 39,701).

When I have labored at my task,
From breaking of the dawn
Toiling hard with brain and muscal,
Till I'm tired out and worne
Won't it make feel quite rested,
At the setting of the sun,
To have someone to go home to,
When my enlistment here is done.

All the boys and girls will meet me,
With a joy—hall full of fun
And my girl will hang around my neck
When my enlistment here is done.

Perhaps my sweetheart has not been true
And now is another's wife,
And with my discharge I'll decide
To start afresh in life.
Yet at times I must be thinking
As the years apass me run
Of the cherished friends who'll meet me
When my enlistment here is done.

Well, General Lexington B. Brown (and if you are not a general by the time this gets into print, you are a poor soldier) we have all been greatly entertained by your letter. One thing is certain, Lexington, though the army may have taught you discipline (and there is nothing finer to learn than that) and how to fire a fourteen-inch gun, it has certainly forgotten to teach you how to spell, and an army that neglects to do that, especially an army that is supposed to belong to a democratic nation, is sadly neglecting its duty. The more education a soldier has, the better for the soldier and the better for the country, for education produces thinkers and thinkers can find other ways to settle their differences than by spilling blood. I've no doubt, Cousin Lexington B. Brown, that if you got in the way of one of those bullets when Vera Cruz was taken, you would have had a hero's funeral, and the funeral that was given those poor boys here in New York was something that might have been envied by a Roman Emperor. But once more I've got my opinion of a nation that will give its soldiers splendid obsequies but declines to give them a first-class education, and there isn't a boy born here in these United States that couldn't have a first-class education if the nation cared to give it to him. But very few of those who go to school ever get their noses inside a high school, and the boys that graduate from high school are getting so rare that the last remaining specimen in captivity will soon be found in a glass case in the Smithsonian Institute. When a wealthy country expects its sons to bear arms and die for it, it, at least ought to see that all the people within its borders are educated and provided with profitable employment. What's the good of fighting for a country that won't do that for you? It's all very well for Congressmen to pass laws compelling other fellows to fight. They know very well none of their precious hides will be punctured. We have a law compelling all men under a certain age to bear arms, but we haven't any law that will prevent long and agonizing periods of unemployment, and we might just as well have them as not. We haven't any law that will keep young people in school until they are thoroughly educated. The law that is applied to poor and uneducated people is always one sided. It exacts much and gives little. Once more I declare as I have previously done in these columns that I have never seen a country yet that is worth fighting for. I am living in a country that allows poor old women between seventy and eighty years of age, hundreds and hundreds of them to spend their last wretched hours on earth on their bended knees scrubbing out office buildings. Come to New York and see them. It is the most pitiful sight in the world. Scores of these women have raised families, many of whom have given their lives to their country. I always think of these poor old souls on the Fourth of July when we are getting excited about our freedom. Oh, yes, I know there are army schools, but that doesn't alter the fact that I've just read four letters from soldier boys that were scandalously illiterate. To my mind there is nothing too good for our soldiers. Now Lexington, to discuss your letter. You say: "I remain with a verse." Which verse is it in your pottery you are going to remain with? I suppose that's a verse you are fond of and you are averse to leaving it. You say "when my entialment is done." What's "entialment" Lexington? I suppose that's a new kind of bug that Uncle Sam is shooting into you to prevent you taking typhoid. Whatever it is Lexington, I hope it won't interfere with you making a bee line for home as soon as your soldiering is over. Let me tell you that you are a mighty lucky boy to have a home to crawl into, for that's more than most fellows have. Usually when a soldier leaves the army his only place of refuge is the back parlor of a saloon, and all that the country has to offer him for his devotion and heroism is an overstocked labor market, and when his money is gone a bench in a city park or a brake beam berth on a hobo special, otherwise a freight train. In your first verse you tell us you have been toiling hard with brain and "muscal". Lex, old boy, do tell us something about that "muscal." I'll bet that's some new dope the beef trust is injecting into the army ration. The Goat says Lex, you mean muscle. Which did you find most exhausting, toiling with brain or muscle? Personally I think you have used a little more muscle than brain, or you would not have had me standing on my head trying to read your letter, and I can't stand on my head as easily as I did in those prehistoric days when I hung by my tail in the forest primeval. It's lovely to think of you reaching the old homestead with all the village down at the depot to greet you and see you bring home your month's pay—that little fifteen per. I don't wonder that you say they will meet you with a "joy—hall full of fun." I notice you have a dash after joy. Well if we ever get any joy in this world, most of us have to dash after it. I know any I ever got had to be secured that way. What about that hall full of fun? Oh, I see you're going to hire a hall. That's right Lex, hire a hall, hire a hall, and when your fifteen is spent that girl who is hanging around your neck will drop you like a hot potato. It's only in song and story you come back and find your swetheart hasn't married another fellow. The girl who can get a chance to grab a good provider, is going to do it right on the jump. That is not her fault, that's the economic urge. She is not going to wait around four years while you are serving your enlistment and then go down to the depot and find you coming home from the Philippines with a chocolate-colored bride. It must be delightful to think of those days when you will join the old folks once more, and just as you say:

"Yet at times I must be thinking
As the years apass me run
Of the cherished friends who'll meet me."

Wouldn't it just be glorious if we could get a slant at you with all the years running past you. Old Father Time clearing the way with his scythe, while the almanacs and calendars and the hours, months, years and minutes dissipated the cruel period of waiting that holds you from crawling into the family hay mow and getting your feet under Pop's table, filling your face full of Mom's biscuits and Sue's chocolate cake. Lex, I envy you. I'll never be able to look forward to a treat like that.

MAYBERRY, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will try to write you and send you four subscribers for which I want your book of poems. I am a little girl age thirteen years. I live way up here on top of the Blue Ridge mountain. My papa is R. F. D. carrier from Mayberry. He has a long, rough route to carry over and in winter the roads get so bad he has to go horseback most of the time. Now how will he manage to carry several twenty pound packages when the snow is drifting and blowing, and he is bound to go horseback. Uncle Charlie, I like your letters fine. Mamma says she knows you are a good man because you are in favor of equal suffrage. Papa says it's because you are writing for a woman's paper is the only reason you are in for women voting. But I believe you write what you think. I would send you some chestnuts if you would eat them. We all like COMFORT. Mamma has been taking it for eight years. I hope you enjoyed your birthday. I hope you can get better so you won't have to be a shut-in always.

I will close, I hope you will excuse all mistakes, I hope to write a better letter some day.

DELLA YEATTS.,

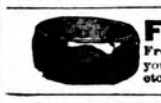
Della, in your letter you say: "Mamma says she knows you are a good man because you are in favor of equal suffrage. Papa says it is because you are writing for a woman's paper, and for that reason alone that you are in favor of women voting. I believe you write what you think." Tell your papa, Della, that it is very cruel and unkind of him to impute motives to me which are entirely false and unjust. It wouldn't matter to me whether I was writing in a woman's paper, a man's paper, or a monkey's paper I should still advocate votes for women. Your papa must have a very poor opinion of men in general and myself in particular if he thinks that there are none of us ready and willing to fight for a just and holy cause without getting paid for it. I can see, if your father and millions of others cannot see, that not only women but all humanity will be helped when women vote. If your papa, Della, will come to my bedside I will make him as anxious to vote for woman suffrage as I am myself, and if he can present a single reason why women shouldn't vote, I will present him with the prettiest twenty dollar bill he ever saw. That's the trouble with all reform movements. If you try to do anything for the people, instead of endeavoring to study and learn about the reform you are trying to push through, no matter how much good it's going to do, you will meet with violent opposition, because people hate anything that's new. The masses have been badly treated and always expect to be badly treated, and they can't imagine that anyone on earth would do anything for them, except rob them. The world always crucifies its reformers, and after they are dead and buried the people rush to worship them. Then too, the masses hate you if you try to make them think, for the most painful thing in all the world for most people to do is to think. Thinking means effort, and though people are ever ready to exert their muscles, most of them want to kill you if you ask them to exercise their minds. The masses have let others do their thinking, and you bet the readymade thoughts that the masses have absorbed have been prepared with just one idea and that is to keep people more ignorant than ever. As long as you can control the think boxes of the people, you can control their pocketbooks. If the world had the habit of deep and broad thinking it wouldn't take us ten minutes to do what now takes thirty to fifty years. Now if Della's Papa had studied the women suffrage movement he would have seen the justice and the necessity of it all, both from a man's and woman's point of view, and when he read COMFORT and saw that I was agitating and working for this great reform, instead of doubting my sincerity he would have applauded me and would have scorned

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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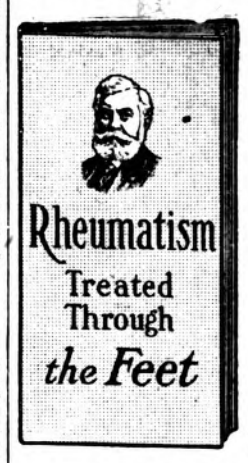
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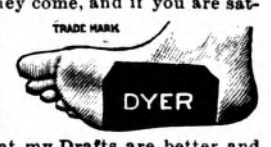


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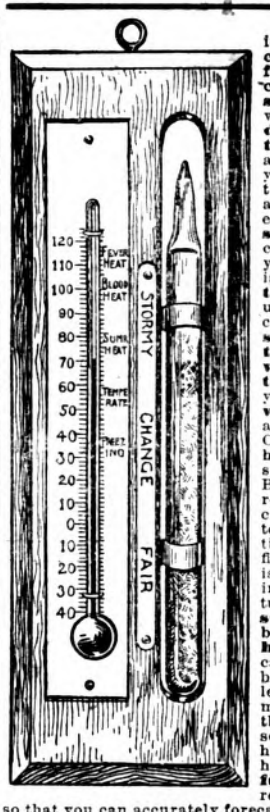
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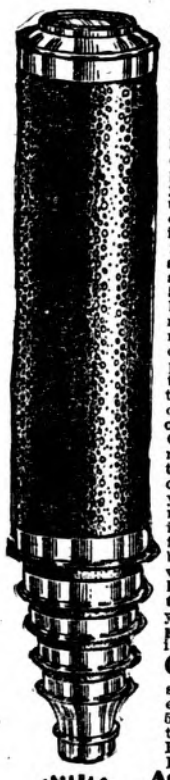
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The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope



Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

a half gallon of hard cider add two eight ounce packages of Rochelle Salts; put in fruit jar and keep lid tight. Shake well before taking. Dose, four tablespoonfuls each day as long as it lasts and if not well, *repeat*. I can't say that this will cure all kinds of rheumatism, but I have seen cases that it has cured so don't be afraid to try it.

Now sisters, will you all please write me? If you will I will promise to try and answer. I would like very much to hear from some of you that live where nuts grow, and you that live close to the ocean, please write and tell me of its wonders. I want to hear from you all, no matter where you live. Ask all the questions you like and I will try and answer them. Those that are in a hurry for an answer, please enclose stamp, as my time and postage are both limited.

With love to our dear editor and all,

MRS. FLOY KINCAID.

538 North 3rd St., MISSOULA, MONT.

DEAR SISTERS:

I feel as though I must write to this dear old paper, as I love it so well, and read every word in it, and can hardly wait until the time comes for another paper. My letter will not be of much interest I fear, as I read the other sisters' letters and they're all so full of interesting things.

I will begin by telling how I look if anyone should wish to know, I'm very small, five feet three inches tall, weigh ninety-two pounds, am thirty-three years old, have dark hair and blue eyes and dark complexion. I've been married sixteen years. I have three girls, aged fourteen, twelve and ten. We came out West almost two years ago and have lived in Missoula since then. This is a beautiful little town of about eighteen thousand people. We have fine schools and to take it all around this is a fine town to live in. There is most always plenty of work to be had, for anyone who cares to work, at good wages, and it is such a healthy place. The town is almost entirely surrounded by beautiful mountains, some of which are covered with snow all the year. We have good water, pure and cold all the time as it is melted snow from off the mountains. There's lots of good fishing in most all the streams and good hunting in the mountains, during fall and winter. The summers here are simply delightful, so pleasant, and there's always a cool breeze, and at night it's cool enough to sleep with plenty of covers. The winters are grand also, not as cold as people in the East imagine, but there's hardly a day without sunshine, while of course we have plenty of snow, during January and February, but the cold doesn t seem to affect a person half as much as in the East. The mountains serve as a great protection from the blizzards, therefore we have as fine a climate as anyone would wish to find. We came here from Missouri out not one of us ever wants to go back again to make our home. The people here are nice and don't seem like strangers. We have certainly made a host of friends since coming here, and let me say right here, that is what we live for; what is nicer than good neighbors and true friends? This would indeed be a sorrowful old world to live in without them. What a blessed work Uncle Charlie is doing. I enjoy his letters and little talks. Aso Mrs. Wilkinson; she surely must be a true Christian. If I could have the pleasure of knowing her in person I should surely be proud and happy. I get a little homesick and blue sometimes, but when I pick up COMFORT I think what a blessing it is for us to have good health, and our happy little family, and how thankful we should be. How sorry I feel for the poor afflicted ones, and I try to help all those that come for help, when I think they indeed need help.

I will now add a few little helps:

Scraped raw potato is the best thing for a burn.

I use flour sacks for lots of different things around the house. Four sewed together make a nice table spread.

Best wishes for everyone, MRS. LAURA HAWKINS.

BILTMORE, R. R. 2, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have often wondered if there were any COMFORT sisters in this part of the state or if they are all just like me, enjoying the good things our dear old paper is giving us without giving anything in return?

I live near the famous Biltmore Estate and just two miles from Ashville. It is called the "Land of the sky," here in western North Carolina. Many pleasure and health seekers come here at all times of the year. The summers are very cool and pleasant and the winters are not very cold.

I am five feet five inches tall, have blue eyes and light hair and weigh one hundred and nine pounds, am twenty-six years old. I have been married three years. We have one little boy, James Leslie, a jolly, mischievious little fellow of two years. He is a lot of company for me for I am alone most of the time. I wonder if any of our sisters' husbands are Walkins salesmen. Mine is and is away from home most of the time.

Many write about their mothers and their love for them, but they forget father. I have one of the best of mothers who would do anything for her children, yet I have a father who would do the same. The mother has a lot of worry with the children and her work, but don't think the fathers are having an easy time for they share hardships and trials together, so let us not forget him with a word of praise.

Wishing our dear old paper and all the sisters success I am, an old member, MRS. L. E. ROGERS.

COREY, COLO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never seen a letter from Kit Carson County, Colorado, so I will try to write a little. Husband and I came out here to make us a home in 1910. We proved up under the three-year law, but are still living on our claim. Last year our crop was rather poor, but we have a fine show for a good crop this year.

We can raise most every kind of garden truck here and I think it is a fine place to live.

I do pity the people in the cities that have to be shut in and can't get the free air of the country. We have good water. The nights are so cool here that one must sleep with a quilt over them in June, July and August.

I have two boys, five and three years of age. I will tell you how I did with my baby for his bowels. My father is a doctor and he did not like to start a tiny baby with taking physic. I washed out his bowels every morning with one half cup of clear warm water until he was three months old. I also ate corn-meal in every style and it helped my baby's bowels and made the milk richer and more of it. I hope this will help some mother and baby out of the same trouble. My baby is three years old now and I never have any trouble with his bowels.

Now for a little advice. Can anyone tell me how to get rid of cut worms in the garden, also millers in the house?

I always put one tablespoon of vinegar into a skillet of lard when I fry fried-cakes and the lard doesn't soak into the cakes.

Good luck to all.

MRS. ETHYL DUNCANSON CRIST.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a soured sponge and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as good as new.

To preserve leather and render it waterproof, one pound beef tallow, twelve ounces pulverized alum. Melt together and apply with a brush while hot and allow to soak in thoroughly. Apply to soles of boots as well as uppers. If desired to polish the boots, apply after a day or two the following: One ounce white wax, one teaspoon turpentine, one teaspoon lampblack. Mix and apply cold. Mrs. Bulah Ziegler, Junction City, Kans.

To color ostrich plumes, put some gasoline in a bowl and tint with artist's tube paints.

To clean wall paper, dampen some bran with gasoline, put it in a thin cloth and rub the soiled spot. It will not injure the most delicate paper. Mrs. A. Bradshaw, Jerseyville, Ont.

Never put meat directly on ice as it extracts the good meat juices.

A small quantity of salt put into whitewash will make it stick better.

A teaspoon of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give a brilliant and lasting luster.

To remove blood stains, dip the stained fabric in kerosene and then wash.

Gloss can be removed from black silk by sponging it with a solution of one teaspoon of ammonia to a cup of coffee.

Remedies

DROPSY AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.—Make a strong decoction of mullin leaves and roots, strain and add a small quantity of liquor to keep it from turning sour. Dose, one tablespoon three times a day.

MRS. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ont.

POISON OAK. (Requested.)—Take good apple vinegar, add a little soda and salt and apply as hot as can be endured. This is painful for a few minutes, but a sure cure.

MRS. EFFIE MULL, 17 E. Illinois St., Evansville, Ind.

STONE BRUISE.—Pound an onion to a pulp and bind on bruise. Very few applications are needed before the bruise is ready to be lanced.

MRS. CORA BURLINGAME, Horseheads, N. Y.

CAKED BREAST.—For sisters who are troubled with caked breast, make a poultice of flaxseed meal and bind on. Will give relief in a little while, when dry wet again and bind on. I have used this with three babies.

COUGHS.—When coughing badly wring out a cloth dipped in ice water and apply to bare throat, put a dry cloth on top to keep clothes from getting wet. (A sure remedy.) My mother used it when I was a child.

MRS. T. A. DUGGAN, Okfuskee, Okla.

A GOOD COUGH REMEDY.—Take chestnut leaves, white pine bark and leaves, and Spanish-needles (sometimes called Bubel lice) of equal parts and make a strong tea, and drink in the place of water. This is the only thing that saved our baby when she had the whooping cough this spring.

MRS. GERTRUDE EBNER, Orangeville, Pa.

TO CURE CORNS.—Rub them every night with turpentine.

Weak, brittle nails may be strengthened by dipping them in a weak solution of alum water and afterwards rubbing them with lemon juice.

Figs soaked in water over night and eaten in the morning before other food will often prove a relief for constipation, especially in young children.

Requests

How to make elderberry wine.

Cure for catarrh of stomach and diet for same. Mrs. Bert Hayden, Maryville, R. R. 2, Mo.

Mrs. Pauline, NeVore, Haston, Kans., wants saffron seeds.

Mrs. E. J. Hatcher, Climax, Ga., wants to know how to clean poplin, satin and voile, with gasoline.

How to can sweet potatoes.

Mrs. Rose Bryant, Baxter Springs, R. R. 2, Box 37, Kansas, wants words of "The Ship that Never Returned," and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower."

Mrs. Mattie Vorhees, Albion, R. R. 4, N. Y., would like to correspond with the sisters.

I. Slater, 620 E 13th St., Davenport, Iowa, wants to get plant called "Old Man," or "Southernwood."

Full directions for preserving citron.

Cure for goiter.

Mrs. J. A. Parmenter, Welbeta, Nebr., wants to know how to make licorice in candy form.

Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. R. 2, Box 34, N. C., wants to know where she can get books, "Our Afflicted Brother," and "Twenty Years on a Mattress Grave," written by Thomas Lockhart and published about twenty years ago.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Mrs. Sarah Anna Grant, alive or dead, last heard from in Deadwood, S. Dak., seventeen years ago. Notify her sister, Mrs. John Ackerman, Shawano, Wis.

Wanted.—Information of Sophia Yenson, born 1870, taken when nine years old by Albert Nooney, from Elyria, Ohio. Also, Alfred Yenson, born 1875, taken to the Orphans' Home in Cleveland, Ohio, at the age of six years, and was later taken from there. Write Mrs. E. R. Stalnaker, Matlock, care Camp 4, Washington.

Wanted—To hear from Gilbert Minderout or Lesswood, who left home in 1882. If alive, please write to his mother, Catherine deYoung, Grand Rapids, 1250 College Ave., N. E., Michigan.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Harriet L. Dame, 7 Greene St., Saco, Maine. Miss Nettie Jones, 1381 8th St., Oakland, Cal. Miss Laura Erickson, Brackenridge, Box 371, Pa. Gertrude Henderson, 1203 E. Galena, Butte, Mont. Edwin C. Pettit, 313 McCandless Bldg., Honolulu, H. I.

LEARN MANICURING COMPLETE COURSE. Easy Terms. Splendid Opportunity for Money Making. **Write, Dept. 24, Warren School of Manicuring, Warren, Pa.**

MAN To Advertise and Solicit for Rogers twenty year Silver. $52.00 monthly and commission. **A. A. CLINE, 809 Rogers Bld., Philadelphia.**

SKIN INSURANCE Keep your complexion clear and beautiful, prevents chapping etc. 2 Receipts 50c silver. G.D.B. 2720 Indiana Ave., Apt. 2, Chicago, Ill.



GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted **Coulter Optical Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.**

SILK REMNANTS for Fancy Work, Crazy Quilts, &c. Sample package postpaid 10c. 3 for 25c. 1 lb. $1.00. **The S. & D. Co., Dept. 60, Brunswick, Maine.**

Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia are quickly stopped with harmless Anodyne Powders. Send for a free trial package. KNEWITZ DRUG CO., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.



ANY SINGLE NAME Made in Gold Wire Brooch, or single Initial Pin, 15c each. Warranted 10 yrs. **GREELY JEWELRY CO.** Dept. A. Portland, Maine



FREE WATCH & RING This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also Ring & Chain for selling only 20 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them. **EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 148 East Boston, Mass.**



GOLD FILLED BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. To get acquainted with you we will send this gold filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with Your Birthstone, for 12c, to help pay advertising. **The Auction Co., Dept. W, Attleboro, Mass.**

This Wife and Mother Wishes to Tell You FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 602 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.



To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (*We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.*)

WEAR THIS RING FREE



This ring is one of the most original and striking designs of the new black and white jewelry craze that is sweeping the country. The large brilliant is mounted in a circle of black enamel around which is set 20 dazzling Mexican Diamonds. The mounting is solid Sterling Silver. To appreciate the gorgeous, scintillating beauty of this exquisite Ring and the mystic charm it exercises on all who behold it we ask you to wear it 6 days **Free of Charge.** Just send 12 cents to cover cost of mailing and if you do not wish to keep the Ring after 6 days return it to us. It will cost you only 98c to own it. This is your best opportunity to possess one of the finest examples of the marvelous new jewelery novelties. Send for your Ring to-day.

TIFFEN JEWELRY CO. Room 10 ELMIRA, N. Y.



$25 GOLD WATCH $3.00

Send No Money, not even a deposit. Just write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, & we will send At Our Risk this **Elegant 25 Year** fully guaranteed, thin model, beautifully engraved Stem Wind & Set watch C.O.D. to your P. O. or for free examination & your express office. If you are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a 17 Jewel $25 Gold Watch pay us our special sale price only $3.00 and the watch is yours. Chain or Fob FREE. Write now. **LIGHT WATCH CO., DEPT. 334 CHICAGO.**

SIGNET BRACELET AND RING FREE



Genuine Gold plated, fits any arm, richly chased, heavy signet medallion; also a handsome ring.

Both Given for selling 12 packages Bluine at 10cts. each. BLUINE MFG. CO., 341 MILL ST., CONCORD JCT., MASS.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

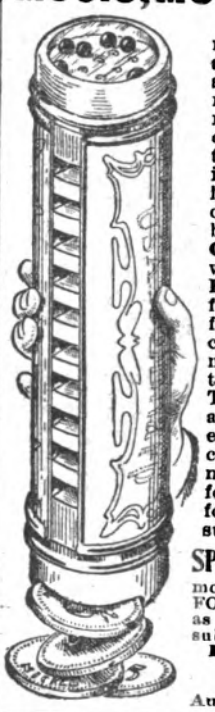


Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE; never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. **PROF. LONG, 917 Ash St., Pekin, Illinois**



GENUINE DIAMOND RING FREE Solid gold filled, guaranteed for 3 years, set with small genuine Diamond chip. To introduce our catalogue we will send this Ring on receipt of 12c to help pay adv. **EAGLE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 22, East Boston, Mass.**

MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE

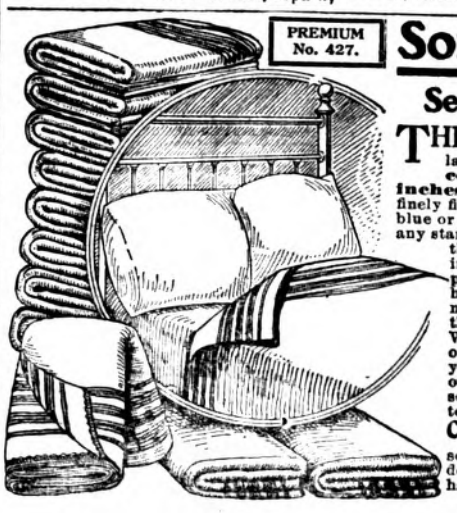


A four inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a cute Six-Spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder for nickels, five cent pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind. This combination harmonica is new, has not been offered for sale in stores, cannot be found everywhere and is sure to be a big favorite.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send only one 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25c for a Harmonica as above described. Only new subscriptions accepted. **Premium No. 362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMIUM No. 427.



Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are **72 inches long and 55 inches wide,** extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Five Wheel Chairs in October

252 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Well done, my good friends. Five wheel chairs in October certainly is an encouraging gain over the previous month in which the club earned only two. Now let us all boost together for the Wheel-Chair Club this month and see if we can raise the number again so to make Thanksgiving a season of rejoicing for as many as possible of the poor, shut-in applicants who are suffering and anxiously waiting for a wheel chair.

The five October chairs go to the following named persons, who, as you will see, were very much in need of them. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions that the friends of the respective recipients have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

George Spencer, 9 High Street, Bradford, Mass., 200; Mrs. Callie Hall, Iuka, Miss., 117; Edgar Gorman, R. R. 6, Winnsboro, Texas, 107; Thomas L. Griffin, Jena, La., 93; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Temple, Okla., 85.

George Spencer sent us 200 subscriptions, all in one bunch, for his chair, and they reached us on the first day of October. That was quick work for him and his friends; but it is not at all exceptional for quite a number of other wheel-chair applicants have done the same thing.

Mrs. Callie Hall is a shut-in old lady very much in need of a wheel chair and without the means to obtain one, as I am informed by Mrs. Annie L. Vinson who sent in the most of the 117 subscriptions that have been received in Mrs. Hall's behalf. This is the third COMFORT wheel chair that Mrs. Vinson has been chiefly instrumental in procuring for deserving shut-ins. Mrs. Vinson is a shut-in, and through her own efforts and those of her friends she obtained a COMFORT wheel chair for herself in February, 1913. Then she went to work again and in three months sent in subscriptions enough to get a wheel chair for James Thorn in May, 1913. Mrs. Vinson, though an invalid and a sufferer, has done splendid work in thus assisting to provide wheel chairs for two shut-ins besides herself, and I hope she may have the strength, as I know she has the will, to continue to help others that are in distress, but I refrain from printing her address in order to save her the annoyance of being deluged by letters soliciting her aid. Should not her shining example spur to action those who heretofore have done nothing for the Wheel-Chair Club?

Edgar Gorman, eleven years old, has a spinal trouble which has paralyzed his lower limbs. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to him and relief to his mother who has to take care of him.

Thomas L. Griffin, age 15, is another helpless cripple suffering and struggling with spinal disease. His mother sent in all the subscriptions credited to him.

Mrs. Henry Crowley has tubercular disease of the hip joint and bone, which entirely deprives her of the use of her right leg.

Through a typographical error in a previous Roll of Honor Mrs. R. J. Farris of Chicago, Ill., was credited with having sent in 16 subscriptions for Emma Walker; the number should have been 20, and I am pleased to make this correction.

I have written so much that I will omit the letters of thanks this time, and will close by calling your attention to this month's Roll of Honor, printed below, and with my sincere thanks and best wishes to you all for a happy Thanksgiving,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

George Spencer, Mass., for own wheel chair, 200; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for Robert Shaw, 82; Martha Krop, N. Mex for N. M. Hogg, 60; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Okla., for own wheel chair, 45; J. F. Woolwine, Va., for Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, 43; Lena Lasewell, Ill., for Harvey Martin, 36; Katye Sanders, Miss., own wheel chair, 33; Mrs. H. J. Bail, Miss., for own wheel chair, 33; Mrs. Mattye Russell, Okla., for Odessa Rasure 26; Mrs. Carrie Griggs, N. Y., 25; Mrs. Cora Branch, Va., for Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, 20; Meta Chambers, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 20; Carrie Dampl, Ark., for Bama Leslie, 20; Mrs. E. J. Kloeckler, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 20; Sara Martin, N. Mex., for N. M. Hogg, 20; J. T. Beech, Miss., for Lawrence Beech 20; Mrs. W. W. Hodge, Texas, for J. C. Carter, 16; Miss Eliza B. Coffey, Ky., for Mrs. Bettie Anglin, 15; Mrs. W. M. Farmer, Va., for Lester Scott, 12; Mrs. John Bakker, Iowa, for Victor Lewis, 12; Mrs. Edw. Case, Okla., 10; Mrs. C. S. West, Ill., for Lester Scott, 7; Mrs. Hattie Fisher, Kans., for Mr. O. Finnel, 6; Mrs T. Waibel, Mo., for Callie Hall, 6; Mary Kidder, Iowa, 6; Mrs. Florence Tuell, N. Y., for Fitzhugh Lee Johnson, 6; Mrs. M. Mitchell, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 6; Miss Hattie Woodburn, Ohio, 5; Mary E. Neely, Ill., for some needy shut-in, 5; Lillie Brazelton, Tex., for Alf. Gorman, 5; Lizzie Campbell, Tex., for Mrs. Alf. Gorman, 5; Mrs. A. F. Hutchinson, Fla., 5; Miss Annie L. Vinson, Ala., for Callie Hall, 5; James M. May, Cal., 5; Mrs. Anna G. Field, Mich., 5; Mrs. Martin Fluto, N. Dak., 5; Mrs. M. White, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 5.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

all those reactionaries who cry down everything that makes for progress, just because it's new. If mother had voted and grandmother had voted, and the anti-suffragrists had been born into a voting world, the idea would never enter their heads that there was anything wrong in a woman daring to record her opinions at the ballot box. It is a strange thing that the world should want to stand in its own light and halt its own progress, but that is just what the world is always trying to do and if it were not for a few determined, bright-minded, imaginative people who work day and night without thanks or pay to push the world along, we should soon drift back to the stone hatchet period. COMFORT is not a woman's paper to any greater extent than it is a man's paper. COMFORT is a household publication. Doubtless there are more women who read it than men, that's because women are quicker to size up a good thing than a man, and also because women are doing more reading than men, and therefore more thinking. As soon however, as COMFORT gets in the house, the whole family begin to grab for it for there is something in it for each and all. I always try to make my department appeal to the men, as they are the ones in the majority of cases who do the voting, and also the ones who are most in need of material that will give them new ideas on political and economic questions, things of which most people are sublimely ignorant. If I can jar some of the cobwebs out of the male brains the rest is easy. It is easy to get the women thinking, but it's an awful task to jar loose the male mind but it's worth the effort, and I venture to say there are more men reading COMFORT than can be found reading any other household journal in existence. You are quite right Della, in assuming that I write what I think, and there isn't a publication in this country, COMFORT or otherwise, rich enough to hire me to write what I don't think. I have handled the men pretty roughly in these columns, and they have blessed instead of cussed me for it. No worthy man objects to hearing the truth even if it hurts, and now Della, just tell papa, that I am in dead earnest in my work and with a world full of Doubting Thomases, Weary Willies, Sleepy Johns, Tired Tims, Grafting Georges believe me, it needs someone with a punch to wake them up. Even if the men gave us a perfect world, the votes of women would be as necessary for the good of the country as they are now, for when women begin to study public questions, they will have more to think about that is worth while, and the more they think the more their brains will develop, and the more intellect they will have to pass on to each succeeding generation. Now Della, tell Papa this is what I stand for, and I hope he and all of you will be with me in the battle. I am fighting for:

"The cause that needs assistance,
The wrong that needs resistance,
The heaven in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

J. W. Bennett, Jr., Northville, N. Y. Helpless invalid for twelve years. Has heart trouble and nervous prostration. No means of support. Highly recommended. Send him some cheer. John Icenhour, Kings Creek, N. C. Has been paralyzed for twelve years. Has wife and little girl thirteen years old. Very worthy and needy. Highly recommended. Send him some cheer. Mrs. M. R. Dobbs, Walling, R. R. 1, Box 34, Tenn. Semi-invalid, unable to work. Widow, has weak-minded daughter. Very sad case. Send them some help. Highly recommended. James Thorn, Mingo, R. R. 1, Miss. Helpless invalid. Can't even feed himself without assistance. Aged mother his only support. Do something to help him. Pearl A. Knece, Laurelville, R. R. 3, Ohio. Crippled for twelve years. Twenty-eight years of age. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. He would also be grateful for reading matter. Sam Richardson, Stuart, R. R. 5, Va. Little crippled boy, five years of age. He needs clothes. Parents are very poor. Do what you can for him. Genelia Watts, Taylorsville, R. R. 5, Box 27, N. C. Great sufferer from spinal trouble. No means of support. Very needy and very worthy. Help to make her life more heerful. C. N. Hall, Vesta, Va. Has spinal trouble. Unable to work and has no means of support. Send him some assistance. Highly recommended. James A. Barzee, Ozone, Idaho. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards only.

The best way to show you are thankful is to give others cause to be thankful. These poor souls are not looking for turkey, but you might send them the price of a few oranges, a box of crackers or even a loaf of bread. They don't want any tracts. They can get to heaven without the tract fiends' assistance. A Happy Thanksgiving, and God bless you all. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Best Christmas Present for Young or Old is Uncle Charlie's Poems

Christmas will be here before you know it. Santa Claus is already preparing for his annual trip. Don't waste money on expensive presents. Uncle Charlie's gorgeous book of poems fills every want. It is an exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in lilac silk cloth, with gold top and autumn leaf lining. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. Read: "When Father Carved the Turk," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," "Just Behind the Battle Mother," and you will have the time of your life. Make yourself and the children happy. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. Four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each secure this wonderful book, a gift fit for a king. Yours free for an hour's easy work. Start your subbing now and avoid the rush. Begin today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Makes a Dandy Christmas Gift

You must have music in the home at Christmas time. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, songs for all occasions, among them the prettiest Christmas carol (just the thing for church or parlor) ever written. This is not a mere pamphlet but a beautiful song folio with superb cover on which appears splendid half tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Cheap at five dollars, with complete music for voice and piano, a superb present for a musical or non-musical friend. this wonderful work free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Greatest premium bargains ever offered. Work for them today.

Where the Money Goes

"Speaking of where all the money goes that we can manage to get hold of and let go of in the course of a year," said a party who looked as if he had had experience both ways, "let me give you a few figures for the United States. For instance, we spend for churches and church work, 175 millions a year; for education, 325 millions; for boots and shoes, 450 millions; for flour, 455 millions; for potatoes, 210 millions; for meat, 1,550 millions; and for liquors that intoxicate, 1,675 millions. That's only a small part of giving it up after we get it. Now about not getting it. For instance, in some states the loss in wheat and corn annually from insects amounts to 20 millions; in Texas the boll weevil destroys 20 millions a year in cotton and the tick that causes cattle fever makes a loss of a hundred millions, in New York the insects destroy 26 millions' worth of growing stuff and the total loss by insects in the whole country reaches the enormous amount of 700 millions, nearly two millions a day. That sounds like eating money, doesn't it?"

DON'T MISS THIS. ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

To start you buying from us, we send this great combination pkge. all postpaid for only 10 cents. It contains Fancy Gold plated Ring, one cameo scarf pin, one pkge. Handsome Silk Remnants, one fine rose pin, one flower breast pin, one silvered Thimble, two gilt Collar buttons, one bird whistle, one colorado pen, one fancy bead necklace, 2 gold plate beauty pins, and home game book, all sent postpaid for only 10 cents just to get new trade. Address BUCHANAN & CO., P. O. Box 1528, New York, N. Y.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND WIN A PRIZE

15	21	18
14	5	23
16	12	1	14

Each line below represents a word. We have used figures to spell these words. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Now see if you can make out the words and win this prize. When you have made out the words, write them on a slip of paper and send to us with 4c in stamps to cover mailing charges. Say you will explain our offer and show our mdse. to your friends and we will send you 17 pretty Xmas novelties and our Big Prize Offer. Don't miss this chance.
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Send postal with name and address and we will send you FREE sample tube of Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy. Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

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I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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Help! Help!! Help!!!

YES, we want every reader of COMFORT to help us save about $3,000 a year in unnecessary correspondence and postage and here's the way you can do it. When you send your *own* subscription or *renewal or extension* of your present subscription for any premium *which we give away for one subscription*, be sure to send us, *in addition* to the regular subscription price of 25 cents, *either 5 cents or 10 cents extra*, whichever amount the offer calls for. If you send us a subscription *that is not your own*, then you are to remit 25 cents *only*, but if you send your own subscription you are to send us a total of either *30 cents or 35 cents* as stated in the offer. We positively cannot fill your orders unless this rule is complied with, so we ask all of our subscribers to please bear this fact in mind and thus make sure of getting your premiums quicker, at the same time saving both you and ourselves a whole lot of inconvenience and useless letter writing. Help us to save the money that we are now spending in this manner and we can give you a better COMFORT and more and better premiums than ever before.

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Full size, rich gold plate, beautiful polish, latest design. Given for selling 12 pckgs. Bluine at 10c ea. Write for Bluine.
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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR
GOITRE
$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE



Don't suffer and be disfigured with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one $2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

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Fill out and mail this coupon enclosing 10c stamps or silver for postage and packing to Dr. W. T. BORO, 915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get one $2.50 Treatment FREE by mail.
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Nervous? ---- Hands tremble? ----
Do eyes bulge? ---- Does heart beat too rapidly? ---- Health? ----
Name ----
Address ----

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For MEN, BOYS and small Children

Is The Best Preventive of Colds and Pneumonia!

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so goes the old saying and this handsome, warm, close-fitting sweater will save doctor's bills for any man, boy or child by **warding off** those miserable winter colds which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all fall and winter garments for little children to play in out-of-doors and for boys and girls going to school on cold fall and winter days, or when sliding or skating or engaging in other outdoor winter sports. **For men or boys either** who are compelled to travel or to work midst sleet, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity. The sweater offered here is just as warm and comfortable as it looks, a perfect-fitting garment closely woven of the best material and beautifully finished and **it buttons down the front like a coat** so it is very easy to get in or out of. This sweater may be washed as often as desired in the ordinary way and it positively will not shrink or change color. You can have your choice of colors of either **brown, blue, cardinal or grey** and the sizes run from 24 to 30 for children, 32 to 36 for young boys and girls and 38 to 44 for men and young men. **Be sure to send chest measurement when ordering** and we will guarantee to send you the exact size desired. Also do not forget to mention **color** wanted.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a man's or boy's size sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 649.**

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. P., New Hampshire.—We do not think the laws of your state or of the state of Vermont require a license to conduct a small mercantile business, but the local ordinances of some of the larger places may require a license; we think the sale of alcohol, drugs, chemicals, explosives and articles of such a nature would require a license in any state; we think you should procure your goods from some reputable wholesale house, but we fear you may not succeed in such a business without more knowledge of its nature than your letter indicates.

X. Y. Z., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that women attain their majority at the end of twenty-one years, after which time they are free from parental control, and can contract for employment and spend their earnings as they may see fit.

Mrs. E. M. G., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a husband or wife can legally disinherit children by will, and that they can dispose of a life estate in their property, by will, to each other if they so desire. We think that in drawing a will some local attorney or other competent person should be employed to draw, and attend to the execution or signing of same as the proper legal requirements must be complied with in order that same shall be of any value.

Mrs. J. E. McM., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your mother, leaving no will, and leaving your father and yourself as her only heirs at law and next of kin her real estate would descend one half to each; but that in case her husband was your stepfather and you are a daughter by a former marriage, your stepfather's share would be limited to a one quarter interest; we think her husband would receive all articles of apparel and ornament and household goods and other personal property to the value of two hundred dollars, the balance of the personal property going in the same way as the real estate.

Mrs. F. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your father had a legal right to transfer all his property to his second wife if he saw fit to do so, and that such a transfer would be legal and binding as against the inheritance rights of a child, provided, of course, he possessed mental capacity and no undue influence was exercised upon him causing him to make such transfer.

Mrs. H. R. H., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving surviving a widow and three children, as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive one third of the estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they are children of the surviving widow or by a former wife; we think any person in interest can, in the proper action, compel the sale or division of the real estate and in case of a sale the division of the net proceeds of sale.

A. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of South Dakota we are of the opinion that a married woman may dispose of all of her separate property by will without the consent of her husband.

H. A. C., Arkansas.—We think the woman who married a man who had another wife, from whom he was not divorced, living, should bring an action to have such marriage annulled; we think the man would be liable to be punished for contracting such bigamous marriage; we think the first steps to take to punish such an act would be to have the man arrainged before a magistrate or on a complaint to your prosecuting attorney.

Mrs. M. O. D., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving no issue, her husband would receive her whole estate.

Mrs. C. H., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all children of legitimate birth bear their father's last name, and that strictly speaking the stepfather's name is not the legal name of a child whose own father died during such child's infancy; in practise, however, we think that a stepchild often adopts or uses the stepfather's name, and we do not think the child could be punished for so doing if the stepfather does not object.

Mrs. H. D. A., North Carolina.—We do not think the loss of a duly recorded mortgage or note would defeat your collection of your claim, provided, of course, you can prove the money is still due you, and has not been paid, we think if your debtor refuses to pay you upon demand you should get a certified copy of the mortgage and bring an action against him to enforce the collection of the same and to prove the loss of the original; we think the loss of the papers may inconvenience you, but that you should be able to prove your claim; we think you were wise to have the mortgage recorded as otherwise it would be harder to prove.

Mrs. E. K. M., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the wife's interest in her husband's real estate is limited to a one third interest in case she survives him and to such property as he possessed during the marriage, and which has not been sold on execution or other judicial sale, and to which she has made no relinquishment of her right.

Miss D. B., North Dakota.—We think it would be very difficult for your brother to collect any substantial amount of damages from the man, who in a moment of passion, wrongfully accused your brother of shooting his dog.

Mrs. P. Z., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: that children can be disinherited by will but that such children as may be born after the making of a will would receive the same share as in case of intestacy; we think that in case decedent leaves no will the children of two marriages have equal shares in such decedent's estate; we think such property as the husband may give and transfer to his wife during lifetime would become the wife's property and not form any part of the husband's estate; we think the wife has a perfect right to forgive her husband for his misconduct if she sees fit to do so.

United States Leads World.—The wealth of the United States is now not far from double that of any other country on earth, according to Sir George Parish of the Statist. He figures that the increase in wealth of the four chief nations in the last century has been 580 per cent in Britain, 400 per cent in France, 700 per cent in Germany and 8,500 per cent in the United States. He gives the wealth of the United States as $150,000,000,000. The increase in population in these four countries in the last century has been as follows: 130 per cent in Britain, 33 per cent in France, 180 per cent in Germany and 1,125 per cent in the United States. The annual savings of the United States was given as $4,000,000,000; of Britain, $2,000,000,000; of Germany, $1,500,000; and of France as $1,000,000,000. Thus, the statistics show that the United States leads the world.



SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK ON RUPTURE

And Become a Perfect Man

RUPTURE Is a handicap. If you don't realize it now you will sooner or later. It never gets well of itself, but gets worse from time to time. It will eventually unfit you for work and life's battles. It positively grows dangerous—think of the hundreds of people that yearly sacrifice their lives to strangulation.

The past has proven that the old-fashioned antiquated truss and appliance won't help you—it can't; its construction is all wrong. A new star of hope has arisen for the ruptured—a natural outcome from the deficiencies of the past. There is hope, joy and comfort awaiting you.

The "Schuiling Rupture Lock"
is a **wonderful** invention for rupture—the outcome of years of study, hard work and diligent research. It is away from the old lines of truss construction, and holds the rupture exactly the way Nature intends, so that she may heal the opening without interference.

Guaranteed to Hold
Sent on 30 Days Trial

In wearing my Rupture Lock you have absolute protection at all times. You may do any kind of work and get in any position under any condition. We will prove this, by a 30 DAY TRIAL. That's the length of time you should have. A few days trial can never bring out the merits of any article. Thirty days is the only fair way. That's why we insist, to give it the full, real test so you may appreciate what a perfect Rupture holding Lock it really is. If it does not prove all we claim after the required test, it will not cost you a cent.

The Real Secret of Healing Rupture

To successfully co-operate with Nature in the work of healing, the supporting device must be so constructed that the rupture retaining partoverlaps and draws together the breached opening instead of pressing directly into it.

The trusses of today are sadly lacking in this quality. They nearly all give that direct pressure into the opening, which can not help but enlarge it, making it that much harder to retain the bowel later on, resulting in uncontrollable rupture with serious complications.

The **Schuiling Rupture Lock** was invented to overcome just such faults. It is made to comply with Nature's laws and reach the objective point by the safest and shortest possible route. That it has succeeded is best told by the thousands who are now singing its praises in every corner of our land. This is the **Rupture Lock** that you get on a **30 Day Trial.**

Write for My Free Book at Once

It tells you all about getting rid of your rupture. It teems with interesting experiences of former rupture sufferers. It tells why physicians are recommending this **Rupture Lock** instead of advising dangerous operations. It tells you why the U. S. War Department orders this Rupture Lock for the gallant boys of '61. It gives you much advice and many facts about rupture that you never heard or read about, also tells you how to order the **30 Days Trial.**

Send me the coupon, or, still easier, just drop me a postal card with your full address, and the book will be sent you promptly by return mail.

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33 E. Georgia St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Send me your Free Book on Rupture and Trial Offer.
Name .....
Street or R. F. D. .....
Town ..... *State* .....

Three-cent Cleveland.—Cleveland is a three-cent token and is proud of it. It has three-cent car fares, since Tom Johnson was mayor, and it is going to have three-cent motion picture shows, and also three-cent dance halls. These three-cent dance halls will be under municipal control.

Trans-Continental Wire.—Out in Nevada the last pole of tens of thousands has been planted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which completes the telephone circuit directly from New York to San Francisco. The planting was made a ceremony which was attended by the officials of the company and by officers of the district divisions of the Bell system. Conversation over this wire will be at the rate of $18 per minute.

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If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, our Liver-Gall Book, sent Free upon request, may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause & cure of your trouble. Add. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. 943, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.



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Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta



The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. **The most fashionable hats** this season are simply **trimmed with large stunning bows,** and this ribbon enables **the home milliner** to give her **hats** that **smart touch** so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

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You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green. **Premium No. 531.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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For a Club of only 12



One Film Pack Containing 12 Films and Complete Instruction Book Also Included Free in This Great Offer

Of course you know what the "Premo" Camera is so we feel it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly **high grade** camera—one that you can **depend** upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. You probably know that with most low-priced cameras the main trouble is that you get a real good picture **only once in a while,** but not so with the "Premo Junior" which gives you a perfect picture **always** under any and all conditions, in strong sunlight or in cloudy weather it makes no difference. The "Premo" takes a large and beautifully clear picture 2 1-4 x 3 1-4 inches, is handsomely **leather covered,** fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snap shots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. The "Premo" also uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films each one of which may be used and developed **as soon as exposed** without disturbing those left in any way. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out again **in broad daylight,** thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real **good** camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give thousands of them away **absolutely free as a premium.** And remember, we send you not only the camera itself **but also include one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book,** all packed together in a strong compact box and sent to you **free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the "Premo Junior" Camera with one film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book. **Premium No. 614.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes For The Winners In COMFORT'S Grand Prize Contest!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Subscriptions sent in during October will be counted on the November Cash Prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium **sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too. It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is **extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1 00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

FEBRUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize	$30 to $120	3 Prizes	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize	20 to 60	4 Prizes	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize	10 to 30	8 Prizes	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 each.

MARCH MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize	$30 to $150	3 Prizes	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize	20 to 60	4 Prizes	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize	10 to 30	8 Prizes	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 each.

APRIL MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $180	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 each.

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

We Have Already Paid Thousands Of Cash Prizes To COMFORT Readers In Our Six Previous Contests.

Just See What These People Won And There are Hundreds Of Others.

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30,00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Remember that the above list represents but a very few of the many Prize Winners in our previous contests. In addition to those that appear in the above list we have also paid many other large Cash Prizes from $675 to $328 and we have awarded thousands of smaller prizes consisting of $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 and $10 00.

Remember You Can Win As Easily As They Did If You Start Now!

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may **also** win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

How The Money Piles up Under The Doubling and Thribbling Process

Start right **now** with the resolve that you will win a Cash Prize the first month **sure**, then start early for the next Month's Prizes for if you win **any** Monthly Prize the first month any Monthly Prize you win the **next** month will **double** for you. Even if you win only a One Dollar Monthly Prize for any one month then the next month you win a Five Dollar Prize—that $5.00 Prize will double and bring you $10.00. Or if you win a $10.00 Prize it will bring you $20.00 and so on up to the $30.00 Prize which doubled will bring you $60.00. Just think of it! A one Dollar Monthly Prize won by you one month may lead to a $60.00 Prize next month. Isn't that something worth working for? And remember that if you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** it **doubles** for you the second month and **thribbles** for you the third month. Just figure it out for yourself how the money piles up under this doubling and thribbling process. Take the $5.00 Prize for instance—if you win it three months in succession you will have won a grand total of $80.00 in addition to your premiums and any Grand Prize which also may be awarded to you at the close of the contest.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

Rules and Conditions—Please Read Carefully!

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date_____1914

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say Whether NEW or RENEWAL for 15 Mo	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium_____

Name_____P. O._____St., Box or R.F.D._____State_____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription 25 Cents; 3-years 50 Cents; 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, 30 Cents. 50 Cents a year in Canada.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club.

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you your premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. Get all your friends and acquaintances and everybody you see to subscribe or renew their subscriptions to COMFORT and help you win in this contest. They will be glad to help you out. We will keep you supplied with subscription blanks. We will mail you extra free sample copies of COMFORT if you want them to help you get up your clubs. Remember you have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this contest. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a November prize and a Grand Prize, too.

Address All Prize Contest Orders To

COMFORT Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



10 Inches High And Full Jointed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

European War Stops Importation Of Dolls

And Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

No More Dolls After This Lot Is Gone !!!!



Don't Put Off Getting Up Your Club. We Have Less Than Three Thousand Dolls On Hand.

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last Chance To Get A Dressed Doll FREE!

WE feel that it is our duty to inform all COMFORT readers that owing to the great European conflict there is going to be a **doll famine** in this country within the next few weeks. No dolls have been imported into the United States since the European War began and no dolls **can** be imported until the war is over and no one knows when that will be. What few dolls there are in the stores in this country today will be sold for **high prices** that are beyond the reach of the ordinary wage earner. It is going to be a **doll-less Christmas** for thousands of little tots this year and realizing this fact we think it best to admit that we have on hand but a **limited quantity** of the big, beautiful talking and sleeping dolls which we imported from Germany before the war broke out and only those of our readers who send in their club orders **at once** will make sure of getting one of these dolls before our stock is completely exhausted. This is the same doll which has delighted thousands of little girls in homes where COMFORT goes—a handsome, fully dressed, life size, talking and sleeping doll, nearly a foot and a half tall with a beautiful picture hat of latest style, handsome lace-and-ribbon trimmed gown and complete wardrobe of pretty lace-trimmed underwear, elegant openwork stockings and dainty low shoes with bright, shiny buckles. She says "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be, closes her blue eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like red rosies, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she shows her pearly white teeth in one of the prettiest smiles you ever saw. She can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish and is so well made with **fine bisque head and strong body** that she cannot possibly become broken if you take good care of her. Remember we have only a limited quantity of these dolls on hand—less than three thousand in fact—and that while they last it is going to be a case of **first come, first served.** If you put this off you may have to buy a doll and pay **a war price** for it; indeed, the stock in the stores may be completely sold out before you get around to it, so to be **on the safe side** you had better send in your club right away. Following is our free offer. Read it and start getting up your club today.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid this beautiful fully dressed, talking and sleeping doll, carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. **Premium No. 621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Given for Club of Four Subscribers



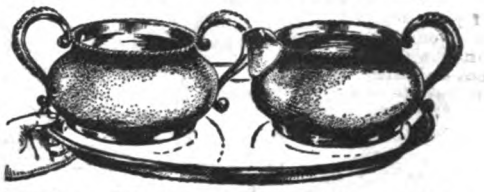
Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure **A 1 Brand** made by the famous **Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.**

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Pattern,** which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These **A 1 Rogers'** teaspoons are guaranteed to be **full standard extra plate** upon the finest quality of **18% nickel silver base,** and with ordinary care will last **ten years.** Some families **are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers'** manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT'S plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free** but the entire **set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife,** all in the **same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match,** without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of **six Rogers' teaspoons** by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire **set of Rogers' Silverware** to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. **From, No. 386. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Quadruple Silver Plated SUGAR, CREAMER & TRAY



A Dainty Gift For Mother, Wife or Sister

This handsome silver set of three pieces consists of a **Sugar, Creamer and Tray,** each piece **quadruple plated with pure coin silver, gold lined, and warranted to wear for years. The Creamer** is of the elegant design shown in above illustration nearly two inches high and 2 1-4 inches in diameter at top, with a beautiful **floral decoration engraved on the side** which does not show in the picture. The bottom is **plain and bright polished** the sides and handle are finished with the **frosted effect** which is so much admired by everybody and top and handle are **heavily beaded.** This same description also applies to the **Sugar** which is of the same good size and fitted with **two beautiful beaded handles** instead of one. **The large and handsome Tray** is 61-2 inches in diameter **quadruple plated** with pure silver, **plain and bright polished.** Remember, this is **not a** cheap "electro plated" set but one which will last you **for years.** The heavy quadruple plate being sufficiently thick to withstand **constant use** without showing any signs of tarnish or wear. We know that every lady or girl who receives this set from us will be simply delighted with it for aside from its usefulness **it is certainly a beautiful ornament for dining table or sideboard.** Better order one of these sets right away for yourself or to give **as a present** to mother, sweetheart, wife or sister. **She will most assuredly appreciate it.** We will send you this beautiful set consisting of Sugar, Creamer and Tray **exactly as described above** on the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two three-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this elegant quadruple plated Sugar, Creamer and Tray free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 620.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch



A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.

Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because **it is always on the dot**—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from $20.00 to $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** with an unusually thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures** on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the **hour, minute** and **second hands** like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you **this watch** exactly as described, **together with a handsome stylish chain and fob,** if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT

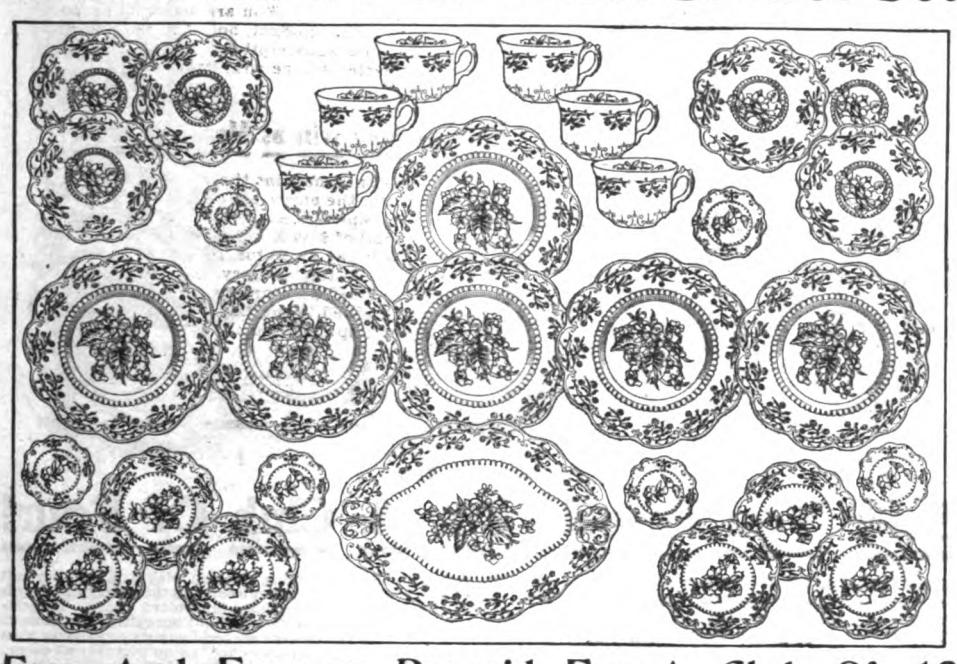
Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb** is **black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cerial or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finish with a Haviland glaze which gives it that **smooth, velvety** appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of **purple, green and gold** which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio **by express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage.** If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of **owning the set complete** and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. **Premium No. 461.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Large Stereoscope And 25 Views

Free For Two Subscriptions

HERE is something **as good as a circus** for the children the year round. It is not a small toy-like affair but a large, **full size,** new style **Stereoscope** made of **metal** with plush rimmed hood and fitted with **powerful magnifying lens** and with it we can give you **free** a big collection of **views** of all kinds—**home scenes, farm scenes,** all kinds of **animal** and **domestic pets, happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the **most delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors if they have one of these Stereoscopes because it gives them a never-ending joyful **entertainment,** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Besides the pleasure which they will derive from the **beautiful scenes of home life,** the **animal views** will furnish them with no end of fun and amusement, **the horses, dogs, cats** and other animals stand out so **real and lifelike** when looked at through this Scope. There is not a boy or girl either in the country who would not be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of entertaining and exciting views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this fine Stereoscope with 25 views exactly as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid.



Horses, Dogs, Cats And All Kinds of Animals, Home Scenes, And Happy Childhood Days

HUNDREDS OF EXTRA VIEWS FREE!

WE can also supply you with extra views to go with this stereoscope and they won't cost you a cent. These extra views are **different** from those described above also there are no two alike among them. They come in sets of **50 views each** and are as follows:

No. S101 Historical Spots of America,
" S102 A Visit to Washington,
" S103 Niagara Falls,
" S104 Tour Through Dixie Land,
" S105 The Great Northwest,
" S106 A Tour of the Pacific Slope,
" S107 A Tour of the Big Cities of America,
" S108 A Tour of the Philipines with Uncle Sam's Soldier Boys,
" S109 Fighting Ships and Life of Uncle Sam's Sailor Boys,
" S110 Life of Christ,
No. S111 Tour of Palestine and the Holy Land,
" S112 Trip to China, Japan and the Orient,
" S113 A Visit to Rome and Venice,
" S114 A Tour of Italy and the Swiss Alps,
" S115 A Tour Through England and France,
" S116 Germany and a Trip Down the Rhine,
" S117 Tour Through Norway and Sweden
" S118 Wonders of the Old World,
" S119 Odd Sights and Scenes of the World,
" S120 Wedding Bells,
" S121 French Cook and Comic Lover Series,
" S123 Boys Will Be Boys,
" S124 An Automobile Trip Around New York City,
" S125 A Trip Across the Panama Canal,
" S126 San Francisco Before and After,
" S127 A Trip to the West Indies,
" S128 100 Views Around the World with Uncle Sam's Battleships.

We will send you **free and postpaid** as many of these splendid views as you want at the rate of **one complete set of 50 views** for one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all). When ordering be sure to mention **both name and number** of set wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Christmas Presents

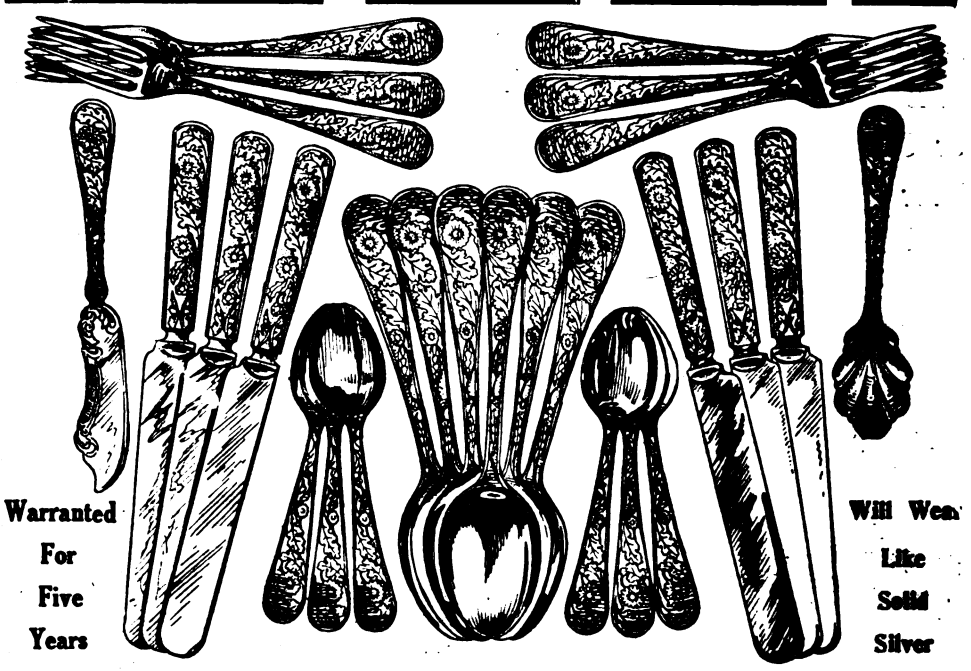


Free For A Club Of Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—**rattles, horns, dolls, whistles, musical flies, harmonicas, imitation watches, toy dishes, marbles, tops, bugles, cut-out paper dolls and dolls' dresses, beads** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are large size, being nearly **a foot and a half long** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. **Sweet tinkling Christmas bells and ribbon bows** decorate each Stocking and there is also attached a **handsome embossed Christmas Card** upon which is printed "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus" or some similar inscription. If you have no children of your own to make happy this Christmas you probably know of **somebody's** little boy or girl who would be **delighted** with one or more of these Big Christmas Stockings, so you should not fail to take advantage of this offer at once, as Christmas is almost here and besides our supply of the stockings is limited and they may be all gone before your order reaches us **unless you send it in at once.**

Our Christmas Offer. **For a club of only TWO new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by Parcel Post prepaid. Remember our supply is limited, so you should send us your order early to avoid disappointment and delay. Premium No. 658.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the **first** time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are **26** pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use; the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. **For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland And You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she **looks** to be in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot and a quarter high.** She has a real **kid body** and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of **bisque.** You can make her **stand up or sit down** in a chair, or **bend over** or assume all sorts of **natural positions** because her arms are **jointed** at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she **closes her eyes** and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is **wide awake** again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has **real eyelashes**—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest** baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork **lace stockings** and cunning little **slippers with bow and buckle** she comes to you **undressed** so that you can make **your own dresses** for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

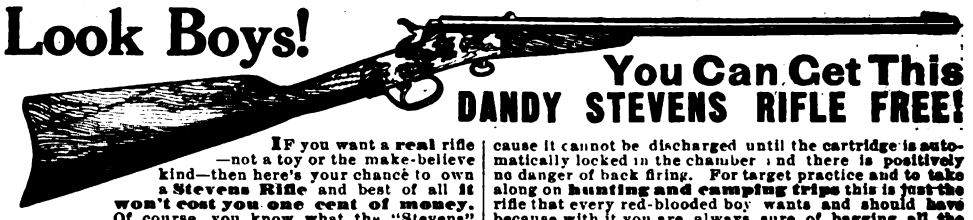
For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR A club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 466.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE! **This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.**

Look Boys! You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

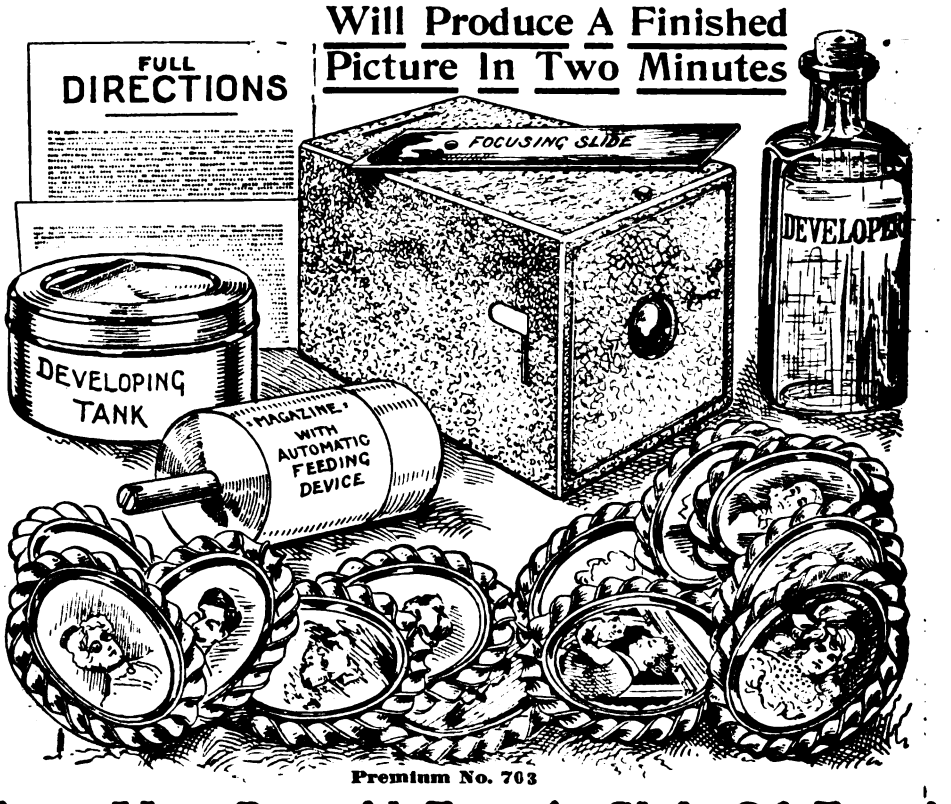


IF you want a **real** rifle —not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps, .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case-hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is **positively** no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should **have** because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Photo-Button Camera

Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes



Premium No. 703

Sent You Prepaid For A Club Of Four!

Just think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture **in just two minutes.** To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures **while they wait.** And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera **does all the work itself.** You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures **in broad daylight.** You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a **complete outfit** consisting of **One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, developing tank and complete instructions** how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, or of the old pet horse, dog, cat, cow or anything else you wish to make a portrait of and you can mount the pictures in the **pretty Brooch Button frames** like those illustrated above. Remember there is nothing difficult about operating this camera and that with the camera we send you **everything you need** with which to commence taking pictures **at once.** And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply and they will cost you **no money** because we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them **free** in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, **according to what you order and how much.** Or, of course if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., very cheap for cash, much cheaper than what the same article would cost you in any store. This is one of the most wonderful offers we have ever made. That we are able to offer this camera for such a small club to COMFORT may seem very strange to you, but if you send for it we guarantee that you will be more than pleased with it because you will find it exactly as illustrated and described in this offer. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. **For only four 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscription at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk



Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years **COMFORT** has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year **we can do more for you than ever before** because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these **rich goods** and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have **a whole room full** of these beautiful pieces of **silk and satin** which are of **good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** Remember these remnants are not the **small, insignificant, worthless pieces** that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but **large, well-shaped pieces** of fresh, new silk and satin **in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season** and we send you a **big package** containing from **one hundred to two hundred pieces** besides a **large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors.** If you order **at once** we will also send you, **in addition** to everything else, an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together **to get the best effect,** how to **cover up seams** with fancy stitches, how to **join the edges,** etc. This book illustrates over **one hundred and fifty** of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch** also directions for **Kensington painting.** Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. **Premium No. 556.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box!

See Old Santa Claus Smile



180 Beautiful Christmas and New Year POST CARDS, SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, STAMPS, LABELS

Yours Free!

Big, beautiful, HOLLY DECORATED Christmas Boxes FILLED TO THE BRIM with lovely **Christmas and New Year Greetings Post Cards, Handsome Christmas Enclosure Cards, Seals, Tags, Stamps and Labels,** in many different **colors** and embossed in **silver** and **gold**—this is COMFORT'S **Christmas offer** to you and its thousands of other faithful friends and readers. The illustration gives you no idea of the splendid variety of Christmas and New Year Post Cards and Novelties we offer you in this Big 180-Piece Christmas Surprise Assortment. Just let us tell you what it contains:

50 Beautiful Gold, Silver and Holly Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards.
4 Large Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
4 Small Embossed Colored Christmas Tags.
8 Small Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
6 Large Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
4 Medium Gold Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards.
20 Gummed Poinsetta Christmas Seals.
24 Gummed Santa Claus Stickers.
48 Gummed Oak Leaf Stickers.
12 Gummed Santa Claus and Poinsetta Stamps.

180 Pieces In All

The entire 180 pieces contained in the above Assortment will come to you **in all sizes** and many different beautiful colors—**gold, silver, holly green, red, yellow, etc.,**—all packed in a handsome **Holly Decorated Holiday Gift Box.** The 50 Christmas and New Year Post Cards form the **prettiest, daintiest** set you ever saw, all **new designs this year,** exquisitely done **in bright, harmonious colors,** and **handsomely embossed.** Of course you cannot send a Christmas gift to **all** of your dear friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to go to that extent—but you can at least send them a **loving remembrance** when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find Cards to send to **baby, the older children, father, mother and grandma and grandpa, too.** There is old **Santa Claus,** or **"Kris Kringle"** with his **big smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds,** and many other beautiful designs all glowing **with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.**

Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of **a pretty verse or touching sentiment** expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the **finest cardboard** and finished with **gold and silver background.** Then there are 130 handsomely colored and embossed **Christmas Stamps, Seals, Labels, etc.,** which you will need to **seal, stamp and decorate** your Christmas letters and packages with and the stylish **Christmas Tags and Enclosure Cards** to be tied to or enclosed within your Christmas packages **to bear a cheery message with the gift.** And you will still have enough of the seals, stamps, stickers, etc., left so that you can make up **an endless variety of nice home-made presents** to give to those of your friends you wish to remember, but for whom you cannot afford to buy an expensive gift.

For a Club of Two!

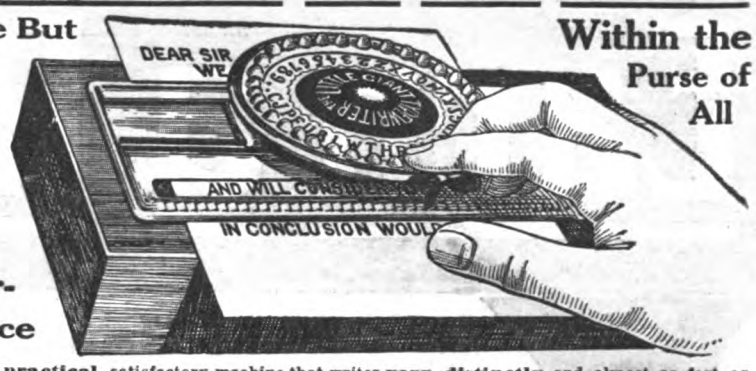
Christmas will be here **almost before you know it,** so don't delay, but send for **your** Christmas Surprise Box **today,** so that you will be sure to receive it **in time.** Send us a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will mail you postpaid one of these beautiful Holly Decorated Christmas Surprise Boxes containing 180 Lovely Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Seals, Stamps, Stickers, etc., exactly as described above. **Premium No. 579.**

A 90-PIECE ASSORTMENT FREE FOR ONLY ONE SUBSCRIPTION! If you prefer, you may send only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive one of these Beautiful Holly Decorated Surprise Boxes containing a **90-Piece Assortment**—just half as many Christmas and New Year Post Cards, Stamps, Seals, Stickers, etc., as are mentioned above. **Premium No. 580.**

Address COMFORT, Christmas Box Dept., Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



Within the Purse of All

THIS is not a toy, but a **practical,** satisfactory machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost as fast as some typewriters costing $10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

NEARLY ONE YARD SQUARE

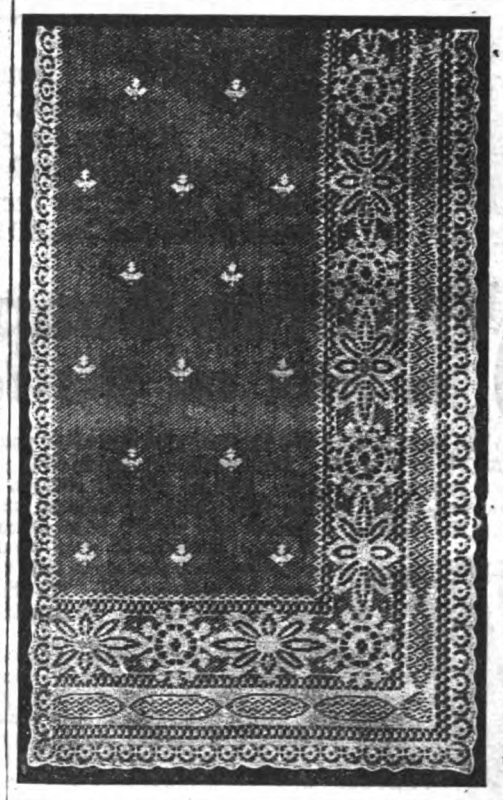


Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in **different handsome colors** on an interwoven background which is of a color that **harmonizes** with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will **enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home.** They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Free For 4 Subscriptions!

Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and much more liberal than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are full width and three yards long which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four



This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Rotan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about **72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide,** that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and **can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.** It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. **Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Big Box Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Complete Writing Outfit



If, in place of this illustration, we could actually **show** you this splendid assortment of handsome high grade **embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match** and complete outfit of **everything you need to write with,** you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a **big bargain** if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it, so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you **two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery** 10 1-2 x 6 1-4 inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, two combination sheets guide lines and blotters,** same size as stationery, and a **complete outfit** of writing materials consisting of **memorandum tablet with pencil, combination penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens one pencil, one combination pencil and eraser** and a **handsomely decorated and embossed metal tray.** The complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this **and pay a big price for it in the bargain,** but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this tells the story how **we can afford to give you such big value** as a premium for a very **small** club to COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is **yours free** upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Writing Outfit exactly as pictured and described above free as a premium. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 382.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Given Free And Sent By Parcel Post Prepaid For A Club Of Six.



Premium No. 702

WE believe that there is nothing much more desired and appreciated by the average woman than a handsome and serviceable bed set so we have just purchased a quantity of the **Three-piece** Nottingham Lace Set shown in above illustration and will distribute them free as a premium among lady readers of COMFORT. Our illustration cannot, of course show the real appearance of the set but it gives you an idea of the design which is a beautifully executed array of **flowers, bow knots** and **ribbons** scattered on a mounting of **Duchess Lace** and set off by **Festoon** effects on all sides. The material is Nottingham Lace substantially woven for strength in laundering and finished with **buttonhole stitched scalloped edges** for added strength and convenience in cleaning and stretching. The spread is 72 inches wide to 90 inches long which is large enough to cover a full size bed and leave **a valance** effect to hang over on the sides. The two shams are each 28½ inches square. This is really an extraordinary offer when you stop to consider that we are giving away this set for a club of only six subscriptions, but please do not think that because we do offer it for such a small club that it is cheap in any sense of the word, because the material is of the very best and it is made and finished in the finest possible manner on the latest improved looms in the largest lace mill in the United States. This same bed set is on sale in the stores at a good round price, but because we buy direct and eliminate all middlemen's profits, we are enabled to make the following very attractive

Free Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set exactly as illustrated and described above free by Parcel Post Prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

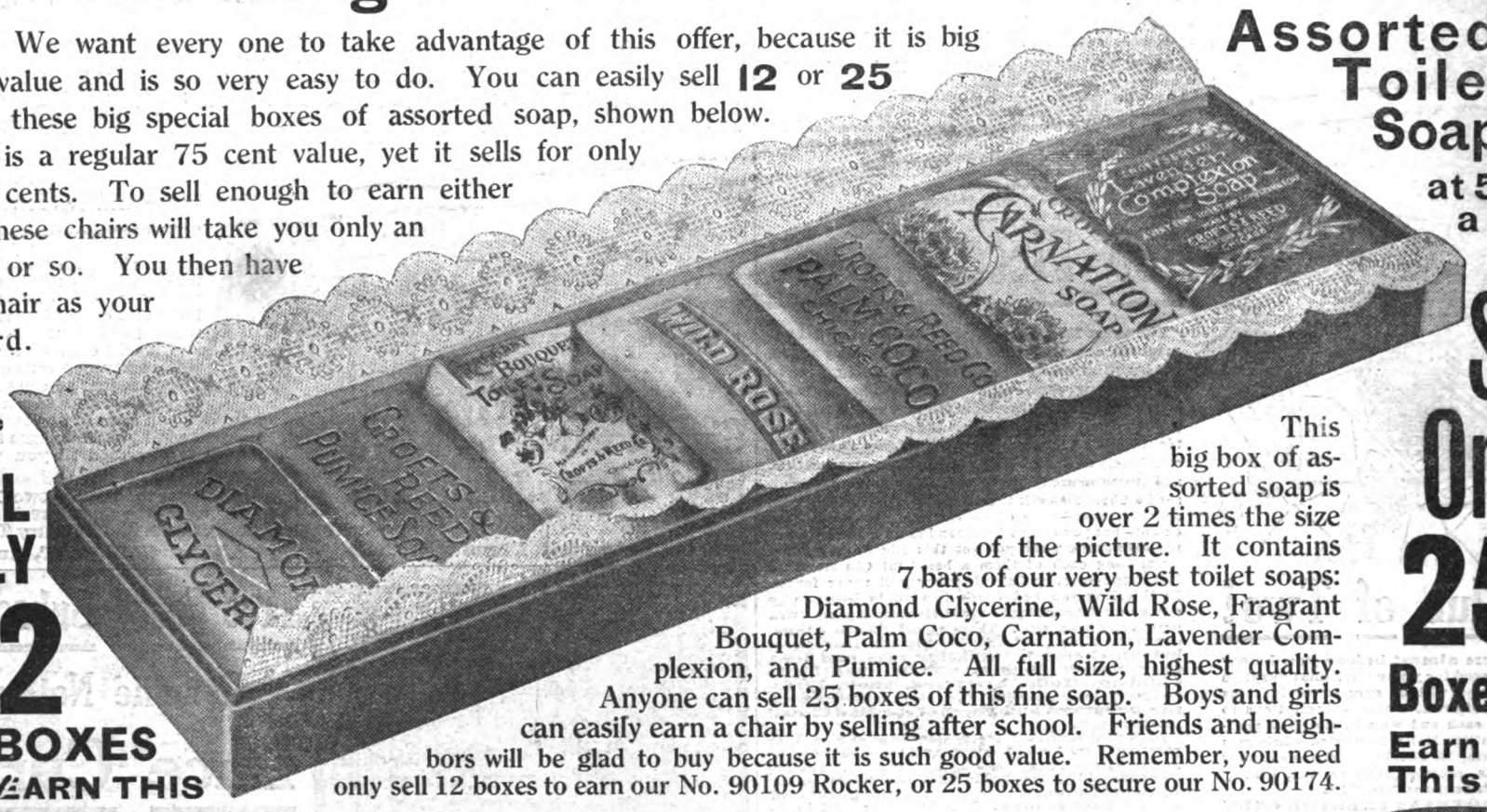
Earn a Rocker-Easy

We Give You Either of These Big Rockers
For Selling a Few of our 7-Bar Boxes of Fine Assorted Toilet Soaps at 50c a Box

We want every one to take advantage of this offer, because it is big value and is so very easy to do. You can easily sell **12** or **25** of these big special boxes of assorted soap, shown below. It is a regular 75 cent value, yet it sells for only 50 cents. To sell enough to earn either of these chairs will take you only an hour or so. You then have the chair as your reward.

You Sell It For 50c a Box

SELL ONLY 12 BOXES EARN THIS



This big box of assorted soap is over 2 times the size of the picture. It contains 7 bars of our very best toilet soaps: Diamond Glycerine, Wild Rose, Fragrant Bouquet, Palm Coco, Carnation, Lavender Complexion, and Pumice. All full size, highest quality. Anyone can sell 25 boxes of this fine soap. Boys and girls can easily earn a chair by selling after school. Friends and neighbors will be glad to buy because it is such good value. Remember, you need only sell 12 boxes to earn our No. 90109 Rocker, or 25 boxes to secure our No. 90174.

Sell Only 25 Boxes Earn This

We Ship Soap and Rocker on Credit and Give You 30 Days to Pay

We want to send you the soap and the chair you pick out, all on 30 days' credit. Don't send any money with your order, unless you prefer to do so. Just fill out the coupon below the chair you want, writing your name and address carefully, and giving the names and address of a couple of business men who know you. We will at once send you your chair and the soap you are to sell. You can pay us when the soap is sold. We allow 30 days in which to dispose of soap. It should take only 30 minutes.

Remember, you cannot possibly lose, and you run no risk, because we agree to take everything back at our expense if you are not perfectly satisfied with everything. Think of getting a fine rocker on these terms! No deposit, no cash in advance, nothing to do but to sell 12 or 25 quick selling novelty boxes of soap that every body wants the minute they see it. We wish you could see the two fine chairs we give with this offer. They are beauties,—big, massive and comfortable.

"I received the Rocker and Soap and am very well pleased with both. I am sending you the money and wish you would send me your large catalog as I would like to get more orders."
Mrs. Wm. Lemmon,
R. No. 6, Bellevue, Ohio



247

No. 90109

Given for Selling 12 Boxes of our Assorted Soap.

If You Want This Rocker Use This Coupon

Read These Descriptions

No. 90109 Given for selling 12 boxes of assorted Soap.

A fine hardwood rocker, well made and very strong. Finished in best kind of American Quartered Oak known to furniture manufacturing. Has 7 spindles in back, 3 under each arm. Back panels are artistically shaped. Has saddle seat, turned front and back posts. Height over 38 inches, width 24 inches. Seat is 15 inches from floor. A fine chair in every sense of the word.



No. 90174

Given for Selling 25 Boxes of our Assorted Soap.

If You Want This Rocker Use This Coupon

No. 90174 Given for selling 25 boxes of assorted Soap.

Our biggest rocker value. Easily worth $10.00 at retail. Frame is solid oak, in rich, golden finish, and is extra massive construction. Front posts and arms 4 inches wide; eight ¾ inch square fillers under arms; seat measures 21 x 20 inches; spring construction. Rocker upholstered in best black imitation leather; back 27 inches high from seat.

We send you the chair and the soap. You sell the soap for 50 cents per box. The chair then is yours, FREE.

IMPORTANT

Fill out coupon for rocker you want, clip and mail today to

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. A-536.

Please ship to me at address below, 12 BOXES of your assorted soap to sell, and one of your No. 90109 Rockers as my reward for the work. I agree to remit $6.00 in full payment, within 30 days.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

Reference No. 1 ..... Business .....

Reference No. 2 ..... Business .....

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. A-536.

Please ship to me at address below, 25 BOXES of your assorted soap to sell, and one of your No. 90174 Rockers as my reward for the work. I agree to remit $12.50 in full payment, within 30 days.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

Reference No. 1 ..... Business .....

Reference No. 2 ..... Business .....

CROFTS & REED CO. Dept. A-536 CHICAGO. ILL.

DECEMBER 1914

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO AL[illegible]ERATUR[illegible]NCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII

№ 2



PROSPERITY— COMFORT — HAPPINESS —

Published at AUGUSTA, MAINE

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Crumbs of Comfort

How you live is how you will die.

Don't fool with temptation; you are a fool if you do.

You build hopes on tomorrow and you may never see it.

Many a man has been saved from the devil by a godly wife.

Men's evil deeds live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

Some men ten feet away can't tell their wives from other women.

Some churches are not much more than cold-storage warehouses.

The love of gambling will corrupt the best principles on earth.

Stop trying to be decent in public and acting like a brute at home.

If it is right to steal, a man would be pleased to be called a thief.

Education and wealth are not necessary to enter the gates of heaven.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance as it is to display knowledge.

Every dollar you own, that you did not give honest value for, has a stain on it.

More have fallen by the edge of the tongue than by the edge of the sword.

Our vision is bad when we cannot see that real good is the good of everybody.

Many a man can't see that a whiskey barrel is more dangerous than a gun barrel.

When a man sees himself as God sees him he will not wonder that God's judgment falls on him.

Though one may become learned by another's learning, he can become wise only by his own wisdom.

It is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, not to him who enslaves men by violence, that we owe our reverence.

Believe that in His eternal wisdom the Most High has, with His own hand, engraved at the bottom of all hearts natural religion.

Hearts and Wires

By Etta Webb

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OLD Mrs. Fife was taking the second part of her every morning journey. The first part had led from her bedroom to the breakfast-room. The second part led from the breakfast-room to her sitting-room. She was taking this second part now.

Old Mrs. Fife was very old. She never told her age but people did not have to be told to know that she must be on the wrong side of eighty. She was very fat—cumbersomely fat and of that brief stature which makes embonpoint so distressing. She had to place her feet carefully when she walked. She held her chin high and kept her hands folded before her. Her hands were beautiful—soft, small and delightfully white. These beautiful hands had survived charmingly the wear and tea of time. They hinted to you of that perfection of grace and loveliness which long ago had made old Mrs. Fife the reigning belle of her community.

The second half of old Mrs. Fife's journey flowed pleasantly over fieldy spaces of Shirvan rugs, between dull mahogany tables, past a great carved davenport and a cabinet where shining shelves were laden with the interesting flotsam and jetsam of a life full of means and with a discriminating love of the uselessly beautiful. It ended at a great winged chair drawn close beside a large square table. Upon the table lay in neat order the morning letters, the newspapers, the last magazines, and journals and a row of new books in a hammered silver rack. There also was a writing tablet, paper, ink and pens if she chose to write a note. And if she chose not to write but to speak a telephone equipment stood at her elbow and she had but to lift the receiver. So you will see that old Mrs. Fife's pleasant journey ended in a still more pleasant destination. She sighed with contentment as she lowered herself into the winged chair.

At that instant the telephone-bell at her elbow tinkled an agreeable surprise. Old Mrs. Fife took down the receiver listened and acknowledged the salute of the bell.

"Hello!" she said.

Over the wire came a voice as smooth and sweet and singy as the note of a violin. It tickled old Mrs. Fife's ear pleasantly. She liked music, knew it well and could determine its quality wherever heard. This voice was music. She got a vision of youth, joyous vitality, shining girlishness, sweetness in abundance. And yet all it said was:

"Here's your party!"

The voice that followed over the wire was like a discord in its abruptness and disillusion.

"Mrs. Fife," it inquired.

"Yes."

"How are you this morning?"

"Quite as usual."

"That's good news. A lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Inanity!" thought Mrs. Fife. "As if I don't know decent weather when I see it," she said: "A lovely morning indeed!"

"I'm afraid I can't get over to see you today," said the affected voice over the wire. "I've got three committee meetings, a tea and a club banquet to attend. And I'm not feeling as well as usual. But I shall think of you, so beautifully quiet with your books and correspondence. Someday I mean to take life more easily." A sigh. "I don't like this being so much in demand but you know how that goes."

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Fife, impatiently, "glad to hear from you, my dear, but I won't keep you another minute, come when you can. Good by." She hung up the receiver.

"And that woman expects to get all my money someday!" she thought, savagely.

"If my nephew, Fife Cameron had only lived—but what's the use in wishing for the impossible? I ought to know better at my age. He died and before he died he displeased me greatly. That creature he married—I never saw her of course but I heard enough about her from my friends. I can't help wondering if they ever had any children and what became of her. Fife never dared get in my sight after that day I spoke my mind to him. I was angry and I had a right to be. I'd built all my hopes on him and arranged for him to marry Gwendoling Provost, a girl in his own class, with money if no great sense. And he went back on me. So I went back on him. Gwendoline's going to have my money just the same as though she had been Fife's wife, though she doesn't need it, the Lord knows. I don't love her but at least she's been true to me and her idea of Fife. She hasn't married. What if she does fritter her life out in clubs and things? She's got to have something to do. She hasn't reached the age when she can sit down and fold her hands and wait for dissolution. Ah, me!" Old Mrs. Fife sighed. She picked up a letter, scanned it, tossed it aside. Another—and tossed it aside. Another still—"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, aloud, "I know just what these people say. Haven't they been saying the same things to me for full half a century? Oh, for something new under the sun!" Her eye caught sight of a gay post-card and her face brightened. The person who wrote to her didn't use cheap post-cards for their correspondence. She read the post-card. It bore a brief message in a delicate, unpractised hand.

"Dear Mrs. Fife.—work is slack with me now and anytime you want me to fix that dress you spoke about I can do it. Very truly,
"MRS. CARR."

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Fife. She began to look pleased. Here was a distinct, business-like appeal. The woman asked nothing but work, and she did good work, conscientious and painstaking work. She had put the gray foulard which Madame Phanette spoiled into wearable shape. And she was a pleasant thing to have in the house—quiet, fadedly pretty and attentive to her own affairs. Certainly, she should have the black moire to do. She should have it now. Mrs. Fife turned to the telephone. Instantly music filled her ear, music of a single note. Central merely said, "Hello?" Mrs. Fife gave a number. After a moment more music, "Party doesn't answer. I'll try again," Mrs. Fife actually smiled.

"What a delightful voice! She must be a new girl at the central office. How I wish Gwendoline could speak like that. Ah——"

"Here's 772," came over the wire. Then Mrs. Fife heard the sewing-woman's voice.

Midway in the afternoon Mrs. Fife sat again in the winged chair watching the swift, delicate movements or the little, plump, pale woman who sat ripping seams in the black moire. She had known the instant she saw the gown on Mrs. Fife just where it was too tight. She had, it seemed a fine instinct for fitting.

"Phanette forgets that I'm an old woman and that I like to be comfortable," said Mrs. Fife. "And she charges outrageously. I've a good mind to let you make my new brocade, Mrs. Carr. I've never got over my liking for having a dressmaker in the house. If anything goes wrong you know it before it's too late, and then, I may as well confess it, I enjoy watching you at your work."

Mrs. Carr smiled.

"I'll be very glad of the work," she said frankly. "It's necessary that I should earn all I can. My daughter helps all she can but——"

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Fife, "I didn't know that you had any children."

"I have Jessie," replied the little sewing-woman calmly. "She works in the telephone office."

Mrs. Fife's mind felt the stimulus of sudden discovery.

"Has she a pretty voice?" she asked.

Mrs. Carr sighed.

"I think she has an unusually pretty voice. She's a good girl too."

"Well," said Mrs. Fife. And she sat thinking pleasantly till the telephone bell interrupted the process. She took down the receiver and heard that voice of music.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fife. This is Jessie Carr. May I speak to mother?"

"Mrs. Carr," announced Mrs. Fife, "come to the phone. It's your daughter."

Mrs. Carr put aside her work in a flutter and answered the call. She said "hello," "yes" twice and "good by, deary." Her face was radiant as she explained.

"She's ready to go off duty and she wanted to know if she should have supper at half past six. That's all."

"So she can cook," said Mrs. Fife. She lifted a finger and spoke impulsively, "Mrs. Carr, ring up again. Ask her to come here to supper. I invite you both."

Mrs. Fife, for her stomach's sake, had her hearty meal at noon but supper tonight approached very nearly to being a feast. It was spread in the breakfast-room off her private sitting-room. There were extras of course—lots of sweets in honor of the younger guest, for Mrs. Fife remembered her long-lost sweet tooth. Jessie Carr, it was evident, had a healthy girl's appetite and appreciated everything. Mrs. Fife sat back and watched her. It was good to see anyone eat like that. She had gone at her food just so when she was Jessie's age. Nowadays folk were so fickle. Take Gwendoline for instance with her bouillon and toast. Besides, the girl was refreshing to see. She was nineteen and her mother right over, save that every line and curve of her face and figure were strengthened and intensified. Jessie expressed vigor, will-power, good sense in every freckle on her nose, every shiny hair of her head, even the dimple that counteracted the firm set of her jaw. She had astonishingly good manners too. And her voice—it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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BY CHARLES GARVICE

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IN JANUARY COMFORT

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December, 1914.

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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DECEMBER, the last of the quartet of numerically misnamed months, derived its name from the position held by it in in the old Roman calendar—Decem, meaning ten. Before the time of Julius Cæsar, when the year began with March, December was the tenth month. It brings the shortest day and the longest night of the year. Marking the close of the year, it is a period of decadence or old age, cheerless, gloomy and chilly. It is the month of the yuletide and is hallowed as bringing Christmas Day, the Christian festival celebrated in memory of the birth of Christ. While December 25th was in all probability not the actual date of Christ's birth, the selection of this date by both the Eastern and Western churches was by no means arbitrary. In the fourth century the Eastern church transferred its celebration to the same day which was uniformly celebrated. The gem stone symbolic of the month is the turquoise, standing for prosperity, soul cheer; and the ruby, significant of charity, dignity, divine power. In the language of flowers the holly is the representative of the mid-winter month. It stands for domestic happiness, foresight. The approach of the death of the year is recognized by the poets who sang of old and of those who are singing today. "Hail to December, say they all. It gave to earth our Christ," but "the chill December" of Spenser, Poe's "bleak December," Keats' "drear nighted December," and Pope's "cold December" are truly descriptive of the month in most latitudes. Whittier well expressed the sentiment of the month when he said, "The Sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of gray." It was a tragic month in the life of Napoleon, having brought his crowning as Emperor, his first embarkation for France, his attempted assassination, the battle of Austerlitz, his elevation to First Consulship, his departure from the army, his divorce from Josephine, and finally the placing of his body in the Invalides.

Day by day some of the principal events of the month throughout the ages were:

1st—Alexander I, Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, died 1825. December was likewise his birth month.

2nd—Hernan Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, died 1547. John Brown, executed 1859. Napoleon crowned Emperor, 1804. Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.

3rd—Frederick VI, King of Denmark, died 1839.

4th—Thomas Carlyle, born 1795. Cardinal Richelieu, died 1642.

5th—Mozart, died 1792. King George III acknowledged the independence of the United States. President Martin Van Buren, born.

6th—Feast of St. Nicholas celebrated as one of the chief ecclesiastical festivals of Southern Italy.

7th—Cicero, Roman orator, assassinated, 43 B. C. Marshal Ney, general of Napoleon, shot at Paris, 1815.

8th—Mary Queen of Scots, born 1542. Thomas de Quincey, died 1859. John Milton, poet, born, 1608.

10th—Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, killed, 1828.

11th—The Puritans landed at Plymouth, 1620. Charles XII of Sweden killed, 1718. Theodore ex-king of Corsica died, 1756. Imprisoned for debt, he made over to his creditors his kingdom, receiving money with which to meet the obligation and secure his release from prison.

12th—Maria Louisa, second wife of Bonaparte, born 1791. She died during the same month, fifty-six years later.

13th—Ember day.

14th—George Washington, Father of his country, died 1799. Albert, Prince Consort to Queen Victoria died, 1861.

15th—Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon born, 1784. Josephine, first wife of Bonaparte, divorced, 1784. Isaak Walton died, 1683.

16th—Wilhelm Grimm, writer of fairy tales, died, 1859.

17th—Ludwig Beethoven, composer, born, 1770. Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, Empress of France, died, 1847. After the fall of Bonaparte, her husband, the allies made her Duchess of Parma. John G. Whittier born, 1807.

20th—Louis, the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI, died, 1765.

21st—St. Thomas day. The shortest day of the year; the longest night. The seven days preceding and the seven days following the shortest day, or the winter solstice, were by the ancients called the halcyon days. Forefathers' day, observed Dec. 21, celebrates particularly the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620, and was first brought into prominence in New England and the Congregational churches throughout the country. While in no state is it observed as a legal holiday, Forefathers' day is nevertheless revered in many states of the Union and the event which it commemorates is lauded and mentioned in schools, public meetings, banquets and other public and private functions.

22nd—Richard Plantagenet, alleged son of Richard III, died 1550.

23rd—Alexander I, Emperor of Russia, born 1777.

24th—Christmas eve.

25th—Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642.

26th—St. Stephen's day. Battle of Trenton, 1776, when George Washington made the memorable crossing of the Delaware.

27th—St. John's (the Evangelist) day. Charles Lamb, essayist, died 1834.

28th—Holy Innocents' day. Lord Macaulay, historian, died 1859.

30th—Titus, Roman Emperor, born 41 A. D. Richard, Duke of York, killed, 1460.

31st—New Year's eve. "Ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out wild bells, the year is dying."

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Pernicious Attempt to Destroy Competition by Prohibiting the Use of the Mails

WHILE the government is making tremendous efforts to curb the trusts because of their tendency toward monopoly through restraint of trade, there is pending in Congress a bill which can serve no purpose except to destroy competition in the interest of certain large and powerful corporations.

Yet the bill is so framed that the ordinary citizen, unfamiliar with its design and practical effect, would not see through its disguise and would take it to be intended to protect the people from fraud and imposition.

This bill, introduced in both the Senate and House of Representatives, provides that no insurance company shall be permitted to use the mails to do business in any State that prohibits the company from transacting insurance business within the State.

Each State, by its own laws and its own insurance department regulates all insurance business that is transacted through agents within the State—mind you, through agents within the State—which is a proper exercise of State rights. And nearly all insurance companies solicit their business, issue their policies and collect their premiums through local agents. The agents' commissions with the fees exacted by the States for agents' and company licenses add considerably to the expense of insurance business done by this method, and go to swell the premiums paid by the policy holders, so that in the end it all comes out of the people who buy the insurance.

But there is one life insurance company, the Postal Life Insurance Company, that does all its business by mail directly from its home office and employs no local agents, solicitors or collectors, thereby saving the expense of agents' commissions and paying no State license fees. This company, which does a large and successful business in the United States, claims that in consequence of this saving of expense it can afford to sell life insurance at lower rates than its competitors which adhere to the old and more costly method. This is a reasonable proposition the effectiveness of which may be judged by the means invoked by rival companies and their agents to meet it.

It is apparent that the bill, though general in terms, is aimed at this company, and, if enacted by Congress, would put it out of business by making it subject to State laws which, in most if not all the States, require such a company to take out State licenses and do its business through licensed agents resident in the respective States.

The U. S. Post Office authorities recognize that this company's business done by mail from its home office directly with people in other States is inter-State commerce and, as such, is protected by federal law from interference or regulation of any kind by the several States. Therefore, under the U. S. postal laws, as they now are and always have been in this respect, this company can not be refused the use of the mails so long as it conducts its business honestly.

The power to regulate inter-State commerce and the use of the mails belongs, properly and necessarily, to the federal government. To permit each State to determine by whom and on what terms and conditions the mails may be used within its borders would destroy national unity and throw business into a chaotic condition. And yet that is precisely what the proposed bill would accomplish with respect to the insurance business.

The pretense that the bill is designed to protect the people from loss through unsound and fraudulently conducted insurance companies is merely specious. The Postmaster General already has the power to refuse the use of the mails to any person or corporation that conducts a business that is fraudulent or contrary to public policy as defined by Congress.

If the authors and promoters of this bill are sincere in their professed desire to save the "dear" people from being imposed upon through fraudulent insurance by mail-order they should drop the pending bill and substitute one that will prohibit all insurance companies from doing an inter-State business, whether by mail-order or otherwise, unless licensed by the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor after thorough examination and satisfactory proof of their sound financial standing and business methods. Such a law would be reasonable, beneficial and effective, and might well be extended to include individuals and corporations engaged in other lines of inter-State commerce. This is no new idea, as similar measures have been advocated for some time past. But it would not rid the so-called "old line" insurance companies of the competition of their enterprising rival, for the solvency and honesty of the Postal Life Insurance Company are undoubted. This company was chartered by New York, where it has its home office and conducts its business in conformity with the laws and subject to examination and supervision of the Insurance Commissioner of that State.

There is no reason why insurance business should not be transacted by mail as successfully and satisfactorily as the sale of farm and factory products.

This company, if put out of business by the passage of the pending bill, would not be the only sufferer, for the people would be deprived of the benefit of obtaining life insurance at the favorable rates which it has established.

But there is another reason of much more vital consequence why this bill should be summarily dismissed by Congress.

A Dangerous Entering Wedge for Further Restraint of Mail-Order Trade

THERE are many other great and powerful interests in this country, besides the insurance companies, that would like to be rid of mail-order competition, and have fought hard and are still striving to bring about that result. It was one of the strong opposing forces that we encountered and had to overcome in obtaining the establishment of the parcel post, and it is met every time an effort is made to improve the service or lower the rates for mailable merchandise.

If the bill relating to mail-order insurance business should be adopted as law, it would prove but the entering wedge opening the way for the enactment of a lot of other objectionable laws limiting, restraining or prohibiting the use of the mails for conducting legitimate mail-order business.

Only last winter we received a copy of a proposed bill designed to discourage, impede and restrict mail-order business by burdening it with a heavy special tax and other troublesome incumbrances.

Every unnecessary restraint of legitimate trade impoverishes the people at large and injures the nation as a whole while enriching a favored few and tending to foster dangerous and tyrannical monopolies. That is why the government is prosecuting the trusts.

One of the principal objects of the parcel post is to facilitate and promote mail-order trade. The mail-order method of trading largely increases the shopping facilities of the people in the remote rural sections by putting them in touch with the enormous and varied stocks carried by the great city stores and mail-order houses. If the mail-order business should be cut off they would have to do without many necessary articles that the country stores can't afford to carry and don't carry in stock.

The people generally should, and we hope that COMFORT readers will, write to their Senators and Congressmen in Washington, soon after Congress assembles early this December, and urge their objections to this and any other bill proposing to refuse the use of the mails to any honest insurance company.

The "Unspeakable Turk" Goes Into the War

DEGENERATE, barbarous, bloodthirsty, bankrupt, treacherous Turkey has entered the war as an ally of Germany and Austria and the manner of her entrance is in keeping with her national infamy.

In violation of her declaration of neutrality Turkey first bought from Germany two German cruisers that had taken refuge in a Turkish harbor and added them with their officers and crews to the Turkish navy.

Later, without a declaration of war, she treacherously sent a fleet of Turkish warships under command of German officers and deceptively flying the Russian flag into a Russian port on the Black Sea and bombarded the city and sank a Russian torpedo boat lying at anchor there.

Then she apologized for this unprovoked act of hostility. Russia refused to accept the apology except on condition that Turkey should agree to dismiss the German officers serving in her army and navy, and dismantle, during the war, the two cruisers she had purchased from Germany.

Turkey refused to accede to these terms, and so she is now fighting the allies and Germany is furnishing her the money to do it. One large Turkish army is attacking the Russians near the Armenian frontier and another is attacking the British forces in Egypt, while a French and British fleet are bombarding the Dardanelles forts that guard the gateway to Constantinople.

This action on the part of Turkey will probably drive the other Balkan States, Bulgaria, Roumania and Greece, to enter the war on the side of Russia and her allies. Pretty much of Europe, Asia and Africa is now involved in the war.

Adulteration of Silks

IF the testimony of Adolph Lessig before the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations as reported in the daily papers of June 16 is true,—and we have seen no denial of it,—we are sadly in need of protection by law against fraudulent adulterations of silks.

Mr. Lessig claimed to have had ten years' experience in a silk mill near Boston. He is reported to have testified "that adulteration is common in the biggest mills. The result was that, charged with iron, lead or other minerals, a pound of inferior silk weighed three pounds and sold as the best. After being made into garments, however, it quickly rotted and fell to pieces."

It is generally known that shoddy and cotton are commonly used to adulterate certain kinds and grades of woolen goods.

Every manufacturer of textile fabrics should be required, under heavy penalty of law, to specify on the label the nature and quantity of any and all adulterants contained in the goods.

The Vera Cruz Puzzle

"HOW to Get out of Vera Cruz?" is a puzzle that President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan have been trying their best for the last three months to solve; but according to latest reports, although they worked hard over the problem through a three hours' recent session, they can't find the right answer.

We all know how they got in there; how the dispute with former President Huerta over the little flag incident resulted on May 21 in the forcible seizure of the city and harbor of Vera Cruz by U. S. naval forces pursuant to direct orders from President Wilson.

We know that in this action seventeen of our brave sailors and marines were killed and sixty-one were wounded, but how many millions it has cost to transport and maintain the large naval force and the army under General Funston by which we have held possession during the last six months we do not know, although the American people have to pay the bill—and sure enough it is a big one.

But what has it all amounted to? What good has resulted from it either to our own people or to Mexico?

It never brought us any satisfaction from Huerta for the insult to our flag nor for the other outrages and indignities perpetrated by those acting under his authority.

About three months after our seizure of Vera Cruz Huerta was deposed and driven out of Mexico by the successful revolutionists under leadership of Generals Carranza and Villa. Thereupon, in August, General Carranza demanded that the U. S. forces be withdrawn from Vera Cruz, which our government willingly agreed to do, and would have done in September but for the fact that before the President could make the necessary arrangements General Villa and his army revolted and began a civil war for the overthrow of the Carranza government.

Ever since August President Wilson has wanted to get out of Vera Cruz, but finds himself in this dilemma. To whom shall he deliver the city? As Carranza and Villa are at war with each other, to turn it over to either would be a breach of neutrality on the part of the United States; neither will it do for us to merely get out and leave the city a defenseless prey to be fought for and plundered by the warring factions. We have assumed a responsibility that is difficult to resign and costly to maintain, and may even draw us into war with Mexico or some part of Mexico.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery manufacturer selling direct to consumer wishes agent in every county whole or part time. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Every Household on Farm in small town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns kerosene; gives a light five times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 852 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—208% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

$888 Earned Daily demonstrating Evergrip Gliders. No capital required. Hundreds earn $25 weekly. Why not you? Pocket samples 4c. S. Mfg. Co., 20Y Warren St., N. Y.

I Have A Contract to distribute a Million Free Packages Borax Soap Powder. Want reliable men and women to help. $15.00 weekly. C. Waverly Brown, 730 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

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Don't Be An Agent—Own Your Own Business. We furnish complete, practical, Low Price outfits for plating in Gold, Silver, Copper, Nickel, Etc. We furnish recipes, formulas, trade secrets. Work easy, profit enormous. Send today for particulars. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 422 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand New proposition, patented Jan. 30, 1914. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but two lbs; excels work of high priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 520 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Girls And Boys send dime for nice piece of jewelry. Satisfaction guaranteed. C. Palamides, 16 Cumberland St., Providence, R. I.

Agents make $10 a day selling rugs at $1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

$60 Weekly to deliver "KeroSafe" Lamp. Burns common coal oil, (Kerosene). 300 candle power. Low Priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profits for agents. No experience needed. No Capital required. Credit given. Hinkson sold 24 first week, West, 3 first night. Write today for terms of free sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1119 West St., Dayton, O.

$15.00 made first day by 13 year old boy with Shomescope. Woman made $8.00 first hour. Brand new—no competition. Particulars free. Shomescope Mfg. Co., 538 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth, Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 9-69 Temple Place, Boston.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "Specialty Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

I Will Start You In The Mail Order Business, furnish everything, if you will handle my goods. Crest Co., 65, Atlantic City, N. J.

Sells Like Hot Cakes; New laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume; working outfit 5c, new offer. Perfume Gloss, Dept. C, 13 Water St., New York.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid $7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1262 Broadway, San Francisco.

Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid: removes ink like magic. Sold as easily as bread in a famine. Sample 10c. Sells 35c. S. Mfg. Co., 20 W. Warren St., N. Y.

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Make $35 Weekly Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stork Pants, Bolero Shields. Sample Free. Climax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

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Write Moving Picture Plays. $50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

I guarantee $10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, K.L., Chicago.

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Plays Speakers, dialogues and entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

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Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ills.

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Do You Read Magazines? Our big money-saving, club catalog, Free. Write today. War Map of Europe, in colors, almost 2x3 ft. in size, 25c. Send coin or stamps. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Stout young German, (24) expert agriculturist, (Friesian) very practical in stock breeding, and general farm work, desires position on good sized farm, anywhere in the States. Address, Hinrichs Arjes, care of German Consul, Havana, Cuba.

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25 Xmas, New Year & Greeting Post cards 10c, 100 for 30c. German Am. Post Card Co., Dept. 78, Burlington, Iowa.

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Elegant Penmanship In 6 Lessons to those following my instructions, for $2. No circulars. S. C. Bedinger, Stillwater, Okla.

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Productive state and deeded lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. No isolated pioneering. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 446 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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We pay $1 to $1,000 for numerous rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in Circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c for our New Large Ill. Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6 Ft. Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1896, and send 10c at once for New Illust'd Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

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Factory Prices Direct To You, Favorite Washers $2.00, with ball bearing wringer $5.25. Favorite Washer Co., Honey Creek, Ind.

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Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 659 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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Boys And Girls, you can make money. Send me your name and address and I will tell you how. C. Salak, 5410 S Robey Str., Chicago.

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We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

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Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Learn To Write Motion Picture Plays. Full course $5.00. Lessons corrected free. Big pay. Prof. Clifton, Box 496, Sioux City, Iowa.

Money Making Secrets that may help you to Wealth Quickly. Circulars Free. A.E. Collins, R. 2, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.

Save Money! Protect Yourself! You want to do both, don't you? We tell you how in an honest, legitimate, value received, guaranteed proposition; and the only cost to you is a dollar bill enclosed with this cut-out Ad. to us. It means dollars to you. When they say "more than satisfied" that's good enough, don't you think so? Geo. B. Dana, No. 7 Perkins Place, Roxbury, Mass.

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100 Indian Prescriptions. All diseases. Use plants, herbs. Make your medicine cheap. Choice book 10c. Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

This War In Prophecy. Bible student 50 years. Known everywhere. Send 10c. All interested. Lum Fleming, Weatherford, Texas.

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Play Piano or Organ Instantly—first trial. World's greatest invention. Musician Self-Maker, 2804 Lake, Chicago.

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Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Songwriters. Let us write music to your songs, and act as your agents in disposing of your songs for cash or royalty. National Manuscript Sales Co., 312 Theatrical Exchange Building, Broadway & 40th St., N. Y.

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Cultivated Lands in the United States

"When you look around you, or when you try to get a piece of land and find the price that is wanted for it," said a young man in a confident tone of voice "you would hardly suppose that only about twenty-seven per cent of the tillable land in this country is actually under cultivation, would you? Well after careful estimates by the Department of Agriculture made from 35,000 reports received from all sections, that's the answer. We have in our country, that is continental United States, one billion, nine hundred million acres, and of this one billion, one hundred and forty million acres, or sixty per cent are tillable. This includes all already under cultivation, or that may be made tillable by clearing, drainage, irrigation, etc. Then there are 361 million acres, or nineteen per cent, which cannot be tilled, but are valuable for grazing and fruit-raising. The amount of land that is worthless for agriculture of any kind is estimated to be 399 million acres. By the last census returns there were 311 million acres in crops, which is, say, sixteen per cent of the total land area, or about twenty seven per cent of the tillable area. With something over eight hundred million acres of land not yet under the plough it looks like land ought to be cheap enough for every man to have a farm, but the cost of getting most of this unused land into farm shape, or getting means of crop transportation to it even if a man had the land free, make it fully as expensive as the cultivated land, though at present is practically worth nothing."

Consolidated Schools

"The Little Red Schoolhouse which has been so much praised in this country," said a man who might have been a school teacher, "is becoming played out in many sections where education of the young is receiving education itself in how to do educational work more efficiently. This work is being done by the consolidated school system, that is, instead of having a lot of little schoolhouses, none of them as good as they should be, one really good school building with all the modern appliances of education and with efficient teachers is erected and the pupils attend school there under the most favorable auspices. Many of the pupils live too far away to walk to this building, so they are brought to it in conveyances at the public expense and taken home after school. With all these advantages the cost is no more, if as much, as by the old system of many little schoolhouses, showing the economy of organization and consolidation. At present Ohio and Indiana lead in the new movement, but the other states are getting there. Indiana abandoned 1,600 small schools and now reports 19,000 pupils transported in one thousand vehicles. Kansas has over 6,000 pupils in her consolidated schools and Massachusetts spends $350,000 a year in taking pupils to and from school, while Iowa spends about one-tenth that amount. North Carolina has closed 1,200 little red schoolhouses and takes her school children to the big consolidated buildings. Ohio had her first consolidated school in 1892 and now has over 200, and in 1903, Tennessee passed a law closing over a thousand one-teacher schools. In thirty-one of its thirty-eight counties the state of Washington had 120 consolidated schools two years ago and new ones have since been added. In Delaware county, Indiana, one consolidated school represents ten small schoolhouses and one three-teacher town school and has nine teachers with a full high school course. Thirteen school stages carry 250 children to and from school, every day. Four school districts in Winnebago county, Ill. have a single building costing $17,700, and three districts in Putnam county have a building costing $12,000. As an evidence that the children appreciate the greater advantages furnished and particularly riding to and from school in comfortable vehicles, the attendance has increased 25 per cent and the standard of scholarship has been very considerably elevated. We are not getting to it as fast as we should, but within a few years the consolidated school will have made the little red schoolhouse only a memory, a pleasant one, no doubt, but only a memory."

Making Ends Meet

"If debt is to be avoided, expenses must be kept on the right side of income."—Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer.

Under present conditions, many heads of families are finding it increasingly hard to make ends meet, while as far as making them lap a little, that seems impossible, they say. But that is what must be done if any progress or any provision for the future is to be made.

Every man ought to know that if he has good health but does not get on in the world and accumulate something, he alone is to blame. The opportunity has been before him.

The best helper in any man's life is a good wife. She puts hope into the heart of a man and inspires him to do his best; she assists him to save money and sets the example herself, but she may not know how to save wisely.

Lack of thrift in household buying is generally considered a cause of the high cost of living. The old-time grocer never expected to sell less than a whole ham or a shoulder or a side of bacon, a bushel of cornmeal, a peck to a bushel of beans, a peck of dried apples. A ten-gallon keg of molasses was a common sale, almost never a sale of less than a gallon and when the smaller quantity was purchased buyers always brought their own jugs.

Now people buy 10 cents' worth of corn syrup and must have it in a tin can that costs 3½ cents to make. In place of bringing a jug and getting a gallon of vinegar for 20 to 30 cents, they buy the same sort of vinegar in bottles so it costs them 80 cents to $1 a gallon. They must have their ham and bacon cut in certain sort of slices, regardless of the waste, buyers taking only enough for a single meal, say, 10 to 25 cents' worth.

Another thing, people now buy the hard staples of living in what we may say are infinitesimal quantities. The storeroom in the home is a rare thing. Many families now make separate purchases for every meal; they send or telephone to the grocery a dozen times a day. It costs the grocer almost as much to sell and deliver each 10-cent sale as a $5.00 one.

If the boys and girls in the public schools could be taught the elementary facts in regard to marketing, as well as the importance of saving and depositing in the bank, it would be a great national benefit.

T. D. MacGregor.

More Good Roads

"You wouldn't think, to see as much bad road as anybody can see almost anywhere in this country," said a man with mud on his boots, "that any great amount of money was being spent on their improvement, but the fact is that last year about 206 millions of dollars was spent on public roads in the United States. It looks like we ought to have a whole lot of good roads for that amount of money, and we have, but this is a whaling big country and a little good road doesn't go very far. But more is being added every year for in 1904, only 79 millions were spent, which indicates an increase of over 250 per cent in ten years. One reason of the greater interest in good roads is the aid given by states to counties and local communities. New Jersey started this good work in 1891 with a State Highway law, but at first the other states were slow to follow, only fifteen having such laws by 1904. After that something started them, automobiles, may be, and now every state except six has road departments, and last year the state added $38,755,088 to the local appropriations of various kinds. These appropriations aggregate about 151 million dollars, not counting about 15 million dollars in the form of labor by road-workers in country districts. New York is spending ten millions a year by law on improving its roads and shows a larger increase than any other state. The average cost per mile of the four kinds of roads in use are: Sand-clay, $723; Gravel, $2,947; Macadam, $4,989; Bituminous-macadam, $10,348. When a good sand-clay road can be built for $723 a mile it is a shame that millions of people in the United States use the awful roads they do, year after year."

$25 for Each Child

The parliament of Australia has passed a resolution to the effect that the parents of each child born will now receive $25 as a prize. However, Asiatic residents and black natives are barred from these prizes.

Its First Earnings

From reports just received, the Panama Canal, in the first week of its use, earned about $150,000. This is a good showing as the war in Europe is operating to reduce the traffic through the Canal because it is keeping many ships out of active service.

Sale of Goods by Heliograph

Harley Heath, manager of the grocery department of C. E. Blackwell & Co., of Tonasket, Wash., has initiated a method of selling goods by use of the heliograph. Mr. Heath was formerly in the forest service, and by the use of an automobile headlight called the Anneas Mountain lookout of the United States Forest Service, a distance of fifteen miles. Mr. Heath had no difficulty in getting in communication and after a little chat received an order for groceries.

California Has Arsenic Springs

Arsenic in quantities surpassing the percentage of the only other spring of its kind in the world has been discovered in the waters of the springs at Arrowhead, north of San Bernardino, Cal., by Dr. F. C. S. Sanders at Berkeley, and as a result the resort in the local mountain foothills is expected to become one of the most famous spots in America. According to the analysis made by Curtis & Tompkins of San Francisco, analytical chemists, as a result of Dr. Sanders' discovery, the water at Arrowhead was found to contain one-twentieth of a grain of arsenic to the gallon, while that of the only other known spring in the world at Bourboule, France, contains 1-67 of a grain to the gallon. This latter percentage of arsenic is found in steam caves in Waterman Canyon.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, dear sisters and how I wish it were possible for me to extend that greeting in person, into the many homes I seem to know through your letters. I cannot understandingly express to you what your letters mean to me. As I read them I get tantalizing glimpses of so many happy homes that I long to know you all personally but since that cannot be, I shall have to content myself with letting COMFORT carry my good wishes to each and everyone of you at this joyous Christmas season when all hearts are filled with the loving Christmas spirit. It is of that much abused Christmas spirit that I wish to speak. It has become but a farce with the average person who regards it merely on a commercial or give-and-take basis, forgetting the beautiful significance of the day and all that it should mean.

Mothers, instead of spending time over a too elaborate dinner, tell your children the story of Christ and all that His coming meant to mankind. The impression received then will have a lasting effect and who knows but that the remembrance of the Christ story as learned at their mother's knee, may be the means of keeping them from temptation later in life!

As to gifts, we are too apt to give with an eye to outward appearances, are we not? If, instead of wearing your nerves to a frazzle and consequently upsetting the harmony of the home, over the making of a pair of embroidered guest towels for Cousin Jane, who has but little time for plain sewing even, you were to present her with neatly hemmed, serviceable towels, do you not think she would appreciate them more? No, possibly she would not *appreciate* them more for she would recognize the love that prompted the gifts but she would find them much more useful. Use good sound judgment in selecting gifts.

With the "Peace on earth, good will to men" refrain echoing over the land, stop and seriously consider what it means. If there is a slight misunderstanding existing between a once dear friend and yourself, forget your false pride and be friends once more. Be generous with those who have less of this world's goods than yourself, but whether or not you are able to give of material things, bear in mind that genuine love and sympathy are priceless gifts, and to the greatest Giver of Gifts, bring what is most pleasing to Him, "an humble and a contrite heart," and midst your prayers do not forget the homes over the sea that are saddened by this most terrible of all wars.

Again, A Merry Christmas, and to quote Tiny Tim of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "God bless us every one."—Ed.

Will the sisters kindly send us the names and addresses of any poor, unfortunate, worthy neighbor, friend or acquaintance who would wish to read COMFORT regularly but cannot afford to pay the subscription price? By means of our charity subscription fund we could supply COMFORT free to a number of such unfortunates if we had their names. It comes about in this way. From friends who appreciate and wish to help in extending the good work that COMFORT is doing we frequently receive cash contributions for the purpose of paying for COMFORT subscriptions to be donated in charity to such persons as our publisher may choose. Just now we have a fund on hand for that purpose, and we will distribute subscriptions to the persons whose names the sisters send us, until the fund is used up in this way. Send the names and addresses, with a brief explanation of your own, to Mrs. Wilkinson, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and I will see that they are attended to in due order—first come first served.—Ed.

MOUNTAIN HOME, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please permit a stranger direct from the Ozark mountains of Arkansas to enter your circle?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and think it grand. I am nineteen years old, but will not describe myself as I am only a plain looking girl, no attractive features at all.

I wonder how many have lived in our state, Arkansas? I presume a great many have and many would like to see the country.

We have been here only two years. There is beautiful scenery and one from the prairies thinks it wonderful but they soon seem to tire of the scenery and pine for their home on the prairie. But so many of us are not satisfied with any place when we should be contented with our lot. As the old adage goes, "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is most true.

We have traveled a great deal, having lived in the states of Kansas, Missouri, and in the northeast part of Oregon, among the Blue mountains. Every country has its faults. I believe in staying where you are reared if possible. I am also for the movement "Back to the farm." And to all who are thinking of leaving the farm, don't be in a hurry to go. The city has many attractions, but think of its vices and sins. Stay on the farm a while longer. Don't be in a hurry to go.

Sometimes I get so lonesome here that everything seems dismal. How many have the same feelings, when they ought not, to? But it seems impossible to avoid them sometimes. I heartily sympathize with all who are lonesome.

"If you are on the wrong line, get a transfer,
Get off the line of doubt and gloom.
Get on the sunshine track, there's room.
Get a transfer."

Here are a few lines which I think would promote happiness, although they seem rather difficult.

"Forget"

"Forget the faults of other people,
Forget your enemies and remember your friends,
Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it.
Forget your own failures and remember your success.
Forget the pin-pricks, slights and trival offences incident to all life,
Forget to do anyone an injury, but *remember* to do everyone a *kindness*."

And now girls, how many are of my same age and birthday, the sixth of April? And here I am, still lingering, and I can see you all frowning at me.

I shall be delighted to hear from everyone who cares to write. With best wishes to one and all,

MISS CLEO CHRISTINE COCHRANE.

MENOMINEE, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for years and no one knows how I enjoy the paper; the only thing I do not like is that it does not come oftener. The months seem long when I am anxious to get it.

I will say a word about the farm and the city. I have lived in both, but just now I am living in the city. I think one is just as good as the other. The city is a good home for a family who like it but if one is not satisfied there, they will never make a success of it. We did not like the farm so we moved to the city and are doing fairly well, but I think a very large family will find it easier to make things go on the farm than in the city because on a farm a child from nine years up is a great help whereas a child in the city must be sixteen years old before he can be of any help.

My husband has four boys so you see I am stepmother to them and we get along very well.

I read Mrs. Baker's letter and will say that I hope the children love her; if they do it is very easy to get along and if they do not why all a person has to do is to return good for any slight they may give her. I take as good care of them as if they were my own. I join in their games if they are not rough, and help them out of any difficulty which puzzles them. If they quarrel among themselves I stand by the one in the right and tell which is right and which is wrong. In that way they cannot do wrong, and I think if they are cross a kind word will go a hundred times further than scoldings. I am not a wise person but I will cheerfully give a kind word where I can.

I trust you will admit another sister to your happy circle and that my letter is not too long.

I wish all the sisters God's richest blessings and learn to go to Him in our hour of need and pray to Him for help in all our earthly trials and troubles.

A true COMFORT sister, MRS. G. A. STURDY.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

DEVILED HAM.—One pint of boiled ham, chopped fine, with a good proportion of fat, one teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of flour, one half cup boiling water. Press and when cold cut in slices.

BAKED CODFISH CAKES.—Shred finely enough salt codfish to make one and one half cups, cover with cold water and let soak six hours. Put three cups of sliced raw potatoes in a pan, spread the fish over the top, cover with cold water and boil until the potatoes mash together, then add one tablespoon of butter, two beaten eggs, half a cup of milk or cream and a little white pepper. Beat the mixture well together, and when light spread it on a pan, cut it in squares, brush over with beaten egg, sprinkle with crumbs and bake in the oven.

FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel raw sweet potatoes, cut in thin strips lengthwise and fry in deep boiling lard until brown. Sprinkle with salt while still hot and serve at once.

STUFFED SWEET POTATOES.—Bake large sweet potatoes and when soft make a slit down one side, scoop out the inside and beat it with salt, pepper, a half cup of cream and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Fill the shells, return to the oven to brown.

SWISS EGGS.—Spread the bottom of a dish with two ounces of butter, cover this with grated cheese. Break eight eggs upon the cheese without breaking the yolks. Season with salt and pepper. Pour a little cream on the surface. Strew about two ounces of grated cheese on the top and set the eggs in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Brown on top.—Ed.

TOMATO NOODLES.—To one half can of tomatoes, add salt, pepper and butter; let boil hard and while boiling, mix in a mixing bowl four eggs beaten real stiff with flour, roll out in cakes let dry, cut, put in to tomatoes while boiling, be sure and have plenty of water on tomatoes before putting noodles in.

SALMON AND EGGS.—One can salmon, three eggs beaten light, three crackers crushed fine; mix all together fine with butter the size of an egg; fold in hot grease and let fry until eggs in salmon are done.

MRS. A. S. GLAZIER, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

UNCOOKED CHILI SAUCE.—One half peck ripe, solid tomatoes, chopped, one half cup salt, one half cup sugar, two cups celery chopped very fine, two cups finely chopped onions, two small red peppers, also chopped, one cup white mustard seed, one tablespoon each black pepper and ground cinnamon, one quart vinegar. Mix all together. Put in a stone jar and cover with a cloth only. Celery can be omitted.

SANDWICH FILLING.—One cup chopped seeded raisins, one cup walnuts chopped, whip one cup cream, add one tablespoon sugar. Mix all together lightly. Spread between thin cookies or unbuttered crackers.

MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weeser, Idaho.

PREPARED MUSTARD FOR TABLE USE.—Mix four tablespoons of sugar with four tablespoons of mustard and one tablespoon of flour; beat in one egg until perfectly smooth, then stir in one cup of good vinegar, added very slowly to prevent curdling. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add one tablespoon of butter.

RHUBARB JAM.—Six pounds rhubarb, five pounds sugar, two lemons, one pound figs or strawberries. Cut rhubarb in small pieces, mix with sugar and let stand over night. In the morning cut figs or berries and lemons in small pieces, add to rhubarb and sugar and cook slowly four hours.

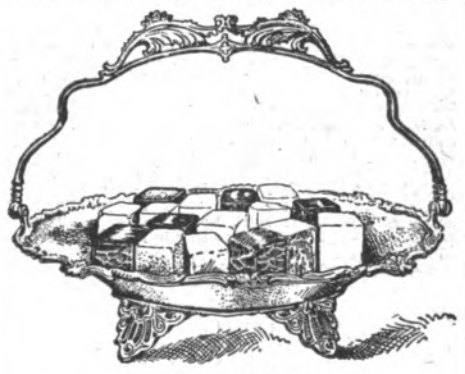
MRS. EVA R. RICHTER, Walkerville, Mich.

CRAB APPLE JELLY AND JAM.—Remove stems and blossoms from the apples; let them scald and pour off the first water; next put them in enough water to cover nicely, and let them cook slowly; as they begin to soften, dip off the juice for jelly, straining it; one pound of juice to a pound of sugar. It needs careful cooking and stirring.

GRAPE JAM.—Separate the skins from the pulp, keeping them in separate dishes, put the pulp in your preserving kettle with a teacup of water; when thoroughly heated, run them through a colander to separate the seeds; then put your skins with them and weigh, to each pound of fruit add three quarters of a pound of sugar, and merely water enough to keep from burning, cook slowly three quarters of an hour. These two jams are delicious and worth the trouble.

MRS. W. L. WOOTERS, Reid Hill, Alta, Can.

SPONGE SQUARES.—Four eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the eggs thoroughly, beat in the sugar



SPONGE SQUARES.

and add flour and baking powder. Bake in hot oven. When cool cut in small squares. Ice these squares with chocolate and white icing.—Ed.

GREEN TOMATO MINCE MEAT.—One peck green tomatoes chopped fine, pour boiling water over, let cool; drain and scald again, let cool and drain and put in preserving kettle with five pounds of brown sugar, two pounds of raisins, one large cup suet, juice of three lemons, four cups of chopped apples, one cup of vinegar, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon of allspice. Cook all together until tender for about twenty minutes and seal hot.

MRS. CLARA SCHOPPER, Juaniata, Pa.

GROUND CHERRY BUTTER.—Two gallons ground cherries, one pint of water, one half gallon of well-cooked apples, two lemons sliced, teaspoon of soda and sugar enough to sweten to taste. Cook half hour or until stiff enough to spread well. This is good. Ripe or green cherries can be used.

MRS. ESTEL THOMASON, West Graham, Va.

BRAN BREAD RECIPE.—Two cups bran, one cup corn meal, one half cup white flour or whole wheat flour, two and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half cup molasses, one egg, pinch of salt. Beat egg and add one half pint sweet milk. Mix dry ingredients then pour in molasses, add milk and egg and stir quickly. I sometimes add a cup of seedless raisins. Bake in slow oven one and one half hours, if in loaf; if one wants muffins bake in quick oven. The loaf is more satisfactory, it can be sliced and eaten as bread. Always sprinkle greased pan with corn-meal to prevent sticking. This is excellent for constipation.

MRS. L. H. HAGGARD, Norwood, Ohio.

SQUASH ROLLS.—One egg, one large tablespoon sugar, butter size of an egg, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, two cups flour. Beat together, add one half cup sifted squash. Drop in roll pan.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—One cup butter, one cup molasses, two cups of milk, two teaspoons of soda, four eggs, two pounds of raisins (chopped), one pound currants, one half pound citron, salt and all kinds of spices, flour to make a batter thick as pound cake. Steam five hours. Serve with hard sauce, liquid, or cream.—Ed.

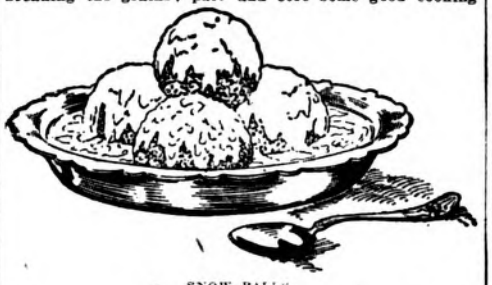
LITTLE BROWN PUDDING.—One quarter cup sugar, one quarter cup butter, one quarter cup New Orleans molasses, one half cup sweet milk, one egg, one and one half cups flour, one half teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and soda. Steam one hour in buttered basin or dish. Serve with following sauce.

SAUCE.—Cream one half cup sugar, one quarter cup butter; take one cup boiling water and thicken with one tablespoon corn-starch. When ready to serve add creamed butter and sugar to the warm cream, flavor with one teaspoon vanilla.

MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weiser, Idaho.

SCOTCH COOKIES.—One pound flour, one pound brown sugar, two eggs, one ounce of cinnamon, teaspoon of baking powder, one quarter pound of butter. Roll thin.

SNOWBALLS.—Boil a cup of rice in water without breaking the grains; pare and core some good cooking



SNOW BALLS.

apples; spread some of the rice on pudding cloths, just large enough to cover an apple; set on apple in the center of the rice carefully, and boil and steam for an hour; when done serve with lemon sauce.—Ed.

NEGRO CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one half cup chocolate, two and one half cups of flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Bake in two tins.

FILLING.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of cream, one half cup of chocolate, boil until thick enough to spread. —Ed.

DEMONSTRATOR'S CAKE.—One half small cup butter, one cup sugar, cream together; three quarters cup, milk; two eggs. Beat separate, adding whites last thing before baking. Two cups flour sifted four times, two teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon vanilla.

ICING.—One cup powdered sugar, enough milk to make real stiff dough, add one tablespoon butter melted, one quarter teaspoon vanilla.

This is one of the recipes used to demonstrate electrical stoves and gas ranges, and if directions are followed it never fails.

MRS. IRA D. GRAY, Weeser, Idaho.

OATMEAL MACAROONS.—Two tablespoons of butter, two eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup sugar, one half teaspoon table salt, three cups rolled oats. Bake in hot oven until crisp and brown.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE.—One cup sugar, two eggs, one and one half cups flour, two squares unsweetened chocolate, one half cup butter, one half cup milk, one half teaspoon baking powder, one half teaspoon vanilla.

MRS. C. E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

BURNT SUGAR CAKE.—One cup of granulated sugar put in a granite basin and burnt until nearly black, stirring constantly. Then add three quarters cup hot water, one and one half cups of sugar, two thirds cup of butter, two eggs, one cup cold water, two teaspoons baking powder and two cups flour.

MAHOGANY CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, three cups of flour, one half cup of cocoa, one half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one and one half teaspoons of soda and one teaspoon of vanilla.

REKA ABELS, Grundy Center, Iowa.

EXCELLENT CAKE.—Two cups light brown sugar, creamed until light with one cup butter; yolks of four eggs beaten with one teaspoon sugar, add to sugar and butter, beat all; add one cup of rich milk, stir well then add one half teaspoon of salt and strawberry flavoring. Sift flour twice, the last time add one and one half teaspoons of baking powder, stir in cake until as thick as any ordinary cake. Then beat hard until creamy; bake. Beat whites of eggs for filling and covering of cake.

MRS. A. S. GLAZIER, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE.—Two cups granulated sugar, one half cup butter, three quarters cup sweet milk, whites of six eggs, three cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder.

SAUCE OR FILLING FOR LEMON CHEESE CAKE.—Grate rinds and juice of two lemons, add yolks of three eggs, one half cup butter, one cup sugar, mix well together. Cook till thick as sponge. Be careful not to scorch. This is excellent.

MRS. C. W. FREELOVE, Glendale, Arizona.

SPICE CAKE OR VELVET LUNCH CAKE.—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup sour milk, two cups flour, one egg or yolks of two, one teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, one cooking spoon syrup, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves, one quarter teaspoon allspice. Nuts or fruit added to this makes a good fruit cake.

MRS. ATTA BEACH, Graylin, Colo.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, two heaping teaspoons soda; one cup each of lard and warm water, one teaspoon each of allspice and ginger. Roll out as soft as possible.

MRS. HARRY KLINE, Kimball, Minn.

PLAIN FONDANT.—Boil without stirring, two and one half cups sugar, one and one quarter cups of water and one quarter teaspoon cream of tartar to the soft ball stage; that is, until when dropped into cold water it forms a soft ball. Remove from fire, let stand until cool, then beat until creamy. Turn out onto a large platter and knead until free from all lumps and soft and smooth in texture. From this may be made many different kinds of candy.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Mould fondant into any shape desired. Let stand in a cool place until firm. Melt plain or confectioner's chocolate over hot water. Lay each cream on a fork, dip into the chocolate and slide onto oiled paper.

TAFFY.—Boil together without stirring, one and one half cups sugar, one quarter cup water, one eighth teaspoon cream of tartar and one quarter teaspoon vinegar to the brittle stage. Pour into buttered plates and when cool enough to handle, pull until white and glassy, adding any desired flavoring. Pull into a long, thin strip and cut immediately with scissors into small pieces. Lay on buttered paper.

BROWN TAFFY.—Boil together one cup brown sugar, one teaspoon butter, one teaspoon molasses, two teaspoons water and one teaspoon vinegar to the brittle stage. Pour into buttered tins and proceed as above.

STUFFED DATES.—Cut dates lengthwise, remove the seed and fill with nuts. Roll in granulated sugar.

CHRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.—Boil two cups of sugar with a cup of water and one quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar. Test it by dropping a little in cold water; when brittle, remove from fire. Dip into it, sections of orange from which all skin is removed, white grapes, cherries or fruit of any kind. Spread on waxed paper to harden.

DELLVALE, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading in our corner of quite a number of mothers whose babies have constipation. Our little boy is now eighteen months old and has been constipated more than half of his life, the last six months so badly that his bowels would very seldom move without the use of an enema (suppositories did no good). We consulted a good doctor and this is what he said to do: Feed orange, prune and apple juice, plenty of water (some the first thing after rising in the morning), oatmeal and other cereals and plenty of butter. Then massage the bowels for fifteen minutes each day with olive oil, beginning at the right side low down, moving up and around to starting point. I did not have all the things mentioned and was so busy I neglected to massage the bowels quite so long but I did as near as I could and now he is doing fine. I have been doing this not more than a month. I wish all who have trouble in this way would try it.

We live in Sunny Kansas. Crops are pretty good in our parts this year. This is a healthy climate.

We have two little ones, Ruth, age three and one half years, and Elbert, eighteen months.

Best wishes to all. MRS. CLARENCE GOLDSBY.

WEISER, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for the past ten months, as my sister sent it to me for my birthday. Each department of COMFORT is so good I have no particular preference.

I, for one, am in favor of farm life as it has been the means of improving my health, although I am far from being well. Three years last March, my husband and I with our infant daughter, left the city to live on Government land. I was reared on a farm but my husband had but little experience in that line as he is an electrician, and had lived all his life in large cities, so farming is no easy matter for us, although we hire most of our work done and my husband works at his trade. With my dear husband and little Ella Elizabeth, am happy except for my poor health, but we are doing all that can be done for it, practically living in the open air.

One sister asked what to do to correct the habit of thumb sucking. Wrap the thumb with adhesive plaster one inch wide. The habit is very dangerous, as it elongates the upper jaw and at about the age of three years you will notice the upper teeth will extend about one quarter to one half inch in front of the lower ones. There is no way to correct it until they lose the teeth and the new set should be shaped in place by a competent dentist. But adenoids will cause the lower jaw to recede, so don't mistake one for the other. I am enclosing three of my choice recipes and if Mrs. Wilkinson doesn't tire of this, will try and give some helpful information later. Before leaving I wish to ask if any know either song: "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," and "Baby's Left the Cradle." My mother used to sing them, and I would like the words.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, and to Uncle Charlie, I am, ever a sister.

MRS. IRA D. GRAY.

Mrs. Gray.—Your letter will come as an answer to a question that is uppermost in many minds. "What shall I give for Christmas?" Why not a subscription to COMFORT? You certainly cannot get more for the same amount of money and its coming every month will be a reminder of the giver and a renewed source of pleasure to the recipient.—Ed.

PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for quite a number of years and certainly enjoy reading it, especially the letters from you sisters. They are cheerful and encouraging and help us to see that other people have even more troubles than we have. Often when I read the letters I wish I could see and speak to the sisters that write them.

Mrs. DeMonburn, your letter was certainly inspiring.

Mrs. Conrod, I can sympathize with you. I have lived in the country almost all my life. Last year I was in the city for three months and how I did long for the country. Man made the city and God the country. In the country we are brought closer to God. While in the city I was taken sick and had to go back in the country to my parents. I think there is no place like the dear old farm. The following is a verse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Sugar is High; Meat is High; So are other good things used in making good Mince Meat

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

keeps down table expense and sells at 10¢ the same old price

Send your name for a free set of None Such Poster Stamps

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving, Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis.

CHAPTER VII.

A VERY THRILLING STORY.

HIS cigar dropped to the ground and lay there unheeded, while the judge, hardly less excited by the man's strange questions and demeanor, deliberately threw his away and bent a curious look upon the pale face beside him.

Again there was an awkward silence.

But at length Sir Arthur turned and looked his companion full in the eye.

"I owe you an apology for being so persistent in my questions," he began, "but I have been impressed, ever since meeting Mr. Marchmont this morning, and I am convinced now that we are on the verge of unraveling what has long been, to me at least, a hopeless mystery. May I trespass still further by asking—do you know anything about young Marchmont's parentage?"

"I am bound to confess that I do not," replied the judge, in tones of repressed excitement.

"Are you willing to tell me how this child happened to become the ward of your son-in-law?"

"Certainly, if it will lead to the proof of his identity. I will tell you—in confidence——"

"Of course I will so regard it," said Sir Arthur, as his companion paused.

"Mr. Fletcher found his charge in the slums of New York City, in America," the judge proceeded, as if he had not been interrupted. "He was selling newspapers—a keen, bright, honest little chap who appealed to him because of a streak of veracity which is very unusual in boys of that class. He was very small for his age, dirty, ragged, barefoot. On questioning him my son found that he really belonged to nobody; but that he lived with—was, in fact, the slave of a disreputable old woman, whose only interest in him was what she could make out of him, either honestly or dishonestly. What chiefly touched Mr. Fletcher and prompted him to rescue this waif of humanity, was the fact that this woman tried to make him steal some article for her every day, on penalty of being 'licked,' as he expressed it, if he did not. Almost invariably the brave little fellow took his 'licking' 'for,' he said, 'it hurt him in here to steal,'" and the judge laid his hand over his heart. "That innate honesty was his salvation, for Mr. Fletcher at once sought the woman and bargained for his freedom. He has never regretted his act, for Will is one of the noblest fellows alive, and bids fair to do honor to the man who befriended him."

"But did not Mr. Fletcher learn anything of his origin?" eagerly questioned Sir Arthur.

"No; nothing at all satisfactory. All that he could extort from the old woman was the fact that her daughter, who had been a waiting maid in some aristocratic family, suddenly returned to her and bringing a baby about which she would say nothing. She had money to support herself and the child, but would not tell whence it came. At last her remittances ceased, though she still cared for the child as long as she lived. When she was dying she gave her mother a certificate of baptism and made her promise to guard it most sacredly until the boy arrived at a suitable age, when she stipulated it should be given to him. The name inscribed upon this certificate is William Curtis Marchmont, and also bears the name of a clergyman—Cyrus Hamlin."

"Great heavens! Judge Ashburton, your story solves one of the most wonderful mysteries the world has ever known!" Sir Arthur Stamford burst forth in great excitement as the judge concluded.

Judge Ashburton himself was scarcely less excited.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" he exclaimed, "how can you know anything about this boy's history?"

"How? Because—his mother was my second wife," replied the baronet, in a tremulous tone.

His companion now sat erect and regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"That cannot be possible!" he said, with paling lips.

"I will soon convince you that it is an incontrovertible fact," said Sir Arthur, wiping the moisture from his brow, for his recent agitation told upon his strength.

"Then go on—pray, go on," pleaded his companion, with an impatience that was wholly foreign to his usually calm, dispassionate temperament.

"Well, then," began the baronet, "my second wife's maiden name was Mabel Randal Curtis and her father was a wealthy railroad magnate of New York City. The family lived in affluence on one of the finest avenues of the city and, of course, Mr. Curtis entertained very high-toned views regarding his only child's future. But, as often happens, fate took the matter into her own hands and Miss Mabel fell madly in love with a young English subaltern, whom she met, one summer, at Newport. This young man, William Marchmont, was the nephew of one of England's peers; but, being the son of a second son, he was, of course, regarded as a nobody at that time. Mr. Curtis, upon learning of his daughter's penchant, became very much enraged, although the young man was both morally and intellectually worthy to become the husband of the New York heiress. He cut short their season at Newport, and, after an extensive tour through the Canadas, returned to New York for the winter. But Cupid is a very persistent little god, as we all know, and during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, who were called to Washington for a few weeks, young Marchmont suddenly appeared upon the scene. The lovers gave themselves up to the joy of being reunited, but in the midst of this the young man was suddenly recalled to his regiment, which had been ordered to India. There was a clandestine marriage—a few days of tempered joy before the vessel sailed, then an agonized, though by no means hopeless, parting. But the young husband was shot in his first battle. He lived just long enough to give his wife's address to a comrade; bidding him write and break the news of his fate to her, and then expired. This was only about five months after their marriage. The blow nearly killed the young wife, but a worse trial awaited her, for her husband had thoughtlessly taken the only proof of their marriage with him and she had no means of proving herself a legal wife, even if she had possessed the courage to confess the fact to her father. But she knew that she would soon become a mother and something must be done to shield her good name and the displeasure of her parents."

"Poor child! what a fate for a young woman in her position!" murmured the judge, in a sympathetic tone, as his companion paused an instant.

"As good fortune decreed, however, the Hon. Mr. Curtis decided, just about that time, to treat himself and family to a trip abroad with the intention of remaining a year or two," Sir Arthur continued. "This proved to be his daughter's opportunity and salvation. She refused to accompany them. She claimed that she was afraid to cross the ocean—she did not feel able to travel, and as she had not seemed well for some time, her parents finally consented to allow her, with her maid, to go into the country to board at a quiet place, where they had been many times when they wished to get away from the whirl of city life, and with the understanding that she would join them abroad when she became stronger, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis departed, leaving Miss Curtis to dismiss the servants and close the house before her departure for the country. She dismissed the servants and closed the house, all but a few rooms in the rear where, instead of going into the country with her maid, the two settled quietly down and lived by themselves, never going out except at night, or under the utmost secrecy, and no one knew that they were in the city. There Mrs. Marchmont's child was born, and there she continued to live for more than a year, when her mother was taken suddenly ill, and Mr. Curtis cabled to his daughter to come to them immediately. Of course, during this time, she had arranged to have all letters and messages remailed to her from the office in the country. This was a message she dare not disobey, although her heart was nearly broken over the thought of being separated from her child. She deposited a generous sum in a New York bank, settled the maid and her little one in some comfortable rooms, and then left for Berlin to join her parents. She also confided to the care of her maid the baptismal certificate of her child and charged her that if anything happened to her she was to go to Mr. Curtis on his return, confess everything to him, and beg him to rear and educate the boy; but the girl was sworn to absolute secrecy under all other circumstances. In spite of her physician's decree that she could not live, Mrs. Curtis rallied and continued very comfortable for nearly a year longer, finally passing away at Cannes. Mr. Curtis and his daughter returned to America immediately after this event, and Mrs. Marchmont's first thought after landing was, of course, for her child. She sought her maid in the simple home she had arranged for her, but the girl was not there, and she could obtain no intelligence regarding her. She went to the bank where she had deposited money for her; but was told that she had drawn out the full amount that had been placed to her credit. Impossible, Mrs. Marchmont insisted, for she had remitted a large sum on a certain date from Europe to be placed to her account. It was never received, they told her, and the poor young mother was rendered nearly frantic in view of her unexpected bereavement."

"I can well imagine she might be," Judge Ashburton sympathetically remarked.

"She sought for the missing ones for months, but without gaining any clew to their whereabouts, and she finally came to the conclusion that both must have been stricken with some disease and died; for she believed that the maid must have seen and responded to some of the numerous advertisements which she inserted in various papers, if she had been living. But, during all this season of anxiety she was, of course, obliged to conceal her feelings from her father. He realized that she had long been unlike herself, but attributed the change to her grief for her mother and the new responsibilities that devolved upon her because of her loss. For two years she made a recluse of herself, and then Mr. Curtis insisted that they should resume their proper position in society. She pleaded that she had no heart for the old life of gayety, but he was firm; and they began by opening their house in Newport, where they entertained throughout the summer as they had been wont to do in former years. On their return to New York, in the winter, they reappeared among their friends there, and a brilliant season followed. It was during this season that I met Mrs. Marchmont—or Miss Curtis, as she was known to the world—for the first time. I had lost my wife some two years previous, and had been for some months traveling in America—leaving my son, Arthur, with his grandparents. I was introduced to Miss Curtis at a reception given by one of the Vanderbilts, and was at once charmed with her. To me she seemed a rarely beautiful woman. There was a sweet sincerity about her which one does not often see in society women; an honesty of opinion and a directness of speech that strongly appealed to me, and I sought her constantly after making her acquaintance. Mr. Curtis appeared to be pleased by my preference for his accomplished daughter, and when I sought the privilege of addressing her with the purpose of winning her hand in marriage, he gave me his hearty consent. I had already become quite sure that Miss Curtis herself was favorably disposed toward me; we were congenial in many ways, and now, and then, I thought I detected a vein of tenderness in her manner when we were together. You, can, perhaps, imagine my astonishment and dismay when, upon asking her to be my wife, she kindly but firmly refused me. But I had no intention of abiding by that refusal, for I loved her with the strong and abiding affection of the mature man. I pleaded my cause with all the eloquence of which I was master; but it was all of no avail, until something prompted me to ask her this question. 'Is it because you do not love me well enough to be my wife, Mabel, because you feel that you could not be happy with me? If you tell me that, I will not press you further—I will at once go back to England and try to bear my disappointment with what fortitude I can command.'

"To my amazement she burst into tears and wept as I have seldom seen a woman weep. I waited until the storm had spent itself, and then, with dawning hope, I pleaded again:

"'Must I go, Mabel?'

"With wonderful self-command, she sat erect and faced me, her clear, sad eyes meeting mine with a pure and steady look.

"'I cannot tell you to go, Sir Arthur,' she began, 'until I confide to you that which will throw upon you the responsibility of deciding this question—deciding whether I am worthy to be your wife. I had thought that I should never marry, that my life would be spent with my father, as long as he shall live, and, after that, alone—as far as any domestic ties are concerned.'

"She then related to me in full detail all that I have told you, and, of course, my heart went out to her with even greater tenderness and deepest sympathy, upon learning what she had suffered, and still must suffer, in view of the uncertainty of her child's fate. It was all told simply and without any attempt to excuse or palliate her fault—if marrying the man she loved could be thus regarded, and when she concluded she sat with downcast eyes and quivering lips awaiting my verdict.

"'I simply said, 'I cannot go, even now, Mabel, unless you tell me you do not love me well enough to be my wife. My love for you is only intensified by what you have told me.'

"She did not tell me to go; she owned to an affection deeper and stronger than that of her first love, and, three months from that time, she was my dear and honored wife, and no one save we two was any the wiser regarding the secret of her previous marriage.

"We made many efforts to find her little one before we left the United States, but failed, utterly, to obtain the slightest clew, and finally came home to England, resolved to make the most of our happiness in each other. But a most remarkable thing happened after we had been married some fourteen years. We were visiting in Surrey—it was a hunting party, and our host, the Earl of Belmont, had a house full of visitors. Among them was Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith——"

"What!" suddenly interposed Judge Ashburton, a shock like that from an electric battery pervading him.

"You will remember," said Sir Arthur, "that when I began my story I told you that this William Marchmont, whom Miss Curtis clandestinely married, was the son of a second son, and the nephew of an English peer."

"Yes—yes."

"Well, that peer was Lord Clement Marchmont, Marquis of Leith. He died in 18—. His wife didn't survive him three months; and, leaving no children, the second son, John Marchmont, succeeded to the title and estates. He lived to enjoy his inheritance just five years, then joined the silent majority, leaving his widow to reign as mistress of Marchmont Court. This woman, the present marquise, still survives and lives there alone, having no children. During our visit, of which I have spoken, to the Earl of Belmont, my wife became quite friendly with her, attracted by the name and a vague hope that her ladyship might be a relative of her first husband. During a confidential chat one afternoon, the marquise told Lady Stamford something of her history, and in so doing revealed the fact that she was the mother of William Marchmont, whom Mabel had married and who had been shot in India. She also confided to her that when her son's effects were sent home to her, she found, pinned between the leaves of his Bible, a certificate of marriage, showing that he had married an American girl during his visit to the United States. You can but faintly imagine the sensation this revelation produced, and which resulted in further mutual confessions and a clearing of the whole story. Lady Marchmont at once took Mabel to her heart, but was bitterly disappointed on learning that there had been a son and the story of his mysterious disappearance. She invited us to Marchmont Court, where we had a most charming visit, and when we returned to our home Lady Stamford bore with her the certificate proving her marriage to William Marchmont, who, if he were living, would today be the Marquis of Leith."

"By all that is remarkable! this is the strangest story I ever heard in real life," Judge Ashburton exclaimed, excitedly at this point. "Is Lady Marchmont still living?"

"She is, and a beautiful old lady she is, too—hale and hearty, and beloved by all who know her; while I am sure that, after what I have told you, I do not need to inform you that she is the grandmother of this young man whom your son-in-law, Mr. Fletcher, has reared and educated."

"Yes—I can understand that," returned the judge, in a tone of great satisfaction, "and also that he is today the only heir to Marchmont Court and the title of his father—he is Lord William Marchmont, Marquis of Leith."

"I am sure there cannot be the slightest doubt about the matter," his companion observed.

"But," continued the judge, with sudden thought, "it seems strange to me that the comrade, who was commissioned to notify the young wife of William Marchmonth's death, should not also have made his family acquainted with the fact of the marriage and given them Mrs. Marchmont's address. Such a measure must have resulted in the proof of her marriage."

"Yes, and that matter was fully discussed with the present marquise, during one of our visits to her, when we learned that the comrade also lost his life in the very next engagement. Lady Stamford had faithfully preserved his letter to her, and, of course, that was additional proof of her marriage," Sir Arthur explained.



Everyone in the room could trace a strong resemblance in his own face to the one looking down from the canvas upon him

He led her to a great easy chair.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WILL.

"Great Scott! it does not seem possible!" continued Judge Ashburton, who seldom allowed himself to lapse into slang even in a mild form; but his excitement may be excused in view of the startling facts he had learned. "Our Will a titled gentleman!—a peer of England! I can scarcely credit my senses, and yet I have always contended that there was good blood in him, for he has ever been innately refined and noble. But will it be possible to establish his identity?" he concluded, turning to Sir Arthur, a shadow of anxiety, flitting across his face.

"Certainly, if that certificate of baptism has been preserved," the baronet responded, confidently.

"It has been most sacredly preserved," the judge assured him. "I am very glad, very, very thankful, to know that this long lost son will at last come into his rightful inheritance," Sir Arthur observed, but in a tone that was somewhat husky. "Lady Stamford grieved for a long time after learning the truth. 'Oh!' she would often exclaim, 'why cannot I find my boy? What cruel fate has decreed that this mystery must enshroud his life?' We advertised again extensively in American papers, seeking tidings of him and the maid, to whose care he had been committed, but we did not have a single reply."

"How long ago was this—when were those advertisements inserted in the papers?" the judge inquired.

"Immediately after learning Lady Marchmont's story—some eight years ago."

"Ah! that was about the time we came to England to reside, or some of us must have seen those advertisements. How strange is life—at what cross-purposes we seem to live," sighed the judge. Then he added: "But the discovery of today will be glorious news for Lady Stamford."

Sir Arthur lifted a quick, pained glance to his companion. "Lady Stamford was taken from me more than five years ago," he remarked, in an unsteady voice.

"Forgive me, Sir Arthur, for recalling a grief like that," said Judge Ashburton, in a tone of deep regret, and with an awkward sense of embarrassment.

"Of course it was but natural for you to refer to Lady Stamford in that way, as I had given you no reason to believe that she was not living," the baronet returned. "But it does seem as if the world and life are all wrong, as you have said, when a revelation like this of today occurs too late to bestow happiness upon those most deeply interested."

"It is a subject that is puzzling many of the deep thinkers of this age," was the thoughtful reply; "the problem of this mortal life has always been an unfathomable one. But I cannot think of anything just now but this wonderful story about our Will. Do you imagine that the Marquise of Leith will be easily convinced of and willing to acknowledge the relationship?"

"I have not the slightest doubt in the world regarding that matter," Sir Arthur confidently asserted. "She became very fond of Lady Stamford, and has never ceased to grieve over the mysterious disappearance of her child and the fact that there is no heir to perpetuate the family name and title. I firmly believe that if Mr. Fletcher can produce the baptismal certificate and give the name of the maid who took him to the slums and left him with the old woman, her ladyship will receive him with open arms and immediately acknowledge him as the rightful heir of Leith. By the way, do you know the name of that girl," he concluded, turning sharply upon his companion.

"I did know at the time," said the man, reflectively, "but I do not recall it at this moment. I am inclined to think that her first name was Maggie, but Mr. Fletcher can tell you."

Sir Arthur nodded his head with an air of satisfaction. "There isn't much doubt," he said; "I know the name, but I shall wait for Mr. Fletcher's proofs."

"Well, I certainly feel as if I had been asleep and dreaming a wild, romantic tale, and was liable to suddenly wake and find it all a myth of the imagination," Judge Ashburton observed, after a few moments of silence, and glancing eagerly towards the woods, for he had caught the sound of voices and knew that the young people were returning.

Presently they came in sight, and a gleam of pleasure shot into the old gentleman's eyes as they fell upon the stalwart figure and fine face of Will, who was a young man of whom he might well feel proud.

"I am sure it will prove to be no 'myth of the imagination' to Mr. Fletcher's protege," said Sir Arthur, whose glance had followed his, "and judging from what I have seen of him today, he will do honor to the brilliant position awaiting him. I was instantly impressed the moment he told me that his name was William Marchmont, that he would prove to be the heir to Leith. But," he added, rising, "it is getting on pretty well towards sundown, suppose we make a start for home, and"—lowering his voice—"don't you think it might be as well to communicate with Mr. Fletcher before saying anything to the young man about this revelation?"

"Yes, I am sure it will be best to communicate with my son first," said the judge. "I will telegraph him this evening, and I believe he will leave everything and return at once, when we will come to you and talk more of this."

Thus the matter was left, and, half an hour later, the party were on the way home, all expressing themselves as having passed a most delightful day.

Arthur Stamford alone carried a heavy heart home, although he tried bravely to conceal all evidences of the crushing blow which he had received; but it seemed to him as if the sun had been suddenly blotted out and that an empty and dreary future lay before him.

Judge Ashburton kept his word, and immediately upon reaching home sent the following telegram to his son-in-law: "Wonderful and important revelation regarding Will. Can you return immediately?"

The following morning brought this reply: "I will be with you on the twenty-third."

The twenty-third would be only three days later, but it seemed to Judge Ashburton as if he never could wait that long before revealing his secret.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

WELL, here is the month of Christmas once more, and the ending of another year, one of the most memorable years in the world's history, if not the *most* memorable. The year which has seen our so-called Christianity and the squalid civilization we have attempted to build upon it, shattered to dust. I've been not a little amused at the astonishment of some good, but very dull and unimaginative people that war on such a tremendous scale could be possible in these "enlightened days." It is extraordinary how people are deceived by outside appearances. Because we have airships, wireless, motor cars, beautiful cities, fine churches and porcelain bath tubs, etc., we jump to the conclusion that the world of today is on the whole civilized. It's only in the externals and the material things of life that the world is changed to any great extent from what it was two thousand years ago. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Put the much heralded German culture to the test and you find blazing churches, devastated homes and mutilated bodies and wholesale vandalism. Jump on a Frenchman and you are in the embrace of a wild cat. Arouse the Britisher and you are mauled by the fangs of a lion. Disturb an American and—well Colorado and Ludlow will give you the answer. And so it goes nearly all the world over. I had a minister whom I was trying to convert to Christianity to see me the other day (and by the way there are no people on earth that need converting to Christianity more than the individuals who hold down the pulpits in our churches) and he told me he didn't think that human nature had changed much in the last two thousand years, and that men were pretty much today what they always were, and he didn't think that the much longed-for race of supermen (that is nobler and superior men that will some day inhabit the earth) would ever arrive. Note what little faith and less vision he had. When I got through with that minister I had nearly made him a useful citizen. I'd like to tell you all I told him, and he'd give worlds if I could tell you, but though the constitution is supposed to guarantee free speech, you've got to keep a padlock on your tongue these days or you are liable to wake up and find yourself resembling a cream puff that has been trodden on. You who read your Bibles (and not half of you who read these words know anything about that great old book, and those who do know it have the very faintest idea of making use of its teachings), will recall these words of the Master: "Every one that heareth this teaching of mine and doeth it not, is like a foolish man who buildeth his house upon the sand. * * * * * and it fell, and great was the fall thereof." All the worth-while world knows that Christ was the Master teacher of all the ages. He wanted humanity to build, not upon the sand, but on the impregnable rock, the rock of love and brotherhood, righteousness, justice and peace. This however, humanity has steadfastly refused to do, preferring with blindness and stupidity to build a tawdry structure, outwardly beautiful but inwardly a charnel house, on the sands of greed, hate and all uncharitableness, and has had the audacity to call this structure, not only civilization, but a Christian civilization. Suddenly comes the usual terrible war, and every form of mechanical device that devilish ingenuity and perverted genius can invent is turned loose for the destruction of human life. Young men and old are dragged from their firesides and hurled into the cockpit and are hacked and torn to pieces, their pitiful corpses scattered on the bloody sod like autumn leaves after an equinoctial gale, while wives and mothers are left at home with weeping little ones, to starve. Down with a crash goes your so-called civilization and in a second to the winds flies all your Christianity. And people wonder why! And why should they wonder? There is nothing to wonder about. What you sow that is what you will reap. You cannot sow bayonets and reap corn; you cannot sow militarism and reap fraternity; you cannot scramble madly for trade, markets and dollars and breed love and comradeship. Men have been trying and are still trying to do the impossible. They have been sowing one thing and expecting to reap another. They have been trying to rear a solid structure on a false foundation, and the church, false to its Master, has approved of both the foundation and the structure, of the tree and its bitter fruit. Then when the cataclysm comes, and the earth rocks like a palsied man, people wonder why such things can be. You hear them say that Christianity is on trial and that it has been found wanting, or that it and civilization have collapsed. This is not so. Christianity could not possibly have failed for it has never been tried. Civilization could not collapse for we are not civilized. Humanity has not failed, for humanity in the mass has never had a show. What has broken down is not civilization, but veneered barbarism, a savage industrialism, a cannibalistic commercialism and un-Christian churchianity. Humanity has done wonderfully well, marveloulsy well when we take into consideration the fact that it has been attempting the impossible and has had no solid groundwork to build upon, nothing but the shifting sands of greed, ignorance and all-round exploitation. We talk of war as though it were a hateful thing. We see millions of men locked in a bloody conflict and stand aghast with horror. We say again that war has no right to be in these "enlightened days." We froth at the mouth, call mighty meetings and scream for peace, and this in spite of the fact that we are always at war, that life is one long battle, real peace being a thing that humanity except in spots, has never known.

There are more people killed, wounded, maimed and injured, more homes destroyed and hearts broken on the industrial battlefield than there are on the bloody fields of military combat. On the battlefield man is cannon fodder, in the mine, mill, factory and on the railroad he is dividend fodder (if he is lucky enough to get work) and starvation fodder if he is unemployed. Don't let us be hypocrites, let us look this matter squarely in the face. Wars waged by military powers are comparatively rare but industrial warfare, the struggle for bread, clothes and a roof never ceases. The soldier who dies upon the battlefield is a hero. If we can get his body home he lies in state and is given a public funeral. He who dies on the industrial battlefield goes to his grave unwept, unhonored and unsung. Nobody notes his passing, or grieves over his going, for are there not plenty to take his place? Slaughter a few hundred thousand men to the booming of cannon and the waving of flags and humanity stands aghast, slaughter millions and break their bodies on the wheels of industrialism and nobody thinks or cares a rap. The taking off of our fellow beings either by slow starvation or sudden death, makes no appeal to our sympathies, stirs no righteous wrath. So brushing sophistry and humbug aside the whole matter can be summed up thus. We don't mind about slaughter as long as people are killed in driblets instead of in masses, and go to their graves without making a fuss about it. It is only when men get killed to the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, thousands in a day that men come to realize that Christianity is breaking down, that real civilization does not exist, and the world is all out of joint.

What must we do to make human life and human rights sacred? What is the remedy for the revolting conditions under which most of us have to exist? We must build our civilization upon the rock of justice, co-operation and brotherhood, and must make these vital principles the universal law. If we plant love and justice, we shall reap love and justice. If we give humanity, civilization and Christianity a chance there will be no greed, no desire to exploit and no blood lust in the hearts of men. If you dress children in white and wash and primp them until their faces shine like the morn, they will be as black as the ace of spades in five minutes if you send them to play in a coal cellar. Put them in the parlor clean and they will stay clean. It is the same with humanity which gets spruced up on Sunday only to be thrown into the ash barrel of greed, to come out at the end of the week vile, filthy and evil. What man needs is an environment that will bring out the best that is in him, instead of as at present, an environment which develops all that is worst. We do not have to look to Europe to see that churchianity is a fizzle and civilization a farce. Look around you in this glorious land that is waiting to sing a song of joy and happiness, a song of brotherhood and love, to ten times the people who occupy it now, and you will see tens of thousands of men denied the privilege of making a living. Grown men on the sidewalk, women and little children in the mills. Prisons, poison shops and white slave dens, riotous luxury cheek by jowl with the most appalling poverty; culture and learning side by side with ignorance and superstition, a hodge podge of violent contrasts; disgusting and horrible, those who sow reaping little, those who sow not, garnering all.

And why is this? Once more let the Christ whose birth we celebrate this month, the Christ who is yet to lead dehumanized humanity back to humanity, the lost sheep back to the fold, free His church from commercialized pollution and attune the voice of the weary of earth to the music of the spheres. The explanation is summed up in these words of the Master: "A man built his house upon the sands; and great was the fall of it."

Do not despair my brothers and sisters because we have erected our "civilization" on the sands—for we can move to a sure, certain foundation as soon as we quit fighting each other and go to helping each other. This war will be worth every cent it has cost, and every drop of blood that has been spilled, if it only brings home this tremendous truth to mankind and that is that our ways have been hog ways and not God's ways. Our civilization has been built on the sands, and we must right about face out of the muck and mire in which we have been wallowing, and get upon that solid rock where kings and exploitation shall be a thing of the past and love alone shall rule in the hearts of men.

Now let me ask you something. How many of you ever heard of Nietzsche? Not more than a score of you possibly are familiar with his name, and yet if it had not been for Nietzsche and babies (poor innocent little babies) the frightful war in Europe might have been averted. You've got to know about Nietzsche, a German professor, for he is the idol and god of the military caste of Prussia. Nietzche's abominable philosophy of force, a doctrine anti-social and anti-Christian, a doctrine that teaches men that only might is right, gentleness, humility, compassion, tenderness and sympathy, signs of weakness and decadence, has naturally made an irresistible appeal to a military caste committed to the worship of blood the rule of iron. It is the doctrine that inspired the blasphemous Kaiser to address his soldiers thus: "On me, on me, as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon. His sword and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers." Not since the days of Mohammed have such words found public utterance. The Kaiser's god is the god of battles—Nietzsche's god—a brutal deity of lightning and thunder bolts, cannon and sword, a cathedral smasher, church burner, a plunderer and a pillager. Nietzsche died insane, and those who worship at his shrine (and millions are being influenced by his teachings) quickly develop signs of mental derangement. Nietzsche was an atheist. He scoffed at the Christian virtues, scorned Christian faith and morals, and incited the strong, the "overman" to trample underfoot the weak and humble in spirit. Now you can the better understand why the Kaiser crushed poor little Belgium; now you can understand too, those two crazy tooth-brushes that stick up at each end of his mouth; now you can understand the diet of blood and iron that he is determined to force upon the world; now you can understand why his armies have gone into battle shouting "Duetschland Ueber Alles," (Germany over all). Germany over all by the way means the Kaiser, the goose step, the brutal Prussian military maniacs, the spiked helmet, the iron heel, the mailed fist, crushing heavily on every nation on earth, ourselves included. The German people are just as much under the heel of this military caste, just as much the victims of this Nitzschean philosophy as you are or I am. Nietzschism is militarism in full and bloody irruption. It is the influence of this wicked doctrine that has made the Prussian officers assume the airs of demi-gods as they parade the streets of their native cities, sweeping civilians and their wives into the gutters as though they were dogs. The Zabern incident illustrates my contention to a dot. The doctrine of force is as old as the hills. Christianity has held it in check, but Nietzsche has revived it, and you who have seen the way force has been used in this country, the force of gold and privilege and at times the force of gun and bayonet can gather from these sinister exhibitions that Nietzsche has his followers here as well as abroad. Next month I will tell you how the babies have innocently helped to plunge Europe into bloodshed. For the present I must be content with telling you of this new, old force which is working such devastation in the world. Men must choose between the Prince of right and the Devil of might, between brutality and ideality, between force and love, Galilee and Berlin, Nietzsche and Christ. And surely there is no better time than now to make the choice, when the God of Love and not the god of war is calling a battle-scarred, weary earth, to heed again the divine message pregnant with promise of golden days yet to come: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," and to turn again to the cradle of the Divine Messenger, the Prince of Peace through Whom we shall yet secure both heaven here as well as beyond.

Before bidding you adieu for this year I want to thank from the bottom of a very grateful heart, all those who wrote me on the occasion of my birthday and especially those who wrote in answer to my request in the August issue for suggestions and criticisms of my methods of conducting this department. I was just tickled to bits to find by the hundreds of enthusiastic letters that came to me as a result of that request that you are all with me heart and soul and to the last ditch, in my work of putting the masses wise to the thousand and one wrongs and abuses and the many evil conditions, which have grown like festering sores on the body social and politic, deep-seated wrongs which the people regard as inevitable, but which must be torn up by the roots if our nation is to survive and democracy be given a new birth. I always knew you were with me, but I wanted you to tell me all over again that you were, and your roar of endorsement which came like a thunder clap has rejoiced my heart. God bless you! Of course everyone knows what the people want, what they need and what they ought to have, but privilege and greed muzzle our law makers, who are glad to wear the muzzles—at a price. If the public ever woke up, exploitation would cease, robbery would end and the people would come into their own. But very few will be allowed to indulge in the luxury of waking up because there is more money to be made out of dull than wide-awake people, as the former are more easily fooled, for the world is still committed to the crazy doctrine that it is more profitable to fool the people than to be honest with them. Now that I know you are going to hold up my hands, I shall endeavor with more vigor to assault those hoary wrongs which keep most of us at the grindstone of want and on the rack of hardship, care and worry 365 days a year. The letters sent not only heartened me, but many of them touched me so deeply with their love and tender sympathy that I was all choked up with emotion as I read them. It only shows how the great heart of humanity will go out like a flood to anyone who just tries to do his duty and who strives to be—well—nothing more than just human.

Many people have written to know if there is anything they could do to make life a little brighter for me. The only thing I can suggest, as none of you are Rockefellers, is to see that one of the Uncle Charlie books goes into every COMFORT home. This will help not only to keep my memory alive in your homes in after years, when you have some other uncle to take my place in your hearts, but will also brighten and make happy your Christmas as well as mine. Send me all the loving thoughts you can on Christmas Day, for I feel closer to you at that time than any day in the year, and though I can only look on while others feast, I can feast with you in spirit, and I will drink the health of everyone of you at one o'clock, in a glass of boiled milk, and I will pray God to give you happiness for that day at least, and to grant that in spite of increasing bodily infirmities I may be spared to be with you not only for another year, but for many years.

Christmas is almost here, and as you all want to give presents that will make everybody happy, don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make your Christmas joyous.

Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed silk stiff covers for four subscriptions. Beautiful new edition recently brought out and in either binding would make a most acceptable Christmas gift.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I feel so sorry for you but yet indeed too I feel proud. I have written to you before, but as you say, you get so many thousands of letters each month and I know but few of these can ever get into print. This makes my third attempt to write to you.

Oh, say, dear Uncle, what do you say about young boys and girls kissing each other good night when the boys take the girls home. In one way I consider it an improper thing to do and again I don't. Uncle Charlie, you please excuse all the mistakes and poor writing and incorrect spelling. I have only gone to school six years.

Oh, Uncle Charlie, please pardon me but I would like to have you write on the white slave traffic. I am a girl that delights in knowing the facts and true conditions of things for I am trying to keep myself informed on all matters of importance. I love COMFORT and most of all enjoy the cousins' letters and good Uncle Charlie's most laughable and screaming answers.

Just one more question dear uncle. What does a boy mean when he likes to hold a girl's hands, and also when the girl likes to hold his hands too? I hope to see this letter in print.

PINK ROSE.

P. S.—Please dear Uncle if this letter is published do not publish any of my name or address.

Rose, as to the kissing business between boys and girls, let me say this to you girls. I don't mean kids, but girls who are making headway into their teens. When you start in the wholesale kissing business, you are holding yourselves mighty cheap, and that is the worst thing a girl can possibly do. A girl's greatest protection is the armor of modesty that she rears about herself. Young people are full of animal spirits, both boys and girls, but there is a vast amount of difference between the sexes, and whereas nine girls out of ten are pure-minded, the majority of boys are just the reverse. Indiscriminate kissing is the first step on the downward path for any girl. Most girls hold themselves too cheap, and young men with the eyes of hawks are ever watching the slightest lapse on a girl's part, the slightest rent in the armor of her modesty, to rush in and overthrow the citadel of her virtue. It is the boast of some boys that they have kissed every girl in the community. Later on when the girls get married, some of these boys who have graduated into the loafer's class, stand on the street corner and point contemptuously at a young married woman as she passes by and brag of the many times they have slobbered her lips. Young men soon learn which girl can be kissed and which girl cannot be kissed, and they all make a dead set at a kissable girl. If young men were content to stop at kissing there would not be so much danger in it, but the fellow who has the freedom of a girl's lips in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is not going to stop there. If you give him an inch, at some time when the opportunity presents itself, he will take a yard. *It's easier to be safe than to be sorry.* If you keep out of temptation there will be no sorrows and no regrets. Most girls overrate their powers of resistance, but it isn't wise to allow these powers to be put to the test for too often, when they are tested they break down utterly. It is a queer thing in human nature that young men will shoot to kill to avenge the honor of their own sisters, but they have no respect for the honor of other boys' sisters. There are boys who are as clean minded, honorable and decent as any girl, but you do not find this class of boy pestering a girl for kisses. He prefers to wait until such time as those kisses are legitimately his by virtue of the engagement ring which his financee wears upon her finger. When a young man really idolizes a girl he will treat her with the utmost deference and respect. He knows that one false move might bring about the shattering of all his hopes. The girl who is won too easily is usually not worth winning at all. It is the fish that gives us a terrible struggle to land that we most prize, not the fool thing that comes and jumps on the hook, and signals to be hauled in.

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The man who is worth while doesn't care to marry a girl who has passed her face around for every fellow in the village to nibble and chew at. You can take it for granted that when a girl allows herself to be kissed the first time she meets a fellow, that she is going to be insulted at the second or third meeting. If you girls only knew what was in the minds of most of your escorts, it would be a hand shake good night for them and nothing else. Let me tell you this little story about a girl I knew. An admirer of hers took her to dinner one night in one of New York's swell lobster palaces. She saw the dinner check which amounted to a little over five dollars. When he took her home and was bidding her good night he wanted to kiss her: "Oh," said my friend, "so you want pay for my dinner do you?" and she opened her pocketbook and took out two dollars and a half and said: "When I have to pay for my meals I prefer to pay for them with cash." Mr. Swift Guy was quite overcome and after apologizing vanished into the night. If you girls can't get home at night without giving your escort pay for his trouble, take my advice and stay at home. You will find it pays in the long run, and the short run, too. You ask me, Rose, what a boy and girl mean when they like to hold each other's hands. It means that they are just beginning to feel foolish and need careful watching by their parents to see they don't make idiots of themselves. It is quite true there is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream, and also nothing quite so dangerous, and certainly nothing quite so foolish. Sex attraction makes these affairs inevitable. They are a part of the afflictions of childhood and youth, just as are measles. If they are watched and proper attention is given to the sufferers while the attack is on, both boy and girl will recover without any damage being done to either. Some day, when we get civilized and all have to go to school until we are twenty or twenty-one, a part of our training will be in the school of chivalry. Here the mysteries of sex will be explained, and the appeal of sex will be guided into proper channels. Here girls will learn what men really are, and not what they think they are. Here girls will learn with horror that half of the men who were worshiped as heroes by the girls of a previous generation were diseased libertines and scarce a one would escort a girl three blocks in the dark without exacting some sort of payment for the service rendered. Love, like Christianity, has not had much of a show in this world. The merciless system we live under takes no heed of any man. It gives him a salary on which he cannot support a chicken, let alone a wife, and so he is forced to remain single and become a menace to the womanhood of the land. In the future we shall learn the lesson of self control, and terrible indeed will be the punishment meted out to those who fail to respect the chastity of the gentler sex. I have no space to discuss the white slave trade just now, but will say this: If you girls refrain from indiscriminate kissing and the mauling that generally accompanies it, and keep the armor of your self-respect unbroken and untarnished, the white slave trade will get the biggest smack in the eye it has ever received yet.

AMEVY, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am ten years old, five feet tall, have light brown hair and blue eyes. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. I can iron, cook, sweep, scrub and do all kinds of sewing. I can also embroider and make cakes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

By Charles Garvice

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRAGEDY OF LOVE.

"DECIMA!" screamed Polly when, with the merest apology for a knock, Nina entered the familiar rooms in Percy Street, the room in which she had found loving shelter in her time of need, the room in which she had trimmed hats and bonnets, and afterward—oh, great achievement—written plays for the members of Mr. Harcourt's company! "Decima!" and Polly, with the tears in her eyes, hugged her dear friend, never dearer than in this moment of her return. "How well you're looking, and how—how—— Decima, something has happened to you! Something that's altered you in a way that I can't describe. You never looked so happy, and with such a light in your eyes, nor even on the first night of the play! Sit down! Take your things off! Let me give you another kiss, you dear, sweet thing! And now tell me all about it! The voyage! The adventures you hinted at! Did you find that mysterious island—why didn't you tell me more about it? Did you find it, and is that what makes you look so heavenly radiant and running over with joy?"

"Yes, I found it, Polly," replied Nina, "but it was something else I found that makes me so happy. You'll never guess! Come closer and I'll—I'll whisper!"

Polly knelt beside her, and Nina, blushing like a schoolgirl, whispered one word, at which Polly shrieked:

"What! A husband! Decima! Who—who is he? Tell me quick, quick!"

And when Nina had told her that, and a great deal more—in fact, the history of the wreck and her strange marriage—Polly, all a-heap on the floor, could only stare at her, open-mouthed with wonder, delight, and awe.

"Married—married all the time! And to an earl! And you are a countess! Lady Lesborough! Oh, poor Lord Sutcombe!" Nina laid her hand on Polly's lips. "A countess! And been one all the time! And here was I treating you as if you were a mere nobody, just like myself! And yet, somehow, I always suspected——"

"That I was a princess in disguise! 'Changed at my birth with the rightful owner,' as the Irishman said. You dear, foolish Polly! As if it made any difference who and what I am! And—and I think you will like my husband, dear."

Polly emitted an "Oh! Like him. I—shall be afraid. An earl, a real English earl. De—I mean, Lady Lesborough!"

"You dare! 'Decima,' if you please. Oh, no, you won't be afraid of him. What nonsense! You are not afraid of Lord Sutcombe!"

"Oh, but he's only a viscount, or whatever it is, and yours is a real, belted earl!" explained Polly, with delicious naivete. "What is he like, Decima?"

Nina laughed softly, and her eyes grew dreamy and fond.

"He is tall and very straight, with broad shoulders; and he is very strong and good-looking; quite bronzed and tanned, with eyes that——" She broke off with a laugh at herself. "Oh, he is a son of the gods—not our galley gods, Polly, but the Olympian ones; 'a model of grace, and full of virtue'; but his chief one is that he condescends to love poor little me!"

Polly looked up at the radiant face, the graceful figure, and, laughing, tossed her head scornfully.

"As if he could help it! I'd like to see any man who could! Married!" Then she sighed. "You'll write no more plays, Decima; that's sure and certain! It's a pity."

"It's not at all sure and certain," said Nina. "Why shouldn't I? No one will know that 'Herbert Wood' is Lady Lesborough; and if they did! But you must talk it over with my husband when you meet him tonight."

"Tonight!"

"Yes," said Nina, laughing at her tone of awe. "Here is a note from Lady Vivienne. She wants us all to go to the Momus tonight, and come back to supper with them. I am looking forward to it so much!"

* * * * * * * * *

The play went splendidly that evening, and Nina sitting well behind the curtain of the box, was all aglow with pleasure and honest pride in her work. It was sweet to see Vane applauding and looking over the delighted audience with glowing eyes, as if he were saying: "Clap away; shout your hardest, good folk; my wife wrote this play."

They went home to Everleigh Court, where the Sutcombes had provided a supper, which, if it had not been so substantial, would have been suspiciously like a wedding breakfast; and, at Vane's warm greeting and the friendly look in his frank eyes, all Polly's awe and nervousness fled.

"I little thought, Miss Bainford, when I was watching you act, with the greatest admiration, that I was looking at my wife's dearest and best friend," he said, as he held her hand in his warm grasp. "I can't tell you how often she and I have spoken of you, or how much I have wanted to see you and—thank you! I hope you will share your friendship for her with me. Will you?"

It was a very happy little party, though every now and then a shadow stole over Vane's face. He could not altogether get rid of the memory of Julian—of the white, livid face, with its black eyes gleaming from their dark hollows.

"What do you think will become of him?" he had asked Letchford and Sutcombe earlier in the evening.

"He'll leave England," said Sutcombe. "Has gone already, no doubt."

"And will drink himself to death or get killed in a drunken row in the slums of Paris or Vienna," Letchford had suggested.

"He must be found," Vane had said quietly. "He must be found and—provided for."

"We'll put Tressider onto him," was Sutcombe's idea. "He will know better how to track him down than you can."

Vane tried to get his unhappy cousin out of his mind, and, as the supper progressed, had nearly, in some measure, succeeded, when Sutcombe's man came to his master's side and said something in a low voice. With a murmur of apology Sutcombe rose and left the room, and presently he returned, and quietly beckoned to Vane. Vane went out to him, and Sutcombe shut the door and drew him toward the library.

"I'm afraid something's amiss, Lesborough," he said. "Poor old Chandos Orme is in there. He tells a rambling, incoherent story. He wants to see you, and, hearing you were here, has come on after you."

They entered the library. Sir Chandos was seated at the table, a glass that had contained brandy, which Sutcombe had given him, already empty. He rose and held out a shaking hand to Vane.

"How d'ye do, Vane?" he stammered uncertainly. "Thought I should find you here. I say, you—you—know——" He paused to shuffle his false teeth into place. "What's the meanin' of all this? I—I don't understand it, don't you know!"

"All what, Sir Chandos?" said Vane gravely. "Is anything the matter?"

"Anything the matter? Dash it all, you ought to be able to answer that question! Sutcombe, for God's sake give me another drink! I'm—I'm so upset and shaky that I can scarcely know what I'm sayin' or doin'! Thanks! a little more. I—I like it strong. No—no water. Water's no good; it's the brandy I want!"

They watched him as he drank the neat spirit—he reminded Vane of Julian—spilling some of it on his quivering chin and down his shirt front; then he turned to Vane and, in a somewhat firmer voice, repeated his question:

"What's it mean?" he demanded. "Must say it's a deuced queer kind of business; not at all the kind of conduct befittin' a gentleman, to say nothing of—personal friend, and a fellow one has trusted——"

"Tell me at once what you mean, Sir Chandos," said Vane.

"I'm talking about Judith; you know that well enough," retorted Sir Chandos.

"About Judith?" Vane's heart began to sink with a dark presentiment. "What about her?"

"Where is she? What have you done with her?" asked the old man, in a peevish tone.

"I!" Vane started. "I can't tell you. I've not seen Judith since—for many months."

"Oh, that's all tommy-rot, you know!" snapped Sir Chandos, with impatient irritability. "That dog won't fight. You sent for her——"

"I!" said Vane. "No, no; you're mistaken!"

"No, I'm not!" snarled the old man fiercely. "It's no good your standing there lying about it. I've—I've got the proof in my possession. You sent for her; you know where she is! And I shay itsh not the straight thing between gentlemen, between you and me, who ought to be father-in-law—son-in-law——"

He looked helplessly round and began to feel for the empty glass. Vane caught his arm.

"For God's sake, try to explain what you mean!" he said earnestly. "You say that Judith is—missing. When—where—how did she go?"

"Oh, drop it, Lesborough! You've got the gel, right enough. If you mean well by her, if you want to marry her, why not say so—why not do the whole thing in an open and proper manner? Is there any more brandy in that decanter, Sutcombe?"

Vane still held him by the arm.

"Presently, presently!" he said anxiously. "Sir Chandos, on my honor, I do not know where your daughter is——"

Sir Chandos drew himself up with the shadow of his old dignity.

"That's a lie!" he said. "And this proves it!"

As he spoke, he fumbled in the pocket of his dress coat, and drew out a telegram, and extended it with a shaking hand. Vane seized the telegram and read it, aloud:

"I am alive and well," it ran. "Forget and forgive the past! I want you. Come to me at 24 Ponson Street, Chelsea, this afternoon, five o'clock. VANE."

He stared at the words in silence, and uncomprehendingly, for a moment; then he uttered a cry and drew Sutcombe out of the room, closing the door after them.

"My God!" he said, in a whisper. "I did not send this! Don't you see who did! He asked for a telegram form, wrote this message, and must have sent it from the station. We must go at once—at once! Send Letchford in to keep the poor old man quiet till we return! Come! There's not a moment to lose! Five o'clock! Hours ago! Time for—for anything to happen! The worst!"

In five minutes, or less, they were in a cab and on their way. They reached the house—Vane recognized it at a glance—and found it apparently empty. The heavy door at which they knocked remained closed to them.

Vane hailed a policeman.

"There is nothing else for it!" he said. In a few words he explained his fears, and the policeman, climbing to the lower window, forced an entrance. He opened the door to Vane and Sutcombe, and, by the light of his lantern, they rushed up the stairs. As they did so, a strong odor of chemicals met them.

Vane groaned. He knew that odor!

"There's a fire somewhere, sir!" said the policeman. "Curious kind of a smell! quite suffocating! Seems to come from this room. Door's locked!"

"Force it, force it!" cried Vane hoarsely.

They set their backs to it, and presently the lock gave, and they almost fell in. The lantern was raised, and its light flashed round the somber room in which Vane had eaten his first meal with Julian Shore. The room was so full of the pungent smoke, the horrible mist, that for a time they could not discern anything; then, as some of the fumes escaped by the open door, they saw two figures. One was that of a woman lying back in one of the antique chairs. The form was motionless, the face white, the eyes wide open and staring. At her feet was stretched out the figure of a man, his face white as hers, his eyes staring upward at the face of the woman he had loved and—slain!

They bent over these two awful objects in silent horror, then the policeman shook his head.

"Lady's dead, gentlemen," he whispered.

The man lying at her feet was dead also, his fingers closed in a steellike grip on her skirt.

Vane staggered to the door of the laboratory. A small flame was still flickering in the spirit furnace, and the deadly fumes were still issuing feebly from the last dregs of the infernal compound in the iron crucible.

Sick and faint, half choking, as he had choked in the Wizard's Room, Vane knocked the pot from its place and, staggering to the window, broke some panes of glass. Then he sprang back to the two motionless figures in the vain hope that the policeman might be deceived.

But the policeman would not let him touch them.

"No use, sir," he said, with a shake of the head. "They're both dead—dead as they can be. Awful kind o' death, too! An accident, I suppose, in the other room."

"Yes, yes!" Vane got out hoarsely. "I—I know the man—the lady. It is an accident while experimenting with chemicals—you can see them there."

The Policeman nodded, and, going to the window, blew his whistle.

"I must have some help, gentlemen. You'll stay here, please, till my mate comes, and we can send to Scotland Yard."

* * * * * * * * * *

The friends of Lady Lesborough—and how numerous they are—are never tired of dilating upon the romance of her life. And yet none of them, excepting the Letchfords and the Sutcombes, those friends of friends, whose lips are closed, know the whole of the story of her life. Few, for instance, are aware that Lord and Lady Lesborough, before they came to live at the Court, were remarried quietly in the quietest of country churches; few know the real story of Julian Shore's crime, and the tragedy at the gloomy house in Chelsea. And, though they know that the Lesboroughs and Sutcombes draw vast wealth from the Great Fairy Isle Gold Company, they do not know the real reason why the earl and countess, nearly every year, spend some weeks, in the island from whence the gold comes, or that those weeks are perhaps the happiest of their happy lives.

It is good to be at the old Court, served by willing servants, and surrounded by the tenants, who regard the earl and countess with affection; it is good to be in London, where Nina reigns as a queen, by right of her beauty and her grace; it is good to be with the true and tried friends whose love and sympathy are so precious to Nina and Vane. But it is best of all to stand alone, side by side, husband and wife, upon the beach above the strip of golden sand, over which ripples the tide that washes the Fairy Isle. To know that, though all else were to vanish like the airy fabric of a dream, their love would still remain, and with it the memory of the days when, without their knowing it, their hearts were drawing together never to part while the life beat in them.

It was Lady Fanworthy who summed up the case of Vane and Nina so neatly.

"You see," she said to Vivienne one evening when they were seated on the terrace at Lesborough, and both the ladies' eyes were half absently watching the earl and countess as they strolled to and fro across the lawn, talking together like sweethearts, "you see, they are so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?" echoed Vivienne, waking from her reverie.

"Yes. That's why they are so happy. It is very old-fashioned to be in love at all; it is hopelessly old-fashioned to be in love with your husband or your wife; and, if you are so unfortunate as to be so, it is, so I am told, criminally old-fashioned to own up to it. I myself prefer the old fashion to the new; but, then, I'm eccentric—so I hear. Nina! Come off that grass; it's damp. Vane, bring her in at once."

THE END.

Awful Luck! A Christmas Wail

By Charles Noel Douglass (Uncle Charlie)

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Christmas Day is here again. Wond'rin' I ain't glad?
Wouldn't wonder if you knew just what makes me sad.
Sandy Claws has been and gone, vanished out of sight,
Didn't bring me what I wanted; I could cry outright.
He came down the chimney, but only got half-way,
Chimney wasn't big enough, stayed there half the day,
Slid down to the middle, and there poor Sandy stuck;
Tore house half down to get him out—Awful Luck!

Dinner was a fizzle, thought I'd get a treat,
Beats the Dutch the silly things some folks like to eat.
Fool around a-swallerin' soup; always wondered why
They would waste so much good space, an' leave no room for pie.
Folks seemed to enjoy theirselves, but Jim and Sister Nell
Chewed up the cranb'ry sauce, and didn't leave poor me a smell.
Then Mother cooked a turkey, while I just wanted duck.
Six back teeth got aching too—Awful Luck!

Presents going round the house since the early morn;
Uncle Bill presented me with a three foot horn;
When you blow and blow it good you can have some fun,
Folks for sixteen miles around all get up and run.
Off I went to Grandmama's to wake her up a bit,
Give her some Christmas music, thought I'd make a hit.
Blew the horn in Grandma's ear till my lips got stuck,
She's deaf and didn't hear a note—Awful Luck!

Dad's looked kinder blue today, though he's stuffed with pie,
Got a yearning, longing look gleaming in his eye.
He's quite forgot to whistle, and he's quite forgot to hum;
When he does that, just bet your life Dad is feeling glum.
You see dad's brother, Uncle Jim, he's a kind of sport;
In his pocket I could see a flask that held a quart,
I saw him wink at Dad and say: "Have some old Kentucky,"
But Dad swore off a week ago—Awful Luck!

Aunt Samantha came last night, I was dreadful good;
Had a pile of gifts for me, so I understood;
Acted like an angel, let her kiss me twice,
Hate to have folks slobber me, but told her it was nice.
After breakfast, Aunt, she went and brought her presents out;
When I saw 'em coming, say, I sent up a shout.
Gave brother Bill an airgun, also an auto truck,
While all I got was Gospel hymns—Awful Luck!

Uncle Ned, who's bald of head, no hair on his dome,
Sandy Claws presented him with a brush and comb,
Grandmama, who for years had had no teeth within her mouth,
Had a tooth-brush sent her from a friend who lives down south.
Uncle Jeff, born stone deaf well say, I had to laugh,
Dropped dead almost, for parcel post brought him a phonograph.
I got a bob sled and some skates, best I ever struck;
Move to Florida next week—Awful Luck!

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

some of us need. It has been a great help to me. My husband's work calls him to the city to live while I prefer living in the country.

What Christ Said

I said, "I will walk in the fields,"
God said, "Nay, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers but a crown!"

I said, "But the fogs are thick
And clouds are veiling the sun."
He answered, "But hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He led me back,
"There is more," he said, "There is sin."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me they say."
He answered, "Choose ye tonight,
If I must miss you or they!"

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not be hard in Heaven
To follow the steps of your guide."

We are apt to think or please ourselves too much instead of God and others.

I had the opportunity of hearing a gentleman speak at a lodge of International Order of Good Templars of which I am a member. He told the following incidents. I think they are worth repeating and may help some person.

A little boy was sent to bed in the dark, for his mother told him he was large enough to go alone and she didn't want him to carry a light. His sister felt sorry for him and went ahead holding the candle so he could see. He wanted to carry it and she said:

"No, mamma said you shouldn't carry it."

Then he asked: "Do you think it will shine in my room?"

She answered, "Yes," and remained in the brother's room holding the candle until he fell asleep. Years later, when they were both grown the boy went away and became a great drunkard. For a long time, the sister wrote to him and prayed for him but after a while she became discouraged and gave up. One day she received word saying her brother was very sick and when the sister went to see him he said:

"Do you remember how you held the light for me when I was small? If you hadn't given up praying and writing to me I wouldn't be in the condition I am today. But promise me this, that you will help other boys before it is too late."

She promised and he passed away. We often become discouraged just as this girl did and we give up. This has certainly been a lesson to me. I will write another good incident he gave.

A school teacher went every Sunday afternoon to the city to teach some children of the slums. While she was sitting in their midst she couldn't think of anything to say so asked the children what she should talk about and one of them said:

"Tell us how to be happy." The teacher thought "how can I tell these little children how to be happy. They are scantily clad, have very little to eat and such poor homes. My pupils I teach at school have everything to make them happy." She prayed over the matter and then she said:

"I will tell you how I try to be happy. Promise me you will keep my rules every day for a week and then next Sunday you can tell me if they made you happy. The first thing I want you to do is to learn a verse of some poem or a verse in the Bible; second, look at something beautiful and third do something for somebody. Keep these rules every day."

Next Sunday one little girl ran up to the teacher and said:

"Teacher, I kept the rules but it was very hard at times. One day I was very tired and everything went wrong and I didn't see how I could be happy, but I looked out of the window and I saw a bird taking a bath and it made me feel happy. Then, too, I often looked at my pretty brother I couldn't help it for I took care of him."

This gentleman's theme was, "Do something for somebody and it will help you to be happy." Just as this child found it hard at times to be happy, we too will find it hard, sometimes. If we try to do anything say in our own strength we will fail but if we ask God to help us He will. Some sisters may say God doesn't give me what I ask for. I will give you a verse of a poem in explanation.

"If our prayers were always answered,
Many, many times we'd fail.
Thus we learn to know Him better,
For His way is best of all.

"So my friend when doubts assail you,
And you know not how to pray,
Simply trust Him, learn to praise Him,
Wonderful will be God's way."

This poem has three other verses. I have another lovely poem entitled, "Give your sunshine to the living," which I shall send some time for the benefit of COMFORT readers.

I want to talk about one thing more and that is a smile. We never know how much a smile may mean to somebody else. Here is one instance. A young lady (this is a true instance), was working in a candy store and she never had much to say but no matter how tired and busy she was she was always smiling. One day a gentleman came in the store; he had been working hard, and he said: "How nice it seems to see a smiling face after working hard all day. It rests a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER III.

BREAKING THE PONIES.

THE sun was high in the heavens the day when old Isum was seen approaching Pecan Hollow in charge of a bunch of ponies. They had arrived the Christmas before in the little girls' stockings and, differing in color, shape and blood, it was easy for each child to single out her own from the rest.

"That's mine," cried Toughey pointing to a bright-eyed bay mustang.

At the same moment the children claimed a stocky gray, plainly showing its Shetland blood, and a leggy sorrel of Arabian ancestry.

The others were black and unbroken.



THE CHILDREN FIND IT PLEASANTER TO RIDE DOUBLE ON DAISY.

"Ours are the prettiest," said the children, looking slyly at Toughy, evidently feeling that to say so first would establish the suggestion as a fact.

Toughey surveyed them and the ponies coolly and said:

"Oh, well, it's all right for you to *think* so!"

The emphasis irritated, as Toughey intended that it should.

"You *know* they are, yourself," they insisted.

Toughey shrugged her shoulders and again viewed the ponies critically, her head on one side.

"That little milk-sop *is* very nice," she said, "and so is the sorrel if he didn't look *quite* so much like a long-legged spider."

This was too much!

"We wouldn't have *your* old pony!" they exclaimed, on the verge of tears.

Mamma, coming out on the gallery just then to see the ponies, the contest was suspended, but Toughey, whose vindication of her natural supremacy over the children was always followed by special acts of grace towards them, was soon busy, with the boy's help, saddling, bridling and trying their ponies as well as her own.

Daisy, the little gray, was found to be so easy and gentle, and could be mounted with so little difficulty from the ground, and the sorrel, though without vices, had so few virtues in comparison that the children by common consent turned him over to their mother and confined themselves to Daisy. A community of interest and habit also made it pleasanter for them to ride double, and although there was no lack of debate as to whose turn it was to ride in front or who should open the gates to be met on all sides during their rides, their differences were never too sharp for speedy and amicable settlement, and never had the edge that distinguished their troubles with Toughey.

It was surprising how readily they all learned not only to ride but to become really at home in the saddle. Even Mrs. Deering's nervous fears were in time allayed and she came to regard their rides as a matter of course and not something to be worried about.

As the weeks passed and Toughey learned better the temper of her mustang and felt herself his master, she began to rejoice in his roving eye and quick nerves. Every ride was a tonic, every gallop quickened hand and eye, braced and hardened her spirit.

"Let's break Bruce," she proposed one day to the boy. She wanted to conquer, to subdue. Bruce was the largest of the three unbroken ponies.

"Papa said that those ponies would hardly need breaking, that they were just as gentle as housecats," argued Toughey, seeing the doubtful look on Len's face.

"That Arabian blood is very gentle, papa says," she concluded, anxious that Len shouldn't think her suggestion wild or impractical.

"I'm ready," the boy hastened to say, stiffening a little with the thought that she might consider him afraid.

"You must rope him," decided Toughey. She had never seen anything roped.

"I reckon I'll have to if I get him," said Len quietly. Toughey blushed.

"I thought——" she stammered.

"That Bruce really *is* a house-cat?" Len interrupted with lifted brows.

"Papa said the ponies were all so gentle," she repeated doubtfully and then stopped.

Len made no reply to this and set about looking for a rope. His own lariat, usually tied to his saddle, had been borrowed that morning by a guard, and Pecan Hollow, after a rummaging search in which Toughey joined, seemed to afford no kind of substitute.

"Take the swing," exclaimed Toughey suddenly, her roving eye catching sight of the children's suspended from an elm bough.

Without a word Len climbed the tree, unknotted the rope and together they walked to the little pasture adjoining the enclosure in which the house was set and where they could now see Bruce quietly cropping the short mesquite grass.

Approaching slowly they were hardly within roping distance when the pony bounded away to the other end of the pasture and disappeared behind a small thicket. Cutting through this thicket, Len and Toughey tried to come quietly upon him, but they found him with lifted head evidently on the lookout, and they had no sooner come into the open before he was off again. Once more they tried to slip upon him and once more the pony put the length of the pasture between them.

"Let's run him down," suggested Toughey.

"What! run down a house-cat!" exclaimed Len with grim surprise.

Toughey gave an embarrassed laugh and then said rather pertly:

"I didn't expect him to trot right up to us, but I don't consider him exactly a *man-eating tiger.*"

Len made no reply; he shut his lips tightly as if to keep back the words, and renewed his efforts to capture the pony. Up and down the pasture the little brute led him and Toughey until at the end of half an hour they paused breathless and crimson from exertion.

"It's no use," said Len, "I'll never get him this way; I'll saddle Daisy and drive him into the lot."

As the little gray dragged a foot of chain from one of her forefeet, Len caught her without difficulty and with Toughey's help in opening gates and heading off they soon had Bruce penned in the small calf lot. Here Len roped him without trouble, and to Toughey's satisfaction the pony submitted to his bondage with grace, permitting them to lead him to the house with only the smallest amount of coaxing. He was led around and about and showed so much gentleness that even the children were allowed to help in this part of the breaking process.

"This is the first step," exclaimed Len. "We'll tie him to a tree now and see how he'll stand that."

Len secured the rope to a little elm whose branches extended over the roof of the porch, and Toughey and the children stroked the pony's soft nose.

"I never saw anything so gentle," Toughey could not forbear saying with a glance at Len.

Just then Bruce's ears flattened, his eyes showed white, and throwing his weight against the rope it snapped like a thread and he trotted briskly away.

Toughey gazed after him with open chagrin. Len smiled.

"I'll get a new halter at the store this afternoon that he can't break," he said.

True to his word, Len made the trip across the river and the same afternoon arrived with the halter at Pecan Hollow.

Bruce was driven into the calf lot, as before, and easily captured within its narrow limits. In addition to the halter Len put on him a light saddle to which the pony made no protest.

"I'll ride him if you'll lead him," said Toughey to Len. The boy hesitated.

"We must go slowly," he remarked.

"I'm not afraid," said the girl stoutly. She wanted to prove that she believed the pony to be gentle and that she was willing to do quite as much as she expected of Len.

Without waiting for him to object, Toughey mounted quickly. The pony quivered a little and then quietly followed Len's lead.

"Don't put your feet in the stirrups," warned the boy, "and be ready to jump if he's ugly."

Toughey tried hard not to smile but she did and Len saw it. His face clouded and he bit his lip.

"You don't know all that an unbroken horse can do," he said gravely.

This time Toughey laughed outright.

"I declare Len," she began gaily, "you talk as if Bruce was an ordinary pony. Why he's *half Arab* and they are just like—like—kittens," she finished.

Bruce lowered his head and bolted. Len swung to the halter—it tore like a ribbon. Then he threw himself back on the lariat which he had taken the precaution to fasten around the pony's neck. It began to slip swiftly through his hands in spite of his efforts to hold it.

"Jump," he shouted to Toughey.

For a moment the girl hesitated and then half jumped, half tumbled to the ground. Rising quickly she gazed after Bruce as he tore madly across the creek bottom and into the thick grove of trees until she could no longer see him.

Then she walked slowly towards Len who was running to ask if she were hurt.

"Not the least bit," she said shakily, and then she saw something that made her burst into tears.

The boy's hands had been cut and lacerated by the rope as it burnt its way through them.

"Oh, Len, Len!" cried Toughey in an agony of remorse. "It's all my fault!"

"No, I'm to blame. I knew better and you didn't."

Mrs. Deering bound up the injured hands in cotton and Toughey helped with a quivering face.

When Len was leaving for Camp, Toughey said humbly:

"I know now, Len, that breaking a pony is not quite like picking up a kitten."

The boy smiled gratefully, but after that Bruce was always called "Toughey's House-cat."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

person." This wasn't said as a compliment but was meant as one.

I could think of plenty to write but I am afraid my letter is too long already, so will bring it to a close with best wishes to all the sisters,

MRS. LILLIE O'BEIRNE.

Mrs. O'Beirne. While you do not say so in so many words, I take it for granted that you do not yield to your desire to stay in the country, since your husband's work necessitates his living in the city. Do you not think your duty lies in being with him, to aid and cheer him? So many wives regard their husbands as mere meal tickets that I often blame the women for a large percentage of the divorces. Perhaps I may incur the enmity of some of my fair readers by thus speaking, but on the whole, do you not agree with me? If you do not, I shall be glad to hear your defense.

Your rules for happiness are very good and could be followed advantageously by all. I recommend the last particularly, try to do some kindness to someone. It may mean a slight sacrifice on your part at the time, but you will feel well repaid in the end. Then again, we are too prone to let the beauties of Nature pass by without notice. Fortunate is the person who can find pleasure in a beautiful sunset, the vivid coloring of an autumn wood, a snow-clad landscape or in the thousand and one things we see, with unseeing eyes, every day. Beside them, the petty worries of the day seem small.

I, for one, shall cut out your poems for my scrap book. The words,

"Simply trust Him,—learn to praise Him!
Wonderful will be God's way."

are a sermon in themselves and will find a ready response in many hearts which at this holy Christmas-time, of all times, should be filled with God's love.—Ed.

SUMMERVILLE, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a Missourian into your circle? You may have to "show me" around some, but I don't suppose any of you will mind that in the least for I believe you are a good-hearted set.

I've been watching the COMFORT Sisters' Corner for some time to see if there were any stepmothers who had courage to write. At last I've seen two, Mrs. J. W. Conrad and Mrs. Rosa E. Baker. Brave women. I call them brave because I think any woman is brave that will step in a home to become a mother to one or more children.

I will not describe myself, but will give a short sketch of my life. Born and reared on a farm, I married at the age of twenty-three and lived in Kansas City one year. Then my husband was sent out on the road, as he was an iron worker. I have entered seventeen states of the Union and made three trips into old Mexico. My husband assisted in putting in the wharf at Manzarmellon on the Pacific Coast that the American gunboats blew up. The saddest part of my story is that my husband, Scott Jones, was killed while in Mexico and was buried at Guadalajara. So if any sister should see this in print that lives at Guadalajara I would be delighted to hear from her. After my husband's death I returned to the U. S. and married a man with three girls, ages nine, eleven and fourteen. Sisters, I never realized what being a mother was until I had unshouldered my gun and was in the midst of battle. I won. But won with love and good advice given to them by good neighbors. Some people think that if a stepmother corrects a child she is mean to it. Sisters, didn't our mothers correct us? Most surely they did, and if they had not, what kind of a world would this have been? The first day I entered their home each greeted me with a kiss and from that day up to the present time, almost six years ago, I have taken the greatest interest in them.

I take an interest in selecting and making their clothing and in educating them. They go to school eight months out of twelve, never miss a day unless weather or health prevents. I also take an interest in what company they keep, and I go with them to church and Sunday school, for I am interested in the saving of their souls. Not every woman is fit to be a mother, not every woman that has a well-furnished home and plenty to keep a child will make a good mother. Unless we have that mother love and are willing to make a sacrifice for children we had better let them remain where they are even if they are in an orphan's home, and this being a mother we should consider well, before we take a child in our home to be a mother to. I would like to hear from every stepmother that reads this. Please give your experience in being a stepmother and I'll answer all if I don't receive over fifty.

May God bless you all is my prayer,

MRS. BEDIE MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin. Whether you are from Missouri or not we are glad to "show you" and, as you say, I think we are rather a good-hearted set. You must have had some interesting experiences in your travels with your husband and we sympathize with you in your past sorrow as much as we now rejoice with you in your present happiness. The three girls are indeed fortunate to have gained such a good mother and I am sure they appreciate all you do for them—if they do not now, they will later. What we would like though is the story of some stepmother who has had real difficulties to surmount in the manner of interfering relatives or unruly children for I know there must be some among our number who have been confronted by that problem. Won't you tell us the secret of your success?—Ed.

LAKE BAY, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

With your permission I am coming to greet you once more. Whether or not it will be the last, I cannot say, as healthwise I am to say the least, very "poorly," often unable to write at all.

I would like to say: I have always advocated that a girl if born sound mentally and physically, and allowed to develop her strength and muscles as nature intended, in the fresh air and sunshine, to romp, climb, run, play, and work more or less, according to her age, to share equally the outdoor life with her brother, she would be his equal in strength.

The letter in September COMFORT from Miss Bessie Gress is surely one proof of the correctness of my belief. Her labors on the farm do not seem to have demoralized her in any way. I should judge her to be intelligent, moral and refined.

Some say there are certain obstacles the female sex has to contend with that prohibit her from doing the same as the other sex. I do not believe, however, that the natural functions of life would thus interfere.

About twenty years ago, in Inyo county, California, quite a large number of Pierte Indians were one day on a trip to the next town and stopped to rest, and refresh themselves near our house. I chanced to go a short distance in the rear of one of the chicken coops to look for eggs and found there one of the squaws alone. "Papoose!" she said, holding up her new-born babe for my inspection.

A short time later they resumed their journey, the Indian woman with her babe in her arms. I invited her to come in and remain until the others returned, but she laughed at me saying:

"Me no white squaw," and walked off apparently as strong as the other women.

Her life, and that of her foremothers, as well as fathers, had been in the open air. There she had played as a child, and later toiled. She was actually as strong as a man, as I later learned. Living and sleeping in close rooms, with a diet of rich food, and candies at any time, corsets, tight, high-heeled shoes, heavy skirts, and habitual late hours are not conducive to health and strength, to either physical or mental vigor.



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At the risk of making my letter too long, I am going to add a few lines in reply to "Grandma." I disbelieve not merely in corporal punishment, but in any punishment whatever.

When living in my old Vermont home, one day in early spring I missed my little girl of six years, and from a window saw her running back and forth, in high glee, through a large puddle in the street, caused by melting snow.

I called her in, removed her soaked footwear, bathed her feet in warm water, and dressed them in warm, dry shoes and stockings. Meanwhile I said to her:

"Dearie, if you wade in that cold snow water it will probably make you very sick. You might even die like papa and little brother, and mamma would be left alone with no one to love her. Do not do it again."

She did however later in the day. I again called her in, and gave her a repetition of the treatment, and talk. The latter somewhat emphasized.

There must have been something extremely fascinating about it, for I never knew her to be so persistent before. I called her in the third time, put the last pair of dry shoes on her feet, tied her ankles together, saying nothing.

"Why do you punish me this way mamma?" she queried.

"My dear child," I returned, "I am not doing this to punish you, but to save you from great suffering if nothing more. You did not heed what mamma said to you, and I knew I must do something. Now that you cannot walk for a while I want you to sit here quietly and think about all mamma said to you, and remember that she is many times older than you are, and understands better what is best and right for her little girl to do and not do."

About an hour later, with her arms around my neck she said: "I have been thinking mamma, I've been awful naughty. I'll try to think first, before I do things next time, and be your little comfort just as you want me to be."

Now, really, was not that better than if I had whipped her, or managed what I did in such a way as to cause her to think it was a punishment?

I am not quite seventy-eight years of age, but am often called grandma. I enjoy it, and greatly wish I was a "truly" grandma.

There is much I would like to say, but must not this time. If I live, and am able, I will come again "another day."

SADIE MAGOON GIEVE.

Mrs. Gieve. You have opened up a subject that admits of much discussion. Many people contend that a woman does not need as much actual strength as a man, though we all admire the athletic type of girl who can display muscles equal to those of her brothers, better perhaps, for the average man of today is inferior to his forefathers in strength. It would seem that a revival of the simple life would do much good, though we can hope for better things of the coming generations now that attention is directed toward eugenics and proper child culture. Don't you think you really punished your little girl? To children of a certain temperament, what you did would have a more lasting effect than any other form of punishment. No matter how large the family, each child must be considered as an individual and governed according to his or her nature.—Ed.

43 Marshall St., WATERTOWN, MASS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Dear old COMFORT; how I love you and those connected with it. We all look forward to your coming and welcome you gladly (even my husband).

This is a beautiful morning. It makes sunshine in our souls to see the sunshine around us, and we thank the Lord that we are alive this glorious day.

How I enjoy reading the sisters' letters. Some of you would make good preachers. Well, my gift is not preaching (I am sorry to say). I sometimes wonder what my gift is. It is being content with doing the little things, I think, because there has been no great opportunity offered me unless it is the rearing of five blessed children whom I would give my life for if necessity called.

It is a great responsibility. I do think mothers should get together and talk things over more and try

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Ben Holland's Brownie

A Christmas Story for the Children

By Edna Collomore

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THE Holland family was so large that it filled a big farmhouse almost full. There was Grandma and Grandpa Holland, Father and Mother Holland, Uncle George and Uncle Joe and Aunt Alice, besides Albert and Marian and Ethel and Roger and Charles and the baby. Oh, yes, there was Ben, too, only Ben didn't seem a bit like the others.

They liked to be together, but he liked to be by himself. Indoors he was usually in a corner by himself, reading, or sulking. Outdoors he went tramping off alone into the woods with a gun or a fish pole. He liked to catch and to kill things.

The other Hollands were all good natured and full of fun, but Ben scowled as often as they laughed, and he was always having the sulks, or just getting over one grumpy fit, or just getting ready to have another.

Mother was as sweet and patient with him as she could be, and so was grandpa and the others "made allowances" for him as much as they could.

They said, "Oh, that's just Ben's way," but really it is very trying to have a brother that says "Pooh!" and "How silly!" to everything you like to do.

At Christmas-time Ben was just awful. He made fun of little Roger's Christmas letter, and he told Charles that there wasn't any Santa Claus. Charles almost knew that, himself, for he was five, but he said, "Oh, I love to play that there is, can't I?" Ben said, "Yes, if you want to be a silly little goose." Wasn't that mean?

Marian and Ethel felt dreadfully because Ben wouldn't hang his stocking up with the others; they said it spoiled everything. Ben said he didn't care. Uncle Joe said very likely a boy might not get any Christmas presents if he wasn't willing to provide the only suitable and proper Christmas receptacle for them. Ben said he guessed he could stand that, he didn't know as he cared if he never saw another necktie, or handkerchief, or stick pin, or bottle of cologne. At that remark Grandma looked startled and so did Aunt Alice. It wasn't a nice thing for a boy to say the very night before Christmas was it?

Father Holland saw that it was time for him to tell a story, so he began a splendid one about the things that happen on Christmas night, how the fairies and brownies and elves come out and all good spirits have their will, how the cattle kneel in their stables, how iron cannot wound and serpents cannot sting because that one hour belongs to the Prince of Peace.

Everybody liked those stories. They kept begging for more, all but Ben. He listened, of course, but once in a while he said, "H'm, h'm," just as loud as he dared. By and by Albert got tired of that h'm, h'm. Even if it was the night before Christmas, he had made all the allowances for Ben that he possibly could make.

He said, "What are you saying h'm, h'm for? Don't you believe what father is saying?"

"Oh, they're just stories," muttered Ben uneasily.

"Oh, dear," said little Charles, "Isn't anything true, about the brownies or elves or anything?"

"Of course not," said Ben.

"Tut, tut," said Grandma.

"Perhaps you don't believe about the cows kneeling in their stalls on Christmas night," said Albert.

"No, I didn't, said Ben.

"Oh, oh," said Ethel and Marian and Charles and Roger.

"Well, I do," said Albert. He was older than Ben, so Ethel and Marian and Charles and Roger felt better. "And I tell you, Ben Holland, you don't dare to go out to the stable tonight, at midnight, and see whether it is true or not."

"Of course I dare," said Ben.

"Then do it," said Albert.

"I will," said Ben.

"Oh, don't go, Ben," pleaded little Roger. "The brownies and the elves won't like it, and they'll hurt you?

"Don't let him go mother," begged Ethel.

"He may go, said Mother Holland, smiling, "if he will dress very warm."

"And not wake everybody in the house up," said father.

"And take the stable lantern so that he won't set anything on fire," said Grandpa.

Just then the old clock said *nine* in its loudest tones. It was a loud-voiced clock anyway, but when it said eight o'clock on ordinary nights, or nine o'clock on Christmas eve, it positively shouted. Of course everybody went straight to bed, and because they really were good children they were soon fast asleep.

The old clock kept talking to himself, not very loud because there was nobody there to listen, "Tick-tock, tick-tock." By and by he called ten and then eleven. But midnight of Christmas eve is the most wonderful time in the whole year, and who should know that better than an old clock. When the clock said *twelve*, he rang it out so clearly and joyously that it woke Ben Holland up with the very first stroke, so he knew exactly what time it was.

He hurried into his clothes and, taking his shoes in his hand, crept down the back stairs. In the kitchen he lit the lantern, and put on his shoes, then he slipped back the big bolt and stepped out of doors.

How dark and cold it was? How bright and far away were the stars! The stable loomed big and black, and when he opened the door it was as if the stable were full of a big black silence that rushed out to meet him.

Ben entered bravely enough, swung his lantern high and looked all about him. He heard the even breathing of the cows; there they were, all kneeling in their stalls. The horses stamped a little restlessly, as if they resented his presence. Something small and dark flew down near the lantern, and then flew back to the rafters.

"I'm not afraid," thought Ben stoutly. "I'm going to stay here a long time, maybe until one o'clock. Then tomorrow I'll tell Albert that most of those stories are lies anyway."

Ben hung the lantern on its nail and sat down on a pile of hay. Another small dark thing flew down to the lantern, then another, and another. Pouf, the lantern was out. "Never mind," thought Ben. "I'll get used to this darkness in a minute."

But before his eyes could see what those small dim things were, his ears began to hear voices, tiny, buzzing voices like those of crickets.

"We can't play any tricks here; good people live here, and they believe in us. We must dance and bring them good luck."

"Yes, we'll dance."

"Oh, we like to play tricks, too."

"There's a boy on the hay."

"He must be a thief, here at midnight."

"Can he be one of the family?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Their hair is red and straight, and his is brown and curly."

"They have dimples and he has a scowl."

"Doesn't he look ugly?"

"I've seen him in the woods shooting rabbits and squirrels."

"I heard him say there were no elves and brownies."

"We'll show him. Come on. Come on."

Tweak, tweak, tweak. The little people were tugging at his hair. Twist, pull, they were tying knots in it. Ben tried to drive them away, but they were like a hive of angry bees.

They buzzed in his ears, they pinched him and pulled him. They tickled him with straws, they pricked him with sharp sticks, and they kept crying: "He says there are no Brownies. We'll show him, we'll show him."

Just as one mischievous Brownie had crawled up under Ben's sleeve to find a new place to pinch, a voice called: "One o'clock, and the moon is up. Away! Away!"

There was a flurry around Ben's ears, a scampering sound, and then complete stillness. No—there was a little noise, just a faint whimper. It was the Brownie inside Ben's sleeve, struggling as hard as he could to get out. Ben put his hand up his sleeve and pulled the Brownie out. He held him firmly in his hand. The moon shone in through the stable windows.

What a cunning, funny little thing that Brownie was! How he squirmed and wriggled and tried to bite Ben's fingers with his sharp little teeth! "Let me go, you let me go," cried the Brownie, but Ben held him fast.

Then the Brownie began to plead eagerly. "Please let me go," he wailed. "I'm just a young Brownie and I've never been alone before, and if they go I can never find them." Tiny tears stood in the Brownie's bright little eyes. Ben, cross-tempered Ben, felt sorry.

"I wish I could keep you," he said, "but it would be mean. Run away, little Brownie."

Off hurried the Brownie. Ben could hear him bumping against the window, scampering up the wall, running along the rafters. He sat still on the hay, a little lonesome feeling in his heart.

Now, what was that, tugging at his coat? Why, it was the Brownie come back again!

"I can't find the others," cried the Brownie. "I don't want to stay here alone. I don't know yet what a Brownie has to do. I'm only a young Brownie. Oh! Oh!"

And Ben, ugly bad-tempered Ben, cuddled the Brownie close and whispered. "Don't cry. Stay and live with me. I'll take care of you. I'll always be good to you. Please, please stay with me."

"You won't want me," the Brownie wailed. "I bite and scratch. I tear up things and spoil things. I don't like to be good. They say I'm the most troublesome young Brownie they ever saw."

"I don't care," said Ben. "I want you. I'll never be cross to you. I'll take care of you. And next year, if you like, you can come to the barn on Christmas eve, and go away with the Brownies again."

"I'll stay," whispered the Brownie. He cuddled up close under Ben't coat where he could be warm. And Ben.—but don't you tell anybody—Ben leaned over and rubbed his cheek softly against the Brownie.

Six o'clock, said the clock loudly. He said that to wake up Ben; everybody else in the house had been awake an hour. Ben woke up quickly. Dear me, he was in his own bed! Suppose it had only been a dream after all. Still, something was snuggling up under his chin, and it felt like the Brownie. Why, what a funny, cute brown and black puppy. Could it be—it must be. Everybody knows that a Brownie has to change his shape in the daytime. Oh, what a jolly Christmas!

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," they called to him from the stairs. "Hurry down to breakfast." So Ben hurried.

"Oh, did you go to the stable?" called all the children at once?

"Indeed he did," answered Uncle Joe, "I found him asleep on the hay, and brought him in to his own bed."

"The cattle were kneeling in their stalls, just as father said," acknowledged Ben promptly.

"What is that in your arms?" asked Ethel. "My, what an ug—I mean what a funny little dog."

"Let us see," cried everybody at once.

So Ben put the little fellow down on the floor. He looked at them with his bright eyes, and then began to try, as hard as he could, to chew and tear and pull to pieces the big braided rug. Everybody laughed at him. It was such a big, strong rug, and he was such a little puppy.

"What is his name?" asked Roger.

"Brownie," said Ben promptly.

"Ho, I thought there weren't any Brownies," said Albert.

"There's this one," said Ben, picking him up, and hugging him tight. "This is my Brownie."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

and puddings. I have no brothers or sisters. I like to take care of flowers and gardens. My school teacher is going to have a hot bed at the school next summer. I am taking agriculture and the class is going to test seed corn next spring. My studies at school are reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, physiology, agriculture, history, and spelling. I live six miles from Volga and two miles from Amery. I like a farm much better than a city. My birthday is in July. I can make button holes and our teacher takes an extra half hour Friday afternoons to teach us girls to sew.

I am hoping to see this letter in print.

Your loving niece,

SYLVIA PRATT. (League number 36,374.)

P. S. My grandma took COMFORT when mamma was a little girl of ten.

Sylvia, yours is a dandy letter. Many girls twice your age could not do as well. You say I can iron. What an industrious girl. I can understand people canning vegetables, but it does not seem to me that iron would be improved by canning. The nearest I ever came to canning iron was when I tried to eat a piece of steak yesterday. Iron preserves would certainly be a novelty on any table, and I must congratulate you Sylvia, on having brought them to our notice. Oh, slush! The Goat says you mean you can iron clothes. I'm so relieved. Judging from your next sentence you have a varied assortment of accomplishments for you tell us that you can embroider and make cakes and puddings. Oh! say girls, wouldn't it be immense to see Sylvia embroidering a rice pudding? I wonder if when you eat the pudding you have to swallow the embroidery too. Just fancy having an embroidered bean tank. If I had one I should feel so proud that I'd simply have to wear it outside instead of in. How lovely it would be when you ate a bean to hear it crop on the embroidery. The Goat says if you had put a comma after embroider we should never have had the pleasure and delight of tasting one of your embroidered puddings. What a blessing Sylvia that you didn't. So teacher is going to have a hot bed at the school next summer is she? That's quite an idea turning the school into a boarding-house. It seems to me teacher has more courage than the average individual, and what she wants with a hot bed in the summer-time gets me. I hope the bed won't get too hot or it might set fire to the school. Well most beds are hot in the summer, so perhaps there is not anything so remarkable about teacher having a hot bed after all. Of course she'll have her hose along in case of a conflagration. The Goat says you don't mean a bed to sleep in, but a bed for forcing the growth of various plants. Thank heaven! Whatever should I do without that Goat? We should all like to see you taking agriculture, Sylvia, all we hope is that wherever you take it you won't forget to bring it back. Agriculture is too valuable a thing to be made the football of anyone's fancy. Perhaps you mean you are studying agriculture. Let us fervently hope so. It's the finest study in the world. Anyone Sylvia, can make buttonholes. I've got about four hundred buttonholes in the coat I've got on at present, but the trouble is I've only one button to fill the holes and that isn't sufficient to go around. You see, like the rest of humanity, I'm a few buttons shy. I remember once on the first of April being sent to buy a quart of buttonholes and everybody gave me the laugh. I wonder why? I wish all teachers would teach all you girls to sew. An expert needlewoman can generally make a living and an expert agriculturist ought to be able to make a fortune, especially if she can can iron and sew buttonholes on hot beds.

CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to write you some facts: We live in a little lumber camp, three miles from a railroad station and the lumber company owns the town, all the houses and one grocery store. A week ago this company employed an old man about sixty-five years old to mow a field below my house. My children had some other children ranging in age from three to ten years playing in an apple tree adjoining the field. I, myself was standing watching the children play. This old man called for the children to stop their noise and go to the house. I told them to pay no attention to him, but not to talk back or bother him in any way. Finally he jumped off the mowing machine and came running, waving a new buggy whip at the children. They jumped and ran for me but one three-year-old baby fell at his feet. He began beating that baby. He cut its left cheek open from its ear to its chin. I called: "Stop man, stop!" but he continued to beat it. I saw he would not stop so I ran for help. He picked that baby up and threw him over a fence that goes by the barnyard.

When I and some women got back the blood was running out of both hands and arms and down the baby's cheek. Now these people had this man arrested. He is a well-to-do man and a big churchmember. The head owner of this lumber company is his friend. The next day after the arrest, our boss's wife came to my house. She said to me: "You are the only eye witness and I want you to stop this law suit. Go to those people and tell them to stop the suit."

I replied: "I will do nothing of the kind." She begged, she threatened, but I stood firm, and what will you say when I tell you that the next day I got a written order to move. Now stop and consider what that meant to me. My husband idle most all winter, as the mill had been closed, three babies ranging from two to eight, just ten dollars in the house and supplies at a low ebb. But I defied her just the same.

Well, the people here were mad and this rich woman left town for a visit. But very quietly this company's boss is working against us. My husband of course can get no more work here, and all because I won't lie. Is that not it? What else? Who says California is free? Who says a working man is not compelled to do as his boss says? When will this change? My husband got just two dollars a day when he did work, twelve dollars a week to keep five people on. That is why we have no home, with land too at from three hundred to five hundred dollars an acre.

A MOTHER.

I have the name and address of the party who wrote this leter, but for reasons only too obvious, I dare not print them. A thousand and one columns could be written around the statements contained in this letter. They display one of the ugliest phases of our social life, which at the best, God knows is ugly and sordid enough. The most vicious and dangerous symptoms of our national life is the lawlessness of our industrial autocrats and the way wealthy people and powerful corporations tyrannize over those in humbler circumstances. This condition of things is not peculiar to California. Dollar despotism rules with an iron rod in nearly every corner of the land, no matter whether it's a lumber company, a railroad corporation, a mercantile concern or a private individual. As long as these have wealth and the power wealth gives they can do pretty nearly as they like, and they only too often are not backward in letting the plain people know that they control the political and judicial machinery of the country, and that any attempt to fight them in the courts would only end in ruin and disaster. Crooked politicians and crooked business go hand in hand. They have the absolute mastery over the masses of the people. If the average man tries to buck this combination, and exasperated by wrong puts up a fight against conditions which make his red American blood seethe with anger, he is a marked man. There is just one thing for that man to do, seek fresh fields and pastures new and keep his tongue quiet. Scores of letters reach me from people who have been wronged and crushed by some petty political or industrial power in their various communities, and this, mind you, in democratic America where there are tons of law but very little justice. The tyranny of the dollar is everywhere. Most of our states have been in existence long enough to have bred a high type of manhood, a manhood imbued with a high sense of justice and saturated with the noblest kind of civic ideals. But, alas, this type of man is woefully rare in most of our communities. If such men appear the interests grab them, hypnotize them with the rustle of greenbacks and make them their tools and their creatures, and thus are the masses left without a single friend or a single champion. A thousand pities that it is so, for when men are stung to madness by injustice they take advantage of every possible opportunity to avenge themselves upon those who have wronged them and become enemies of society as a whole. It is the tyranny of the dollar that is creating anarchists by the thousands. Our government has a committee that is inquiring into industrial conditions the country o'er and the facts it has brought to light are simply appalling. Let me give you a little idea of how the dollar gets in its fine work in this home of the free and land of the brave. In a manufacturing city here in the East the wives of the big factory and mill owners were quite horrified to find the people were dying off from tuberculosis like flies. The good ladies got together to discuss ways and means for combatting these awful conditions. Their first step was to send to a nearby city for a trained nurse who had had considerable experience with tuberculosis cases and also as a settlement worker. The nurse went to work and when she sent in her report the good ladies had fourteen fits, for the investigator reported the people who were dying from tuberculosis were all mill workers, employees of the ladies' husbands, and this frightful loss of life was due to improper nourishment, lack of ability, owing to low wages, to buy proper food, and the frightfully unsanitary conditions of the ramshackle tenements in which the workers lived, all owned, too, by the way, by the good ladies' husbands. Did the good ladies try to improve matters? Not at all. They considered the report and the recommendations contained therein as a piece of impertinence and without further parleying suppressed the report and dismissed the nurse. The trained nurse however, was a real reformer and a determined fighter and made up her mind that all the city should know what was in the report. Naturally the nice, kind newspapers, wouldn't dare to print it for, as I have told you before, we have a press, but it is largely subsidized by wealthy interests. Anyway the lady with the conscience and the paralyzing facts, got on the street corners and started to tell the city what she had discovered. But she didn't tell them much. The nice, kind police took care of that, for they grabbed her for the infraction of some bylaw such as obstructing traffic, and maybe also for trying to obstruct tuberculosis, and before she knew it she was finishing the balance of her speech in a prison cell. This is the way the game always goes and such instances are constantly occuring. For the irascible old man who whipped this poor little baby, we can only have pity. The most charitable thing to say about him would be that anger had temporarily deranged his mind. For the lumber company that owns the town, and therefore all the machinery of government it contains, we can have nothing but wholesome respect. We live under a game of grab and as long as we are contented to have the wonderful resources, which the good God has been thousands of years perfecting for our use, yanked from the mountain-side and ground into profit for a few greedy individuals who are monarchs of all they survey, we must expect lawlessness and indifference to the rights of others. In California the women are now voting, and they now have a chance to better the evil conditions that obtain in so many sections of our big land, and the first thing that the women and all law-abiding citizens and intelligent voters should do is to strengthen the hands of the law and put a ring in the nose of the dollar hog and the despotism that follows in his trail.

NEW BADEN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The boys and girls at this place are entering into an oratorical contest and my subject is: "Should Educational Qualification be Required for Voting?"

I have written to several places for articles on it but I have not received any yet. If you have any articles on the subject I shall be very, very glad to get them. And if you have any please send them right away, as soon as the last of next week if possible and you will greatly oblige me by doing so.

FAYE BURCH.

My dear Faye, I cannot write special articles for oratorical contests. I'm glad to know that you young people are thrashing out momentous questions of public policy, but for these discussions to be of any value you ought to prepare for them months before the discussions come off. It's no good going off half cocked. All these things need serious thought, and you want to get all your material together and your facts in order before you start your debating. I do not supply material for debates except what I hand out through the columns of COMFORT. Education is not only required for voting, but it is required for everything. The simplest thing we do in this life can be done better by an educated than by an uneducated man. The brain is the center of the intelligence and the more the brain is cultivated, the larger the crop of intelligent actions and thought it will produce. The animal is guided by instinct the man by reason. Savage man built his fire in the forest and after he had gone away the apes and monkeys gathered round the fire and took comfort in its warmth, but not one monkey ever had sense enough to throw a piece of wood on the dying fire so as to keep it alive. It's a mighty good thing for us that Mr. Monkey didn't have the sense to keep the fires going or we would have had all our forests burned down. It does at first sight seem preposterous to allow uneducated people, people whose thinking apparatus is but a peg above that of the monkey, to have a vote in deciding the destinies of a great nation, but as there is always a chance for a man who goes to church to become a Christian, so there is always a chance for a man who goes to the ballot box to learn something about what he is voting for, and not more than one man in twenty-five does know what he is voting for. The child who is never allowed to go in the water will never swim, and a man who never goes near the ballot box because he is ignorant, will never have the incentive to be anything else but ignorant. This is supposed to be a free country, and as soon as we start deciding which man shall vote and which shan't, it ceases to be a free country. A man will never know how to shave unless you give him a razor. The fact that he cuts his throat a few times in experimenting with a razor is no reason why we should take the razor from him. He will have to carve himself up a few times before he learns how to handle that razor. It's just the same way with the man who goes to the polling booth. He does not know how to use his ballot any more than a blind donkey, or an unborn mule, and so he votes for Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller otherwise the republican party, much to the delight of the gentlemen who own that party, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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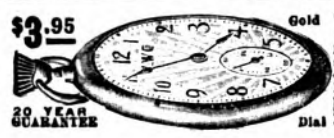
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A Christmas Makeshift

By Joseph F. Novak

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CHAPTER I.

THE rampant wind chased hilariously down the streets of the shopping district, and with a shout, a roar and a volcanic eruption of sharp, sandy snow, turned a few somersaults, and tried to induce a cringing little woman, who was attempting to cross the street and at the same time shelter herself under a huge cotton umbrella, to join him in his sport.

The little woman clung valiantly to her umbrella, and crossing the street in safety, stopped before a shop window and feasted her eyes upon the bargains displayed in its electric-lighted depths.

For some time she gazed, and mentally calculated how far her meager store of Christmas money, hoarded since early in September, would go.

It was cheap stuff that the window displayed, and yet what joy it would bring to the hearts of her children, for childhood never reckons the cost.

Having feasted her eyes, she snapped shut the big umbrella, hurried into the imposing entrance, and down the aisles arched with Christmas greenery, to the elevator which brought her to the toy department.

Reaching the counter she was in search of, she examined the dolls displayed there, and selecting two, she sought her purse.

Into her pocket she thrust her hand, and it came out empty. Startled, she gazed about terrorized, then wailed:

"I've been robbed! I've been robbed! Or else I lost my pocketbook!"

A little group formed about the distressed woman, then a floor-walker made his way through the little knot. He listened to the woman's tale, then politely told her to go to the "Lost and Found" Department, and enquire whether the purse had been found. If not, she would be given carfare to take her home.

With a look of wildest despair, she followed his instructions, received the car-fare, then left the store and plunged into the maddened, snow-swept night, her heart leaden.

She boarded a street car, and rode, on and on, until the vehicle reached a sparsely populated neighborhood where her humble home was. Already great drifts of snow were piled upon the sidewalks, not a step broke the virgin whiteness.

But the sad-eyed little woman minded not the drifts. Her thoughts were upon the children, the disappointed children, to whom she had promised a Christmas of cheer.

Reaching the house, she sank on the stoop, fearing to go in and blast their happiness, for even then she heard indistinct murmurs, and knew they were joyously talking of the event of childhood, Christmas.

CHAPTER II.

A tall man, whose broadness was emphasized by his excessively large and fashionably tailored motor cloak, stepped from a brilliantly lighted restaurant. His face glowed with good nature, and as the blustering wind whirled about him, he threw up his head as if giving his lips to the snow sprites that circled about him.

For a moment or two, he stood at the entrance, then crossed the sidewalk to the curb where stood a snow-frosted limousine.

As he opened the door, he chanced to glance down, and there in the gutter lay a worn, shabby little purse. He leaned down and picked it up. It was a dull leather affair, and its sorry look spoke eloquently of its owner.

"Ye Gods! The first money I've ever gotten without hard work," he smiled, as he tossed it into his pocket. "Perhaps though, it is filled with samples of dress goods."

He glanced about, half expecting to see the distracted owner of the purse appear. But as she did not, he stepped into his limousine and slammed the door.

The chauffeur started off, and Bertram Alvord, illumining the small electric, drew the purse from his pocket and examined his find.

There were no dress goods samples; the purse contained money, sure enough.

Slipping off his gauntlets, he counted the coins, finding that they amounted to $4.46 exactly.

A queer little smile collected at the corners of his mouth as he contemplated the little fortune.

"Someone's Christmas money, I vow. They've lost it and now it means a dark Christmas for them, perhaps.

"I wonder," and he continued his little soliloquy. "I wonder to whom it belongs? Let me see if I can find out," and snapping open another compartment of the purse, he drew forth a rather soiled card with the name "Mrs. Abigail Jones, No. 10801 Michiwaka Street," written upon it in a poor hand, a hand that seemed to tell of its owner's hard acquaintance with the scrub-brush.

"Poor woman," he thought, "I hope she wasn't obliged to walk all the way home. I believe I shall return the purse, and tonight."

With the decision, he gave the address to his chauffeur, bidding him drive there, and turning out the little electric light, he lounged comfortably against the easy seats, watching through dreamy, half-closed eyes, the snow which glinted dazzlingly, as it played about the flaring arc lights.

It was sometime before the machine reached the neighborhood of Michiwaka street, for the wind was furious and the drifts deep, but it finally got there, whereupon, bidding the chauffeur to stop at the corner, for the street on which Mrs. Abigail Jones lived was unpaved and looked particularly antagonistic to motor car tires, Alvord got down and went in search of No. 10801, following a track now almost obliterated which someone had made a little time before.

As he passed his destination, a small woman who was huddled upon the stoop, rose and disappeared into the hall.

"That must be she," he reasoned, and so, when he saw that she had gone, he retraced his steps and soon stood in the dark, damp hall, wherein the wind moaned ghostly and rattled the loose boards.

The partitions were thin, so there in the hall, Alvord stood listening like an eavesdropper, to what went on in the room.

He tried to smile as he heard the sad mother detailing the loss to the disappointed children, and their wails of sorrow tempted him to throw himself into the situation at once.

However, controlling his desire, he stepped from the hall, and prowling about the house, much like a burglar, he sought some means of looking within the room.

He came to the low windows, and then, fortunately, he found the shades did not quite reach the sill, and thus he was given an insight into the room.

Some queer emotion clutched his heart as he gazed upon the room, so clean and neat, but so plain and poor. Then he contemplated the faces of the tear-stained brood of five.

He was about to go into the house, when up rose the eldest of the children, a girl of perhaps fourteen. She was less tear-stained than the rest, and she probably realized her dignity as the oldest child of the family, for now she came forward with a suggestion, and listening with ear pressed against the bit of pasteboard stuck in the corner of the window-pane which was broken, Alvord heard her say:

"Well, mummy, so long as the money's lost, I guess it's gone for good, and that's all there is to it. Now, we'll have our tree, because we've got that already and we can put on colored paper chains, and things like that. And s'long's we won't have no presents, we'll do this: We'll get a lot of boxes and wrap them up nice, and mark them with our names, and what should have been in them. Then we'll put all the wrapped boxes under the tree, and pretend that just what we want is in 'em, and that we got what we wanted. Won't that be swell? We'll have a make-believe Christmas, and that'll be better'n nothing."

Her face glowed with her idea, and the interested look that came into the faces of the others showed that the suggestion was pleasing. The mother was, perforce, obliged to smile comfortingly upon the arrangement, and so, after a time, the little brood grew quite hilarious over the prospect, shouting out in glee what they wanted, "for," as Alvord heard the next oldest say, "s'long's we're just making believe, we can make believe we're getting the swellest lot of things!"

Now he smiled as he saw the hopeful spirit which came upon them.

"Plague the snow! How it stings and makes one's eyes smart!" he exclaimed to himself, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket. "A pretended Christmas! A Christmas makeshift! Poor kids! Poor kids!"

CHAPTER III.

Christmas Eve!

Alvord stood in his bachelor apartments in the Antler Arms, surrounded by an array of "Christmas truck" that was truly bewildering. For, fearing that he might not get enough, he duplicated and in many instances triplicated his orders, and the result was astonishing.

However, he only smiled as he gazed upon it all, fancying the joy that would be the children's. He had never before interested himself in Christmas charity; all he did was to send a check to the Salvation Army or some other organization, leaving them to use the funds as they thought best. This "stunt" of his, therefore, was novel.

As he checked over the stuff to see if he had the dolls, trumpets, engines, chains, drums and the rest of the things he heard the Jones children speak of, the telephone tinkled.

He took down the receiver, and the voice at the other end of the wire shot a thrill of joy through his being, for it was the voice of Leslie Carrington, Leslie, blue-eyed, slender and dashing, whose face was inspiration, and whose presence was heaven itself.

He listened to the words she spoke, and drank in her voice like a man athirst. Would he come over that evening? No, she had it open as she didn't like any of the affairs scheduled for the night, and so didn't accept any invitation and now she was alone and a bit lonesome.

What young man would refuse an invitation to call upon Leslie? Not one would, and certainly not Bertram Alvord, and it was not long before he had put on fresh linen, changed his suit, and ordering the chauffeur to carry all the bundles to the limousine, which was presently done, he went down-stairs, entered the car, and was on his way.

Leslie was all ready to meet him. She wore a loose house gown, all fluffs and softness, and sweeping, graceful lines. The magic of her presence and the feel of her soft hand in his made him wonder if, indeed, he were not in a dream. For it was seldom that he was alone with Leslie; she was always surrounded, and then too, while she was always kind, it was that kindness which always makes a fellow feel he hasn't a chance.

Pleasantly the evening passed, all too quickly, and it seemed but a few moments when the clock chimed eleven.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go, though I should dearly love to stay a while longer, for tomorrow is Christmas, and you've been unusually kind. I cannot thank you enough for this splendid gift—I mean this evening spent with you. I've been bold enough to order flowers sent to you tomorrow. I wouldn't mention the fact, and only do because I want you to give them more than a passing glance, won't you, please?" he pleaded.

"Indeed, I shall, Bertram. But won't you stay a bit longer? It isn't very late, and being a child no longer, I don't get up at four o'clock Christmas morning."

"I should dearly love to, were it not that I have another engagement to fulfill this night."

She looked inquiringly at him. "So late?"

"Yes."

"I'm rather curious to know what this other engagement is. Can't I know?"

He smiled quizzically, though perhaps a bit shamfacedly.

"Why surely you can know; it isn't dreadful, only perhaps a little silly. I intend to make a pretended Christmas real."

"You are going to make a pretended Christmas real? What do you mean?"

"Just this: The evening before last, I was downtown and found a purse in the gutter. I wondered who had lost their Christmas money—the purse contained exactly $4.46 all in coin—when lo! looking into another compartment of the purse, I found the address of the woman who lost it. She lived in a poor, rickety little building on the outskirts of the town, and as I prowled around, wishing to be sure I was right, I heard the pitiful little tale of the lost purse, the precious purse containing the poor little horde which stinting had gotten together for Christmas. And now the purse was gone! Lost! Why, child," and Alvord grew so interested in his topic that he forgot he was talking to Leslie Carrington, society belle and heiress, and called her "child" with a most endearing expression, "it was worse than a cyclone! And then as the tragedy which had crushed them, eased its strangling hold, the eldest of the group came forward with the most original suggestion for Christmas. Since they couldn't have presents, she suggested that they get all sorts and sizes of boxes, wrap them up neatly, label them as belonging to the different ones, and pretend that the empty boxes contained the things they desired. And they seized upon the idea until they grew cheerful again. Wasn't that comical?" and Alvord did wink hard.

"Why, it was too pretty!" Leslie exclaimed, and the eyes which ever changed in expression now grew soft and lustrous as she gazed upon the man's enthusiastic face. "But what about the pretended Christmas being made real? You intend——"

"Yes, Leslie," for she had stopped in a manner that bade him finish her thought, "I intend to go there tonight, climb in at one of the windows, if possible, and fill those boxes with the presents the children wanted. I've purchased a great lot of Christmas truck which I have out in my limousine. That's why, Leslie, I must leave now, for it will take half the night before I get through."

"Why, how delightful! I wish I could go!"

"Do you? Would you—dare to come with me?"

"If you'll take me and I won't be in the way!"

"Well, I should say, that you would not be. But are you really in earnest?"

"Indeed, yes. Just a moment. I'll have to dress. It won't take long."

She fled up-stairs, and it was not long ere she was down again, warmly clad in furs, and then as they left the house and went down the frosted stairway before the mansion, she leaned upon him so dependently that his heart sang, even though he knew that it was for that night only that he interested her.

They reached the limousine and he pushed the bundles to one side. As the girl stepped into the car, a package tumbled to the floor. He caught it up.

"Heaven! It's a 'choo choo'! Don't step on that!" and he got in beside her, and off they went.

"Who is it for?" she asked, as they rolled along.

"I intend it for the black-eyed little rascal that I saw there, 'coo cooing' with blocks of kindling," he laughed.

After some miles of driving, the limousine slowed down, and the chauffeur announced the arrival at their destination.

Descending, they started for the house, Alvord carrying the packages.

"Give me some too, Bertram," the girl said. "We are spirits of Christmas, and I must have bundles too," and she took several from his arms.

"How shall we get into the house?" she asked, as they neared it.

"Why," he returned, "there's a window conveniently close to the ground, and no lock on it. I'll crawl in through that."

"Suppose they shoot you?" she queried with a little shudder.

"I guess they won't. People ought to be cautious about shooting, even when someone crawls unbidden into their homes tonight. For it is Christmas eve and the time of good will among men. I'll take a chance."

With which words, he directed his steps to the window in question, in which a rather sorry little holly wreath hung, and after a little forcing, the window yielded to his exertions.

It raised, Alvord let himself in; the big packages came next. Then taking a chair, he put it outside the window. The girl mounted it, and then taking her into his arms, he lifted her into the room, a little breathless, but delighted.

"Oh, Bert, isn't this too exhilarating for anything?" she exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" he answered, his voice low and wildly joyous, "but hush, we can't make much noise, or we'll be discoverd. Now then!"

With that, he lifted a package to the table, and stripping the strings from it, its offering was brought to light. Leslie spied the little tree in the corner and going to it, she brought the carefully tied, empty boxes to the table.

"There's plenty of boxes, that's one good thing," she laughed softly, "and you surely have plenty to fill them all. Give me a doll for this box. It is surely a mercy that they got such large boxes, for the dolls would never have fit, otherwise."

"In the Land of Pretension, you can dream as extravagantly as you like," he answered, as he untied the doll, chained by her neck to her prison.

And so, busily they worked, piling the papers into the box in which a large toy had come, crackling them louder than they thought, and laughing now and then without caution.

So engrossed did they become, that they did not see a door behind them swing open, and a woman in a faded wrapper, gazing with frightened eyes upon them. Nor did they see the look of understanding that came to those eyes as they beheld the work of the nocturnal couple, and the tears which welled up to those same tired eyes, as the door was softly pulled to again.

"Now then," said Alvord, "the last thing is to return the pocketbook with the Christmas money," and from his own pocket he took the worn purse, and his own. From the latter, he took several bills which he crushed into the faded little pocketbook, and then placed it atop the package of oat-meal laid out for the morning's breakfast.

"Won't the dears be happy when they find a real Christmas substituted for their pretended one?" laughed Leslie tenderly, as Alvord picked up her furs which she had cast aside, and held them for her to put on.

As she slipped her arms into the fur coat, somehow it was so convenient and so tempting an opportunity to slip his arms about her, and then as he felt the nearness and enchantment of her being, as once before he had felt it that evening, discretion was discarded, and he kissed her.

Then, amazed at his temerity, he looked fearfully upon her.

But Leslie was smiling. "Why are you so frightened?" she queried, taking his hand in hers.

"Why am I so frightened?" he asked, his voice somewhat choked. "Why? Because I was afraid I might have displeased you, doing what I've done. But I haven't have I, Leslie? Have I a chance? I've loved you dear, and wanted you, oh, so much. Even as these children did, I, when alone in my bachelor apartments pretended that you were near me, near where my eyes could ever see you, where I could call you to my side whenever I wanted you. But Leslie, I was only one among many, and had no special talent to offer. Ah, dear, have I really a chance?"

"You dear boy," she murmured, "you have the biggest chance because you never forced yourself upon my attention. You always took what little encouragement I gave you, in a way that won me. And now tonight, performing this little act which other men might have scorned doing, has completely won me. My dreamer! Do you wish me to make your dreams real, even as you've made these children's Christmas real?"

"Do I?" he breathed. "do I? Well, I rather think I do! Oh, Leslie! My dream girl, no longer a pretense!"

His arms closed about her, and they stood lost in their happiness, heart to heart, his lips on hers.

At length, he gently released her from his ardent clasp, then softly they stole away, as spirits should—through the window!

The woman, who had watched the kind deeds of these living Christmas spirits, from behind the door, turned away as she saw them pledge their love.

Now that they were gone, she dropped to her knees.

"O God," she cried, "Thou knowest what is in my heart! Thou knowest what I would say! Fulfill, I pray, all those hopes that tonight have been born in the hearts of these, who in their fortune, have not forgotten the poor."

She rose to her feet, her eyes shining. Going to the stove, she lit the fire, and then illumined the little Christmas tree.

These things finished, she hurried to one bedroom and then to the other.

"Children! Children! Children! It's Christmas morning!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

who wink their eyes and giggle with glee to see what an idiot he is making of himself and what a blessed good thing he is doing for them, and what a black eye he is giving himself, or else he goes and votes for Mr. Belmont or Mr. Ryan, and the wealthy interests back of the democratic party who also giggle with delight at the way he is boosting them, using his political razor to cut his own throat. But some people, not all, learn by experience. Your ignorant voter won't always be ignorant, but he would be if you didn't let him vote, and let me tell you right now, when it comes to voting for the two old parties, a blind mule could do that job just as well as a college professor. The difference between the old parties is just as distinguishable as the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. There is one point however, we must not forget; if a man is ignorant he will be a long time getting wise to the fact that tweedledum and tweedledee are both political highwaymen out for the dust and especially the dust he has got in his pockets. The educated man however, can if he wants to (and he usually doesn't want to), study party platforms, and he could, if he desired, by study and thought, put his brains and energies toward forming some party that would help him, instead of voting for parties that exploit him, and that is something more than the uneducated man is likely to do. If you once began discriminating against the poor and uneducated voter, and allowed only the educated to vote, it would not be long before there would be another division, the highly educated would begin weeding out the poorly educated, and soon the only people in the country that would be allowed to vote would be the graduates of a few of our great universities, and maybe at the finish, Yale and Harvard would cut out all the other seats of learning and would finally throw dice or fight it out amongst themselves as to who should be elected President. If Yale won you'd have another dose of Taft, if Harvard won you'd have another dose of Theodore, the gentleman with the fierce teeth. You see it's very dangerous to monkey with the political buzz saw, for there are a lot of very powerful and unscrupulous people ever ready to limit the privileges and liberties of the masses. Another thing, it is not right to punish a man because he is ignorant. People are bound to be ignorant, tens of thousands of them, under a system that gives all the dollars to the few, and a scattering of pennies to the many. We are supposed to have a wonderful educational system, and probably in the January issue, I'll tell you how wonderful it is—not. When I tell you all about your educational system you will know that if we have educational qualifications for voting there won't be more than one person in a hundred that will be capable of casting a vote, for this nation of ours is not an educated nation by any means, but an intensely ignorant one. Our schools do not turn out educated children, they only turn out incompetents. If a person learns anything that is really worth while today, it is more by home study and observation than by anything the schools have done for him. Do you think if we had an educated nation we would have a Tammany Hall in New York and be ruled by low-browed, ignorant political bosses, ward heelers and crooks? But there are different kinds and degrees of ignorance. The majority of educated people are as politically blind and ignorant as the most benighted boob who ever spoiled a ballot slip. We have whole vast sections of the country where both educated and ignorant are voting either the democratic or republican tickets because of old, dead, decayed, ossified, worn-out, threadbare, issues that can be traced to the unpleasantness of "de wah time." These issues have been handed down from father to son. They are a preposterous obsession with millions who constitute an insurmountable barrier in the way of national progress. Put a mule in the White House and call it a democrat and the South would vote for it. Put a chimpanzee up for President on the republican ticket and the North would vote for it. To hear the democrats prate about Jefferson and the party of Cannon, Depew and Guggenheim, screaming about glorious Lincoln, gives a thoughtful man an awful pain. It is sinful to see these two old predatory parties juggling the reputations of these glorious men and using them for the cheapest political purposes. Though Lincoln and Jefferson have long been dead the ideas and ideals of these great men are fifty years ahead of these hoggish, greedy, stupid times and parties. We certainly do need educational qualifications for voting, but only as a means by which men can be made to vote more intelligently and to vote for truly national interests and not narrow sectional interests, but we don't need educational qualifications for voting as a slick, subtle means of depriving poor devils, who through the economic stress, have been robbed of knowledge and culture, and who are to be punished and disfranchised because an uncivilized system of society has deprived them of the opportunities of ac-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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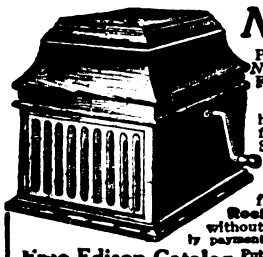
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for the Coming Season

By Geneva Gladding



CHILL autumn days will bring out all the new things in coat suits, coats and other top garments.

She, who is a woman of fashionable taste, may choose between the quaint basque styles, the redingote coat suit, and the neat, trim ever popular one-piece gowns, with or without tunic or flounce effects.

The new styles lend themselves readily for remodelling, especially in the tunic, yoke and vest formations, in which materials may be combined.

There is no style so popular as the tailored shirt-waist. It is shown with paneled fronts, with yoke effects, and tuck groups, also with comfortable raglan sleeve and deep armscyes, with the lovely long shoulder.

For separate skirts, the flounce effects seem to rival the tunics, and many models show plaited inserts, to simulate greater width for the skirts.

Capes and cape wraps are extremely stylish, not only for women, but also for misses and children.

A most splendid variety is met with in children's dresses; there are dresses with double skirts, some in tunic style, vest and yoke effects, long and raglan shoulders, with set-in sleeves.

In boys' suits there are the new jackets with vest and Dickens' collar, the belted coat with yoke back, and the new, straight trousers.

The simple styles are always preferred by practical mothers, and the present fashion of front closing on girls' dresses is a great convenience.

Our special article, in this issue, describing The Cotton Style Show will be found of interest inasmuch as it is a step in the right direction and tends to decrease rather than increase the cost of dressing, and at the same time tends to help the home industries which are overstocked with cotton, owing to the war. Many of the patterns shown here can be developed in cotton as well as in the materials given.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

9775—Boys' Overcoat with yoke back. Chinchilla, cheviot, wool mixtures, serge or corduroy are suitable materials for this style of garment. The back is plaited below a square yoke.

Cut in five sizes; three, five, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one half yards of 54-inch material for a five-year size.

1058—Costume for Misses and Small Women with long or short sleeve. This dress is made with regulation waistline, and has a long tunic, the front of which is cut in one with a vest portion to which the waist fronts are joined. The pattern is good for velvet, corduroy, silk, charmeuse, crepe, broadcloth, voile or cashmere.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 17-year size.

8628—Doll's Middy Suit, with Military Cape and cap. The design submitted shows the popular "middy" blouse, a jaunty cap, and a stylish military cape. All of these models are simple and easy to make so that even "little mothers" could attempt to develop them. Wash or woolen goods may be used for the suit, while broadcloth, silk or velvet are suitable for the cape.

Cut in three sizes, for dolls 18, 20 and 22 inches in height. It requires three eighths yard for the cap, one and three quarters yards for the suit and seven eighths yard for the cape of 27-inch material.

1060—Child's Dress, with long or short sleeves and in Empire style or loose. Dimity, lawn, crossbar muslin, nainsook, batiste, mull or silk may be used. The sleeve is in raglan style, affording comfort and ease to the arm and shoulder.

Cut in four sizes; six months, one, two and four years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1084—Costume for Ladies and Misses. This stylish model shows a combination of Roman striped silk and blue serge. It is unique and attractive, and will lend itself appropriately to combinations in other materials. The dress may be finished without the tunic, or made with tunic gathered at the waist, or joined to the yoke. The neck finish too offers variety, either in the broad collar or the flare.

Cut in four sizes: for misses, 14, 16, 17, and 18 years, and six sizes for ladies; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size, and six and one half yards for a 36-inch size.

8433—A Comfortable, Desirable and Convenient Creeper or Romper Dress. The model here shown covers every requirement of a creeping apron or pinafore, and serves as rompers also. It may also be used as a sleeping garment and will as such be very practical. Gingham, flannelette, chambrey, cambric or domet flannel may be used for its development.

Cut in three sizes; six months, one and two years.

1072—A Comfortable and Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl. This dress may be fashioned with long or short sleeves. The yoke portions are cut in one with the sleeve, and meet the fronts at the vest joining. The pattern provides a lining. This style is good for gingham, galatea, chambrey, serge, voile, panama, cashmere or silk.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires four and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size.

1077—Ladies' Waist, with Vest and Body Lining. This attractive design embodies some new style features. The long sleeve with shaped cuff, and the girdle are most becoming. The design is good for silk, velvet, voile, crepe, madras, linen or batiste.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and five eighths yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1011—Ladies' Kimono. The waist is cut in Empire style, with skirt attached having a wide panel over the back. The pattern is good for flannelette, lawn, crepe, percale, dimity, batiste, cashmere or silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1095—Ladies' Dressing Sack or Kimono. The model is cut with body and sleeve in one. It is comfortable and pleasing. The style is good for batiste, cashmere, voile, crepe, lawn, organdie or silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1116—Girls' Dress with or without girdle. Checked suiting or plaid woolens are good for this style. If made of wash materials, there are strong serviceable galateas in plain and striped materials. Devonshire cloth in neat checks, percales in lovely pattern, and seersuckers that require no ironing. The dress shows real "grown-up" style features in its flare collar and smart girdle. The skirt has a lap tuck at the center back.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 40-inch material for a 14-year size.

9603—Ladies' Night Gown with long or shorter sleeve, and with or without added yoke. This design is cut on simple, comfortable lines, and may be made in sack length or regulation gown length. The model is suitable for muslin, cambric, lawn, nainsook, crepe, batiste, flannel, flannelette or silk.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the gown in full length, and four yards for sack length for a 36-inch size.

1056—Ladies' Apron. This simple but practical model, is good for gingham, percale, lawn, mohair, drill, or alpaca. The design has a panel front, with side and back portions cut in one.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.



1100—Ladies' Slip, Combination Corset Cover in Basque Style, and Skirt with Ruffle. This garment is good for silk, cambric, muslin, nainsook, batiste, crossbar muslin, or crepe. The ruffle may be of material, of lace edging, or embroidery.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1110—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with Guimpe, sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid woolen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 40-inch material with one and seven eighths yard for the guimpe for an eight-year size.

9766—Dolls' Set, comprising a Balkan Dress, a Coat and a "Billie Burke" Bonnet. The styles here shown are easily developed, and suitable for any of the dainty materials used for doll's clothing. Cloth, silk, or velvet may serve for either coat and dress, and for the latter, linen, linene, lawn, or percale is also appropriate. The bonnet could be of lawn, silk, plush or velvet as desired. The pattern includes all styles illustrated.

Cut in six sizes; for dolls, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in heighth. It requires one half yard of 24-inch material for the cap, one and one half yard for the dress, and one and three eighths yard for the coat for an 18-inch size.

1093—Girls' Coat. This attractive style has a waist front, lengthened by a skirt portion, that is joined to the waist under a broad belt. The design is good for broadcloth, serge, novelty cloakings, velvet and corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size.

1087—Ladies' Apron. Percale, gingham, lawn, seersucker, denim and alpaca are suitable for this design. It is fitted with shoulder and underarm seams.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1107—Ladies' House Dress with Reversible Closing. How very practical and easy to adjust is this model. No buttons or hooks and eyes over the fronts; just a simple crossing of these parts, and a fastening at the back. This model is good for percale, gingham, lawn, drill, linene, seersucker, or galatea.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1112—An Ever Popular Suit for Our Boy. This trim little model is easily developed and if made of warm winter suiting will be very fine for cold weather. This model is good for flannel, cheviot, serge, velvet, corduroy, linen, galatea or seersucker. If made of fine ribbed serge in a nice shade of blue or brown, with a black tie, and patent leather belt with self covered buttons, this style will surely please the "little man."

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1114—Ladies' House or Home Dress. The waist is made with a group of tucks over the bust. The raglan sleeve, such a comfortable sleeve, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a three-piece model with plaited fullness at the back. Blue gingham, with collar and cuffs of white pique would be nice for this style, or gray and white seersucker, with trimming in self or contrasting color.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 40-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1068—Girls' Apron with long or shorter sleeve, and with collar or "V" neck edge. This model completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pinafore." It is suitable for cambric, percale, gingham or chambrey.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

1102—Ladies' House Dress with long or short sleeves. The model is good for seersucker, lawn, gingham, chambrey, cashmere or linene. The waist is made with open neck, and finished with revers, facings, that meet a shaped round collar.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Fresh-water Pearls

ALTHOUGH fresh-water pearls do not command such high prices as those derived from the pearl oysters that grow in the ocean, nevertheless pearl fishing in the rivers of the United States means a good many thousands of dollars added to the wealth of the country, not to mention the value of the buttons made out of the mussel shells from which the pearls come. In prehistoric times pearls were found in the rivers of what is now America and from one mound of the Mound Builders in the Little Miami Valley in Ohio, 60,000 pearls were found by two American professors who were excavating. Age and mould had ruined them, but they were there just the same. When De Soto and his early Spaniards were seeking Indian gold they found 350 pounds of pearls in Indian sepulchres which were of value. The year 1857 may be said to be discovery year for present day American pearls, one weighing 93 grains, becoming famous later as the "Queen," being found near Patterson, N. J. This is now owned by some of the royalty of Europe. In 1876 pearls were found in Ohio and in 1880 they were found in Tennessee. In 1889 some of the finest ever found in this country were discovered in Wisconsin creeks and rivers and in 1897 the Black and White rivers in Arkansas brought forth many fine ones. Probably the finest two are the Queen Mary, weighing 208 grains from Iowa, and the Light of Morn from Arkansas, equally notable. The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has established a pearl and button industry at Fairport, Iowa, on the Mississippi river and there the most systematic and scientific development of American pearls may be studied. Discoveries in other parts of the country are being made every year and if the people in various localities went about the work with intelligence and system, they might find it productive, though there is no fortune in it for anybody. But they must know what they are about and must do their work with perseverance. Information on the subject may be had by writing to the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. and if any of you people have any pearls that you have found, you may be able to dispose of them by writing to Eugene A. Kohut, 65 Nassau St., New York, who is a commercial authority. But you mustn't think you have a fortune in a pearl, even if it is as big as a walnut, because it may have flaws in it, or lack luster or have some other defect that may reduce its value to little or nothing, and even if it is perfect it has no such value as sea pearls, the highest priced fresh-water pearl so far found being worth less than two thousand dollars. Very small ones are of no value at all, and one to be worth ten dollars must be above the average. There is really more money in selling the shells for making buttons, but this calls for quantity, as shells are worth only from eighteen dollars a ton, up, and it takes an awful lot of wading and dredging to get a ton of mussel shells in most of our rivers, though in the Mississippi river in Iowa a lot of people make a living at it, three or four hundred pounds of shells a day being the average. But write to the Bureau of Fisheries and get information before you go pearl fishing.

BIGGEST COLLEGE MAN.—The freshman class is not the only body of great proportions at Harvard. A 325-pound member of the graduate school of business, lays claim to being the biggest man in any college in this country. Twenty-three years old, he stands six feet four inches in height. His home is in Indianapolis.

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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He informed Will, in a casual way at lunch, that he had received a telegram from his guardian, who stated that he would return earlier than he expected, being called home by some unlooked-for business.

Will also mentioned the fact to Alice that same evening, whereupon she inquired if Mrs. Ingraham and Olive were expected at the same time.

He replied that he thought not, and later the young girl, by adroitly questioning him, obtained their address, and the next morning posted the letter—which had so strangely come into her possession—to Imogen.

Mr. Fletcher arrived on the morning of the twenty-third, and was most heartily welcomed by both Will and the judge. Not knowing that Will was all in the dark regarding the "secret," he exclaimed, as he shook hands with him:

"Will, my boy, things are being reversed somewhat. I was contemplating sending for you to join me in Paris, to take a little run into Switzerland, when I received the judge's telegram. What is this wonderful revelation in connection with yourself?"

A look of blank astonishment swept over Will's face.

"Revelation! What do you mean, Uncle Roland? I am sure I have heard of nothing wonderful about myself," he replied, while he regarded the judge in perplexity.

Mr. Fletcher laughed as he caught sight of the look of dismay upon his father-in-law's face, for the man had contemplated having a private conversation with him before saying anything to Will.

"Will," he said, "I find that I have been somewhat premature; but since you are a young man of good sense and discretion, I do not believe that I have done any material harm."

Will glanced from one to the other with a sense of embarrassment.

"I am still in the dark," he smilingly observed.

"Well, you shall be enlightened," the judge here interposed. "I did intend to talk with Roland first; but, perhaps, after all, it will simplify matters if we take you at once into the secret. I have recently made a very important discovery regarding your birth."

Both his listeners started at this unexpected intelligence. Roland Fletcher flushing and Will growing pale in view of what might be coming.

"Well, this is a surprise, truly," Mr. Fletcher observed, adding: "But go on—pray do not keep us in suspense."

Accordingly, Judge Ashburton at once proceeded to relate the remarkable story which Sir Arthur Stamford had told him three days previous, while his companions sat as if spellbound during the recital.

Will's look and attitude had at first been anxious and dejected; for, as we know, he had always been very sensitive regarding his origin; but as the judge unfolded the romantic tale his eye grew bright, he sat erect and alert, and before his friend concluded his whole bearing plainly testified to the joy that thrilled him.

His face grew sad, however, and tears more than once sprang to his eyes as he listened to the trials of his mother and her grief over the uncertainty of his fate; while a great sense of personal loss came over him upon learning that he could never know, in this life, the sweet woman whom his heart told him he could have worshiped.

Then, farther on, as he began to comprehend all that this revelation meant to him, began to realize how proud was the name and title which he would bear, the exalted position he would occupy, the great wealth he would inherit, he could scarce restrain the exultation he experienced as he thought: "All this I can now bestow upon my darling, who is more than worthy to share these honors that have been thrust upon me."

"Well, Will, my dear boy, this is indeed wonderful and most unexpected!" Mr. Fletcher exclaimed when, at length, all had been told, and there were tears in his own eyes as he spoke.

While he was rejoiced beyond expression over the brilliant prospect before the young man, there came with it, nevertheless, a feeling of sadness that this bright and noble fellow, whom he had reared and loved like an own son, was about to slip away out of his life—in a way—and into separate interests of his own.

"It certainly is, Uncle Roland, and I am afraid I do not realize or appreciate it fully as yet—it almost seems as if I have been listening to an exaggerated story about somebody else," Will rejoined. "And at the same time," he added, with a slight smile, "I am somewhat in awe of the honors which have been so suddenly heaped upon me."

"You will prove yourself equal to them, never fear," said the judge. "I have always been sure that you came of good stock. I have often declared to Roland that you were born to the purple," he concluded, laughing, as he recalled the old prophecy.

"You would not have thought so if you could have seen me the day that Uncle Roland found me—a dirty, ragged, wretched little urchin, the bond-slave of that educator of thieves," responded Will, who found that he could now refer to those old days and experiences without the pang of unutterable shame which he had heretofore suffered. "She was a cruel creature," he added, musingly, "and I never read of a thief that I do not recall the thrashings she used to give me."

"Those thrashings, unmerited though they were, proved to be your salvation, my son," said his guardian, as he regarded him affectionately. "When you told me, with your great, hollow eyes fixed pathetically upon my face, how she whipped you, but that you'd 'rather take the lickin' than swipe,' I made up my mind that I had found—as someone has poetically expressed it—'a star in a dust heap,' or, at least, one that was entirely out of its orbit. That has been proven, over and over, during the years that you have been with me, and now I am unutterably glad that the mystery of your origin has been explained and you will take your rightful place in the world."

"But you will still be—Uncle Roland," said Will, smiling, but with a suspicious quiver of his manly chin.

"I am sure I shall be proud to be so regarded, dear boy," was the hearty response. "And now," he added, briskly, to cover the huskiness that had crept into his voice, "We must go at once to confer with Sir Arthur Stamford, for these are matters which must be settled without delay."

Accordingly, after lunch the three gentlemen drove to Stamford Court, which was located about five miles from Windsor, and where the baronet received them most cordially.

Here a long and interesting conference was held, during which Will's baptismal certificate was produced, also the one confirming the marriage of Mabel Randal Curtis, of New York, to William Marchmont, of England. The name of the maid, Maggie McNeil, which Mr. Fletcher had written in a memorandum book, was found to correspond with the name of Miss Curtis' maid, which was also in Sir Arthur's possession.

Will was told many interesting things about his mother, and shown a portrait, which had been painted only a year previous to her death; and as he stood before it, studying the lovely features, everyone in the room could trace a strong resemblance in his own face to the one looking down from the canvas upon him.

Young Arthur Stamford sought him, a little later, and grasped his hand fraternally, even though he knew him to be the successful suitor for the hand of the woman whom he loved.

"I feel that we are almost brothers," he said, "for I owe more than I can ever express to the dear woman whom I loved as a mother—my own having been taken when I was too young to realize my loss, I feel almost guilty to have been the recipient of such love and care as she lavished upon me, knowing that you—her son—were deprived of her ministrations. I am sure, however, that the knowledge of this will be a bond of friendship between us as long as we both live."

"Indeed it will," Will earnestly replied, and all their lives they maintained a truly brotherly regard for each other.

CHAPTER IX.

"AT REST AT LAST."

Before the party returned to Castleview, a day was set for them to pay a visit to Lady Marchmont, Marquise of Leith. Meantime, Sir Arthur said he would communicate with her ladyship by letter giving her a full account of what had been revealed regarding Will and his relationship to her.

Pending their visit to Marchmont Court, however, it was deemed best to say nothing to anyone regarding their discoveries, lest something unforeseen should arise to complicate matters. It was a warm but lovely morning during the last week in July, when the four gentlemen repaired to the ancestral home of the lords of Leith, which was located some eighteen miles from Castleview.

As the party approached it they marveled at the extent and beauty of the estate.

It was situated in Surrey county, and embraced many hundreds of acres of forest, meadow and upland.

The great mansion, which stood in the midst of an immense lawn, covering fully fifty acres that were ornamented with grand old trees, choice shrubbery, fountains and beautiful gardens, was a massive stone structure three stories high, having a length of at least two hundred feet and a depth of, perhaps, seventy-five, while its high gables and numerous handsome facades made it a most imposing as well as a picturesque feature of the landscape.

It faced the south, and a wide, smooth, semi-circular avenue swept up a rise of ground from the highway to the magnificent *porte-cochere* at one of its several entrances.

The stone, of which the dwelling was built, and which was almost flawless granite, had been quarried from "Leith Hill," a striking feature of the landscape which could be seen in the distance and which formed a fine and rugged background for the picture.

As the guests drove to the door, a grave and dignified butler stood there to admit them and ushered them into the great hall—a large, square room, finished in oak, most luxuriously furnished, its most prominent feature being an immense fireplace in the rear, which was ornamented with costly tiles and surmounted by an elaborately carved mantle and mirror.

Thence they were led into a reception room on the right—an apartment hung with choice tapestries and quaintly furnished in a style representing the previous century, and every article in it worth almost its weight in gold; while the pictures on the walls were, everyone, from the hand of a master.

After receiving the visitors' cards upon a golden salver, the butler disappeared, and, fifteen minutes later, a woman of grand and noble presence entered the room.

She was, apparently, about sixty-five years of age, tall and majestic in figure, with a delicate, high-bred face surmounted by a wealth of snow-white hair most carefully arranged. Her eyes were dark gray, kind in expression, but with a look in their depths which told of sorrow and disappointment, of anticipations unfulfilled and bright hopes crushed; while about her mouth there were lines of patient sweetness that instantly attracted one to her.

Her manner was calm and self possessed, gracious and winning, and one instinctively felt that no matter what the emergency she might be called upon to face, there was character and reserve force to meet it unflinchingly.

She was dressed in a richly brocaded satin of lavender hue, beautifully trimmed with finest of thread lace. A magnificent diamond brooch gleamed at her throat, costly solitaires in her ears and gems of various colors on her fingers.

She greeted Sir Arthur Stamford with undisguised pleasure, her face lighting with a rare, sweet smile as she shook his hand. He presented her to Judge Ashburton, Mr. Fletcher and Will in turn.

She welcomed the elder gentlemen most graciously while her clear eyes searched their faces with a look that seemed to read their inmost thoughts.

But when she came to Will she betrayed signs of deep emotion. Her lips quivered and tears sprang to her eyes.

"So you are the young man who bears the name of my dear son," she said, as she clasped his hand in both of hers, while she studied his features with a yearning intentness that told its own tale of sorrow and heart-hunger.

He bore her gaze well, returning it with one of reverent respect, and seemed to feel his soul going out to meet hers in mutual acknowledgment of a kindred tie.

"You do not look like my William," she added, after a moment, with a soft, regretful sigh, "except, perhaps, in the shape of your brow and head, though in form you are like him; but your features are like Mabel's—Lady Stamford's, I think"—her eyes lighting with sudden pride and pleasure as she swept his fine, manly form from head to foot. "There can be no doubt that you are her son and my grandson; if your papers prove it I shall be happy indeed."

Will's heart throbbed with grateful emotion at these words, but more especially at the thrill of fond pride and ownership that pervaded them, and he felt as if he could almost worship this beautiful, gracious old lady to whom, he was convinced, he belonged by the closet of kindred ties.

He lifted one of her white, shapely hands and respectfully touched his lip to it.

"Thank you," he said, earnestly, "to make you happy would also make me very glad and proud."

He led her to a great easy-chair that stood in one corner of the room, and where, when she was seated, she looked like a venerable queen upon her throne.

She immediately broached the all-absorbing topic which had brought them there, and which was freely discussed for more than an hour, at the end of which time Lady Marchmont declared herself entirely convinced that Will was the son of her dead soldier boy and Mabel Randal Curtis, whom he had married during his visit to America, nearly twenty-five years previous.

"Of course," she said, in conclusion, "his place, from this time on, is here, at Marchmont Court; the truth must be made public at once and proper steps taken to have him recognized as the Marquis of Leith."

Will flushed with various emotions as she spoke of him thus—by the title which his ancestors had borne.

It actually made him dizzy to think of it—to think that all the fair domain of Leith, as far as the eye could reach, belonged to him—the little beggar who more than twenty years previous Roland Fletcher had rescued from the slums of New York and a bad woman's demoralizing influence; that that magnificent dwelling, with all its rare and costly furnishings, would henceforth be his home. But what thrilled him most was the fact that this grand and beautiful old lady also belonged to him and he to her—that the same blue blood flowed in his veins as in hers—that he had a name and a position all his very own and was no longer a nameless waif dependent upon a good man's generosity, but—a lord in his own right.

"My weary heart is at rest at last, after long years of grief and restless yearning," her ladyship continued, "after harrowing fears that the estate would revert to the crown when I should die, and the name of Marchmont become extinct."

A little later she herself led Will over the great house, while the other gentlemen were discussing some legal points; showing him its treasures, the state apartments and art gallery; pointing out to him from the various windows the beautiful views on every hand and calling his attention to the stables, which, she told, were capable of accommodating at least twenty horses, although she was at present keeping only three for her especial use.

"Of course," she aded, smiling and bestowing a beaming glance upon him, "you must now stock them in a suitable manner and to please yourself. There is plenty of money to enable you to do what you like, for I have not begun to spend the income, and it has been accumulating ever since my husband—your grandfather—died."

The stables would accommodate "twenty horses," and her ladyship was keeping "only three" for her special use! Will would have thought himself rich to have been the owner of even a span of blooded steeds.

It made his head swim when he thought of the affluence and glory which had been thrust upon him so unexpectedly.

When lunch was announced the guests were conducted to the lofty and spacious dining-room, which was finished in quartered oak, richly carved, one entire side of it comprising an immense bay window of plate glass and commanding a fine view of Leith Hill and the intervening landscape. The table was covered with the finest and heaviest of damask, laid with costly cut glass and silver, and a most delicious repast was served by well-trained servants, while her ladyship presided with a dignity and grace which proclaimed her "to the manner born."

When Sir Arthur finally began to talk of returning to Windsor, Lady Marchmont turned quickly to Will, an eager look on her sweet face.

"My son," she said, "your place is here now; you will come to Leith immediately, will you not?"

Will flushed, and involuntarily lifted a questioning glance to Mr. Fletcher.

A sudden sense of loss, a feeling almost of dismay overcome him at the thought of breaking away from and leaving the kind guardian to whom he owed so much—from "Uncle Roland," whom he loved as a father. Truly, greatness had its trials, he thought. The gentleman smiled, although there was a keen pang in his own heart in view of the coming separation.

"Yes, my boy," he said, "your place is here, and it is best that you should assume your new name and position as soon as practicable."

Then he added, a sparkle of mischief in his eye: "A twenty-mile drive is not such a formidable one that you cannot see your old friends as often as you choose. I don't think we shall quite lose sight of you."

After a little further discussion of the subject, it was arranged that Will should, within a few days, take up his permanent abode at Marchmont Court, at least during the remainder of his vacation, for he firmly insisted that he should complete his course at Yale and take his degree, in accordance with his original intention.

Lady Marchmont demurred at this at first. She argued that, having come to his rightful heritage, he should not leave it again to go wandering off to America; that if he must complete his law course, he could easily do it there, under a private tutor.

But Will was respectfully firm.

"I am very sorry if my plan does not meet with your approval," he said, in a tone of deep regret, "but, truly, I should forfeit something of my self-respect, if, after having so nearly completed my course, I should fail to take my degree, for which I have striven so long; while I should surely labor under disadvantages to leave my *alma mater* and finish my course elsewhere."

"But Marchmont needs you," pleaded her ladyship.

"You have told me that you have a most reliable steward." Will opposed to this argument; "let him manage the estate for one more year, and then I will faithfully devote myself to my duties as the master of Leith."

Lady Marchmont yielded the point gracefully, for she saw that his heart was set upon it; while she also secretly admired him for his firmness in adhering to the course which he had laid down for himself.

The drive back to Windsor was a somewhat silent one, for each was busy with his own thoughts, which, on the part of our Castleview friends, were strongly tinctured with sadness and regret, in view of the approaching separation which would leave a void in their hearts and home at Castleview; while to Will it seemed like being cast off alone at sea, to break away from "Uncle Roland" and start out upon an independent career for himself.

That evening Mr. Fletcher wrote Olive a full account of what had occurred and advised that she return at no very distant day, for Lady Marchmont had confidentially informed him that she contemplated giving a grand reception to Will, before he left England to resume his studies; because she wished him to be publicly recognized as her grandson and the future lord of Leith, and also become acquainted with the people of the county.

After dinner that same night, Will ordered his horse saddled and rode over to Beechcote to confide to his betrothed the great change that had taken place in his life and prospects.

There was a proud light in his eyes and a tender smile upon his lips, for he was thinking what a charming mistress Alice would make for Marchmont Court, and how he should love to see her in silks, laces and diamonds and with all the accessories of wealth about her.

She heard him approaching and met him on the veranda, as fair a vision as any lover would care to see, clad in her simple white lawn, so daintily made, with only a blue silken girdle and a knot of the same color in her golden hair, for ornament.

"I wondered if you would get back in season to come tonight," she said, as she lifted her red lips to receive his usual greeting. "Did you have a good day?"

"Yes, a very good day—a 'red-letter day,' and one that has been fraught with a remarkable experience. Shall I tell you about it, dear?" Will responded, as he drew her to a seat and sat down beside her.

"Yes, if you like—you know that whatever concerns you, interests me," Alice observed, as she confidingly slipped her hand into his.

"I told you that I was to be away on business," said her lover. "I have been with Judge Ashburton and Uncle Roland to visit the Marquise of Leith."

"And who is the Marquise of Leith?" inquired Alice. "I think I have never heard of her."

"She is otherwise known as Lady Marchmont."

"Lady Marchmont!" repeated the fair girl with a slight start.

"Why! the name is the same as yours!"

"Yes, sweetheart, and now prepare yourself for some wonderful news—she is also my grandmother."

"Will!—the Marquise of Leith your grandmother! I did not suppose you had a relative in the world—you have told me——"

"Yes, dear I know I have told you that I had no kindred ties; I have told you all the story of my wretched childhood, how Mr. Fletcher found me in the slums of New York and rescued me, giving me the place of a son in his heart and home. But, within a few days, very startling discoveries have been made, which have led to the revelation that my father was the son of the late Lord Marchmont of Leith. Now, listen, and I will tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

And he forthwith proceeded to do so, the fair girl sitting almost breathless beside him, never once interrupting him, but growing strangely cold and numb, a sense of desolation and despair settling down upon her and driving every atom of color from her face and freezing the heart within her.

"Now, tell me sweet, is it not the most wonderful story you ever heard?" Will demanded in an eager tone, after giving her all the details and a description of his visit to Leith—of the grand ancestral home of the Marchmonts and of the beautiful and stately woman with whom he was henceforth to live.

"It is, indeed, very wonderful," Alice replied, in a tone of constraint, as she gently released her icy fingers from his clasp, when her hand fell a dead weight at her side.

"And are you not glad for me, dear?" he questioned, bending close to her until his lips touched

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Feeding and Care of Breeding Stock

THE year is drawing to a close, and we should soon be devoting our thoughts to improving things for the coming season. Usually, every flock needs some working up and improving if the best results are to be realized.

First of all, I want to call your attention to several points which are not usually well defined in amateur poultry keepers' minds. First comes the feeding of hens which are expected to produce eggs in quantities during the winter. You know by many of our past talks that they require rich, forcing food, but what many of you don't realize is that the hens which have been picked out to go into the breeding pens next spring, must not be forced. If a hen should receive the same rich food all through the winter that is given to laying hens, she would join forces with them and produce quantities of eggs, but when it came to putting her into a breeding pen with a male bird in the spring, her best productive powers would be on the wane, and in all probability the eggs laid would be infertile, or at best the germs they contained would be weak, wanting in the elements which produce strong, vigorous chicks.

Our plan is to put all pullets into the laying house in their first fall, and use a few trap nests in each house for two or three months, so that we can be sure which are the best layers. From these we select breeding stock and mark them with an extra leg-band, to insure there being no mistake the following spring, when their first season's laying is over and they are about one year old. They are turned out into colony houses given free range. All through the summer they forage for most of their food, only being given oats and wheat at supper-time. This period of rest and exercise builds them up constitutionally, and about the end of September we commence gradually to get them into condition, giving them a little grain at breakfast-time as well as in the evening. With November they start having dinner in the middle of the day—a mash made of equal parts of ground corn, oats, white middlings and bran.

About the end of December they are divided into small flocks of ten, and are put into the breeding-house, which is a long house divided into compartments fifteen by ten feet, with a yard fifteen by twenty feet. A cockerel is put with each flock, and they are fed the same as in November, except that beef scraps are added to the mash; very little at first, and the quantity gradually increased, until by the middle of June a small cupful of scraps is used to every four quarts of mash. The floor of the breeding-house is covered to a depth of six inches with dry leaves or chopped straw. Whole corn mixed with wheat, Kaffir corn and millet, is scattered broadcast about half an hour before dark. The birds rush about and pick up the whole corn, and the smaller grain gets pushed under the litter, so little of it is eaten at night, but when the birds first get off the perch in the morning they go to work scratching and hunting for it, which insures their getting plenty of vigorous exercise to warm up their blood after the long cold night on the perch. This keeps them healthy, and gives them a good appetite. About nine o'clock they have sprouted oats and half a pint of Kaffir corn scattered on the litter. Between one and two o'clock they have their mash, and then supper, as I said, just before dark.

One of the most important things in the care of breeding stock is to keep everything around them scrupulously clean. White diarrhea, and several other germ and microbe diseases which kill off pheasants and baby chicks every year, are bred in mouldy litter and grain. The hens, in scratching and eating such material, become infested with the microbes or germs which eventually become part of the egg, so contaminating the chick even before it breaks out of the shell. I receive hundreds of letters asking how to deal with sickly chicks and chicks pasted up behind and such like troubles, which are all really the direct result of the conditions having surrounded the hens which laid the eggs from which the chicks were hatched. Nearly everyone is careful about baby creatures, but few people, outside of professional poultry keepers, bother about what sort of stuff hens scratch amongst. Don't turn out moudy, decaying potatoes or mouldy bread to hens, for they contain dangerous elements which may cost you many of the chicks you hatch the following spring.

Feeding for Eggs and Preparing Market Stock

This month should also see all the market stock cleared out. For one thing, the demand for table birds is good at this season of the year, and for another thing you want the room they are occupying. Houses for breeding stock should be well cleaned out, and thoroughly disinfected and whitewashed—work that can't be done whilst they are occupied by other birds. Separate the birds to be marketed from the rest of the stock, confine them in a small house for two weeks, and fatten. The results will pay well, I assure you, not only in extra weight, but really plump birds bring more per pound; besides which, people who receive really good fresh birds from you this year will want more in the future. A pleased customer is the best advertisement you can have. To make plump, fresh birds they should be fattened on mash food entirely and given skim-milk to drink. Whole corn is converted almost entirely into internal fat, and what little extra flesh is put on is tough and stringy.

Mash should be made of two parts ground corn, one part barley, and one part white middlings, and be mixed much softer than for laying of breeding stock. If you have skim-milk to spare, scald, and use it for moistening the mash instead of water. This advice applies to ducks and geese just the same, except that they should have some cooked and mashed beets, turnips or small potatoes added to the mash. Unless turkeys have been accustomed to semi-confinement it is not safe to shut them up during the process of fattening, as they will only worry and fidget what flesh there was, off their bones. But you can give them a good mash feed twice a day for two or three weeks. We keep only the White Holland variety, which are very quiet, home-loving birds, and as the old ones are very tame, they bring the youngsters around the house and warm buildings as soon as the insects commence to get scarce in the fall, and when it comes to fattening time we can shut them up in a large yard without their resenting it in any way. It is so much easier to fatten when birds cannot take unlimited exercise.

To capture the best prices, the birds must be properly killed, and look attractive when they go to market. Give nothing to eat for ten to twelve hours before killing, to insure the crop and intestines being empty. Geese and turkeys should be given a sharp blow on the back of the head to stun them, then immediately be hung up by the feet, the beak opened, and a sharp, thin knife used to sever the blood-vessels at the back of the throat as they must bleed quickly and freely. Hook a small weight into the lower bill and keep it open. Dry pick as soon as blood stops, and whilst they are still warm, or the feathers will be hard to pull out and the skin torn, which would, of course, spoil their appearance and detract from their salable value.

Marketing Eggs

Marketing home products advantageously is of paramount importance, and seems to be the point on which many fail. Commission men and wholesale markets should not be resorted to, because home-grown products of all descriptions excel in quality and not in quantity; therefore, appeal to high-class private custom, who desire the very best, regardless of price.

I have never sold through any of the ordinary market channels, yet have always had more orders than I could fill and received a little more than the ordinary prices. Naturally the location of the home and the quality of the wares must influence the returns to some extent, but not half so much as the method of packing and shipping. Nicety in these respects captures the favor of customers and they take pride in exhibiting things to their friends—which is the very best sort of advertising a home business can have.

When I had reached the point where I knew that I could depend on a certain number of eggs regularly, I wrote to a doctor friend in the city and told him that I could promise him to deliver six dozen strictly fresh-laid eggs twice a week for the whole year, at a uniform price of forty-five cents a dozen; customers to pay the express charges, which would be twenty-five cents on each six dozen. (Express companies return empty packages free of charge.) Within a month he had found four customers for me, who would take two dozen a week each, the box to be delivered at his house, where the other three customers were to call every Saturday and Wednesday.

All poultry supply houses have wooden boxes for sale with divided trays, made to hold three, six or twelve dozen eggs, for about two dollars apiece. Before the year was out each of the three other customers had interested one or two friends, with the result that three six-dozen boxes were shipped three time a week, and the following winter I had orders from the same people for butter and table poultry.

In this way my market grew, as did my stock, and I never had any surplus to worry about. Of course, I realize that there was an element of good luck in having a doctor for a friend, but when there is no good Samaritan to start a clientele for you, energy will surely accomplish it; for every housekeeper longs to get good, fresh-delivered table delicacies which have not passed through a dozen hands.

I know one woman who got her first customer by writing personal notes to women of social prominence in a nearby town, whose addresses she got from a directory. From twenty letters she received two replies, but they both became regular customers, and recommended friends.

Another instance of personal effort took the form of calls upon doctors and clergymen. Still another woman interested the fashionable milliner of her town to canvass orders among her customers, and paid for the favor with eggs and butter.

A more impersonal way of gaining customers would be to arrange with one or two well located drug-stores or stationery stores for the display of large cards bearing notices of the things for sale and your address; but of course, there are dozens of ways to find customers. Advertising in newspapers will do as a last resource, but strictly personal methods are the best.

Now about packing. Eggs should never be more than two days old, and must be sorted into lots of uniform color and size. If the eggs should become soiled in muddy weather, wipe them with a damp cloth as soon as gathered, so that the shell does not become permanently stained.

Don't let anything interfere with the arranged schedule for shipping. Gain a uniform reputation or excellence and punctuality, and success is sure.



CHEAP, PRACTICAL HOUSES FOR LAYING OR BREEDING STOCK.

Correspondence

S. J. S.—I have two thoroughbred Plymouth Rock roosters that will be three years old next spring. Will you please tell me if they are too old for breeding next spring. I also have two Barred Plymouth Rock roosters that were hatched in the past April. Will they be too young to breed from in the spring?

A.—The roosters which will be three years old in the spring are just right to mate with pullets. If the cockerels were hatched before May of this year, they will be quite old enough to use next spring. You had better mate them to hens more than a year old.

T. H.—Will you please tell me through your paper where I could get a male Barred Plymouth Rock for breeding purposes? I have a nice flock of pullets and would like to get a male bird of a different family so as to avoid inbreeding. What time of the year would it be best to get him? This fall or in the spring?

A.—I can't publish the addresses of people who have stock for sale in this column. Look through the advertisements and you will probably find what you want. It is always better to buy new birds in the fall or early winter, because breeders have a larger stock to select from, and the weather is not so severe as in early spring, so there is less fear of their getting colds or frozen combs if they have to be shipped by express.

H. M.—You say flour of sulphur will cure the disease spoken of in enclosed clipping. Will you kindly state just how much should be used in—say, a quart of mash. I think I have this trouble among my hens.

A.—The amount of flour of sulphur is two tablespoonfuls to a quart of mash, mixed very thoroughly.

H. H. V.—I was a COMFORT reader for ten years and got lots of help from it, but what I wanted to know now I could not find. My ducks don't lay. I feed two pints bran, one pint middlings and half pint beef scraps twice a day, and in the evening whole corn for ten ducks, and they get sand, oyster shells, greens and cabbage and water—all they like. They are Indian Runners. They lost their feathers last July and August, so I thought they should lay about this time—or am I feeding them wrong? (2) What is the matter with my chickens? They lay sometimes such little eggs we cannot sell them. We feed equal parts oats and wheat in the morning; about one gallon; and in the evening whole corn with the cobs so they have to work it off the cob, and a gallon clabber milk. We got the R. I. Reds. I got them mostly in spring and fall. I also give them cooked potatoes mashed with bran—one gallon a day. (3) How many beef scraps may I give to my eighty-five chickens? (4) Is molasses seed and broom corn seed good for chickens and ducks?

A.—The ducks have hardly had time to recover from the moult yet. You say that you are giving them a mash twice a day and whole corn at night. This is entirely too much. Three pints of mash night and morning with cabbage and other greens in the middle of the day is quite enough. Stop the gallon of cooked potato mash with bran and give them more green stuff; in the winter, sprouted oats or cabbage. If the hens have not been accustomed to beef scraps, give only about half a teaspoonful for each bird, and gradually increase until they are having a tablespoonful each per day, at which time you can keep a supply before them all the time in a self-feeding hopper, and they won't eat more than is good for them. I think you will find wheat, corn and oats the best grain food for poultry.

P. H. M.—I would like to know if you could tell me what is the matter with our chickens. We had some old ones we were killing to eat. Their lungs look real healthy—that is, they were red, and no spots in them, only the small white wens like. I have always seen in chicken lungs. They looked like the young ones do now. In the egg bag there are a few small water sacks. The largest one I have seen is about the size of a red cherry, but there is a hard lump that looks when it is broken, like the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. These are of irregular sizes and shapes. In one hen the lump was as large as an ordinary egg, and this was just like solid flesh packed in layers, and it had a hard crust or coating on the outside, and in this same chicken the liver had some white lumps about the size of a pea in it, but the others were all right. Three of them were laying and had a lot of small eggs. We haven't had any rooster since the first of June. In the flock we have twenty hens and fifty young chicks. They pick their food from the barn and yard, and in the evening and morning they get a half gallon of oats and screenings. They get plenty of fresh water. They have started moulting, and now we only get six or eight eggs a day, but we got from sixteen to twenty eggs this summer. We had twenty-eight hens then, and two have died. Is this a contagious disease, and are the eggs good to use from these hens? Please let me know as soon as possible, and if it is anything contagious and harmful, should we kill the young chicks too, or just the old laying hens in order to get rid of it?

A.—There is no doubt that the egg organs of the hens are very seriously out of order. I have know of cases where hens have laid rotten eggs and eggs without yolks, and the cause has always been an excess of fat in the intestines, or constant dosing with strong egg-producing powders. But such a condition as you describe is new to me, and I cannot tell the cause or the remedy, so will ask our readers to help.

G. K.—Being a subscriber and reader of your paper, I wish you would tell me or write to me what to do for turkeys. I seldom see anything in your columns something that has been tried and cured. My turkeys do all right until they begin to show the red; then they get the diarrhea something like the cholera, but they do not crave for water so much. From that on until they are almost grown they have that disease, and they always die. For me, I have used everything I heard of, but it does no good. It is very discouraging, for I love turkeys, and if you can raise them there is more money in them than in anything else in the poultry line. Please write me what to do so I can try next season. I have sick turkeys right now. They drop around and get so weak, and their heads are blue. Their droppings are yellow slimy looking. My fowls are very tame. I think that is one reason for their being sick. They eat everything, but if I let them run out, they get killed by hunters or dogs. So that is the way I have to look at it too, but my neighbors have it too, about the same way, so that cannot be altogether the fault. Please write me and I will be very grateful to you, as I am very much discouraged.

A. to G. K.—Turkeys are getting more difficult to raise every year, because of the great increase of a disease called "blackhead," which is really a disease of the liver and intestines, which sometimes causes a discoloration of the head. The parasite which causes this disease is Amebæ meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: the amebæ is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in great numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two or droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cecum is slight, it is oubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four fifths of the young poults, exposed to infected yards, die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The amebæ are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the amebæ may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly, there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old henyards and ground where poultry usually congregates. Disinfect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather. Individual treatment of sick birds is of very little use, but if you want to try doctoring, mix five grains of sulphur and one grain of sulphate of iron for each bird. Give a tablespoonful of Castor oil one hour before and after administering the sulphur and iron. Fifteen grains of catechu in a gallon of drinking water is also recommended, and is, of course, less trouble. After blackhead, I think the most serious trouble that assails turkeys is worms. In fact, some authorities declare that they are the fundamental cause of blackhead. Now, I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is, to take time by the forelock, and dose the old birds for worms right now. Then there will be far less fear of contamination in the spring, when young ones are around. You may not realize that the old birds have worms, for unless they are very badly affected, they cause the birds no special inconvenience, nor materially affect the health of old birds; but young stock are not strong enough to stand any strain on their vitality and what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and multiply more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds, who are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters. Put fifteen grains of asafetida into a quart of water. Empty the ordinary drinking vessels, and put in the mixture. This dose should be given two nights in succession, once a month during the winter, and when the little ones commence to arrive, chop up the green tops of onions and mix with pot cheese or any other soft food you may be using, for at least one feed a day, and don't torture the poor creatures with red pepper. On cold, wet days, add a little ginger and sugar to the drinking water, making it just about as strong as you would for a baby.

J. L. J.—I am having trouble with my young turkeys. Two have died and several others are droopy. Am feeding whole wheat and oats. They have free range in corn fields, stubble land, pasture, and meadow (hayland). Eat lots of apples and watermelon rinds. Roost out in the open. Begin by getting hollow-eyed and pale heads. Next they will be down and can't stand; not long until they die. Have twenty-three which run together. Fed them about half gallon of wheat night and morning for a while. There were thirty ducks, between seventy-five and one hundred chickens and three geese to eat with them most of the time. Am I feeding too much wheat? Will the watermelons or apples harm them?

A—The watermelon rinds and apples can't possibly have done the turkeys any harm. Please read answer to G. K. in this issue.

G. D.—I am in trouble with my turkeys. I had one hundred and forty-five, but they have died down to one hundred and twenty-five. They are not sick over twenty-four hours, and stand around all drawn up, and the droppings are entirely white. I have raised turkeys for years.

A.—The trouble with your turkeys is undoubtedly worms. Read answer to G. K. in this issue.

E. W.—My little chickens are dying when about one week old. Some have a white discharge of the bowels, and others just seem to bloat up, and they will get so big their bodies drag on the ground, and they will try to chirp, and do not make much noise, and if they did it would sound like a mouse or a little bird. I have lost about one hundred and fifty or more. I do not feed them anything for thirty-five hours. Then I feed them hard-boiled eggs with cayenne pepper, and I feed them five a day. They are the Plymouth Rocks, and they are real nice when they are first hatched. They have water in their mouths like the white of an egg.

A.—Your method of feeding has been at fault. The hard-boiled eggs should have been mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread crumbs. Bake slices of stale bread in the oven, until quite brittle, then crush them with the rolling pin or put through a meat chopper. Don't add any red pepper. The mixture should only be fed once a day, from the time they are four days old until ten days old. For the rest of their food give them commercial chick feed. Scatter a little at a time, and let them hunt for it. It is safer to underfeed than to overfeed, until birds are a month old.

H. W.—My chickens do not lay as they ought to. I give them mixed corn morning and night, and clover in between times, and don't see why they don't lay. They have quite a big run. They lay for two or three weeks on and off, but am only getting from two to four eggs from fourteen hens. Would like to know how to feed and what to feed them. Now I have some quite young ones, and they don't seem to grow. They have a run, and get cracked chick corn and baby chick food also, and clover, but still they don't seem to grow. Also would like to know if it is good to keep each kind of chickens separate, or is it best to have them all mixed together.

A.—Perhaps you don't give your young chickens enough animal food. When young chicks are confined in yards and can't hunt worms and insects, they must be supplied with something to take their place. Sweet milk to drink helps when they are quite young; later they should have chopped liver or animal meal. If they haven't been in the habit of having anything of the kind, give very little at first, and increase the quantity gradually as they become accustomed to it; otherwise, it makes bowel trouble.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Feeding Young Calves

A MAN the other day told us that when he went out in the evening he found a fine young bull calf dead in the calf pen. He had seen the calf at nine o'clock in the morning and now it was dead at five thirty p. m. On inquiry we learned that the calf had been fed fresh, sweet skim-milk from the separator. The separator had just been bought and the calves had been suddenly changed from pan skim-milk to separator milk and had been allowed all the milk they could drink twice a day. Some of the foam had been skimmed from the separator milk before feeding, but much of it remained. The dead calf was immensely bloated. No doubt it bloated and suffocated. That is the result of indigestion from too much milk and foamy separator milk is more likely to cause the bloating than milk which has been allowed to stand for some time. It is best to feed young calves three times a day and to have them take the milk slowly. The calves in question drank their milk from the same tub. Each calf should have a little stanchion to itself and be fed from an individual pail. It is better still to have the calf suck its milk from a teat. Pails with such an attachment are sold on the market. They must be kept clean and sweet. If so kept they help to prevent indigestion and calves thrive best when fed in this way. The other moral to be learned from the experience of the farmer quoted is that one should make it his invariable rule to see all animals on the farm three times a day. Many a sickness will be detected and treated in time if this plan is followed. The calf in question might have been "tapped" for relief of bloat and then given a dose of medicine if seen at the outset of the attack. If a man always looks at his stabled horses and cows just before he turns in for the night he will prevent accidents and losses from casting, halters not being buckled on, halter ropes or straps broken, stanchions unlocked and a host of other causes of trouble. Vigilence is the price of success in caring for animals on the farm and depend upon it that the vigilent farmer is the one who has the best "luck" with live stock.

The Pig-Eating Sow

There is nothing very strange about the habit of pig-eating on the part of sows, if one gives the matter a little thought. The habit is an unnatural one and, in our opinion, the result of unnatural conditions surrounding the sow. Left to nature she would be able to find all of the things her stomach craves and her instinct tells her are good for her during pregnancy, or when making milk for pigs. In domestic life these things often are denied her and she is forced to eat the things which man considers best or cheapest for her maintenance. Certain men think that corn is a complete food, and because it is relished by swine must be all that they require. They give it to their brood sows and other swine as a well-nigh exclusive ration and the animals forthwith grow fat. It does not surprise us, however, to find that the sow becomes tired of this continual feast of corn, or that the feed induces dyspepsia. Nor is it strange that she begins to crave other food or something to take the taste of corn out of her mouth or counteract its heating, constipating effects. Indigestion, which we have called dyspepsia, affects such sows and left to nature affected sows would go out and hunt for the things they know would be likely to prove remedial. These include fresh earth, green feed, roots and fresh water. If the sow is penned up she cannot find such things in abundance and the indigestion progressing she may develop depraved appetite which causes her to eat any available foreign body. If no such feed is available is it any wonder that she kills and eats her pigs? She does not do this because she hates her pigs, but because she wants protein-rich feed which has been denied. Corn is rich in fat and heat producing elements, but lacks protein and earthy salts which are absolutely necessary to the complete nutrition of the pregnant sow. Were man to give her a liberal supply of such ingredients she would remain healthy and not be likely to have depraved appetite. Together with adequate supplies of mixed rations it is necessary to enforce exercise. In short we believe that lack of mixed rations and lack of exercise are the chief causes of pig-eating. The way out of the trouble should be patent to our readers. The sow must be made to take plenty of exercise every day throughout pregnancy. If the weather is cold and the ground covered with snow the farmer is apt to leave the sows in-doors for days or weeks on end. If at the same time the corn-stuffing process prevails the sow will soon become sick, or cross, or unnatural in every way and eat their pigs at birth. Enforce exercise by sprinkling whole oats on a big barn floor and cover it with litter. Let the sows root for the oats and they will get the exercise they need. The popular preventive for pig-eating is to feed salt pork to the sows. That is not a sensible practise. The same thing to do is to give the sows little corn, but a lot of other nutritious feed that contains sufficient protein, or flesh-forming matter. It is a good plan to feed Alfalfa or clover hay in winter and to add one pound or so of roots or silage each day as a laxative feed. Sows do not do well if fed large quantities of roots or silage and the silage must be perfectly free from mold and should not be frozen. Free access should also be allowed to slacked lime, wood ashes and wood or corncob charcoal. The protein-rich feeds may be one or two of the following list: middlings, shorts, bran, oatmeal, barley meal, flaxseed meal and tankage. Not over ten per cent of the last named feed should be given to a pregnant sow and it should be gradually introduced as it is very rich. Also it should be remembered that a tankage mixture must be fed fresh. If it is allowed to stand and ferment it seems to develop toxins or poisons which may cause ptomaine poisoning. Cholera often is suspected when really the disease is due to the formation of such poisons in decomposing and fermenting slop. In addition to proper feeding and not giving more rich feed than is necessary, it is highly important to accustom the sow to the presence of man and to be handled by him. If such training is not given she may be cross and nervous in his presence at farrowing time and so kill her pigs. We believe too that the constipated, unfit sow suffers great and unnecessary pain at farrowing and may kill her pigs on that account. If she comes to the farrowing time muscular and with bowels active she will not be likely to have any difficulty in having her pigs and will not suffer or be cross. Stop pampering pregnant sows. Feed to keep them in a natural condition and have them accustomed to man and they will not be likely to kill and eat their pigs or have trouble at farrowing.

Keeping Up the Milk Flow in Winter

As soon as cold weather sets in cows begin to shrink in milk. This is because more food is required to keep their bodies warm. Animal heat must be kept up. Life processes must go on. The food is first used for these purposes. Whatever is left over goes to make milk. There are three ways to keep cows warm,—by the use of warm quarters, by giving warm (not ice cold) water to drink, and by feeding winter foods.

Warm Quarters Necessary

The stables for dairy cows should be warm enough for comfort. The cows should not be allowed to run out of doors much in winter weather, only an hour or two in the warmest part of the day for exercise and to get drink. They should be kept up during very cold weather and on stormy days. A good rule to follow is this: turn the cows out of doors on those days when the farmer himself finds it comfortable to go about in his shirt-sleeves.

Warm Water Desirable

Good dairymen find it profitable to warm the water for their stock. This is accomplished by the use of a tank heater in which a fire is kept burning long enough to melt all ice, take off the chill and heat the water to a summer temperature. Cows drink more of such water, which aids digestion and thus increases the milk flow in addition to the feed it saves by helping to keep the cows warm.

Winter Foods for Dairy Cows

June pasture provides the ideal conditions for a heavy milk flow. Every farmer knows this. He has seen the yield creep up when the pastures get good and shrink again when they grow short later in the summer. The good dairyman provides "June pasture," as nearly as he can, for winter feed. Of course we understand that this is impossible literally, but many of the June conditions can be duplicated. The warm quarters and the warm water mentioned above are part of this plan, the winter ration the rest. The winter ration should contain one green feed, soft and succulent and relished by stock. This feed should be fed to balance the ration. Mixed hay is best, but clover, peas or Alfalfa may be used. It is best to mix the latter plants with corn when used as silage. Sugar beets are the best roots, though mangels or rutabagas may be used.

With the roots or silage, clover or Alfalfa hay should be fed to balance the ration. Mixed hay is not so good and Timothy is of little value as a milk producer. This should be supplemented by a grain ration,—the poorer the hay the more the grain.

Some Good Winter Rations

Below is a list of feeds arranged in order of their feeding value, those of highest protein content being placed at the top of each list.

HAY OR ROUGHAGE.	GRAIN.	GREEN FEEDS.
Alfalfa.	Oil Meal.	Corn Silage.
Clover.	Gluten feed.	Clover silage
Mixed hay.	Malt sprouts.	Pea silage.
Timothy.	Bran.	Sugar beets.
Prairie.	Oats.	Mangels.
Marsh.	Corn.	Rutabagas.

To make a balanced ration at least one of the feeds from near the top of the first two lists should be fed. If the hay or roughage is very poor a mixture of two grains is advisable. This is illustrated in the following:

Sample Rations

Ration No. 1.
- Clover hay, ... 15 lbs.
- Oats, ... 5 "
- Sugar beets, ... 25 "

Ration No. 2.
- Alfalfa hay, ... 12 "
- Corn silage, ... 30 "

Ration No. 3.
- Alfalfa hay, ... 10 "
- Bran, ... 3 "
- Mangels, ... 20 "

Ration No. 4.
- Timothy hay, ... 20 "
- Oil meal, ... 1 "
- Bran, ... 6 "
- Corn silage, ... 30 "

Ration No. 5.
- Marsh hay, ... 25 "
- Oil meal ..... 2 "
- Bran, ... 8 "
- Mangels, ... 20 "

Ration No. 6.
- Mixed hay, ... 15 "
- Oats (ground), ... 4 "
- Corn (ground), ... 4 "
- Oil meal, ... 2 "
- Rutabagas, ... 20 "

A better ration than any of the above is made as follows:
- Alfalfa hay, ... 12 lbs.
- Oil meal, ... 1 "
- Bran, ... 3 "
- Corn silage, ... 30 "

Use Home-Grown Feeds

Successful dairymen use home-grown feeds whenever possible, but if no high protein feeds, such as are found at the top of the lists, are grown, then some high protein grains must be purchased if best results are to be secured from the herd during winter months. The cheapest home-grown protein feeds are the clovers and Alfalfa, with the various kinds of peas and beans suitable for stock feed a close second.

Differences in Cows

There are large differences in the food requirements of different cows. The rations given above must be varied to suit the animal. Some cows require more, others less, depending upon the milk flow. As a general rule, however, the more milk a cow gives the more food she requires.

Fresh Meat for Farm Tables

Why should the farmer not have fresh meat to use as often as the city man? He is the man who breeds the beef cattle, feeds the pigs, herds the sheep and grows the grain on which they are all fattened. But he eats the salt meat while his city cousin has it fresh and palatable.

There are two ways in which he can provide himself with fresh meat and thus avoid buying it back from the city butcher for twice what he got for it in the first place.

The Farm Icehouse

It doesn't take an expensive building for the storage of ice. Any farmer in the northern tier of states may have an icehouse at small expense. A board shanty with a good roof and double walls stuffed in between with sawdust or chaff will keep ice all summer. If the haul is not too long, two days' work of a team and two men will put up all the ice a farmer needs. In the center of his icehouse he may have a small room protected by an outside and an inside door in which he can hang his fresh meat where it will keep as well as in anybody's refrigerator if surrounded by ice.

Canned Fresh Meat

Another cheaper method of providing fresh meat and one perhaps much more widely applicable is to put it up in ordinary glass fruit cans. The meat is stripped from the bones, no bones being placed in the cans. The raw meat is then packed tightly in the cans and the cover put on but not screwed down. The cans are placed in the wash boiler so that they cannot touch each other and protected on the bottom against breakage, as in ordinary canning of fruit, and steamed for three hours, when they are taken out and the tops screwed down. If desired, salt and pepper may be added to suit taste before cooking. Meat prepared in this way cannot be told from fresh meat and will keep all summer.

If it is desired to can bony pieces the meat may be boiled in the least possible amount of water until it slips from the bone. The bone is then removed and the meat canned in exactly the same way as fruit. Bones left in the meat, however, will cause it to spoil. Either beef or mutton may be canned in this way and lean pork, too, if desired.

Frying Down Pork

Fresh hams and shoulders may be preserved by frying down. They are sliced ready for cooking, salted to taste, fried in an ordinary frying pan and the slices packed while hot in an earthen jar that has been previously scalded. The lard that fries out in cooking is poured over it and the last layer completely covered when filled. Fresh pork prepared in this way will keep well for a long time.

Winter the Time to Start a Cheese Factory

In many localities the profitable dairy industry is not developed because of lack of a suitable market. When butter and cheese are made on farms and sold in small quantities to local dealers no uniform quality can be secured, the packages are inferior and the means of handling the product so inadequate that only the lowest of prices can be obtained. Dairying, under these conditions, yields little or no profit. Such communities need a local factory to manufacture either butter or cheese. Of the two the cheese factory is the easier to start because it requires fewer cows and less capital; besides cheese is easier to handle and to keep in storage.

How Much Capital is Needed for a Cheese Factory?

A cheese factory large enough to take care of any amount of milk daily, up to 10,000 pounds, can be built and fully equipped for about $1,500 under average conditions. Where labor and building material are cheap, or in communities where the farmers are willing to furnish a portion of the labor themselves, much less cash capital will be necessary, say from $800 to $1,000.

How Many Cows are Needed to Make a Cheese Factory Pay?

Any community that can furnish milk from two hundred cows to a single factory can make a cheese factory pay. This means that not less than three thousand pounds of milk daily are needed as not all of the two hundred cows will be in milk at any one time. An average of 25 pounds per day per cow is a high average. More often it is 20 pounds or even less. Two hundred cows giving 20 pounds each will yield a daily run of 4,000 pounds. This will make about 400 pounds of cheese.

What It Costs to Run a Cheese Factory

If the company or owner of the factory, whichever the case may be, charges one and one half cents per pound for making and an average of 400 pounds of cheese is produced per day, the factory will earn $6.00 per day or $180 per month. A good cheese maker can be hired for about $80 per month, not less. This leaves about $100 per month, or say $1,000 per year, to pay other operating expenses. The year's statement will look something like this:

Operating Expenses:

Interest, 6 per cent on $1,500, ...	$90
Taxes, ...	30
Insurance, ...	10
Fuel, ...	100
Supplies (including salt, color, rennet, cloth, washing powder, tools, machinery, etc., etc.), ...	300
Salaries:	
Cheese maker, ...	960
Secretary, ...	25
Total expenditures,	$1,515
Receipts:	
Received for making, $180 per month for 12 months, ...	$2160

Net profit over and above all expenses, $645

It will be noted that if the factory lies idle three months of the year the net profit is cut down to $105, since the operating charges and salaries are fixed charges, as a rule. If it lies idle four months of the year the profit is converted into a loss. The same is true if the amount of cheese made falls to an average of 300 pounds daily. This would result from a reduction in the number of cows or a shrinkage of milk per cow. These things often turn a prosperous factory into a losing one.

How to Organize for Starting a Cheese Factory

There are two things necessary,—money and cows—$1,500 in money and not less than two hundred cows. To get the money, organize a co-operative stock company and sell shares at $10 or more each. Limit the amount of stock that can be subscribed by any one person to $100. This will insure getting at least fifteen men into the company. More are better; fifty or a hundred are none too many. Let those who are not able to pay cash for their stock pay for it in labor or wood or building material. But before the money is raised find out how many farmers there are in the neighborhood who will furnish cows. Get each farmer to agree to furnish a definite number of cows. Remember at least two hundred good cows are necessary to insure success, and the more cows the more certain the profits. When the cows are promised go ahead and form a company, raise the money and build. With a cheese factory once established on a paying basis, a uniform product is obtained, a ready and certain home market is assured and a handsome milk check comes to hand every month.

For the establishment of a creamery, double the number of cows and about $4,000 in capital are needed.



Preparing Grain for Show

Many a farmer who reads this paper has looked with wonder or astonishment at the fine samples of grain exhibited at the state fairs and other great grain and product shows of the country and wished that he might be able to produce such grain. There are tricks in every trade and it is quite possible for any farmer who uses pedigree seed to make a fine exhibit of his product. If the crop happens to have been extra light, or the grain has become badly damaged by wetting in the shock, stack or granary, or shows actual disease such as rust or smut, it will not be worth while to attempt making an exhibit, but if the grain is plump, of good color and the yield a good one a fine sample may be exhibited. The sample must be hand-picked, however, if it is to win. First half a bushel should be run through a clean fanning mill to get rid of chaff, light kernels, dirt and weed seeds. Then the sample should be well shaken and swirled around in a hand sieve or riddle to bring remaining trash to the surface so that it can be rejected. When the grain has been cleaned in this way it must be hand picked laboriously and patiently and the work also requires a sharp eye and a good knowledge of what constitutes perfect grain, whether it be wheat, rye, barley, oats or some other variety of grain. A peck is the average amount of grain exhibited and that amount should be carefully selected. A good plan of procedure is to cover a small table with white paper then pour onto it a teaspoonful of grain at a time. Spread this amount of grain out thin, so that each kernel can be readily seen. At once pick out and reject kernels of alien grain, as oats in wheat, each discolored kernel and each kernel that is not plump, large and fine in every way. The good kernels now are swept into a receptacle for the purpose and the poor ones into another vessel. This work can be done by all the young folk of the family, a little at a time, so that gradually the full amount of needed grain is obtained. If a prize is won it will stimulate the young folks to better grain growing and there also is "good money" in showing so that the work is paid for well.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

FRESH-WATER PEARL FISHING WITH FARMING.—I live on a farm a few miles from the Susquehanna river. After reading in August COMFORT an article on fresh-water clams and pearls, we drove to the river and gathered a few bags of fresh-water clams. On opening

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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AUNT SOPHRONIA'S SAINT

The Story of an Old Maid, a Red-Headed Girl, and a Nice Young Man

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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VERY few girls were like Katherine Kinney, and very few would have done what she did.

In the first place, when she was dressed up she was one of the prettiest girls imaginable.

The addedum, "dressed up," is added because, her beauty not being of the classic type, with straight brows and regular features, when she was not dressed up she did not look nearly so well. Her hair was abundant and of a glossy copper-brown, but it was as straight as the locks of the young Hiawatha or the fringe on an arm-chair, and everyone knows how infinitely more becoming is a gentle ripple or a crest of curls. A heated iron did the work perfectly, and adorned Katherine with a coronet of sun-kissed waves worthy of an empress; but she always felt that should the science of turning out curling-irons become extinct, she would lose this charm of hers, and that the charm was no charm at all, but a delusion and a snare.

Her eyes were naturally large and bright, however, and did not depend upon any outside assistance; so this rather offset the matter of the hair. But her nose, on the other hand, was tip-tilted, and this was another thing that distressed her greatly; for no matter how our friends may speak of them as piquant, retrousse and saucy, we who have turned-up noses are conscious that they are nothing after all but pugs. It is the same with red hair. Agreeable people call it Titian and burnished gold, and that sort of thing, but we know it is just plain red, and that tomato soup is more the shade. Dark-haired or blonde people know nothing of the sensitiveness of these points, especially in early youth, and that there is probably no more unhappy object in the world than a Titian-haired schoolgirl with a *nez retrousse*.

But to return to Katherine.

Her hair was straight, but capable of being pinched into ripples of great beauty; her eyes were bright, and her nose, when her face was held downward, was what enthusiastic young ladies call "cute." Her hands and feet were very pretty little works of art, indeed, and her figure was trim to a degree. She had excellent taste in the manner of dress, and knew that a *chic* style was particularly becoming to her. Sailor collars, little jackets, hats set a bit aslant and mannish little walking-suits were what suited her best, though in full evening dress, with flowers at her corsage and an aigret in her hair, she was decidedly "a winner."

Like all healthy, right-minded girls, Katherine liked to look well, and found the effort to do so no effort at all.

She wound the copper-brown locks religiously around the iron prongs and pinched them vigorously holding the instrument with aching arm until she could feel the heat penetrating to her scalp, without ever once complaining of or objecting to this little private *auto da fe*, and she tied her neckties over and over again until they were at just the proper angle, with untiring patience.

It was a joke in the family that should the house take fire, Katherine would refuse to come down until she had curled her hair, put a pin in the back of her belt to keep that and her skirt from parting company, and stuck a flower in her buttonhole.

Such a precise young woman was Miss Katherine Kinney. But sometimes a very great stress of circumstances leads us to give up our strongest peculiarities. Katherine had been sent down into the country to pay a visit to her aunt, and Katherine did not like the country or this aunt. She did not object to the country so much in the summer, when there were plenty of people about and lots of things to do; but in the early spring, when it was frightfully muddy and nothing as yet in bloom, it was—well, in short, it was deadly dull.

But if there were times when she liked the country, there were never times when she liked her aunt. She was an old maid, or rather—as there are no more such things—a Superior Woman, and she had many eccentricities. Even her name was depressing—Aunt Sophronia. Could anything be more unfortunate than to be christened Sophronia? If one's name had anything to do with one's chances, Sophronies are doomed from the cradle. Aunt Sophronia had a very nice place in the country, where she and her four women-servants dwelt in constant fear of tramps. So nervous was Aunt Sophronia on the subject that she laid in a large supply of firearms, which were hung all about the walls, giving the place a very warlike appearance, and which, as Aunt Sophronia and all the maids were desperately afraid to touch, were white with dust.

Of ammunition there was none, a cartridge, bullet or particle of gunpowder being quite as terrible to the old lady as tramps themselves.

Every male figure which was seen approaching the house was set down as one of these desperadoes; and sometimes, when the eminently respectable clergyman or one of the bank directors turned in at the gate to pay his respects, Aunt Sophronia, who was short of sight, would shriek to her maids:

"Here, he comes at last!" and rushing down, would slam and bolt the door in his eminently respectable face.

It was to this grim personage that one of the Kinney children was sent down each year for a month as a sort of hostage.

Mr. Kinney was Aunt Sophronia's only brother, and as he had not consulted her in the least with regard to his marriage, a hostage was necessary. He had married one of the most charming girls in town, but Sophronia objected to marriage on general principles.

This year it was Katherine's turn. She did not want to go, but people sometimes have to do what they don't want to in this world. She was sulky when she arrived at Aunt Sophronia's, and sulky she remained.

As Aunt Sophronia had bronchitis, and remained in one room most of the time, Katherine was left pretty much to herself, and she soon realized that this was the only way to enjoy oneself at Aunt Sophronia's. There were lots of books in the library, a puff-ball of a white kitten to play with, and a pantry where doughnuts were to be found. After a week she began really almost to enjoy herself, and she inwardly prayed that nobody might interfere with her pastimes.

Now, Aunt Sophronia had a distant cousin, a young man of twenty-four. This sounds very interesting, and everyone will decide at once that Katherine was deeply attached to the young man; but such was not the case. From morning till night, and from night till morning again, she had the praises of this individual sounded in her ears. "Dear Lawrence was such a saint." He never smoked; he never touched a drop of anything stronger than lemonade; he never used slang, was always in bed by ten o'clock, and went around chanting anthems all the day long. In short, all he needed was a neat little pair of wings to carry him off to his proper sphere. As a natural result of such conditions, Katherine hated him. She had never seen him, but that was nothing. A man like that ought to be canonaded instead of canonized. Not that she liked wild or dissipated youths, but one who never even used slang—he must be a perfect cad, and she would like to tell him so.

Aunt Sophronia never wearied of expatiating on his virtues and angelic tendencies, until Katherine made up her mind that he was a little, puny, white-haired, shrinking creature, with as much spirit as a fly, and that he was possibly consumptive. She had her suspicions of a man with wings.

One day, when she had been at Aunt Sophronia's a little over a week, Aunt Sophronia greeted her at the breakfast table with a smile of exceeding joy.

"Who do you think is coming?" she asked, holding up a closely-scrawled letter.

"Who?" asked Katherine, eagerly.

"Lawrence Lane!"

"Not that hor— you don't mean it, Aunt Sophronia?" and a fierce little light came into Katherine's eyes.

"Yes, dear Lawrence is coming to pay me his long-promised visit. What a treat it will be for you, Katherine."

"Treat! Aunt Sophronia! I am going home next week; I'm sure mamma needs me."

Any subterfuge was not too great to get out of the way of seeing this abominable paragon.

"No, my dear, your mother doesn't need you in the least; and even if she did, I am sure she would consent to your staying in order to see a young gentleman of such great virtues. Who knows, Katherine, what may happen? Dear Lawrence may possibly take a fancy to you—he is a great admirer of beauty." This was something altogether unusual in Aunt Sophronia, but perhaps she was so pleased at the prospect of seeing her idol that she allowed herself to be complimentary for once. "It would be a splendid thing for you, not only because he is such a high-principled young man, but because one of these days he will be very rich. I do not mind telling you that I have made him my heir. I have not left anything but a silver teapot to your father, because he went and got married. It was very heartless of him.

"Yes, Katherine, dear Lawrence may chance to fall in love with you—for strange things are always happening—and it will be a splendid match for you."

Katherine arose from the table and faced her aunt, the little *retrousse* nose higher than ever in the air.

"Aunt Sophronia, I hate this nasty Lawrence Lane! Yes, I know that's a very horrid word, and young ladies should never use it, but it's what he is—*nasty*. I wouldn't look at him."

Aunt Sophronia only smiled. She was bound not to be vexed at anything today. She was too much pleased at her good news.

"How do you know what he is?" she asked. "You have never seen him."

"And, what's more, I never mean to," answered Katherine, hotly. "I am going home on Friday."

Aunt Sophronia only smiled more provokingly.

"That won't help matters, my dear," she said, sweetly.

"Why not?" demanded Katherine.

"Because, my child, dear Lawrence arrives today."

CHAPTER II.

Katherine did not wait to hear any more. Leaving her aunt seated at the breakfast-table, she rushed off up-stairs to her own room and locked and bolted the door.

So that horrible, wishy-washy, goody-goody Lawrence Lane was coming down there to destroy her peace! Maybe he was on his way now—a temperance button fastened in his coat, tracts sticking out of all of his pockets. Oh, it was too much! And then to think of the further slight Aunt Sophronia had put upon her by suggesting that he might fall in love with her and that it would be a splendid match. Splendid match indeed! Why, she would rather be as old a maid as Aunt Sophronia—the very thought of it made her shudder.

Had it been possible she would have started for home that very hour and thereby avoided seeing him; but as she was not allowed to travel alone, and did not know, morever, how to check her trunk, it was not possible; so she began casting about in her mind the best means of eluding him, and what she should do in order that he should not fall in love with her. On that point she was positive—this living saint, this sanctimonious young man, this cherub with sprouting wings should not fall in love with her. She would do almost anything to prevent it. Let us see—what had Aunt Sophronia said? In the first place, that he was a great admirer of beauty.

All at once a brilliant thought came to her—a thought so brilliant, so positively brilliant, that she decided to carry it out at once, and to the letter. When the idea struck her she was dressed in the most charming of house-frocks. A pretty scarlet silk waist, belted in by a trim belt of the same hue, and fastened by a great silver buckle; a neat, well-fitting serge skirt, and her hair—unusually well curled and waved—was caught in a soft, full knot at the back. There was no denying the fact that Katherine looked particularly well and fresh that morning. Even her little *nez retrousse* seemed a shade longer and more Greek.

Hastily divesting herself of these bright and pretty garments, she went to an old-fashioned mahogany wardrobe in the hall and began fishing out all sorts of antiquated articles. They belonged to Aunt Sophronia, but Katherine did not mind that in the least. She presently returned with an armful of these garments to the middle of the room, where she threw them in a heap upon the bed.

Then she lifted the water-jug and poured some water into the basin.

A fierce little fire burned in her eye at what she was about to do.

Plunging her head into the basin, she rubbed the water savagely through her hair, and when she came up, lo! she was divested of her beautiful curls, shorn as was Samson while he slept. Instead of the charming waves that had rippled backward from her temples, there were now only a few long, dank, dismal locks, such as the drowned Ophelia might have worn, and instead of the little ringlets that had strayed so innocently above her brows nothing remained but some strands of seaweed, limp and melancholy.

A glance in the mirror satisfied Katherine that no one could possibly call her a beauty now.

With the brush she smeared and plastered the once fluffy hair until it was as smooth and opaque as a stagnant pool. Then she parted it severely through the center, and rolled the rest up in a hard, round billiard-ball at the back of her head. The effect she studied with pleasure. A more inartistic unbecoming coiffure it would be hard to find, even in Zululand, where coiffures are remarkable. And as Katherine depended upon dress and taste to look her best, she was not at that moment the "winner" she usually was.

She further heightened her charms by donning an old-fashioned blue bodice, known as a jersey, with the plainest, narrowest kind of sleeves, whereas, at the time she did these things, people wore the fluffiest, puffiest kind of sleeves and an immense amount of frills.

Next she stepped into a voluminous black skirt, with extraordinary black draperies and fringed overskirt, and smiled ecstatically at the figure she presented.

Not satisfied with her transformation yet, she even went so far as to bring out a pair of Aunt Sophronia's common-sense shoes, flat-heeled, broad-toed and of goodly length and proportions. These she stuffed out with bits of paper, and drew on in place of her own small, tapering ones. Instead of peeping out from beneath her skirt, like the proverbial little mice, these great things glared out like very monsters.

Katherine was simply charmed.

"Great admirer of beauty, is he?" she exclaimed scornfully, as she gazed at her reflection in the mirror. "Then I am not 'in it,' and that's dead sure!" And she laughed heartily to think how dreadfully shocked the saintly Lawrence Lane would be to hear such expressions.

Katherine was a college girl, and she had picked up a great many expressions in those halls of learning—some of which were not scientific.

She had just finished her toilet, when she heard a commotion down-stairs and the sound of several voices. Very softly she stole out and peered over the banisters. Before she could make out anything, she heard a boisterous voice saying:

"Awfully glad, myself; place just as rum as ever."

Of course, this could not be the seraphic Lawrence, who never used slang. But who could it be, then? The voice sounded very manly. Katherine leaned a little farther over and strained her eyes. As far as she could make out, it was a great, broad-shouldered fellow who was talking to Aunt Sophronia and who, moreover, had his arm around her.

The stranger whoever he was, almost had the surprise of seeing a trim little figure in queer garments come tumbling down the stairs, but Katherine caught herself just in time, and as she did so, Aunt Sophronia looked up and called her.

Katherine sprang back, but not before both of them had seen her, and she felt that there was nothing for her to do but to go down. So down she went, her broad heels making anything but a dainty click as she descended the stairs. Indeed, each step was like a small-sized earthquake.

"This is my niece, Miss Katherine Kinney, Mr. Lane," said Aunt Sophronia; and Mr. Lane stepped forward with outstretched hand. Katherine saw the smile which was on his face quickly vanish as his eye traveled along her length, and she almost fancied he shuddered as he bowed and said, stiffly:

"Very happy to meet you, Miss Kinney."

And so this was Lawrence Lane—this big, jolly, pink-faced, curly-haired fellow.

Katherine felt her hatred increase. A man who looked like this could not possibly be a saint, therefore he must be a hypocrite. Quite as stiffly she bowed and said:

"Mr. Lane."

"There, Katherine!" exclaimed Aunt Sophronia, eying her from head to foot. "I never saw you looking so well!"

Katherine was furious. To think of Aunt Sophronia saying she looked well in that horrible guise, and before a stranger, too.

But, then, it was only that disgusting Lawrence Lane, so what did it matter? She looked quickly up at him, and saw a look in his face that said as plainly as anything that if she never looked so well before, what must she be at other times?

"Thank you, Aunt Sophronia," she remarked. "You flatter me."

"Not at all," said Aunt Sophronia, coolly. "These are the most *stylish* things I've ever seen you wear. And now, Katherine, won't you take Lawrence for a little walk around the garden—it isn't too wet—while I see that they get up a good luncheon for him?"

Katherine was on the point of refusing, but not seeing very well how she could do so, muttered a sulky consent.

"Go up and get your things, then," said Aunt Sophronia.

Katherine went up.

Her handsome tailor-made coat and stylish velvet hat were on a chair but she did not even look at them. Passing into Aunt Sophronia's room, she seized upon her old blanket-shawl and prim, gray bonnet. These she adjusted with all the solemnity possible and glanced in the mirror. What would he think of her now?

When she descended, "dear Lawrence" had an indented brown felt hat known as a "Sportsman" in his hand.

"Do put on your overcoat, Lawrence," besought Aunt Sophronia solicitously. "You might take cold."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the saint, showing all his white teeth in a laugh. "I have no use for such things as colds, Cousin Soph."

Katherine eyed him from under the gray bonnet with distrust.

Nice language for a saint!

"Now, run along," said Aunt Sophronia, gently pushing them.

The saint stood aside to let Katherine pass, and then came out after her.

They walked the whole length of the garden without a word being said on either side, and then Katherine, turning stiffly toward him, observed:

"It's a beautiful day."

"Yes," assented "dear Lawrence," "first-class."

"Do you like the country, Mr. Lane?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, at this season I think it's a bit slow, but in the summer it's out of sight."

Aha! Hadn't she known he was a hypocrite?

"But why should you mind its being slow," inquired Katherine, scornfully, "when you retire at ten o'clock?"

"Do the doors here close at ten?" asked the saint.

"Certainly," stiffly.

"Can't you climb out of any of the windows?"

The wretch, would it be better to tell Aunt Sophronia how mistaken she was in her idol or let her find it out for herself?

She scorned to answer his question, and once more they promenaded the length of the garden in silence. This time the saint broke it.

"I say," he began, "were you and Cousin Soph schoolmates?"

Oh! the abominable, insolent wretch.

"No," returned Katherine, with a toss of the gray bonnet, "we were not!"

"Oh, pardon me," "dear Lawrence" hastened to say. "When I first saw you, you looked about the same age, but now I perceive you're a little younger. Are you, too, an e—eh—aw—ahem!"

"Old maid?" put in Katherine, viciously, enjoying his embarrassment. "Yes!"

"Indeed?" he returned, calmly. "So I supposed."

Katherine was ready to choke him.

"Don't you like old maids?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Well," he admitted, "sometimes—when they are real sweet and amiable."

"Aunt Sophronia said you were a great admirer of beautiful girls. Are you?"

The saint did not reply for a moment. Then all at once he seemed to make up his mind to do the polite.

Looking full at her, he made her a graceful bow, and said pointedly:

"I like homely ones. They're so—o— *pathetic*, don't you know."

If glances can annihilate, Aunt Sophronia's saint should have crumbled to pieces at that moment.

When they returned from their unamiable stroll, Katherine was convinced that no greater hypocrite walked the earth than this same Lawrence Lane. This conclusion was only strengthened by a little episode at luncheon. Aunt Sophronia had out some of her famous brandy-peaches, splendid articles put up in the most fiery old fluid. The saint made way with every one given him with surprising facility, in view of the lemonade theory.

"Won't you have some more peaches, Lawrence dear?" inquired the old lady.

"Thank you, Cousin Soph. No more peaches, but a little more of the gravy, if you please."

CHAPTER III.

As the days went on, Katherine's hatred and contempt grew stronger and stronger, and Aunt Sophronia's saint grew less and less saintly. He was always making a noise about the house, whistling, singing, banging. He had discovered the way to the pantry, too, and several times Katherine came upon him suddenly engaged in predatory excursions, and he didn't even have the grace to blush.

Those even, white teeth of his were always *in evidence*, until he was like the walking advertisement for a dental surgeon.

Ugh! how she hated him.

She soon found out from the way he would rush to the window to stare at them that he did admire pretty girls, and so she took particular pains to keep up her eccentric style of dress and not to be a pretty girl.

She never curled her hair any more, and to be without this daily half-hour of self-torture became a positive relief, and she began seriously to contemplate never being pretty again. Aunt Sophronia's clothes, too, were so much easier than her own stiff little tailor-made ones.

She was really enjoying being homely, and was beginning to look upon beauty as a decided disadvantage, when one day something happened. "Dear Lawrence" had been at Aunt Sophronia's almost a week, and during that time the weather had been growing steadily milder and milder, until finally it bloomed into a regular summer day.

"Hilda Crosby is coming over to spend the afternoon, so why don't all of you go for a row on the lake?" suggested Aunt Sophronia.

The saint was delighted. He rushed up-stairs to overhaul his traps until he found his yachting-cap, and they could hear him whistling and singing halfway down the street.

Katherine went up to get herself ready also. Now, Hilda Crosby was the prettiest girl in town, with rosy cheeks, light, fluffy hair and sweet little dimples.

A dangerous rival, certainly!

Bah, what did Katherine care about rivals! That is, in regard to Lawrence Lane. She only hoped he would admire Hilda. So she buttoned up her narrow jersey, plastered down her stringy hair and further heightened the effect by a sunbonnet of Aunt Sophronia's.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, as she regarded herself, "if I'm not a howling success!"

Hilda Crosby arrived soon after luncheon, and never in all her life had she looked so sweet. Her navy-blue serge with the dash of scarlet at the throat and her stylish broad-brimmed straw hat and nodding roses set off her dimples and rosy cheeks to perfection.

She could not repress a pitying little glance as she gazed at poor Katherine in her unfashionable garments. The look delighted Katherine. It only assured her of her perfect success in the role she was playing.

Presently down came the saint, two steps at a time, yodling a favorite strain of his known as the "Deitch Company." He bounded into the room more like a ubiquitous puppy than a seraph, and stopped short as his eye fell on Hilda's pretty little figure.

Aunt Sophronia presented him to the young girl, and he did not shudder at all as he shook hands with her.

Then all three sallied forth.

The saint blandly informed them that he felt in "great shape" that afternoon, and, indeed, he looked it. The yachting-cap sat astride his gay curls right royally, and his sack coat fitted his athletic figure with great nicety.

Hilda looked up at him with little, shy, admiring glances, and he returned them with interest.

Katherine, in her sunbonnet, felt sulky.

"What she can see in that detestable Lawrence Lane!" she mentally ejaculated.

The lake was not far away, and this afternoon looked like a sheet of glass.

Aunt Sophronia owned a little cedar boat, which was kept locked up at the boathouse, and this was the first time this season it had been called for.

The girls stood on the float as Lawrence and the hired man carried down the boat, and stepped aside as the launching of her sent the water up in little streams through the cracks. "Dear Lawrence" took the oars and sat in the middle, gripping the edge of the float as the man assisted the young ladies to get in. Hilda uttered little shrill shrieks as the small craft swayed from side to side beneath their feet.

"You don't want to move about much," suggested the man. "You might upset her."

He seated them as seemed proper to him, the pretty young lady facing the gentleman; the plain, queer-looking young lady behind where he could not see her, and in this manner they set off. Lawrence pulled with long, lazy, leisurely strokes, and the sharp, clean feather of his oars clipped the water with a pleasant sound. Presently he asked their permission, and threw off his coat. He had on underneath, one of those heavy worsted garments which labors under the elegant title of "Sweater," and which clung closely to his athletic form.

His face grew pinker and pinker with fresh air and exercise, and when he pushed back his cap his hair was all in damp, glossy rings about his temples.

Katherine, who had the satisfaction of seeing only his back, observed, with growing displeasure, that his neck was fair and smooth, and that his shoulders came up square and strong with the backward stroke. She also observed, with even more displeasure, that Hilda was gazing at him with unbounded admiration, and echoing his merry laugh with her little cackle.

At first Katherine was only annoyed because Hilda was showing her feelings so plainly, and then she began to feel angry and cross and horrid generally, for however much she might detest "dear Lawrence's" face, she could not deny that his back was a splendid one, and that his head was finely poised on his shoulders.

"Miss Sophronia told me what a perfect saint you are," said Hilda.

"Yes, that's just it," returned Lawrence; "it's too bad of her, and I'm sure I do everything to prevent it. I suppose it's because the dear old girl is so fond of me that she thinks so. Why, I can't chant a topical song without her thinking it one of Moody and Sankey's; and she dilates upon my extreme fondness for lemonade when I tell her distinctly that I prefer it with a 'stick' in it. It all comes of my not smoking. She seems to think because I don't do that I don't do anything else. Jingo, I wish she didn't think me such an angel, for whatever I am, I'm not a hypocrite!"

Katherine started and winced.

"No, indeed," returned Hilda, promptly, "you're not a hypocrite; but, then, Mr. Lane, I'm not so sure that Miss Sophronia is mistaken in you after all."

Silly thing! Katherine could have shaken her then and there.

And so Lawrence Lane was not a saint after all, and did not even want to be. Why——

Katherine began to feel very queer, indeed, and somehow the satisfaction in her jersey and sunbonnet commenced to wane.

What a fright she must look sitting there! Why on earth had Hilda put on that gown and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

THE COTTON STYLE SHOW

Washington's Society Leaders Set the Style to Dress in Cotton

By Edna Mary Colman

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AN impending calamity of nation-wide magnitude that the European war threatens to impose on the people of this country gives promise of being averted through the efforts of three society girls, for they have started a capaign to buy cotton, wear cotton and use cotton that is spreading all over the country and is doing more practical good to keep money in circulation, mills and factories going, dinner pails filled, and the specter of want from the door than all of the Fourth of July orations and municipal demonstrations of patriotism put together.

Washington has had a Cotton Style Show, gotten up and carried through to a magnificent success by Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the



(Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.)

MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK IN GOWN DESIGNED BY HER.

Speaker of the House of Representatives, Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of Postmaster General Burleson, and Miss Callie Hoke Smith, daughter of the Georgia Senator, all of them yet in their teens and gay, fun-loving society girls, to whom one would not ordinarily credit serious thoughts of politics and economics. These young ladies, however, have all had exceptional home advantages, with the result that they are keen, wide awake, well read and thoroughly informed upon the big questions of the day and keep abreast of their fathers and brothers on all the vital affairs of the nation. Therefore it is not surprising that out of the chat and gossip of a social gathering which had turned to the depression of the cotton market, the hoarding of gold and the buy-a-bale-of-cotton movement's slow progress, one of these, Miss Clark, should suggest that a big bargain sale in cotton ought to be held throughout the country and that if it were carried out and ten million women could be induced to each spend a dollar, some of the hoarded gold, $10,000,000 of it, would be brought out and put in circulation.

Miss Clark also suggested that while there were hundreds of people who could not afford to spend fifty dollars on a bale of cotton and then have to store it away somewhere for a while before they could hope to realize anything on it, there were few families that could not use from fifty cents to a dollar's worth of cotton household supplies.

From this chance remark, grew the great nation-wide bargain-sale movement in cotton, though at that time it was laughed at and considered unfeasible. However, business men and advertisers got hold of the plan that had been suggested, and newspapers started a great propaganda until the railroads, officials of boards of trade and chambers of commerce all united in pushing the scheme along. As the plan developed, with the support and endorsement of the parents of the originators, it was decided to hold a cotton style show to demonstrate the many uses of cotton as a dress fabric and its adaptability to any style. The girls went to work with their mothers, sisters, friends and relatives and set about designing, some of them actually making gowns to wear at this show. All of the wives of the Cabinet officers, Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President, Mrs. McAdoo, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. James R. Mann, wife of the minority leader of the house, Mrs. J. M. Henderson, Mrs. William Cummings Story, president general of the D. A. R., Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, president general of the Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Duncan Fletcher, president of the Congressional Club, Mrs. Timothy Ansberry and Mrs. Martin Glyn of New York were among the patronesses.

One end of the handsome red parlor of the New Willard Hotel was given over exclusively to the gowns. A platform banked with tall palms, graceful ferns and huge bunches of autumn flowers formed a charming background for the score of figures draped with the exquisite cotton gowns designed for this display, while from the chandeliers, the cornices and every possible nook and corner festoons of cotton bolls were most artistically arranged. Against the red velvet of wall and floor coverings this was especially effective. Great baskets and potted cotton plants were in evidence everywhere and one of the most attractive tables contained a miniature freight car of the Southern railroad filled with bales of cotton billed to every section of the country.

Practically one long side of the big room was given over to the marvellous display from North Carolina, which was explained and presided over by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Daniels wore an exceedingly attractive gown of cotton cloth and velvet (cotton velvet) and exhibited another of her own designing which was greatly admired. The latter was of pale gray and rose pink cotton voile, most artisically combined and draped with sleeves and yoke of soft delicate cotton lace. From her native state Mrs. Daniels secured more than 1,000 articles of cotton, and never before were such exquisite blendings of colors or such fascinating silky effects in cotton fabrics seen at one time. Even the stars and stripes that hung above the center of the exhibit were of pure cotton, and certainly each star was as white and the union as true blue and each bar as "rose red and blood red" as any that are made of wool bunting or silk. Here every known article made of cotton from socks to blankets and window trimmings were displayed.

The booths that bordered the other walls of the room were equally interesting. One devoted entirely to children's garments, accessories and toys, was a perfect find to several women seeking for Christmas suggestions. Dolls, of the topsy-turvy variety, stuffed animals, crawling blankets, rattles, were some of the things besides the wearing apparel and Indian, cowboy, scout and policemen play suits that called for attention. But first, last and always, the visiting throngs, of whom there were ten thousand during the two days of the exhibit, gave their chief consideration to the gowns, there being about thirty of these on the platform and scattered about the room. Every one was the expression of careful thought and study, and left no doubt in the mind of the visitor that cotton material may be obtained in weaves delicate and dainty enough for party or dinner frocks, and sufficiently heavy and substantial for mild mid-winter and even cold weather if the plan of one of the enthusiastic women is used who declares that while the war lasts, she will wear cotton clothing under her furs, or with a chamois jacket beneath her cotton blouses.



(Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.)

MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK, MISS LUCY BURLESON, MISS CALLIE HOKE SMITH, WEARING COTTON GOWNS DESIGNED AND MADE BY THEMSELVES.

There were several evening and dinner dresses evolved out of cotton laces, mulls and crepes that seemed elaborate enough for any function if it was remembered that they were worn in the cause of patriotism. Many of the elderly ladies who gathered to comment over the gowns agreed that no girl ever could look half so lovely in silks, satins and velvets as in the sheer tarletans, mulls and organdies with their sashes and velvet girdles. Among the most attractive of the dresses, and which everyone wished to see, were those designed by the three young girls who initiated this movement. Miss Clark's gown was a simple pale pink crepe heavily hand embroidered in white, with little touches of black velvet (cotton) in the buttons and the girdle. This was so extremely dainty that it did not seem possible that every bit of it was cotton. Miss Clark has been requested to loan her dress to the organizers of the Red Cross Ball to be held in New York shortly. The plan is to copy it and raffle off the reproduction. For this same affair President Wilson has donated his bale of cotton to be disposed of in aid of this charity. New York women intend to help the sale of cotton and the Red Cross at the same time, for all the money realized from the ball is to be given to that organization to help extend its services in the war.

Miss Lucy Burleson exhibited an afternoon dress of hand embroidered muslin of finest texture, so sheer and soft that it might have been mistaken for handkerchief linen, while Miss Callie Hoke Smith's contribution was a unique street dress of a soft, leafy green material, with black edged pockets and rose-flowered net sleeves set off by a creamy lace front. One elaborate, canary-yellow Marquisette with accordion-plaited skirt, deep lace tunic and waist, was so charmingly made that a few feet away it was taken for the finest crepe de chine. The crowning touch to this gown was the narrow edging of black, made to imitate chenille, and the great bunch of violets with their gauzy streamers.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson sent in a dress that was an object lesson in economy, since it was just the sort of a useful street dress that every woman needs for market, shopping and even country outings, and it cost only one dollar for the material. With it was the slip showing the cost of each item. It was of black and white check trimmed in green. The cost was:

Five yards check cotton	$ .55
One quarter yard green rep trimming	.10
One half yard white Marquisette	.15
Button molds	.02½
Two yards lace	.05
Collar wire	.02½
Buttons	.05
Hooks and eyes	.02½
Thread	.02½
Total.	$1.00

To describe them all would be too lengthy a proceeding, for there were all kinds including a golf skirt that could be duplicated for 85 cents, simple house dresses, morning, outdoor frocks, afternoon dresses and coat suits, of which one of the most charming came from Miss Sidney Burleson. This was a light tan, corded cloth, made extremely natty and stylish. With it was worn the most fetching cotton boll hat. Two of these hats were sent by Mrs. Beatrice Chrisbom of New York. In a recent competition of American designed millinery these hats (one of which was worn at the Cotton Style Show by Miss Clark) won the first prize of $100. They were made of raw cotton under white net with the pod and stem made of brown cotton velvet, and fit close to the head, the boll being inverted.

Dancing dresses, reception gowns, and evening gowns all of cotton, even the velvet girdles and the garlands of tiny flowers used in trimming, being of the same material, were shown to prove the feasibility of women wearing, for one season at least, gowns of cotton, and made sufficiently attractive for every purpose and suitable for every occasion, and at the same time popularizing a commodity, the general use of which will benefit the country at large.

The great interest the Cotton Style Show created was manifested not only by the large attendance that it attracted, but by the number of notable persons who visited it, among whom were President Wilson, his Cabinet and all the highest officials of the government, most of the members of Congress, representatives of great manufacturers, and heads of organizations of other cities who came to get pointers to follow out in conducting similar affairs.

Coincident with the Cotton Style Show, Miss Callie Hoke Smith offered three gold cash prizes to American school children under sixteen years of age who would send in the best 300 word essays on "The Cotton Plant and Its Uses." The first prize is $20, the second $10, and the third $5. All American school children both public and private school were eligible, the only condition imposed being that the essay be written and mailed during the week of the nation-wide



(Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.)

MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS. GOWN WORN AND DESIGNED BY HER.

Cotton Bargain Sale set for October 5-12. When the Cotton Style Show closed at ten o'clock, Oct. 8th, 8,000 manuscripts had been received by the essay competition committee. A group of distinguished people have been asked to judge these essays among whom are former President Taft, Marion Harland, and Mrs. Thos. A. Edison.

Mrs. Champ Clark also offered a money prize to the children in the Speaker's congressional district in Missouri, and Mrs. Timothy Ansberry, wife of Representative Ansberry, made the same inducement to the children of Ohio to get busy and tell what they knew about cotton.

When Miss Clark was asked if her efforts and those of her friends had produced results that measured up to her expectations, she exclaimed: "Oh, we never dreamed of such phenomenal interest nor such universal co-operation all over the United States, though, that is just as it should be because, you see the cotton situation affected the entire country, not just the South alone.

"Our plan was really a part of the 'Buy-a-bale' project and the 'Made-in-America' movement, all of which had one primary object and that was to do something to change the stagnation in the cotton situation.

"You see," Miss Clark continued, "Europe usually buys from five to six hundred million dollars' worth of cotton from the United States annually. This amount, because of the war is, of course, thrown back upon the hands of the producers. And, it is especially to be deplored that this should happen this year when the crop of cotton is so large. This cotton deadlock has been the object of discussion from one end of the country to the other and has, as you know, resulted in the 'Buy-a-Bale' idea. But while this is a splendid movement, it is confined to the class of people who have ready money to invest. Our plan was simple enough, from the point of money involved, to include every family in the land because everybody has to use some cotton all of the time.

"Yes," added Miss Clark, "The Show was to demonstrate that cotton gowns could be made suitable for all purposes and it does seem that American women could wear cotton dresses for one season to help avert a financial depression which affects not only the prosperity of the South but reacts on the North as well.

"Certainly, it affects, the North, and the entire country," Miss Clark answered the query, positively. "If the South fails to sell her cotton, she cannot spend the four hundred million dollars with Northern manufacturers that she usually spends each year. All of the cotton factories of the country have reduced their output to about one half, which means that their force is reduced, leaving many people out of employment. This affects the merchant, because he will not order more supplies while his shelves are stacked full of bolts of goods unsold. So that by getting people to using and buying cotton all over the country, we start a movement that is financially beneficial all along the line from grower to factory owner, with all the people that have connection with their respective industries.

"Why, am I so interested?" Miss Clark answered the question with another, "Did you know that Missouri raises cotton regularly in twelve counties and that she could raise it profitably in as many as fifty counties? Did you know that Missouri took the first prize at the Chicago World's Fair for the best short staple cotton, per acre? Well then I have lots of kinsfolks in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and help one another. We should study our children, each one is a study in themselves. I try and help them in their school studies. We have quite a German class right here at home.

I do not agree with Grandma of Muncie, Ind. Children are to be reasoned with; they have more common sense than a good many grandmothers. They are to be handled very tenderly for they are like clay in the potter's hands and we should study them. They are great imitators and we, as parents, should look carefully to ourselves. We have to create a desire in the child for the best things. When he seeks pleasure and finds it he seeks it again. It soon gets to be a habit and "habit is ten times nature." Our virtues as well as our vices are habits. How important then that we should direct them in the right way.

I would like to hear from someone from Texas, Arizona and New Mexico about the climate, and products. My husband is talking about the South; he thinks there are more advantages there. What about Texas? I think Mexico after this war is settled will be the place. Who knows anything about it?

Thanking Mrs. Wilkinson for her kindness and favor in publishing this unworthy letter, I remain yours,

MRS. SIDILLA COOMBS.

Mrs. Coombs. You have found your gift, the greatest of all gifts and work—motherhood—and the rearing of your children to be useful men and women. Here is a good opportunity for you to organize a "Mother's Club" or something of that nature in your town or among your friends. Don't waste the time in idle gossip; in fact, make it one of the by-laws that no gossip be allowed, but instead study the needs of your children, and children in general, and the best way to overcome them. I wonder if some sister isn't already a member of such a club? If so, we should be glad to learn about it.—Ed.

EXPERIMENT, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a devoted reader of COMFORT for about ten years. Like all readers, I enjoy it from cover to cover, especially the COMFORT Sisters' Corner. The stories are all moral and uplifting, and fiction is all right, if we don't devour too much of it. I think in choosing food for our minds, we should use the same judgment as when feeding our bodies; use something nourishing and that requires diversification. We see so many girls, this day and age, who cram their minds with "chaffy" fiction and never consider good, moral literature or religious reading. The same applies to those interested in music. I have actually seen girls that were so-called Christians and good musicians, who could not play a hymn and never applied their talent to anything but ragtime music. Would, that each and everyone in this broad land, would gleam a lesson, a personal one, from that great parable. "The pounds and talents." Dedicate your talent to the service of Jesus Christ. Use your opportunity; you know not what God has in store for you. I would like to ask, dear readers, what is more like heaven on earth, than a Christian home? Have you the family altar established in your home? If not, why? You as the father and mother in the home, how do you expect God's blessing if you do not recognise Him as the Supreme Ruler? Let us not be ashamed to praise our Lord and give thanks unto Him daily. Oh, how many, many homes have I visited where people sat down to a table laden with the fat of the land and never once thought of the Giver. Why, we are not that discourteous with our friends. We accept their gifts in a thanksgiving manner.

Mrs. F. A. Wilson, I heartily endorse your theory, in regard to the punishment of the white slaver. It is hard indeed to restrain our anger and hatred, when speaking upon this vital subject. But "vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. "I will repay." I also think we should more freely distribute literature treating upon this subject, especially in the remote sections and isolated places. Read an article or book and pass it on. I have talked with girls in the last few months, who were perfectly innocent regarding white slavery. Do you not scringe for that girl if she should perchance visit the city? They are always on the lookout for the unfortunate country girl, who is seeking the brilliancy of the city. Mothers, make it your business, to enlighten your daughter along this line; don't be ashamed for you may wait until it is everlastingly too late, and then you can but curse your negligence and false modesty.

I was greatly interested in "Grandma's" letter in the September number and am very anxious to hear from others along that line and do wish our editor.—but she said she'd give her opinion later, so please give her the opportunity. Personally, I cannot comment, being in a state of single bliss, so my theory would not be given much weight, but by observation and experience we learn much.

Miss Bessie Gress, I am heartily in sympathy with you and your work, no one can sympathize with you but someone that has been through the mill. I have done most all kinds of farmwork, but I think, in shouldering those responsibilities we are laying the foundation for a strong character. I entered heartily in the business affairs of the home for twelve years. And like you I do not regret it, am not afraid of work. But people in general do not appreciate that type of girl. Too many young men like the society of the frivolous girl, who sits with a novel in her hand and gum in her mouth, while mother does the cooking and housework, but, alas, after marriage the tune too often changes. Usually the man in the case is poor in this world's goods and with the wife's ignorance of domestic duties and home economics, trouble ensues and the divorce court so often is obliged to settle the affair.

Some sister wrote that she was bringing her children up as nearly as she could in the image of Christ, teaching them to be Christians. That is good logic. But do not forget to teach them they are sinners; they cannot become Christians without experiencing the new birth and that cannot be without repentance and faith.

I am going to draw my letter to a close, as I hardly expect it worthy of publication. I am not going to describe this country as I have lived here only a short time, scarcely a year. My home was for thirteen years in northern Missouri, near Hannibal. My birth state was Kansas. Should be very glad to hear from any that care to write as I am fond of correspondence.

Long live COMFORT and dear Mrs. Wilkinson. May God bless you all is my prayer.

STELLA HOLCOMB.

THOMASVILLE, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy your letters so much I have often wanted to write you but I'm dull when it comes to writing or talking to grown-ups. I feel so much that I cannot express. Give me the children, the dear, darling children! I never grow tired of them. I feel, sometimes, that I would like to take them all into my arms and shelter them from the many rough places in which their little feet may wander. They could miss many of these rough places, if we could only make them know, but it is natural for youth to rush ahead and not believe until they see.

I like to do fancy-work. I always look for something new when I get my COMFORT each month. I also draw and paint a little. There is only one objection I have to our dear old paper. I don't get it often enough. I would like to get one every week. I think it gives more comfort to me than to many others.

Our little town is called "The city of roses." Isn't that pretty? I love the roses. There is such a variety and, oh, they are all so lovely! I often wish I could send someone who loves flowers and has none, some of mine. They bring beautiful thoughts more than anything else unless it is the children. When I gaze upon a great white rose against a green background I put away narrow, sinful thoughts. There can be nothing but purity while I am with anything so pure. My soul stirs within me, longings, which I cannot express, come over me. Who can say there is no God when they feel like that? And so it is with all the others. I love to touch the crimson buds, but I do it reverently, for wasn't the great drops of blood that trickled from the Savior's brow, when he wore the crown of thorns, like these? And there are the thorns. The rose is wearing them meekly, without a murmur, as our Savior did. There is so much in nature I feel and see and love that I cannot express it. I hope you dear sisters are getting these lessons, too.

Love and best wishes for you Mrs. Wilkinson and everyone of the sisters.

MRS. MCREE.

DIXIE, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you kindly forgive me if I come again? It has been only a short time since I wrote you before (July number I believe), but so many have requested "another sermonette please," that I feel it my duty to comply with the best that I have. Sisters, my little sermonette in July COMFORT has done a world of good. Letters came from far and near, not only from the sisters but brothers also, and oh, how I enjoyed them all. I answered everyone of them. So many of these were from the poor, motherless and friendless, who said they "would like to reach across the continent and give me a hearty handshake for my plainly spoken words." Several of these letters were heart-rending, sisters. Oh, how my heart ached for them. They had fallen, then reformed and tried so faithfully to do what was right but there was no one to give a helping hand or speak one kind word. They were on the brink, wavering between right and wrong. I wrote these dear, little sisters giving them advice to the best of my knowledge and ability. Sisters listen! don't expect everything of a woman and nothing of a man. Really more should be expected of a man for he is of the stronger sex and was created by the All-Wise Father as a protector of the weaker sex. How often we hear of a man betraying an innocent girl just in her teens; the man as a rule is allowed to "run at large" while the poor girl must suffer the consequences. Her life is ruined, wherever she goes there is always someone to spread the news of her disgrace. We, as Christians, should make a vow to Almighty God to endeavor to equalize things, to either expect as much of man and to make him live up to the standard we expect of women or else close our eyes, ears and mouths to the similar faults of women. I wonder how many of the sisters will promise to do this?

When a man marries he seeks a wife who is the personification of purity and of all that is good and true, it makes no difference what he is or what he may have done. He makes the plea that the mother of his children must be virtuous for they would inherit her virtues. Sisters isn't it strange that our boys and girls can inherit a mother's virtues but never, no never, a father's. Strange that they can inherit a father's features, form and habits to a certain extent, but it makes no difference what he may have done in the way of virtue his child will never inherit it. Oh, sisters! how can we be so blind? Do you know that if we had more virtuous fathers we would have more virtuous sons and daughters? Men should be virtuous as God intended they should be. I would like to hear the opinions of some of the sisters in regard to this great work claiming our time and attention.

Now a few words to the younger sisters who are yet within the "home nest" safe with father and mother, and then I must close. Little sisters, remember that mother and father are your best friends, they will stand by you in sickness and health, poverty or riches. Always go to them for counsel and advice; they know what is best for you; they were young once themselves and have already had the experience and know of the snares and pitfalls which await you should you step out into the world alone. "Mother," sisters that is a sacred word to me. I never knew a mother's love, my dear mother having died when I was a mere child. How I have longed for her; I would see other girls whose mothers would wait upon them, in fact be a slave to that daughter and I would say: "Oh, that I had a mother to love and to love me!" Daughters love that mother, do all for her that lies within your power, after mother is dead and gone then what bitter tears of repentance you will shed, but it will be too late, you may buy the most costly flowers and heap them upon her coffin, you may grieve and mourn but it is too late, too late. You should have strewn those costly flowers in mother's pathway while here upon earth; you should have obeyed and reverenced mother while the golden opportunity lay before you, then these tears would not be one half so bitter, and not one half so hard to give that mother up.

"Grandma," the letter you wrote to COMFORT some time ago bears along this line I think. Parents are too prone in this day and age of the world to allow their boys and girls to "do as they please." When I was a girl, children had more respect for their parents. We should expect obedience from our children, if they are to grow up noble men and true women. When they arrive at the age of maturity they will then be under the laws of our nation and must obey them or we all know the consequences.

Sisters, and dear Mrs. Wilkinson, please forgive me for I have talked too long and am afraid you will not ask me to come again. Will all those who so kindly write me, enclose stamp; I wish to write to you all but so many write it is quite an expense.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. W. T. BARNES.

COMO, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As it will son be time for school to open, naturally one's thoughts turn to the great question of education. Much can be written about the district school. Texas is behind almost every other state in education, which means we and our children do not have the training and culture, therefore understanding, of the better things of life that others of our nearby states have. If "teacher" does one little thing wrong it is carried from tongue to tongue and sometimes enlarged like a really good act should be reported. Teachers have enough with the care of our dear little folks without an additional burden of disapproving parents. Instead let's see to the schoolroom being properly ventilated, without the fresh air having to slip through broken window panes, good stoves and not some second-hand one and baskets of properly prepared food. How can a child have its mind on its books when its stomach is full of fried meat and indigestible food? And perhaps those little feet are shod in ill-fitting shoes which are cold and uncomfortable. Do not make Sarah do the family washing on Friday afternoon, scrub and iron and do a week's work because we don't believe in "no sich carryin' ons as that thar new teacher is puttin' in Sarry's head, stamp her foot and yell at the top of her voice." Let her go ahead and learn elocution. It will do her more good than bending over the wash-tub and hearing, "Well, I'll jist declare you ain't worth yer salt since you'ns started to school. All ye want to do is to have yer nose pasted to that thar everlastin' book." Let's take a sensible view of the matter and place good literature and magazines before our children instead of trashy novels; make their environments elevating instead of using slang and low degrading gossip.

I would like to correspond with those interested in fancy-work and raising fowls as that is my hobby when the little ones are away at school. I have Pea fowls, White Leghorns and Columbian Wyandottes. I would like to know something of the care of Pheasants, White Guineas and Golden Opera Canaries, as I intend sometime in the future to try them.

One word I wish to say for our paper, I fail to comprehend how such a useful, practical and interesting paper can be published at such a low price as COMFORT. The name befits it exactly.

With best of wishes to you all,

MRS. A. E. FOSTER.

2514 Wilcox Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years, and always have found it very interesting, especially Uncle Charlie's and the Sisters' Corner. I do enjoy reading the sisters' letters so much, and have been quite interested in the discussion which has been going on relating to country and city life. I have had experience in both and think some of the sisters are just a little too hard on the city. What Mrs. Brooks says in the October issue is true. Country people never stop to think of all our beautiful parks and all the other forms of amusement we have in the city. And living is not so bad either, we do not get old stale vegetables unless we take them. Vegetables are brought in every morning, very early by the surrounding farmers and truck gardeners to the markets, from where the retailers get them or the pedlers and by nine or ten o'clock we can get them, so you see they still are pretty fresh, of course it isn't exactly like going out into your garden and pulling them, but the vegetables taste about the same. Then we have no end of places to go to; there are the theaters, numerous amusement parks, bathing beaches, etc., to go to, most any kind of amusements. Of course I quite agree with the sisters that the country is much healthier, there is always quite a bit of sickness in a large town, but a person must consider there are so many people.

I was reared in Southern Missouri and you know that is quite a hilly country, being almost in the heart of the "Ozarks." I go down there most every summer and you can imagine how I enjoy going to see the home folks. Have made Chicago my home for the last eight years but it seems the older you get the more you think of your home and parents. Haven't many of the sisters found that true?

People talk so much of Colorado and the beautiful scenery out West, but do you know I think there is nothing to compare with the beautiful Ozark hills, with their dense forests and vegetation, beautiful flowers which bloom from March until October, and its many brooks and rivers. We were in Colorado last summer, of course the snow-capped mountains are very grand, but forest and vegetation is rather scarce; the mountains are mostly barren masses of rock and canyons. Give me an Ozark hill, that you can go up one side and down another; it surely is good exercise, sometimes when I think of how we children used to run around in those hills and hollows gathering berries and flowers during the summer and our winter supply of nuts in the fall, and the good times we had at our one-room schoolhouse it almost makes me wish for the old days again. Of course it wasn't all play as one on a farm well knows, but I think a country child has everything nicer than a city child who has only the street or a little yard to play in. How many of the sisters have read Harold B. Wright's book the "Shepherd of the Hills?" It is a true description of that country although it is not quite as rural now. Rose Cecil O'Neil, the noted artist and illustrator, is another "booster" for the Ozarks, as she has a beautiful home at Day, Mo., called "Bonnie Brook." It is located right in the wildest and roughest part, but unsurpassed for natural beauty.

They have built a large dam at Branson within the last few years. Have quite a large artificial lake which abounds in fish as do the rivers. It has become quite an amusement and summer resort.

As most of the sisters give their description, will try and give mine. Am five feet five inches in height, weigh one hundred and forty pounds, have fair hair and gray eyes, twenty-four years of age and have been married a little over a year.

In the letters I see many of the sisters get lonely at times, I guess we all get our share. I was always used to being with a bunch of girls before I was married; now when I am home all day alone, I get lonely sometimes, but I do quite a bit of fancy-work, then there are the matinees to go to, or shopping in the large department stores or visiting, all of which is attractive in a city.

How many of the sisters are interested in the European war? Isn't it terrible to think of all those civilized nations to plunge themselves into such an awful conflict? How many thousands of lives will be lost, the many billions of dollars it will cost, all the beautiful and historical cities that are being laid in ruins. It almost is beyond a human mind to conceive all the misery and woe that is being caused. All we can hope for is that it will soon come to an end, although at present the outlook isn't very bright.

Before I close I have a favor to ask. I planted some tomatoes this summer in our back yard, which is large, and sunny, but it seemed all the blossoms fell off, there are only four tomatoes on a dozen stalks. Can any of the sisters say what was the cause. It was same with the cucumbers, although flowers and some other things did all right. Do you think it was the soil? It is rather rich, but home we always put our garden in rich soil.

Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, I'm sure you think I have written enough so I will close, wishing you and COMFORT's staff all future success. Respectfully,

MRS. W. M. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds. No the soil was not too rich. The trouble probably was lack of bees to carry the pollen from flower to flower and fertilize them, without which they are barren and will not fruit.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

If you are going to be away from home for a few days or a week, try this plan for watering plants: Take a wash tub and place in it as many bricks as you have pots; put enough water in the tub to nearly cover the bricks and place the pots on them. The bricks will absorb the moisture and keep the plants in good condition.

Box shoe-blacking frequently becomes hard and crumbly before the contents of the box is used. Put the box on the back of the range and in a few minutes the heat will cause it to melt, forming a paste. When cold the contents of box will be of its original consistency.

Fine kid shoes will never crack if rubbed once a week with equal parts of Castor oil and glycerine.

Apply strong salt and water with a brush and rub the furniture until dry.

Instead of sweeping your stair carpet, try wiping it over with a damp cloth. Use a teaspoon of ammonia in two quarts of warm water and your carpet will look clean and bright and there will be no dust.

Wash and place the pods in boiling water, when they crack the peas will go to the bottom and the pods will float on the top.

When putting muslin curtains on a brass or wooden rod, first cover the end of the rod with the finger of an old glove. This will prevent the curtains tearing and also save time.

MRS. A. E. DAY, 1858 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To remove fruit stains from the hands, rub them with the juice of a tomato.

Milk will not turn sour if a teaspoon of fine salt be added to every quart.

To make glassware clear and sparkling, add a little washing blue to the soap suds when washing.

One dessert spoon of Castor oil poured about the roots of a dying plant will most always revive it.

KATHRYN AND MAGDALENE REICHERT, Chicago Heights, R. R. 1, Ill.

Remedies

MILK LEG.—Bathe the limb from waist to toe in as hot water as can be borne, until the pores are thoroughly opened; then bandage from hip to toe and soak in extract of witch hazel. Bathe the limb twice a day in the hot water and saturate the bandage three times a day with witch hazel. If one lives where the witch hazel grows, a strong tea, made of bark and leaves can be used as well. This has been known to effect a cure. MRS. ONUS TANNER, Frost, R. R. 2, Texas.

CURE FOR ECZEMA.—Get a five-cent bottle of vaseline and ten cents' worth of calomel, add one teaspoon of sulphur. Mix all together and bind on. It will effect a cure.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT IN CHILDREN.—Steep the common yard grass, or joint grass some call it, and let the child drink it.

MRS. JENNIE MINER, Ponca City, 240 Elm St., Okla.

One tablespoon of sulphur added to one pint of soft water will prevent hair from falling out.

Requests

Emma Starkey, Quinlan, Texas, wants salt water cure for goiter.

How to make a pure, white toilet soap.

Cure for hay fever and asthma.

Will Mrs. E. M. Thompson, Earlton, Fla., send Mrs. J. H. Schmidt, Puyallup, 1329 9th Ave., S. W., Wash., a more definite address?

How to exterminate bedbugs.

Mrs. M. E. Selvier, South River, Box 404, N. J. wants to know how to dry citron to use for cake and pie.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Mrs. A. Pickorski, 604 Jersey Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Charles Jones, Maybury, Pa. Views only. Elmer Preston, Mongo, Box 85, Ky. Sam Reed Cook, Rockport, Ind. Marion Gilbert, Mahopac, N. Y. Byron R. Olds, Galesville, Wis.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of William, Mike and Ellen Barrett, who lived in Wellston twenty years ago. Write their brother, John J. Barrett, Mandan, N. Dak.

Wanted—Information of James Mills, age twenty-two; has been gone for fourteen years. His mother longs for him to come home. Has married again. Mrs. Murl Lane, 1612 Montgomery St., Sedalia, Mo.

Information concerning whereabouts of Herbert Ernest Clark, black hair and eyes. Last heard of in Denver, Colo. Notify Win Clark, Williams, Cal.

50 XMAS POST CARDS, Tags, Stamps, Seals, etc., beautifully colored, only 10c. Wonderful bargain. Send today. Agents Wanted. Conklin Mfg. Co., 8 CLINTON ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



14K GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING, FREE guaranteed 3 years, any initial engraved free to introduce our latest Jewelry bulletin. Send 12c. to cover advertising and postage. EAGLE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 35, East Boston, Mass.



PROSPECTOR'S DIP NEEDLES, RODS AND COLDOMETERS for locating minerals and treasures. We trust you for the instrument. Simply pay after first find. Circulars 10 cents. Address JEWELL NOVELTY WORKS, Kalamazoo, Mich.



FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN Our fully guaranteed watch is highly engraved, stem-wind, stem-set, simulated gold finished; desirable size, late thin model, fancy bezel, new design; given free to anyone for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c ea. Order jewelry now; when sold send $2. and we'll send you watch, three-stone RING and fine Ladies' or Gent's Chain FREE. DALE WATCH CO., DEPT. 12, CHICAGO

TO COLOR GREY HAIR "TINTO" HAIR SHADER



Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black. One liquid; a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. *Warranted* free from lead, sulphur, etc. PRICE 60¢ BOTTLE POSTPAID. SAMPLE BOTTLE 10¢ OZARK HERB CO., DESK 3 ST. LOUIS, MO.



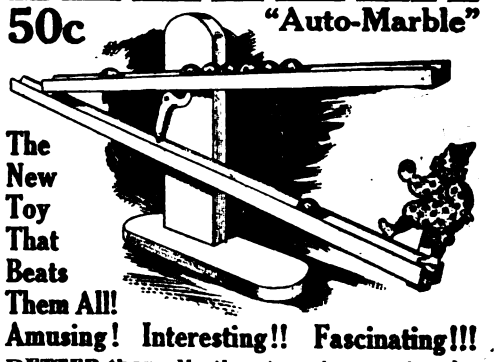
JAPAN ROSE BUSHES

The Wonder of the World.

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old **Will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house in the **winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail **10 cts.** **Japan Seed Co.** Box 6 So. Norwalk, Conn.

All The Boys and Girls Want It!

50c "Auto-Marble"



The New Toy That Beats Them All!

Amusing! Interesting!! Fascinating!!!

BETTER than all other toys because the children never tire of it. Durable and practically unbreakable, made entirely of wood and metal. To be placed on table or floor and operated with ordinary marbles which automatically knock down the funny old clown causing him to perform the most comical antics. A perpetual source of fun and laughter for the boys and girls, and amuses the older folks as well. Sent by Parcel Post **prepaid** to any address in the United States for **50 cents.** **Agents, this is one of the greatest house-to-house sellers you ever heard of.** Write for our special confidential prices in quantity lots. **SPECIALTY CO.,** 36 COLUMBUS AVE, BOSTON, MASS.

Dutch Valance Lace Curtains



Given For A Club of Six

For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you **one complete curtain** free by Parcel Post **prepaid.** When ordering be sure to state whether you want white or ecru. **(Premium No. 712.)**

Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 712

TO women who are looking for something out of the ordinary we offer this handsome **one-piece Dutch Valance curtain** made of Nottingham lace 40 inches wide with a drop of 66 inches when in position. Each side is 27 inches wide and the valance or top has a drop of 13 inches. This curtain is all ready to hang when you receive it and comes in colors of either white or ecru in the attractive design shown in illustration. They are considered very stylish and is becoming very popular in the homes of the well-to-do. We lately purchased a limited quantity of these curtains at a special price direct from the mill and while they last will give them away on the terms of the club offer printed at the left. Read it, then start your club today so as to get your order in before they are all gone.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Some Beauty Problems

I PRESUME a good many of my girls have yielded to the fad of the moment and cut a little lock of hair beside the ear to be trained into a Montague swirl. And, now, lo, and behold! The little curl which everybody cultivated so assiduously has fallen out of Fashion's favor, and the lock of hair we snipped so ruthlessly has converted itself into a problem.

What shall we do with it? And, alas! with the little down we find creeping down our cheek beneath it? We are just beginning to learn that we can't train the hair to lie on cheek or forehead, or fall over it, without starting a growth of hair beneath.

The first thing we must do is to devote as much time to training the hair away from the face as we did to manufacturing the bewitching



TRAINING BACK THE MONTAGUE CURL.

Montague. We used bandoline, no doubt, to plaster it to the cheek—suppose we use bandoline, now, to plaster it back? Here is the formula by which you can make a supply:

Quince Bandoline

Soak three teaspoonfuls of quince seeds in a pint of hot water for several hours. Then strain, and you will have a musilaginous liquid, to which you should add a couple of drops of perfume.

If you will moisten the hair with this, and brush it severely back at the ears, it will stay in place fairly well, although it may need a couple of applications of the bandoline during the day. If the little lock was a generous one, and your hair is inclined to be obstinate, you may have to resort to the mucilage brush, but this is to be avoided, if possible. Invisible pins will aid the bandoline tress to stay in place.

This same method may be applied wherever the hair has grown too low on forehead, neck, or cheek. It will check further growth, and gradually train the hair to grow away from the spot on which it has been encroaching. Now that it is fashionable to wear the hair high, the little locks in the nape of the neck can be kept in order by the bandoline brush, and if you wave the hair, it will stay in curl much longer if moistened with bandoline before being put up on kid curlers.

At night-time, you may use more drastic and unbecoming measures to train your tresses. Invest in a small package of court plaster, and before going to bed, brush the hair firmly back beside the ear, and paste in position with a strip of the court plaster. In the morning, this can be washed off easily with warm water, the little lock thoroughly dried and the bandoline applied.

The next task before you is to get rid of the patch of down which has almost certainly sprung up beneath your Montague. Get out your little bottles of peroxide and ammonia, and, dampening your fingers with one, thoroughly moisten the offending spot. The next day, use the ammonia in the same manner, and continue for several weeks. Peroxide can also be used for short hairs that grow low in the neck; and because it bleaches them, will render them less conspicuous. You must be extremely careful, however, not to let the tiniest drop touch the edges of the hair proper, or this, too, will bleach, and you will suddenly become—perhaps—the possessor of brown tresses with blonde roots.

Your investment in court-plaster you can turn to good account in many ways. It is very useful with which to cap an offending isolated pimple, but be sure to choose black for this purpose. Black suggests an old-fashioned beauty patch, while flesh-colored court-plaster is unpleasantly suggestive of a scab.

These tiny black patches serve to accentuate a dimple which isn't quite pronounced enough to suit its possessor—for this purpose, one should be placed just beside the dimple. It may be cut in crescent shape, star-shaped, in the fashion some ultra-modern young women affect, or it may be just a tiny black circle.

It was quite the fad last winter at opera or theater, where somewhat low-cut gowns were worn, to attach a little black patch to the shoulder, thus accenting the whiteness of the skin. But, probably most of my girls wear sweet modest little Dutch necks—I hope they do—and have no use for this art of the toilet.

Possibly, however, there may be one or two who will be interested in another very practical purpose to which that package of court-plaster may be put.

If Polly is inclined to be just a little near-sighted and so frowns a trifle when she reads, thus adding a vertical line or two to her smooth young forehead; or, if Janet has a rather hasty temper and is getting some temper lines just above her brows; or if patient little Ruth, who is sick so much, finds that Pain has left a crease or two behind, then out may come the court-plaster packet. With a pair of sharp scissors, little strips and squares of the plaster may be cut, the wrinkled skin smoothed out, stretched to its utmost between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, while the right hand claps a strip of dampened plaster right across it.

Wherever you find a wrinkle or the hint of one, clap down one of your plaster strips. Of course, these are not to be worn in the daytime, but may be generously applied at night, and kept on till morning. Then warm water and soap will wash them away, and you should rub in a little skin food, massaging across the lines, not in the direction they run.

If you will be diligent and faithful in your allegiance to court-plaster and bandoline, peroxide and ammonia, I shall expect to hear great tales of the improvement in your appearance before next month.

Answers to Questions

A Mere Man.—How very kind of you to let me know the method by which you so successfully increased your weight. I shall be very glad to recommend an egg beaten in a pint of milk, to be taken before breakfast each morning. That you have succeeded in gaining twenty-five pounds in six months, although being obliged to eat in lunchrooms and restaurants speaks well for what the egg and milk have done for you. I notice you are careful to eat rather light meals, which is an excellent plan if there is any trouble with the digestion. Thank you again for your very helpful letter.

Blanche F.—Anybody can be a member of our Pretty Girls' Club. This merely means that you will try to follow the advice I give in this department, pass it along to your friends, and do your best to be as pretty and happy and healthy as we were all intended to be.

Madge.—Your picture shows a very attractive girl. If you were not so careful as you say about your diet, I should think the pimples were caused by the food you ate, but you say you avoid pies, cakes, candy and fried foods. I suppose you are careful to drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, are you not? You must be sure that the eliminative functions of the body are in good working order. This is absolutely essential. See to this daily. After you scrub your face at night with hot soapy water, are you careful to rinse it in warm water several times, so that there cannot remain a particle of the soap? I think it would be a good idea to use warm (not hot) water instead of cold, in the morning for your face, without soap, afterward dashing on cold water. Before applying powder at any time, rub a little cold cream into the skin. See that it is all absorbed, and wipe off the surface of the face gently with a soft cloth before applying the powder. Can you not manage to take a bath every night before retiring?

White County, Arkansas.—The health of the hair depends considerably upon the health of the body. You must keep yourself very well nourished, and drink plenty of water. Eat a good many fresh fruits and green vegetables. I think the best thing for your hair would be to massage the scalp nightly. To do this, place the thumbs upon the temples and rest the four fingers of each hand on the scalp. Now, without lifting the fingers, move the scalp back and forth on the skull. You may find that your scalp is quite firmly attached, and does not wish to move, but keep right at it; for unless the skin is loose on the skull, your hair will not be healthy. Pay particular attention to the thin spot of which you speak. Use a little vaseline on the fingers. Shampoo your hair once in three weeks, not oftener; and the night before shampooing annoint the whole scalp with olive oil slightly warmed. Do your hair up in a towel afterwards. This will loosen the dandruff or scales, and make the shampoo in the morning effectual. You teach during the week, but if you could, on Saturday and Sunday, rub vaseline into your entire scalp, parting the hair first in one place and then in another to make it easy to apply the vaseline, it would be an excellent thing for your scalp. This would mean, of course, that you would have to shampoo it every week before you went back to school. The scalp massage is the best thing for you, however. You can change the position of the fingers every few moments until every part of the scalp is massaged. Do not rub the fingers back and forth across the hair, as this breaks the hair. Keep them in exactly the same position on the scalp, but move the scalp.

A Young Mother.—Gentle massage of the tiny scar on your daughter's forehead will help remove it, but in any case it will probably disappear as she grows older. Such a little "dimple" is often considered a desirable beauty mark, so I should not worry about it. Use cold cream on your fingers in massaging, and massage *across* and not lengthwise of the mark.

Inquirer.—Your hair is extremely pretty. It is brown with chestnut shades. Do not try to make it all the same color; this little tinge of chestnut is considered quite attractive. If you find dandruff coming, see what I said to "White County, Arkansas," and use olive oil the night before shampooing.

Curly Head.—No. Buttermilk will not grow hair on the face. Taken internally it is excellent for the complexion. Your hair is a light brown with a golden tinge. You should shampoo it every three weeks, being careful that it is rinsed thoroughly and dried in the sun. If it reaches to your waist, it is a very good length, indeed, for a girl of seventeen years. Your handwriting is very good indeed.

Gemma.—The only formulas I possess for liquid face powders contain bichloride of mercury, and this is such a deadly poison that I do not like to give out the formulas. The application of a liquid powder is a very delicate thing; and if the tiniest pin-point of the skin is not covered, the whole face looks artificial. Use a good cold cream and dust powder on the skin. If you wish to use a liquid rouge, dissolve pure rouge (carthamine) in alcohol and add a tiny bit of acetic acid. Apply with a bit of absorbent cotton, after using cold cream and before applying powder.

Smiling Eighteen.—Don't lessen the amount of water you are drinking for any reason. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, but do not drink any liquid at your meals. For your hands and arms, scrub them every night with hot soapy water and a complexion brush; in the daytime, except when they are very dirty, use tiny cheese-cloth bags of rolled oats instead of soap. Dip the little bag (about three inches square) into warm water and then use it as a wash cloth. At night use the following arm-and-hand bleach:

Bleach for the Arms

Beat the yolk of one egg until fluffy, then add twenty drops of tincture of benzoin, one teaspoonful of olive oil, half an ounce each of glycerine and rose-water, and add enough flour to make a thick paste.

When the arms have been covered with this dainty bleach, wind around them long strips of cotton cloth, fastening ends securely. Do not remove bandage until morning comes. Slip very loose cotton gloves over the hands.

Dorothy.—Fill the hollows at the base of the neck with cold cream, and massage the lower line of the throat until the cream is all absorbed. Also practise the following exercise:

Take a correct standing position, and alternately turn the head slowly to the right and left as far as possible, keeping the muscles of the neck rigid.

Here is a formula for the sachet powder which you wanted:

Violet Sachet

Ground orris root, one half pound; ground rose leaves, one eighth pound; ground rhodium wood, one eighth pound.

I should not brush orris root into the hair. A dry shampoo of this kind should only be used in emergencies, as it is apt to clog the scalp and bring about unhealthy conditions. Here is a formula for a face bleach:



A TINY PATCH TO ACCENTUATE A DIMPLE.

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some of the almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and tear a hole in the center of each for your nose, so you won't smother. Now, dampen the squares and spread the paste between them. Bathe the face in hot soapy water, massage a minute, and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels; and, as soon as they cool, replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold water. Take two or three treatments every seven days for three weeks. If your nose and cheeks get so red, your circulation is impeded. See that your clothes are loose, both around the waist and neck, and never wear tight sleeves. To improve your circulation, practise the exercise given to "Schoolmarm" for fat feet.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Cotton Style Show

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

South as well as friends and I feel that the splendid example of the women of international fame who have given up careers and ease and comfort to go back to their native countries and show their patriotism by helping nurse the sick and wounded soldiers should find a response among the women of America who should at least endeavor to help even in a small way when a crisis like this arises that threatens the prosperity of such a large section. Patriotism isn't worth much unless it is practical," she added with a smile, "and now that cotton has had such a good start it is to be hoped, and I believe, that the use of cotton will become so universal that we will be able to use up a large part if not all of our surplus here in our own country.

At any rate, the cotton boom has begun and there is to be a number of Cotton Balls in the different cities which will further the cause. Washington is to have two, very soon, at which we will all wear our cotton gowns. Just now we are busy figuring out a winter wardrobe in cotton materials."

Miss Lucy Burleson declares that the wearing of cotton gowns and making American goods and American styles for American women the decree of fashion is a small service to render in the name of Patriotism when abroad so many women are called upon to give up everything life holds dear. She is certain that American women can make any project successful if they want to and points to the Cotton Style Show and the Bargain Sale week as an example which should be only the starting point in the work along the line to popularize cotton goods and that there is no good reason why the use of cotton should not be persistently continued as long as conditions limit the market. Through the schools much could be done to promote the general use of it, and much of Christmas giving might be figured out in cotton articles.

Few people really know just how large a part cotton plays in the necessities and comforts of every-day life. Since the cotton boom started and has drawn attention to this product of the South more has been learned as to the extent to which this article is used than was ever before realized. Though the European war demoralized the cotton industry, without cotton the war could not either have started, or having started, could not continue, for the simple reason that not a single modern gun could be fired without cotton, not a single battleship be able to sail nor any of the armies of Europe be put into motion. Cotton is the basis of smokeless powder now universally used, and of the high explosives. The armor-clad warship carries more cotton than was used by the frigates of a hundred years ago with all their array of sails. All the armies of the world now use cotton for their uniforms, in fact all of the people of the world from the tropics to the poles use cotton, for the Hottentot stretches a few breadths of cotton cloth over some poles and makes a shield from the sun, while the arctic explorer takes his duck suit, pads it nicely with cotton and does away with the weight of his furs, but none of the warmth.

Though many people insist upon wearing woolen clothing, it is a question whether they really get all wool or not, for so skillful have become the manufacturers of fabrics and textiles that to actually make sure a garment is all wool one would have to boil it in caustic soda.

Cotton enters into the composition of many articles outside of wearing apparel. There are cotton combs, for celluloid combs are really made of cotton treated with acids, and so are all celluloid articles, and their name is legion, made from the same product. Cotton is part of the structure of automobiles, for it is in the soft felt cushions, and the costly tires that puncture so readily and at such inopportune times are cotton treated with rubber.

Coal could not be mined without cotton. In the production of electricity, and the making of passenger coaches, cotton plays an important part. Big office buildings could not be put up without cotton, for there would be no fireproofing practicable; and for the carrying of cement 180,000,000 yards of cotton cloth are used every year for the bags that hold it.

Mr. C. T. Revere, the cotton expert, vouches for these facts and many more, and he knows, that cotton is a part of enamelled ceilings, that one company alone requires one million yards of cotton cloth each year to shade their tobacco plants, on plantations in Cuba and Florida, and 4,000,000 yards to make the little bags in which the tobacco is sold to the smoker.

From Mr. Revere's figures, it is evident that cotton is everything to everybody, playing a conspicuous part in housing and clothing us, and, as cotton-seed oil and its products, even finding its way into the larder to shorten our pastry when hog lard is either too high, too scarce or not popular with the cook.

Should anyone doubt that this is the age of cotton, the following figures should be more than convincing. The stopping of the looms and spindles would not be the greatest loss consequent on the elimination of cotton, for there are numberless other industries that would be paralyzed.

The total of the world's consumption of cotton last year was more than 19,000,000 bales. To many people to whom cotton is summed up in pillow cases, sheets and dress goods, the fact that these articles use up a comparatively small proportion of this material would doubtless cause a surprise. The railroads and trolley lines of this country alone, use more than 250,000 bales of cotton yearly for making enamelled ceilings, plush chairs, leather seats and airbrake hose.

The automobile consumes about 400,000 bales, annually most of which is made into cotton duck, the essential features for tires, and the balance into leather cushions and seats. The great harvester machine company is the largest individual purchaser of cotton, as it uses millions of yards of cotton-duck; the amount for the entire industry being estimated at fifty million yards yearly. Ordinarily in New York alone, 400,000 pounds of cotton yarn is used weekly in the electrical industry where it is utilized in insulation.

Many articles are now put up in cotton bags, as with cotton at fifteen cents a pound, they are cheaper than barrels.

Coal, too, is being put in duck bags or sacks for delivery where chutes are not feasible of use, and for this 15,000,000 yards of duck are bought. In coal mines cotton duck is used extensively for ventilating chutes, and cotton tarpaulins have come to be a universal covering for flat cars, vans and wagons.

The cotton blanket is rapidly driving out the woolen one. The delicate tints, plaids and stripes are attractive enough to please the most esthetic taste while their soft and downy surface is quite as appealing as that of the wool ones.

Twenty million yards of cotton duck find their way into the Canadian northwest each year for overcoats, replacing furs. With a padding of cotton between layers of duck, they are warmer and not so heavy to carry as the fur ones.

Cotton cloth takes the place of wall paper in many homes, and cotton buckram is used for the bindings of books. The government uses millions of yards of cotton duck for coin bags, and millions of yards go into feed bags for horses, and millions of yards are used for filtering oil, in the space of twelve months.

Potteries use great quantities for extracting water from clay, and fifty million yards go into cotton ducking for rubber belting and rubber hose.

The same material goes into the composition of gauntlets, gloves, leggings and tennis and gymnasium shoes, canopies for shower baths in place of rubber, coverings for trunks and telescopes, and 4,000,000 yards each year find their way into mines for draining purposes.

Countless yards are cut up into wagon tops, cushions and waterproof coats, tents, awnings, furniture making, floor coverings, etc. Mattresses too are being made of cotton felt and largely replacing those of hair.

In wood pulp and all paper mills, cotton is greatly in evidence for driers.

Most of our so-called household linen is cotton.

In the face of this marshalling of statistics of usefulness of cotton no one can plead a disinterest in the cotton situation, and with a little enlightening as to the many splendid substitutes for other fabrics which cotton can supply, which is emphasized by the world-wide attention which the war has attracted to the cotton industry of our land, America alone should be able and glad to make use of her cotton surplus for her own use.

The movement has been given a further impetus by President Wilson urging other cities to duplicate the Washington Cotton Style Show in the following message:

"The various movements to relieve the situation of the cotton growers, hard hit by war conditions in Europe, afford fresh proof of the American spirit of helpfulness. The exhibit of cotton goods in Washington this week opened the eyes of many to the growing uses of cotton. It is gratifying that patriotic women of other cities in our country are planning to follow the good example of Washington women and make like exhibits in their home cities. Such displays must have the effect of increasing the demand and opening new fields for the use of the fleecy staple, and are therefore to be warmly commended."

So also, the Daughters of the American Revolution have passed a resolution to wear cotton dresses, to increase the demand, and also to scorn all hats with foreign labels, and to use cotton decorations whenever possible. In line with this are the plans of the various clubs and societies for the organization of committees to arrange for "Muslin Balls" and "Cotton Balls" with prizes to be given for the handsomest and most unique cotton gowns.

Already from some of the states, word has come to Miss Clark that her efforts in starting the Cotton Bargain Sales Week has been productive of such a demand that shelves overstocked with cotton goods have been so depleted that orders have already gone to the factories for new supplies.

Who, now, would ever say that American girls and women have not their full share of patriotism?



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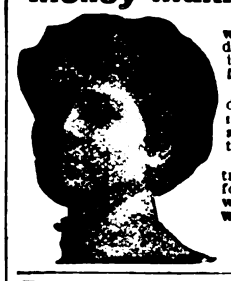
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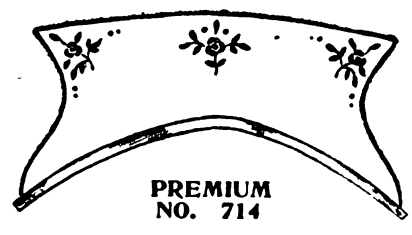
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

With the Boy Scouts—Chivalry

CHIVALRY is a rather ancient word and has lost some of the glamour of its earlier significance. Gone alas, are the knights of old and with them the stirring deeds of valor done for ladies fair in distress, and the tilting matches, and the wild-brimmed, sweeping hats and the shiny swords and all the picturesqueness of olden days. In good king Arthur's time this worthy band of youth and pluck and high ideals flourished, but it must be stated, that the qualities, in which they seemed to excel had always existed in the hearts of brave and true men.

History tells us that about 1500 years ago the noble order of knighthood and chivalry sprung up in Europe. It was composed of men who loved fairness and justice, and their purpose in organizing was to defend the weak against the cruelty and oppression of roughs and bullies.

At this time the people were divided into two great classes, the aristocrats or nobles, and the plebians or common, hard-working folks. The former class, being supported by the toil of others, were rich and powerful and in a great measure idle and vicious. As a consequence their weaker brothers suffered nearly every kind of wrong and indignity at their hands. Now, in those days, while might was generally considered right, and it was the accepted idea that the prerogative of the rich and so-called nobles was to do as they pleased to the plebians, not all of them were brutal enough to act inhumanly toward the under class. In fact some of them stoutly objected to the gross wrongs perpetrated by ruffians of high caste and decided to put an end to them.

Noblemen, indeed, were those men, for observe, they were not banding together for their own protection but to help the weak and oppressed. Their slogan was, "To live pure, speak true, right wrong, and follow the king," and this, I think is a precise and adequate definition of the word "Chivalry." Of course, nowadays we will want to cut out the "king" part of it, but it is easy to put in the world "Lord," instead. There is no finer formula for a life of service than this same amended slogan, and of course you know, that every successful life is preeminently one of service.

In our time we do not have to battle with robbers and wild animals and savages to win a place in the ranks of chivalry. The more I think of the matter the more I am convinced that plain politeness and courtesy and common decency are all we need. To be truly chivalrous one must be imbued with a strong desire to make others comfortable and happy at all times. The Boy Scout motto, "Do a good turn daily," is a splendid rule of conduct to live up to.

However in practising the little amenities of life there is a line over which we must not step. The true gentleman is never over mannered or obtrusive. If he performs an act of kindness, he does it as quietly as possible. His object is never to display his own good qualities but always to put someone else at ease or help them out of a difficulty. He does it naturally, freely and unconsciously, without flourish or bombast or ostentation. The very essence of good breeding is to be polite in the least noticeable way. The great Lord Chesterfield, who is the world's authority on matters of etiquette sums it up admirably in this sentence, "Virtue itself offends, if coupled with forbidding manners."

Did you ever notice a difference in the way boys tip their hats to ladies? Some do it grudgingly, merely plucking at the headpiece, as if it were a crime to take it off; others apparently, want to show how very much they really do know, and almost sweep the ground with a grandiose gesture. Of course you cannot admire either of these extremes so you will choose the middle ground. Cut out the stage stuff. It is false and unreal. Take your hat entirely off, if it be possible, when you meet a lady and put it back on your head as slowly as you took it off. Even if you are ten feet ahead of the person saluted, before your head is again covered, where's the harm? Learn to do it gracefully. A bit of practise before a mirror will not be amiss.

Doff your hat impartially to all ladies of your acquaintance, even your next-door neighbors and



A KNIGHT OF OLD.

the members of your own family when you meet them on the street or away from home. Remember the old like to be made much of as well as the young. Call an elderly person by his or her full name that is surname when you address them, and they will think a lot more of you for it. Surely, "Good morning, Mrs. Brown," accompanied by a proper baring of the head, and a frank, pleasant smile, is a whole heap better than a sidelong look and a curt "Hullo." The art of meeting people properly is well worth attaining for it may be the foundation of a successful career. You can certainly acquire it by constant practise and genuine interest.

Now acts of courtesy in nearly every case involve the foregoing of some of your own pleasure. Would it not be a grand old world if each of us would strive a little to make others happy?

Once I had the unusual experience of seeing the entire youthful population of a big city on its good behavior. It was nearing the Fourth of July and the mayor, who was a great and noted man, lay sick in bed. Over the city sped the word that the noise of fireworks and guns might retard his recovery or even cause a relapse from which he could scarcely hope to rally, and the people, by common consent, refrained from their annual practise of frolic and noisy glee. On the evening of the Fourth the city was as quiet as if it were mid-winter. Not a shot was heard, not a rocket lit up the sky. The invalid noted it and from his bed of pain he gave forth the message, "It is not my wish that anything should curtail the children's pleasure one whit, and yet this silence is sweet music to my ears, because it proves that the American youth can be truly kind and chivalrous."

Unfortunately, a few days afterward, the good man passed away, but this one quiet observance of the national holiday was so noticeably free from accidents and fires and fights, that it grew into a nation-wide campaign for a sane Fourth. I am firmly of the belief that although the self-sacrificing lads did not save the mayor's life by their chivalrous conduct on that first sane Fourth, that since then hundreds of lives and imeasurable suffering have been saved by the good practise they started.

Every Boy Scout is a true respector of others' rights. Protecting the weak does not always mean doing some heroic deed at great personal



CHIVALRY.

risk. Sometimes, as in the case cited, it is best accomplished, by an omission instead of an act. There is no set rule for chivalrous conduct. It is just a case of acting on your best impulses. At all times it requires courage, but courage itself is a hard quality to define.

It is the good we are trying to do that counts. If Chivalry is to be measured at all it must be by this standard. Some great thinker said, "Courage is not the absence of fear but the conquest of it." It takes a fine bit of courage to apologize for a wrong we have done to someone and yet it would be cowardly to refuse to do so.

The true gentleman always thinks of others before himself. Here is an incident that I was a witness of the other day. A dozen husky, young football players just from the field of practise boarded a street car with much loud laughter and shouting and jostling. As there were no women on the car, they continued to sing and give their class yell after they were seated. When the merriment was at its height a woman with a sleeping infant on her arm got on the car. One of the boys gave up his seat to her and from the instant she entered until she got off not a bit of noise was made. Perhaps it is a bit unchivalrous for me to add that the woman was colored and quite poorly clad.

Another instance comes to my mind. On the way to school when I was a lad was a hollow in which a very old woman lived. Grandma Baggs was her nick-name and each day some of us used to go down the rickety steps to do chores for her, the girls to sweep or wash the dishes or bring her hot soup or dainties, the boys to chop wood or shovel snow or carry water. Not for worlds would anyone harm the old lady and woe be to any strange lad who happened to throw snowballs at her door.

At the side of her little cabin was one lone walnut tree. It was a big one though, and seemed to have more nuts on it than any tree I can recall. This tree was in the heart of a thickly settled neighborhood and there was not another nut tree within miles of it. It was quite a temptation to go down and steal a few walnuts, but I do not think any boy ever did. The old lady sold the annual crop and the money received was her only source of income. The school boys gathered them for her and shucked them and put them on the low roof to dry and when she did try to force some on us we always snuggled them back into the basket. It was an absolute disgrace to have a walnut in your possession until after Grandma Baggs's crop was gathered and sold.

Ever since those days I feel as if I should help an old lady the very minute I see one, thanks to the early habit of doing chores for old Mrs. ——, well to tell you the truth, I never did know her right name. I think nothing could be finer than for a boy to voluntarily be of service to an aged person. It is a mark of good Scoutdom and the soul of Chivalry. Practise it whenever you get a chance and see what a real pleasure it is.

The great war now raging has brought out the inherent bravery and chivalry of the foreign Boy Scouts. In all the countries they sprang to the call of duty as one man. In eighths and double eighths they spend the long dreary nights guarding railroads, bridges and culverts. War service, it is, to be sure, and yet they are peace Scouts, acting in strict accordance with the tenets of the organization, for it certainly is a good turn to the helpless passengers to see that no harm comes to them while they are traveling. The Scouts are not out to injure anyone and do not carry guns, their duty is simply to spread alarm if needs be and and to stop endangered trains by signaling. It is not very easy duty either and I think it comes squarely under the heading of Chivalry. Spending a few nights in a forest is all right in fine weather, but after a week of it is apt to become irksome. Then it is discovered whether the boys are just showy and brave on the surface or have real grit. When the war is over, I have no doubt that hundreds of brave acts now being performed by them will come to light.

History describes many chivalrous deeds done by boys. A fine example of fortitude coupled with extreme courage is that of the French lad who carried to Napoleon the joyful news that his soldiers had taken a town that was being besieged. "You are wounded," said the emperor, noticing the lad's paleness and tightly closed lips. "Not wounded, sire but killed," was the answer, as the youth fell in a dead heap at the feet of the conqueror of nations. The greatest mistake a boy can make is to imagine that the exercise of mere physical strength constitutes bravery. It certainly does not, and invaluable as it is, it must be used to help and uplift and not to harm and destroy. Never strike a weak or innocent person. The bully is always a coward. He seeks the adulation of the crowd and in his heart is petty, mean and low-spirited. I can recall a half-dozen boys who were gang leaders and brutal fist fighters when I was a youngster, and not one of them amounts to a row of pins today.

Victory gained by sheer force or by ruthlessly trampling on the rights of others is worse than defeat. In the animal kingdom the big devour the little but we have souls and do not wish to be put on a level with a bulldog or a shark or a tiger.

Some boys take delight in teasing and making fun of the weak and crippled and deformed. Once I saw a young brute pull the coat-tail of a drunken man to gain the plaudits of the gang he was with. Urged on by the cheers and laughter of his equally brutal companions, he went a little too far and the helpless inebriate was thrown forward, sustaining a deep cut on the forehead. At sight of the blood the tormentors ran, the



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erstwhile brave leader dashing into a woodshed and cowering there like a whipped cur. How quickly the threatened danger to himself brought out the weakness of his character. It was a different sort of a lad who picked up the injured man and helped him to his home. The latter was a natural born Boy Scout and exemplar of Chivalry; the former and all like him should get into the Scouts and learn to apply their excess animal spirits in a good direction.

God is just and surely meant that the strong should protect the weak, or else it seems to me He would have made us all of equal strength. Chivalry is Christian knighthood. The keynote of Christianity is the golden rule. "Do to others as you would have them do to you." In spite of all this men are prone to take advantage of their brothers. Modern writers frequently ask this question, "Is Chivalry dead?" It is within the power of the boys of today to make their generation more chivalrous than any which preceded it.

The trend of events seems to indicate that America must take the lead in eliminating the horror of war from the world, as well as other forms of injustice. To do this she will need men, alive with a strong desire to assist the weak, regardless of what sacrifice may be involved. The Boy Scouts' organization is a preparatory school in the making of such a race. The members are sworn to do good at all times, and are fitted by training to act properly in every emergency that human brains can anticipate. The mock hero of cheap literature or cheaper picture drama is not the kind the Scout is taught to emulate. Our chivalry consists in doing properly the little things that are closest to us. Big, showy deeds of bravery are usually done on the impulse of the moment and are not always true indications of character. Politeness, cheerfulness, courtesy and fairness can be used all day long, even in our most trivial affairs. Each and every one of those qualities, we all possess to some degree, but we must amplify and enlarge them. All it requires is a willingness on your part. Common sense will teach you ways and means. If you could but foresee what a big advantage it will be in the shaping of a successful career, you would begin at once to practise the art of making life pleasant for others. No one can tell you just what to do, because your life is different from any other. "Do a good turn daily," is a good guiding motto for all boys as well as Scouts, but make it ten or a hundred good turns every day if the chance comes your way. No. "Chivalry is not dead." It has been neglected for a little while but it is coming to life stronger than ever. There is always a bumper crop after the soil has lain fallow for a few years.

Hearts and Wires

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

thrilled old Mrs. Fife's ear like a harp-string. She listened entranced whenever Jessie spoke.

"It seems to me," she said, "That you ought to be able to sing with that voice."

Jessie laughed, shook her head.

"I've never tried to sing or thought I could. I'm afraid there's not a bit of music in me. It seems strange, too, for mother used to sing very sweetly. She sang in the drawing-rooms of wealthy people until she married father. Then I came and her voice went." She touched her mother's needle-worn hand tenderly and her lingering glance was like a beautiful caress.

Old Mrs. Fife had suddenly a great deal of color. She let her fork fall with a rattle.

"It is a pity about the voice," she said. "And yet I daresay your mother feels it no sacrifice when she considers her daughter's."

Little Mrs. Carr's eyes shone through tears.

"As if all the voices in the world could be worth her little finger," she cried.

Old Mrs. Fife gave the signal to rise. This time she made the journey from the breakfast-room to the winged chair more comfortably than she had ever made it before. She had her arm through Jessie's. And Jessie had a way of offering herself more as a comrade than a young prop to a failing old stem. Therefore it was that Mrs. Fife said strangely:

"When your mother named you she gave you my name which is Jessie also."

"Oh, mother didn't name me. It was my father who did that!" cried Jessie.

Presently Mrs. Fife sat alone. They had gone and the house was still about her. She sat quietly thinking. It was then Gwendoline Provost came.

There was a light, fine snow falling and Gwendoline's sables glistened with the tiny crystals as she entered. Gwendoline was large and fair and sables became her. Her cheek was fragrant and cold as she kissed old Mrs. Fife dutifully.

"I had to come and see you after all," she said. "I've something to tell you."

"Sit down and tell me," invited old Mrs. Fife.

Gwendoline sat down where Jessie had sat twenty minutes before. What a different picture she made! She loosened her furs and a jewel gave off blue rays at her throat.

"Well," she said. "You won't think it pleasant perhaps. But I heard tonight that Fife's widow lives here in this town."

"So?" said old Mrs. Fife.

"Yes. And she has a daughter who works in the telephone office. Can you believe it?"

"Certainly. I can believe anything at my age. What name do they go by?"

"They call themselves Carr. It seems that after Fife died his wife married again. A man named Carr. He died immediately. There, you have it all just as I heard it."

"You heard it correctly," said old Mrs. Fife slowly. "I know the facts myself. Mrs. Carr is my sewing-woman. She has been here today. Her daughter, too. They had supper with me."

"What!" cried Gwendoline.

"And she wasn't a cheap actress, nothing of the sort," Mrs. Fife went on. "She sang in drawing-rooms. It was so Fife met her. The girl is named after me. She is an adorable child."

"Well!" gasped Gwendoline.

"They don't know yet that I'm related to them. Fife never told his wife anything. But I intend they shall know. And I mean to do something for the girl, Gwendoline."

Fife's daughter," Gwendoline said. She looked away. A tear rolled down her cheek and got caught in the glossy hairs of her sable scarf. "But you can't do it all, you know," she added quietly. "I've got my claim upon her, too. Fife was the only man I ever loved. And his daughter is—— his daughter."

"Gwendoline Provost!" cried old Mrs. Fife. "Why I never was so surprised in my life. At heart you are a fine, generous woman. I haven't been fair in my judgment of you, I confess it."

Gwendoline leaned forward and took the old woman's hands. She smiled.

"Who is ever fair in her judgment of another?" she said. "I've always felt that you tolerated me on Fife's account. You have always felt that I was nice to you from selfish motives. We understand each other now. And while we both are doing for Fife's wife and daughter we'll learn to know each other right. And perhaps love each other, too."

Mrs. Fife patted Gwendoline's hand.

"I'm an old woman," she said, "But I've learned something new. And I see I've got a lot to live for yet," she declared tremulously.

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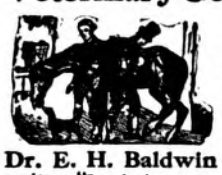
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

HEAVES.—Every time I feed my horse he has a cough. He has had green pasture all summer. Other than the cough he appears to be in first-class condition.

A.—Do not fed hay. In summer feed grass and in winter let him eat wet oat straw. He may also have roots or silage, along with whole oats and wheat bran. Do not work him soon after a meal or allow him any bulky feed at noon. If the cough persists give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. M. A. B.

SORE EYES.—I have a fine bird dog that has inflammation of the eyes. Pus forms beneath the eyes. MRS. C. E.

A.—Bathe the eyes twice daily with a saturated solution of boric acid applied each time with fresh swabs of absorbent cotton. If the trouble persists apply to the eyelids once daily a little of a five per cent lanolin ointment of yellow oxide of mercury.

GARGET.—I have a fine cow, half Guernsey and half Ayrshire. She was fresh last spring. About once a month she gives clotted milk out of her right front teat. In a few days the other front teat will be the same. Recently when she came up at night the right front quarter of her udder was swelled. MRS. J. F. H.

A.—She may be bruising or chilling her udder. Keep her out of water or filthy places. Milk her three times a day and at night rub the udder with warm melted lard.

WARTS.—I have a fine heifer calf nine months old. Her mouth has been covered with seed warts since she was about six months old. Some very large ones are on her lower lip. MRS. G. W. P.

A.—Rub the affected parts once or twice daily with best Castor oil or fresh goose grease and the warts will soon disappear.

HEAVES.—I have a mule ten years old in good condition that has a dry cough. (2) Can you inform me where I can get Veterinary Text Books? J. S. S.

A.—The disease is incurable, but may be relieved by giving half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning, feeding grass in summer and wet oat straw in winter in preference to hay, allowing no bulky feed at noon and never working the horse soon after a meal. (2) Write to Alex. Eger & Co., Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., for list of veterinary books, or obtain lists through the bookseller of your town.

HEAVES.—I have a horse eight years old. He is thin, but eats heartily. He appears to have the heaves. M. E. B.

A.—See other answer regarding heaves, in this issue of the paper.

WART.—Tell me the trouble with my mule. She has something on her thigh almost as large as a hen's egg. It has been there eight weeks and appears like a cancer or wart. It is raw and bleeds at times. M. B. P.

A.—Either have the wart cut out by a veterinarian who will then cauterize the wound; or ligate it tightly with a fine cord and once daily saturate it with acetic acid. When it drops off cauterize the base with a lunar caustic pencil, or lightly apply some diluted nitric acid, after smearing lard around the part.

LAME HOG.—For a month, my pig which is eight months old and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, has trembled when on his feet, until he could hardly stand. He appears well, gets lots of milk, prairie grass and a little corn. E. McC.

A.—Overfeeding and lack of exercise cause the trouble and he may go down paralyzed. As he is of good weight and otherwise healthy it would be well to sell him to the butcher or to kill him for meat. The meat will be all right for use.

TROUBLE WITH CREAM.—I would like to know what to do with my cream. The last four or five times when done churning the cream rises thick on the buttermilk and by the amount of butter I don't get all out of the cream. MISS C. E.

A.—The cream is not properly ripened. Perfectly scald all milk utensils including the churn. Add a starter to the cream and warm it slightly until the acidity spreads through the cream. You can get the starter at your creamery. The cream may be either too warm or too cold at churning time so you will have to experiment by adding cold water or heating as required. The cows are in no way to blame.

PARALYSIS.—What is the matter with our dog? He is down in his hips and cannot stand on his hind legs. He eats heartily and he also howls and groans all the time. J. C. W.

A.—We should advise you to put the dog out of his misery, as there is little hope of recovery and practically none if he is eight years old or over. If he is a young dog and has not been injured he may possibly improve if you give him twenty drops of elixir calisaya bark, iron and strychnine twice a day, along with a tablespoonful of emulsion of cod liver oil. Feed him generously.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse nine years old that has sweeny in both his shoulders. He appears to be stiff in his front legs. E. M.

A.—The muscles of the shoulders may be wasted, but the probable cause is chronic disease of the fore feet, such as founder. He may do better if you clip the hair from the hoof heads of both fore feet and blister them repeatedly, one at a time, with a cantharidine blister. Apply the blister at intervals of two or three weeks.

TUMORS.—I have a heifer seventeen months old. About three weeks ago I discovered a knot on her right shoulder about the size of a goose egg. It was soft. On the right side of neck was another knot, rather long and hard. Her left leg is swollen at knee and ankle joint. T. A.

A.—Swab the tumors with tincture of iodine once daily and open if they soften. If the case develops into blackleg the animal will die and the remaining young cattle should be vaccinated at once. Without an examination we are unable to say just what is the matter.

COUGH.—We are renters, bringing two cows and a calf and putting them in a pasture near a small pond where fifty ducks swim in the water. There are twenty head of cattle in this pasture and all have a cough. MRS. M. C.

A.—Such water is quite unfit for cows to drink. They should have well water. If that cannot be managed then the water should be boiled and filtered. The cough may be due to tuberculosis, which is incurable, and the cows certainly should be tested with tuberculin. Any graduate veterinarian can apply the test. If they prove to be free from tuberculosis lung worms may be the cause of cough and the adult cows will recover if well fed; but the calves in addition to good feeding should have medicine injected into the windpipe, by means of a hypodermic syringe and hollow needle used by the veterinarian.

CONTAGIOUS OPHTHALMIA.—I have several calves that have sore eyes. Before they became sore they had a dry cough, which still continues. Their eyes water and a white spot comes on the eyeball. A foamy froth hangs from their mouth. MRS. W. B. L.

A.—Isolate affected calves, as the disease is contagious. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the stable where they have been kept. Twice daily wash the eyes with a saturated solution of boric acid and every other day dust the eyeballs with a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered calomel and boric acid.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a five-year-old mare. She breaks out in pimples. The hair falls out and when it grows it is white. (2) She is also infected with worms. W. H. S.

A.—Have the mare clipped, or at least clip the hair from her belly and from the legs above hocks and knees. Keep the chickens out of the stable. Lice from them often cause this trouble, or it may be a form of eczema. Wash affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip as often as found necessary. (2) If she is not in foal she may have the following medicine for worms: one part each of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; dose one tablespoonful in the feed night and morning for a week, then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron if she is pregnant.

INDIGESTION.—I have a calf four months old that seems hearty, but expels its food and stays poor. P. A. P.

A.—Physic the calf with Castor oil shaken up in milk, then feed three times a day on milk to which limewater has been added at the rate of one ounce to the pint. Allow green feed and a mixture of fifty parts of whole oats, thirty parts of wheat bran and ten parts each of corn-meal and flaxseed meal.

VOMITING.—I have a cow, six years old and two thirds Jersey. At night she expels grass or any substance, eaten through the day. She does not appear sick. She has been that way one week, and is weaning her third calf. G. S. L.

A.—Indigestion is the cause. Starve the cow for twenty-four hours, then feed her half as much as she has been getting and see that all of the feed is sound and digestible. If the trouble persists mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of bicarbonate of soda and powdered wood charcoal in the feed night and morning.

POISON.—Can you tell me what is the trouble with my pet cats, they eat heartily, and are full grown. This week they all took sick, refused to eat or drink, and vomited green and foamy water; they lived from twelve to eighteen hours, and seemed to always want to be in a cool place. Is it a disease of cats, as everyone dies the same way? MRS. S. R.

A.—It is quite evident that the cats took poison which may have been set for the destruction of rats. The cause must be removed. It is unlikely that the cats could be saved by treatment, but an emetic might be given and followed by a physic.

TUMORS.—I have a cow that has a lump just above the front teat. It is about the size of a hen's egg. Last winter it got so sore we could hardly milk her. It got better, but the lump is still there. It is badly swollen. She gives five quarts at a milking. MRS. E. K.

A.—These tumors may be due to tuberculosis of the udder and if so the milk should not be used. Have her tested with tuberculin. Meanwhile swab the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

A Subscriber.—Will you please tell me how to feed and what to feed hens to make them moult early for early winter laying, and oblige?

A.—Moulting can be brought about by reducing feed very considerably for two or three weeks, then gradually increasing the rations, which should contain a goodly percentage of animal food, and one tablespoonful of linseed meal to every quart of mixed mash. Next month's COMFORT will contain full instructions how to feed hens to produce winter eggs.

S. H.—I wish to ask through your paper how to raise and care for I. R. ducks, as I have bought thirty-nine head of same and have no experience. Please say what is best to feed them on to get best results. Can you tell me where I can get a book on I. R. Ducks?

A.—Indian Runner ducks should be treated just the same as Pekins. For breakfast give them a mash made as follows: To every two quarts of steamed, cut clover hay, add one quart of wheat bran and one pint of cornmeal or white middlings. Every other day add a small cupful of green cut bone or beef scraps. At noon, give vegetables: cabbage, turnips, beets or anything that you happen to have on hand. If you have a silo, ensilage is a good noon feed. For supper, repeat the morning mash. Grit is of the utmost importance to ducks, and must be kept before them all the time; also plenty of clean drinking water in deep dishes, so that they can get their whole head under water, but not their bodies. If you allow your ducks to run out, there will be no need of anything more than a supper from May to November. The duckhouse must have a board floor, heavily covered with straw or hay, for ducks won't thrive if they have a damp place to sleep in. Furthermore, they are liable to get frozen feet and get lame. Ducks lay during the night or during the very early morning hours. During cold weather the eggs should be gathered as soon as possible to prevent freezing. I know of no book on the care of ducks.

A Lover of COMFORT.—Please tell me through COMFORT if there is any way of telling the sex of young geese before the mating season. If so, how? I wish to keep the geese and sell the gander without waiting until next spring. These are the Toulouse geese.

A.—Experience will teach you that there is a difference in the sound of the cry between the geese and the ganders, but it is impossible to describe it. A gander usually carries his head and neck more erect than the goose. I think you had better try to find a neighbor who can help you. I have referred your inquiry about the cow to the editor of veterinary information. Look in that column for answer.

A Giant Candle

John Pierpont Morgan was always very generous to charities in Italy and so to commemorate his goodness an Italian church in Jersey City has had a giant candle made. It stands sixteen feet high, weighs four hundred pounds and cost $1,500.00. The wick came from Germany, the white wax from Italy. The candle is ornamented with a portrait of Mr. Morgan and American beauty roses painted in oil. It is to stand in the Vatican in Rome and though it would burn nine years before it would burn out, it is to be lighted only one day each year—"All Souls' day," so that it may last thousands of years.

POTATOES AND TOMATOES ON SAME PLANT.—Plants with potatoes on their roots and tomatoes on their tops, raised by H. E. Benson at Britton, S. Dak., may yet place him in the garden wizard class with the famous Burbank. In appearance the plants are of the ordinary potato variety but at their tops are large fruits resembling tomatoes in both meat and seeds. Whether or not these are the ordinary potato balls often seen or a growth caused by the mixing of the pollen of the tomato and potato blossoms is not certain, although the latter explanation is believed to be the true one.

AGENTS

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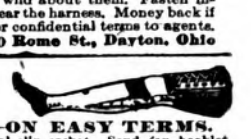


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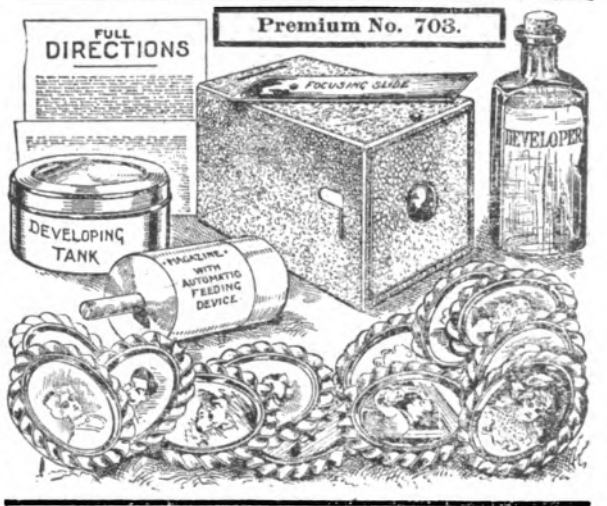
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, well, my dears, what have we here? The last month of another year and we have hardly finished with summer yet, it seems, doesn't it? I suppose you think I should have a whole lot of farewells for the old year, but I won't have one. Not one. All I'm thinking that you are thinking about is that we are to have Christmas soon and that is when everybody is glad and nobody wants to say good by. Let the old year go, if it wants to. There'll be a new one to take its place before anybody misses it and we'll go along just the same as ever. So here's a Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year. Now to work.

The first letter I open is from Anxious of Wacissa, Florida, who has two sweethearts each anxious to marry her and she doesn't know which one to choose. Of course, under such circumstances she shouldn't marry at all, because whichever she marries she may wish she had chosen the other, but as one is younger than she is and the other is a widower with four children, it seems to me that if she marries either she will be sorry for it. It looks to me that she is marrying to be a mother at the start—either to her husband, or to the children of her husband's first wife. Anxious should wait and try somebody else.

Bob's, Central, Ind.—As your engagement is secret, and as you live in different places and as you are not to marry for three years, at least, I think it is quite correct for you to accept attentions from young men in your own town, but you must not flirt with them and must discourage all love-making.

J. C. W., Lover's Lane, Va.—Beware the "jealous natured" sweetheart. The wise girl will not take as a husband any man who becomes "furous" when she talks to anybody else. Jealousy is a kind of madness, and you don't want to marry a maniac, do you?

Curiosity, Leesville, La.—Nobody knows what love is or how it is begotten, or anything definite about it, except that it is and there is no getting away from it, so I shall not try to answer your question. Call it "affinity" if you want to and let it go at that.

Lonesome, Ashland, Pa.—As you are seven years older than he is and he has bad habits you do not like and you don't care a great deal for him, though he says he does for you, my advice is that you treat him as a friend only and go out with him only enough to keep him friendly. He is not to be trusted and you should not be so anxious to marry that you will let him persuade you to marry him. The Lord doesn't answer prayer that way.

Brown Eyes, Siloam Springs, Ark.—Why should you want to leave a good home with kind parents and run away to marry a boy too young to know what marriage responsibility means and too poor to meet it? As you are older than he is, you should teach him better sense. I don't know how much better your people are than his, but his couldn't spell any worse than you do, I am sure.

Brown Eyes, Grand Bay, Ala.—Do as you please, my dear, about marrying him, but I want to tell you now that the kind of man who is always pestering the life out of you wanting to hug and kiss you, isn't the kind who will pester you much that way after he has married you.

Minnehaha, Eureka, Cal.—You write such an otherwise sensible and well-written letter that I am surprised to have you ask if being the same height and complexion as your sweetheart will be likely to cause unhappiness after marriage. That is a foolish superstition you should not be guilty of. I think you are wise to wait until you are twenty-five before marrying, especially as you have such a nice young man to wait for, and you need only tell your parents that if you and he are still satisfied with each other four years hence, you will marry, though you will not become formally engaged until you are ready to announce the approaching marriage. As for kissing him good night, just one tiny one, and that only once a week, I think it would be safe. You know, my dear, I think this will turn out very happily; ideally, in fact. I'm sure it will, if he is as sensible about it as you are.

Puzzled, West Brook, Wis.—For a girl twenty-five years old you must have learned very little of men not to know that social position has very little to do with which way Cupid shoots his arrows. Unless there is a very wide difference in social position, hardly possible in this country, men fall in love with pretty and interesting girls anywhere, and the love is quite as steady as among those of equal social position. Of course, the coarse and ignorant cannot attract the cultured and refined and I am not considering extreme cases. You are too analytic and are too much inclined to believe that you can select beforehand the kind of man who suits you and whom you will suit. You must guess at a whole lot and try out the balance. Don't accept an expensive Christmas present and have something nice and simple to give him if he should give you something, though you may give him something whether he gives you anything or not, or whether you will accept his love or not. Friends may give each other Christmas presents.

Brownie, Ooltewah, Tenn.—Thanks for your very pleasant letter to me about me. Also about yourself and I think you will grow up in your nice home to be a very nice woman. When I say to the cousins to have very little to do with beaus until they are through with school, I mean until they have graduated and are no longer to be under school influences. Yes, when a young man gives you a box of candy you should open it at once and let him enjoy it with you.

Anxious One, Engle, N. M.—Girls should tell their mothers everything and it is a strange kind of a mother who will violate the confidence of a daughter and tell what is told to her. You should tell your mother that you know she has not acted fairly with you and what you think of her for doing so. If she realizes what she has done and is sorry and promises to be what a mother should be, you may trust her again, but be careful.

Girl Friend, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Tell the young man who is not twenty-one not to dream too much about the girl of fifteen who is, or he thinks she is, his angel—or "angle" as you spell it—of light and that he should wait till he and the girl are fully matured and he may think very differently. They nearly always do when they are old enough to know better.

Frankie, Catskill, N. Y.—My dear, I don't know what kind of a young man this unambitious one is you tell me about, but as useless as he might be as a husband, he would be much easier to live with than the New York one who comes to see you only three times a year and, though not engaged, insists upon your not seeing any other young men. Any man as exacting and selfish and suspicious as that is no kind of a man to be a husband to any woman who wants to be happily married.

O. E. L., Alexandria, La.—As your papa objects to your going anywhere, even to church, electric lighted all the way, with the young man, but will let him come to see you, though he must leave before nine o'clock, I think the wisest thing for you to do is to obey your papa and don't try to see the young man except when he calls on you. A half a slice is better than no pie at all.

Cousin Billy, Newbern, N. C.—The best way to attract this young fellow who is not as attentive to you as you want him to be is not to try to attract him at all. When all girls learn this they will have acquired the most attractive quality a girl can have in her association with men.

Brown Eyes, Ishpeming, Mich.—If you expect your mother to live with the man you marry, marry the man she wants you to marry, but if you expect to live with him, marry the man you want to marry.

Glad Heart, Grovertown, Ind.—If you had been a girl of any spirit you would not have permitted the other man to lead you away by the arm when the first man had asked you to go driving with him—unless the first man was not a proper man for you to drive with and the other man knew it. Even then, he should have explained why he did it.

Blonde, Bryan, Texas.—If the young man is the right sort for you to marry and is all right, he may be justified in asking you to go with him, though you disobey your mother by doing so, but if your mother has good reasons for her objections, you should by all means obey her and not see the young man. So many young men are unscrupulous in their attentions to girls.

Sunny Jane, Santa Anna, Texas.—As you have asked the young man for the engagement ring several times and he has promised to give it to you and does not, I think you would be justified in breaking the engagement. I rather think he will break it himself, by and by, if you do not. Something is wrong with him, and now is the time to find out what it is.

Troubled, Linn Creek, Mo.—You are quite right. If he really loved you and wanted you for his wife he would come to see you and being away he would write to you oftener than once a month. If a man is ever devoted to a girl it is when he is engaged to her, and if this one is neglectful now as he is, he will be a hundred times worse if you marry him. Break the engagement and keep it broken.

Puzzled, Scranton, Pa.—I think as your sister does that you are a "funny" girl, and you shouldn't marry anybody until you are old enough to know a great deal more than you now do of the responsibilities of marriage even if it takes a hundred years for you to learn. Just now you are too silly to understand even what it is to be a man's sweetheart.

Blue Bonnet, Bryan, Texas.—A "misunderstanding" which has continued for weeks is likely to become permanent. Why not be sensible and talk it to a finish with the young man? Silly sweethearts make fool husbands and wives. Two young people who start a quarrel and then "don't speak to each other," make me very weary. And of all things, never let a lovers' quarrel extend to the other members of his family. You may snub him for a while and then be as loving as ever, but if you snub his family they take it very differently and you can't get back so easy.

Two Girls, Avon, Ohio.—When a young man meets a girl one evening and the next time he sees her he tells her he loves her with his entire soul and body and wants her to marry him, he is the kind that will bear watching. As he has given her a year to make up her mind, she should tell him to come around at the end of that time and she will let him know. In the meantime she should not see him. If he can stand a test like that, he is probably worth waiting for.

Troubled, Arlington, Ky.—Why do you want me to tell you how to arrange a meeting with this young man who doesn't seem to care enough for you to make his own arrangements? Do you think nice girls chase after young men that way? (2) Second cousins may marry in Kentucky.

Blue Eyes, Marietta, Pa.—Of course, the fireman you have been flirting with from the train stopped off to see what kind of a girl you were, and, my dear, let me say to you that if he saw your letter and knew how badly you spelled and composed and wrote he never would speak to you again until you learned to do better. Suppose you give up flirting for a year or so and take up grammar, spelling and composition.

Blondie, Ironton, Ohio.—Break the engagement as your mother suggests. A young man who will let his marriage be announced three times and postpone it each time is not the kind of a man a girl ought to marry, ever. It is queer to me that you still think he is all right and you don't want to give him up.

Slim, Halliday, N. Dak.—Don't run away with a man at seventeen. Wait until you are twenty-one and by that time maybe you won't even be so anxious to marry him without running away.

Peg, Ishpeing, Mich.—My, my, but you are silly! The young man drinks, you are always quarreling, he plays at a theater and he wants you to run away with him because your parents have too much sense to consent to your marrying him. Yet there are people who wonder why so many marriages are failures. You mind your parents and send the play actor flying.

Blue Eyes, Wilton, Va.—As everything is so lovely and both of you are willing to wait three or four years, I don't see that there is anything to do, but continue the loveliness until you marry and keep it up after that till your dying day. You sure do have my blessing.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered except some that were too silly to be noticed, or were sent to other departments where they belonged and I am sure you are all perfectly satisfied as I am. At least, I am saying so, though maybe I might be mistaken in one or two places. However, here's a Happy Christmas to you and a Happy New Year. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Aunt Sophronia's Saint

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

hat! Why didn't she wear something old and shabby for an outing!

Oh, dear, how horrid everything was! Lawrence's square back, his fair neck—how could anyone care for rowing, it was so slow! The world was a hateful place, anyway, and no one could expect any peace in it, and it would be so nice to be dead!

"Dear me," thought Katherine, "I wonder if I'm seasick?"

It was so unpleasant to feel as she did, and to be sitting there as if she really were an old maid, and those two going on so.

Pretty soon she felt as though she were going to cry, and that would be worse yet.

Dear, dear, why had this hateful Lawrence Lane come to Aunt Sophronia's at all? She had known that his coming would spoil everything, and it had.

Ugh! Those big shoulders of his, and that smooth neck—it was getting pink now—

"No, Mr. Lane, I don't think Miss Sophronia exaggerated in the least. Indeed, I don't think she half did you justice."

It was Hilda, leaning forward and showing her dimples.

"And she didn't do you half justice, either," returned Lawrence, smartly, "when she said you were a perfect treasure."

All at once Katherine felt as she had never felt before in her life, and as she never felt afterward. A quick, mad impulse took possession of her, and, without a moment's thought, she gave a great lurch to the light little craft. One of Lawrence's oars shot up in the air and the other seemed to catch in the water. Another minute, and all three were splashing in the lake, and Hilda was screaming at the top of her voice. The lake, nowhere very deep, was not more than up to the girls' necks at that spot, but Hilda in her fright, lost her wits completely, and made no effort to find a footing.

The boat turned bottom upward and floated near by, bobbing about as their splashings stirred the water.

The oars, also, were floating not far off.

Lawrence, although the whole affair was a complete surprise to him, did not lose his presence of mind for an instant. He groped for a footing at once, and when he found it, stood up and gave himself a huge shake, which sent the water-drops flying right and left.

"Don't be frightened!" he shouted, lustily, "it isn't very deep!"

Then he glanced about him quickly. Katherine was on her feet, her sunbonnet dangling about her neck, preparing to get ashore. Hilda, a little distance off, was grasping and struggling and making every effort, as it appeared, to drown herself.

Lawrence turned to Katherine.

"Go ahead," he said, "you're all right." Then he plunged through the water to Hilda. Seizing her in his arms, he carried her, a limp bundle of dripping, running streams of blue, to the slimy bank.

In spite of her despair, remorse, envy, hatred, malice and a few other emotions, Katherine could not help noticing that there was now no curl in poor Hilda's hair either, and that when it was wet it was not at all pretty, which is the way with light hair.

When they reached the bank, Lawrence helped Katherine with one hand to scale its slippery side, while with the other he held poor Hilda as easily as though she had been a child. When, at length, they had climbed to the top, all three began shaking themselves and gazing wonderingly at one another.

"How on earth did it happen?" asked Hilda.

"It was all my fault," spoke up Katherine.

"It wasn't anybody's fault," said Lawrence, cheerfully.

"You didn't even try to save me," broke out Katherine, impetuously, her lip beginning to curl.

Lawrence looked down at her brightly, and said:

"Do you remember the story of Talleyrand? It's an awful chestnut: Seated one day between Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael, the latter asked him if she and Madame Recamier were to fall into the water, which one he would save.

"Madame," returned the diplomat, "you know everything, you know how to swim. I would save Madame Recamier."

* * * * * * * * * * *

That evening about teatime, Lawrence Lane was seated in Aunt Sophronia's big, square hall, reading, when the patter of dainty footsteps on the oak staircase made him look up.

An apparition was descending.

The most graceful, slim-waisted little figure, in a cool, white frock, was before his eyes. The late April sunshine streaming through the window on the stairs outlined the charming figure, making it almost divine, and throwing into radiance the beautifully arranged rippling copper hair. The cool, white frock had half short sleeves, and one pretty white hand and arm lay along the banister rail, while the other gathered back the soft trailing skirts.

There were satin rosettes on the apparition's shoulders, and her bare throat, as seen against the sunlight, was charmingly curved and white.

Lawrence got to his feet at once and uttered a short exclamation.

As the white figure neared him he gazed at it piercingly.

"Miss—Miss—Miss Kinney?" he inquired, hesitatingly.

"Yes, Mr. Lane, it is I, clothed in my right mind." And she came down to the last step and stood facing him.

The saint began to show his white teeth.

"I have two confessions to make, Mr. Lane," began Katherine, holding her head on one side and looking down at her little white shoe.

The saint began regarding her earnestly, and this time he did so without a shudder.

"Yes," continued Katherine, "two confessions. In the first place, I'm not homely at all——"

"No!" interrupted the saint. "Aren't you, though, really?"

"No!" promptly. "And it was only because I hated you so and didn't want you to fall in love with me that I dressed myself up in those horrible things of Aunt Sophronia's. I'm not an old maid either."

The young man looked her over from head to toe.

"No," he concluded, "I don't believe you are." "And what's more," went on Katherine, feeling that she could not be generous enough after the wicked things she had thought and done, "I want to beg your pardon for calling you a cad and a hypocrite."

"Did you call me a cad and a hypocrite?"

"Well, not to anyone but myself. But you see it was just this way: Aunt Sophronia talked so much about your being a saint and all that, that I made up my mind before I saw that you were a cad, and as soon as I saw you that you were a hypocrite, because you see, saints are little, weazened, effeminate, wishy-washy creatures."

Lawrence laughed.

"Then you don't think me a cad and a hypocrite any more?" he asked.

"No, I don't. And now that I see you're not a saint, and don't even want to be, I'm sorry I kept you from falling in love with me."

Katherine blushed up to the waves in her hair, but the words were out, and it was too late to recall them.

"Perhaps it isn't too late yet," suggested the unsainted saint.

Katherine shook her head.

"I'm afraid it is," she returned, "for I intended to tell you the whole truth. I upset the boat today."

"You!" exclaimed Lawrence, starting. "I don't believe it. It was an accident."

"It wasn't an accident. I did it purposely."

"But why?" And he clasped his hands around the banister-post and gazed at her.

"Because you seemed to find Hilda so pretty."

"She isn't half so pretty as you!" he blurted out.

"Oh! don't you think so, honestly?" And Katherine forgot her confessions, and clasped her hands around the rail farther up.

"No, not half; and she's a little coward, too."

"Oh, dear!" cried the sinner, her penitence scattering to the four winds, "I'm so glad I upset it!"

"I say," began the young man, presently, "do you always look like this? for, if so, I'm sure I'll fall in love with you."

"Oh, yes!" answered Katherine, eagerly, "always." Then she recovered herself: "That is, as long as I curl my hair," she added, honestly.

At this moment Aunt Sophronia came out of the library.

"What!" she cried, delightedly, upon seeing them there, "making love at last?"

"Oh, botheration, Cousin Soph!" returned her saint, with a frown. "Get a move on you, please! We're just going to!"

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

Believe Me I Eat Everything

For I Know a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet Will Digest Any Meal At Any Time.



The Pessimist—"Your appetite disgusts me. You eat like a giant sloth."

The Optimist—"Believe me, I give my body what it tells me to give it, and whether it be midnight or noon I always obey appetite and then I eat a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet."

How often do we see men who cannot eat and how often do we hear other men boasting of their abilities to eat.

The secret of all health is digestion. The secret of digestion is the juices which are supplied by the body to separate the ingredients needed from those that are of no use to the system.

When a heavy meal has been eaten the entire body is called upon to furnish the digestive organs with forces to take care of it. The more the strain the weaker become the forces to take care of the next meal as well.

A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet aids Nature in Nature's own way. These little tablets are filled with the very ingredients and essences so needful to every normal and perfect stomach.

One quality or ingredient of a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet will digest 3,000 times its weight in food. Think if you can what a big help this means to a depleted digestion. Other ingredients aid in building up the digestive juices and blood. The stomach and intestines have their duties lightened and thus irritation, soreness and raw linings are permitted to be cured by the system naturally, quickly, harmlessly.

Thousands of dyspeptics and stomach sufferers would be glad to tell you what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for them. This is what makes these tablets sold in every drug store in this country, price 50 cents.

To anyone wishing a free trial of these tablets please address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., and a small sample package will be mailed free.

ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay
FREE TRIAL I will send any sufferer a $1.00 bottle of LANE'S REMEDY on By mail prepaid. If it cures, send me $1. If it does not, don't send me a cent.
Address D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and list of 3000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., 14 Cadiz, Ohio.



Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb** is **black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 261 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Pillow Tops Given Free

Every person should have a birthday pillow showing the respective month during which they were born. One of the state pillows should also be in the home of every family in honor of the state in which they reside. We have arranged to distribute a number of the pillows on our **free** plan which will appeal to every lover of good fancy work.

Very Latest Craze — Make Fine Xmas Gifts

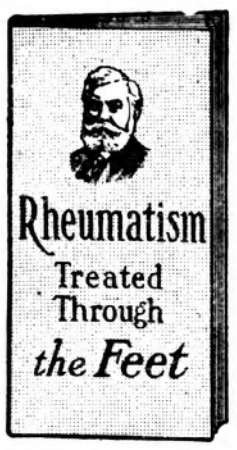
These pillows are the very latest craze in pillow tops. They are the newest thing out and are meeting a popular demand for something different in pillow covers. The birthday pillow will be furnished with the name of any month desired stamped with the emblematic flower of the month, and an appropriate verse. The state pillow has the name of the state and the official state flower. These pillows are tinted in natural colors on ecru art cloth size 17x21 inches. What could make a more appropriate Xmas gift? Just the thing to send your friends. Something they will appreciate.

Our Free Offer We will send these two pillow tops **free** of cost by prepaid mail to anyone sending us only 50 cents to pay for a two-year subscription to our popular story magazine—The Household. Or you may send 25 cents for a one-year subscription and receive your choice of one of the pillow tops **free.** Be sure to mention state and month desired when ordering. Renewal subscriptions accepted on this offer. Address



THE HOUSEHOLD
Dept. P. T. 11, Topeka, Kan.

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My Drafts have proven successful in so large a percentage of cases that they have already won their way almost all over the civilized world. Men and women are writing me that my Drafts have cured them after 30 and 40 years of pain, even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. I don't hesitate to take every risk of failure. I will gladly send you my regular **Dollar pair** right along with my Free Book, **without a cent in advance.** Then after trying them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me the Dollar. If not, keep your money. **You decide, and I take your word.** You can see that I couldn't possibly make such an offer year after year if I were not positive that my Drafts are better and surer than anything else you can get for any kind of Rheumatism, no matter where located or how severe. Send today for my **Free Book and $1 Drafts. Send no Money—just the coupon.**



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I believe eczema can be cured to stay, I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince **you** as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1126 Court Block Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.



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Anyone can earn a handsome ladies' or gents' watch, hunting and other styles, by selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces now. When sold send us $2 and we will send you **FREE** a stem wind, thin model, highly engraved watch, simulated gold finished. Other styles described with goods. Also 3-stone ring and chain free for prompt remittance.



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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Stylish Corset Cover Given For One Subscription



THIS is one of the new style Corset Covers which has been so popular the past summer and which is going to be in even greater demand this winter as it is just what every girl needs to wear under the dainty evening gowns. It is made of a **straight piece** of fine quality **long cloth** with ribbon as shoulder straps. The graceful floral design may be worked either in solid and outline stitch or solid and eyelet stitch. With this corset cover we also include sufficient embroidery cotton for working it. We are now giving away this attractive corset cover on the terms of the following free offers.

Offer No. 713 A. For only one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this corset cover free and postpaid.

Offer No. 713 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), you will receive this corset cover free and postpaid. **Premium No. 713.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bather, Lawrenceburg, Ind.—A Balkan blouse and circular bloomers are very good for a bathing suit, though rather more copious than the usual attire. Still, the Ohio river is more modest, we imagine, than the briny deep. Any color will do so long as it is visible a long way off. (2) We haven't space to tell you what games to play at your party, and how to play them, and we wouldn't tell you if we had because we believe in people making their own parties to suit themselves, instead of borrowing ideas from other people. Make it to suit yourself and you will have the satisfaction of knowing it was your own party, anyway. But don't have any kissing games. They went out of style forty years ago.

Peggy, Houston, Texas.—It isn't good etiquette, maybe, but it is pretty fair dealing if the bachelor of thirty-five who wants to marry you says he will kill you both if you marry the boy of seventeen and you a widow of twenty-seven. You needn't marry the bachelor unless you want to, but, for the love of Mike, don't marry the boy.

Mrs. E., Grant, Okla.—A wife cannot be too particular about accepting attentions from other men than her husband, however good her motives may be. We do not see any harm in your driving to church with the young man living in your house when your husband cannot go with you and you take your little boy along, but we are very sure if you did it very often some of your own Christian sisters in the church would be the very first to start some disagreeable gossip or other about it. We do not know why they should, but experience in all communities of human beings shows it to be a fact. You might go with him occasionally, or with some other friend of your husband, but have a care and do not let yourself be seen too often in the company of other men when your husband isn't with you. Both men and women will gossip if you do, no matter how good you are and how willing your husband is to trust you. Such gossips should be killed off, but there is no legal way of doing it and good people must suffer by them until they can be got rid of some way.

Mrs. B. C., Carter, Okla.—Naming the baby has been a problem ever since babies began coming into the world and lots of them have suffered by the names given to them without their consent. Why not let the baby grow up without a name until it is old enough to have a voice in the choice? If not that, give it a family name, like Bruce, or Scott, or Woodrow, or Lloyd, or Courntney, or the name of your town or county, or some pretty Indian name? These will fit either boy or girl and if you choose names of your own family they will be valuable as a means of identification. Don't give it any of the usual first names given to babies, or any Bible names for they have been worn out long ago. We might suggest the double name Okla Homa, for either boy or girl, and you would have a name for the baby to be proud of. Let us know what you do name it. If it is a girl, why not call it Comfort? That's a fine name for a girl and used to be very popular in Puritan circles.

Cinderella, Waco, Texas.—If you think you would rather marry a widower with six children than to lose him and his three sections of "good, black land," go ahead and marry him, but we think you will be paying a high price for land.

Peggie, Pettigrew, Ark.—Compromise with your older sister who insists upon reading all your letters by insisting that you read one of hers every time she reads one of yours. If she will not agree to that, don't let her read any of yours. We think though, if you are young and are receiving letters from young men, you would be wiser and safer to let her see them and advise you. Young girls get very silly in their letters sometimes, and the letters they receive are sillier and sometimes dangerous. (2) You can learn to make hair switches only from a teacher, either in a hair store or elsewhere.

Black-eyed Lass, Hosford, Fla.—Some time when you are talking to the bashful young man ask him to call on you. This is quite the proper thing to do and when he calls you can find out how much in earnest he is. As you have never been to school we advise that you take up spelling, reading and writing at home of evenings. You need it very much indeed, and you can learn a great deal by your own effort if you will make the effort.

Two Boys, Sainco, Texas.—Go right on, both of you, courting the same girl. Young fellows of your age and experience need a good, sharp girl to teach you some hard sense. She's having fun with you now, because she knows that she will never again meet two quite as mushy as you two are.

Inquirer, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The host or hostess "breaks up company" at dinner, and never a guest. The guest at table has no more right to make the first move to leave than he would have to make the first move to go into dinner. (2) It is largely a matter of choice whether the man walks between two ladies or at their side, either right or left, as may be, but in formal usage, he oftener walks at their side and to their right, and on the outside of the sidewalk rather than the inside, unless there is a good reason for taking the inside. These observances are not so strict among friends who are less formal.

Ignorance, Bryan, Texas.—If the young people of your community go autoing or horseback riding without chaperons it is proper for you to do so. In some communities, usually cities or large towns, it is not. (2) We think any young lady should have the nerve to turn down any young man who had the nerve to ask her to let him go home with her from a show to which he had let her go alone and pay her own way. The girl that won't do it deserved just such company.

F. D., Roy, N. M.—The lady may ask the gentleman escorting her home from church for the first time to call on her. She merely says she would be glad to have him call. When the gentleman asks the lady to dance with him she accepts, by a bow and smile and starting into the dance. Etiquette-book rules are not to be followed strictly on such occasions. People should have a chance to be natural sometimes. The lady may use any kind of stationery she wants to pay for. Heavy, plain white is always in good taste.

R. R., Webberville, Mich.—Unmarried pastors always cause more or less trouble among the sisters of their congregations and you are having your share after he has been flirting with you for six or seven months. As he has now grown tired of you and says he will leave you, we don't see that you can do anything else but stop loving him as your supposed sweetheart and love him merely as your pastor. Next time an unmarried pastor comes your way flirting, give him the icy stare at the very beginning. It's the only safe way to treat pastors of that kind. COMFORT church members, please make a note of this.

Devoted, Pittsburg, Pa.—First cousins cannot legally marry in Pennsylvania, neither can they in your nearest state, Ohio, but they can in New York and you could go there and be married if both of you are willing to take all the risk of blood-marriage. We do not approve of it, but as long as the law allows it in some states, our disapproval counts for nothing. A happy marriage, even at a risk, we suppose is better than an unhappy marriage without risk, or no marriage at all. So we give you our blessing, though we do so under some protest.

Anxious, Athens, Texas.—An occasional hug from your father-in-law, if his son does not object, we suppose is harmless enough, but don't permit the old gentleman too much liberty that way, even though it is more pleasant to have him hug you than to have him hit you, as is the custom of some fathers-in-law.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

Questions and Answers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

the shells and examining the contents we found a number of small pearls about the size of a grain of mustard seed, some of which were very bright and pretty; also one creamy white, round and very lustrous, measuring about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I took the pearls to Birmingham, N. Y., and showed them to two different jewelers. One said he did not think them of much value. The other said he knew nothing about pearls, but thought the large pearl might be valuable; the smaller ones he thought were worth hardly anything. It seems to me there must be a sale somewhere for even the smaller ones, as I have seen many very small pearls set in jewelry. I have about 300 hens which devoured the clam meats readily. I think I could utilize the meats and shells at a small profit on the farm, if I could find a market for the pearls. Kindly inform me if you know the name and address of any dealer who buys them.

MRS. F. A. B., Lawsville Center, Pa.

A.—There is a market for American fresh-water pearls obtained from the fresh-water "clam," as you call it; and it is commonly known by that name, although the scientists classify it as a mussel, designating it as the fresh-water mussel to distinguish it from the marine species. Fresh-water pearls are in less favor than those from the sea, and the market prices of the former range lower than those of the latter; pearls of either class must be up to a certain standard in order to be salable at all, and then the prices vary largely according to size and quality. Very small pearls are of little if any value. We are informed that J. R. Wood & Sons, 170 Broadway, New York City, and Tiffany & Co., N. Y., deal in fresh-water pearls to some extent, but Eugene A. Kohut, doing business under the name of the American Pearl Headquarters at 65 Nassau St., New York City, makes a specialty of handling American fresh-water pearls and probably pays as liberal prices as any dealer. Write these concerns for further information. Kohut issues a circular on the subject. You speak of using the shells "on the farm." I presume you crush and feed them to your hens. Perhaps you might realize more profit by selling the shells to button manufacturers who pay from eighteen dollars a ton, up. Write the Beopple Button Works, Fairport, Iowa, for information as to prices paid for shells. Quite likely fresh-water pearl fishing might be carried on profitably as a side line by farmers favorably situated near rivers or lakes. It is pursued as a business on some parts of the Mississippi river, more especially for the shells used in button making. See our article on Fresh-water Pearls on another page of this issue.

A VENTURE IN CURRANT RAISING.—I am thinking of buying 4,000 two-year-old currant bushes, at a cost of $600.00, from a nursery concern which guarantees a yield of three to four quarts to the bush in 1916 and 1917 and offers me a written contract to take the entire crop at ten cents a quart for the next five years. What is the average yield of currants? Do they ever fail? Would you advise me to undertake such a venture? I know nothing about currants and desire all the information I can get before taking such a step. W. T., Scottburg, Ind.

A.—It would in our opinion be foolish in the extreme to enter into a contract of any sort without being well informed and experienced in fruit raising. The bushes may well produce the amount of fruit mentioned if properly handled, but they may die, or may not bear fruit or the "bugs" may prevent fruiting. Take our advice and buy a dozen bushes and plant and care for them according to directions and instructions you can get in a bulletin to be had for the asking from your state experiment station. Also ask an opinion as to the proposed investment. Let every reader of this paper who is contemplating a step such as this correspondent mentions ask for advice from the state experiment station before investing money.

BLACKLEG IN CATTLE.—Can it be cured or prevented? E. S., Wis.

A.—Yes. A preventive serum is used for this purpose. The animals are injected with this serum which produces immunity from the disease. It should be applied by a competent veterinarian. It can be obtained from many of our agricultural colleges and also from the United States Department of Agriculture. Consult our veterinary adviser for further information.

SEED CORN GOT WET.—We saved a good lot of seed corn and had it dried in good shape but the roof leaked and it got wet before we knew about it. Will this spoil it for seed? J. R., Ind.

A.—No, if you dry it out again at once. If not, mold will start to grow and mold soon destroys the germ in seed corn. By all means test this corn before planting. It may be already spoiled if it was wet too long.

PACKING APPLES.—Will apples keep any longer if wrapped in paper and packed in a box than they will if put away in the barrel? O. H., Mich.

A.—Yes, they should. Wrapping protects each apple from every other apple. It is an old saying that "one rotten apple spoils the barrel." This is literally true because one apple catches the rot disease from its nearest neighbor. This is prevented in a large measure by wrapping each apple separately.

SKIMMED-MILK FILMS.—The menace of a "film famine" which, because of the European war threatened to hurt the American moving picture industry, has been banished. Moving-picture film is being made out of skimmed-milk. The first roll of practical skimmed-milk film was shown in the exhibit of the Illinois State Food Commissioner at the national dairy show in Chicago.

QUICK RELIEF FOR PILES. Send postal with name and address for **FREE** sample tube **Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy.** Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

STATE PILLOW TOP FREE



We can furnish the name of any state on pillow top showing the state flower tinted in natural colors on Ecru Art Cloth, size 17x21 in. We include a complete course in embroidery with each order.

FREE OFFER Send name of State wanted on pillow with 30c for a one-year subscription to our magazine, or 50c for two subscriptions and receive pillow top free. **THE HEARTHSTONE, 608 S. Dearborn St., Dept. P24 CHICAGO.**



FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

We give beautifully engraved, latest style, thin model, ladies' small or gents' size hunting or open case WATCH. Fine time keeper, guaranteed 5 years, looks and wears like Gold. Also Im. Diamond Ring and Handsome Chain ALL FREE. Just order 24 fine Mexican drawnwork handkerchiefs, sell at 10c each. Order today and get extra gift free. Send no money.



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$150 PER MONTH and EXPENSES Salary or Commission—Introducing our **King Butter Separator.** Produces best grade of butter from cream or milk, **sweet or sour, in less than 5 minutes.** Retails $2 up. Write for **free** sample and **salary** proposition. **De King Mfg. Co., Dept. 35, Chicago, Ill.**



SILK REMNANTS 10C One pound free without one cent cost to you. Largest and most beautiful assortment ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Big Package 10c.** B. A. Ferringer, Dept. F, New Mayville, Pa.



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GOLD FILLED BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. To get acquainted with you we will send this gold filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with Your Birthstone, for 12c, to help pay advertising. **The Auction Co., Dept. 131, Attleboro, Mass.**

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FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. **Dr. S. C. PERKY, BOX 1860, Los Angeles, Cal.**



Beautiful Xmas Package Given Away

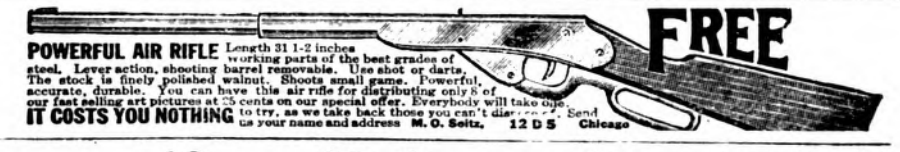
The Christmas season will soon be here. Everybody will be using Christmas cards and package stickers. Just the thing to add holiday cheer to your gifts. Makes them of more value and appreciated by those who receive them. You will need dozens of these stickers, tags, stamps and gift cards. Our big collection is the most complete offered. All beautifully lithographed and embossed in colors. Each package is a complete 52-piece assortment as follows:

10 Leaf Stickers	8 Stickers (medium)
16 Christmas Stamps	4 Gift Cards
2 Pasters (large)	4 Gift Tags
6 Stickers (large)	2 Post Cards

This Entire Collection

will be sent you as a **FREE** gift if you will send us only 10 cents for a 3-months' trial subscription to our big monthly home and story paper. The paper alone is worth many times the price we ask, but in order to introduce it into new homes we will send this complete Christmas Package as a gift with new subscriptions. If you want one of these dandy Christmas Assortments just send your full name and address and 10 cents to pay for a trial subscription. Our supply is limited and we will not be able to fill any orders after our supply is exhausted. Send your order in at once. Address

THE HOUSEHOLD, DEPT. X12, TOPEKA, KANS



POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 31 1-2 inches working parts of the best grades of steel. Lever action, shooting barrel removable. Use shot or darts. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send us your name and address **M. O. Seitz, 12 D S Chicago**

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A NEW FALL and WINTER BAG That Is Very Popular



German Silver Mesh Bag

Six Inches Wide, Four and One Half Inches Deep, Linked Chain, Engraved Frame, Lined with Soft White Kid.

ALL THE ladies and girls who like to be in style will want one of these beautiful German Silver Mesh Bags to carry this Fall and Winter because they are now the very height of fashion. The bag we offer here is of the very best quality and is **guaranteed** for five years. The handsomely engraved frame, the 12-inch linked chain, the extra close ring mesh, in fact the whole bag is made of **very fine German Silver,** and it is lined on the inside with beautiful **soft, white kid.** It is of such good size, 6 inches wide and 4½ inches deep, that it is of real practical use for all occasions, in fact it is one of the most **useful** as well as the most beautiful and stylish bags that will be seen this season. The regular retail value of this bag is $2.50, but we buy direct from the factory at factory prices, therefore are able to offer it as a premium for a very small club of subscriptions. We will make any lady or girl a present of this beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag upon the terms of the following club offer:

Free for a Club of Six!

For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish German Silver Mesh bag guaranteed to be exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 348.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. H., Rainier, Oregon.—Noises in the head, or ear with partial deafness, are very common and are due usually to catarrhal conditions, either of the stomach, affecting the alimentary canal and its various mucous membrane connections, or to nasal catarrh which affects the air passages leading into the ear. About the only remedy for nasal catarrh is change of climate, while the other may be relieved by proper diet and good digestion. Consult a physician and have him tell you what you need.

Mrs. M. E., Canton, Texas.—Measles not infrequently leaves very serious results and while your trouble in the back and nerves may be from that, there is a fair chance that it is not. The only way to settle the matter is to have two or three physicians examine you and determine. As we have often said to COMFORT readers, we repeat, that when in ignorance of what ails them, they should not try to cure themselves in their ignorance, but should get a physician's opinion and receive competent treatment, based on facts and not guesswork.

J. H. T., Charlotte, N. C.—Birthmarks may be removed, or at least very much improved in appearance, but only by experts. They are not to be removed by any home remedies, or ignorant and unskilled persons. Consult a physician. Birthmarks are often very disfiguring and when they may be removed or improved, we believe every individual owes it to himself or herself to have it done.

Lazy Mother, Watertown, Mass.—You are anything but lazy and if you could sleep as much as you want to, we think it would be good for your over-wrought nerves. Since you have come to town to live and you have less heavy work to do and feel the need of activity, perhaps, if you could get some kind of work outside of your home, whatever you could do best, it might be a relief to you and add a few dollars to your income. At the same time you need not neglect your family, which is now pretty well able to look after itself. As your doctor told you, you need enough to do to keep your mind off yourself.

Miss A., Prairie du Chien, Wis.—St. Vitus's Dance, or chorea, being due to various causes and pathological conditions requires different remedies and treatment the purpose of all being to improve the nutrition of the body generally and of the nervous system by good food, rest and warmth. This being the case the sufferer with chorea must have the attention of a physician. The disease should not be allowed to continue longer than a month or two, for the longer it continues the more difficult it is to cure. Usually it may be cured and we advise you to continue your efforts at overcoming it, especially as you should have fifty years of life yet to live. The Mayo physicians are of the very first order. Get their opinion if you can.

H. J., Honolulu, S. I.—We hardly think dentistry could be taught by mail. At least, if it could be, we would not like to have such a dentist get into our mouth.

L. M. N., New York, N. Y.—Bicarbonate of soda, like anything else, is injurious if taken to excess, but in proper quantity is a very useful and generally adopted antacid used in nearly all remedies for indigestion. If you are troubled with acid stomach a pinch of soda in half a glass of water will correct it. A better remedy, however, is a glass of water as hot as it can be drunk. This is a real aid to digestion. You may drink all the hot water you have space for and be benefited by it. We cannot publish a good remedy for indigestion because every stomach has its own and what is good for one may not be for another. You must use your own judgment in what you eat and when and how, remembering that the one rule applying to all is to chew thoroughly every mouthful of food before it is swallowed.

E. W., Saswaka, Okla.—What you call nervousness may be one kind of nervous affection, but it is not a disease to be cured by medicine. It is a common trouble with a great many people and is due to self consciousness, that is, the people having it keep their thoughts on themselves instead of thinking about other things. You can cure yourself by not imagining that you are the central figure of any company, or that everybody is thinking about how you look or what you are saying, or who you are. Just think you are not worth thinking about by other people and keep your thoughts on them and what interests them and you will not be troubled by the hot flushes and nervousness and fear that you may make a mistake or do something else embarrassing.

E. F., Woodlawn, Ala.—The itching under the toes is due probably to some eczematous condition. The dryness is part of it and if you will apply night and morning, after bathing and thoroughly drying the feet cocoa-butter we think you will find relief. You can get this at the drug-store in half pound cakes at thirty or forty cents. Cocoa-butter is an excellent skin food and may be used in any kind of skin irritation. It is a good thing to have handy in the house. It is believed by some that an excess of uric acid in the blood will manifest itself by itching under the toes with cracking of the skin. Apply the cocoa-butter and take lithia tablets. Directions on the bottle.

I. A., Lenox, Iowa.—Bad breath may be due to diseased condition of the mouth or teeth, or from bad digestion, or other stomach troubles, or from catarrh of the throat or nose. Taking the ordinary breath sweeteners, so called, into the mouth are merely temporary and are of no permanent value. You must determine the cause by a physician's examination and then remove, or remedy, the cause, by medicine or the dentist's chair.

I. O. F., Jackson, Miss.—No more than does your own doctor do we think you have Bright's Disease, but as you insist that doctors will not tell you the truth, why should we say anything? If you will see a doctor and have him make a thorough examination and prescribe properly for you you will probably be well enough before long to believe nearly anything a doctor will tell you. Indigestion is more likely to be your ailment than anything else and from that comes your nervousness and other troubles. (2) The clinical definition of anæmia is a condition of system in which improvement of the blood, whether from want or waste, is associated with symptoms of imperfect discharge of the vital functions. The causes are many and complex and the treatment is usually long with favorable results in the majority of cases.

K. I., Kiron, Iowa.—Trouble from the prostate gland and the urinary organs is very common among elderly men and as a rule very little can be done do remedy it. It seems to be a weakness of age and while the physician can do something to help in acute and severe cases very little permanent good may be gained. Sometimes an operation will be of benefit, but this is not to be resorted to except on the recommendation of more than one physician.

Subscriber, Scranton, Pa.—You will improve the circulation in your legs and make the veins less prominent if you will massage them two or three times a day, rubbing upward with the hands. This will also reduce the liability of cramps. Massaging may be done at any time and as often as you please. The goiter is quite another thing—if it is a goiter—and you must consult a doctor about that. Also let him look at the veins and see if there is anything serious the matter.

Reader, Toulon, Ill.—A man five feet eight inches tall should weigh at thirty-six one hundred and fifty-seven pounds and your weight is therefore thirty-seven pounds too light. Your sugar, eggs and milk diet will add flesh. Potatoes, fat meat, bread and plenty of water will also build up flesh. Take as little exercise as possible and sleep all you can. Cut out the whiskey drinking and drink beer instead. Also remember that some people are born to be thin and they cannot get fat. As long as your health is good and you have strength and your temper is serene you shouldn't bother about being thin. Fat is no sign of health.

Mrs. B., Daleview, Mont.—Iodine is a poison if improperly administered, and if you intend to use it you should get it from a physician or druggist whom you should tell what you want to use it for.

O. S., Shellsburg, Iowa.—Diet has very much to do with giving you a pimply complexion. Stop eating sweets and fats and drinking tea and coffee. Eat very little greasy food, drink milk and hot water, take no pastry, and once or twice a week take a dose of salts before breakfast, at least for a short time. Keep your face thoroughly clean, using hot water and pure soap, rinsing afterwards with cold water and rubbing the face dry, but not hard enough to roughen the skin.

M. K. R., Everton, Mo.—Don't ask us about curing varicocle by "subcutaneous ligature of the diseased veins," but go see a doctor. Varicocele is not a disease for self-cure even if you can use large language about it.

C. C., New York, N. Y.—A sixteen-year-old boy shouldn't have anything the matter with him and you would not if you knew something about your physical make-up. The headaches and swelling of the face may come from bad digestion. Anyway, you live in the midst of many doctors and free hospitals and you should go right away and find out about yourself and what you should do to keep in good condition. Don't be like too many COMFORT readers and make yourself worse by trying to be your own doctor.

Mrs. F., Calumet, Okla.—A fourteen-year-old boy who walks five miles a day to and from school should have more to eat than a dish of oatmeal for breakfast and some bread and molasses for dinner. No wonder he is small for his age if he has been living that way very long. He likes meat, you say, and he should have it, even if you do live nine miles from a butcher shop. If you want your boy to be a full grown, healthy man, and not an unhealthy little runt, feed him well and plenty while he is growing. And don't put it off any longer, either. Other COMFORT parents with growing boys and girls take notice and act. Feed your children carefully, but give them plenty of good digestible food.

M., Swan Lake, Ky.—The physician was right who advised you to use glasses. The fact that you do not want to wear them makes you like a good many other COMFORT readers who seem to prefer to run the risk of ruining their sight rather than to wear glasses. Of course, we can't guess what is the matter with them, nor can any physician who cannot make a personal examination, but take the advice of that one who did see them and told you to wear glasses. By and by when some other physician can see them and cure them so you need not wear glasses you may take them off.

Mrs. T. B., New York, N. Y.—We know of no depilatory which removes hair permanently without more or less injury to the skin. There are treatments, however, by electric needle which are said to be permanent. In your city are many of these specialists and we advise that you consult one of them, but get a good one.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

her hair. "I am no longer nameless, poor and without kith or kin in the world. I have a proud name, an honored position, great wealth and a beautiful home." His voice was tremulous with exultation as he said it, for he was almost wild with joy that he had all this to lay at her feet—to bestow upon her whom his heart idolized.

"Very—very glad," she murmured, but with a slight catch in her breath, for her heart seemed breaking.

"That sounds very, very doubtful," he retorted, laughing; but she could endure no more.

She arose and stood white and cold before him.

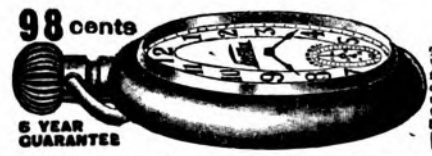
"Will!" she gasped.

He also sprang to his feet, frightened by her manner and tone.

"Alice!" he breathed tenderly, and would have drawn her into his arms.

But she put out her hand and gently repulsed him.

"This means that you and I must—part," she whispered, hoarsely, and the agony in her face smote him like a knife.



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Railroad Style

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Watch bargains we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail post paid for **ONLY 98 CENTS.** Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 6 years. Send this advertisement to us with **98 CENTS** and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98 cents today. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

He looked like one stunned for a moment.

The next she was in his arms and resting on his breast, clasped close—so close that she could not move and could feel every throb of the loving heart that beat only for her.

"Part!—you and I?—never! It means no such terrible thing," he cried, and his voice thrilled her with new life; "it means that in just one year from this time you will be my dear and honored wife and—Lady Marchmont, the future Marquise of Leith."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A Girl in a Thousand" and "A Thorn Among Roses"

BOTH BOOKS FREE!



The story "A Girl in a Thousand" does not complete the narrative. In order to get the climax you should read its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" now running in COMFORT. If, however, you missed one or more installments of "A Girl in a Thousand" we will be glad to send you the story in book form just as it appeared in COMFORT. If you desire, we can also supply you with its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" in book form. Large installments will appear each month in COMFORT but if you do not want to wait in order to complete the story, we will send you the book thereby giving you the opportunity to finish the story as soon as you like. Send us only one new 25-cent 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you **either** book—your choice of "A Girl in a Thousand" or "A Thorn Among Roses"—or for two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send you **both** books free and postpaid

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RAISE HOGS, YOUNG MAN.—Wealth will come more quickly to the young farmer who embarks in the business of raising hogs than any other branch of farming he may choose. E. T. Cash of St. Louis made this assertion before 700 members of the American Meat Packers' Association attending the ninth annual convention held at Chicago. There is more money in raising hogs than in any other branch of farming, Mr. Cash said, because they can be fed more cheaply and the demand in the markets of the world is daily increasing.

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

$80 in C. S. A. Money sent for $1. Guaranteed not to be Reprints of Confederate money. FRANK W. SHILLING, HAVARRE, OHIO.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

Eczema Quickly Healed. "EXEMOL" stops itching at once. Heals rapidly. Positive Guarantee. SAMPLE FREE. Exemol Co. K816 E. 9th Kansas City, Mo.



BIG PACKAGE OF GAMES 10c

165 Parlor Tricks and Games. 350 Jokes, Conundrums and Riddles. 75 Toasts. 13 Comic Recitations. 15 Card Tricks. 40 Magic Tricks and Puzzles. 20 Monologues. Checkers and Chess. Dominoes. Fox and Geese. 9 Men Morris. Fortune Telling, &c.

All 10c Post Paid. STAR NOVELTY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

Austrian Bead Necklace



The Latest Imported Novelty In Necklaces For 1914

This Is "THE" Style This Season. Don't Fail To Send For One.

Hand Made From Strings Of Beautiful White Austrian Beads Woven Together And Finished With Handsome Imit. Amethyst And Gold Bead Decorated Pendant.

Bead necklaces are more fashionable than ever this season. For the last two or three years these handsome, inexpensive neck ornaments have been steadily growing in popular favor and now the style has become so firmly established that no lady or girl can really call herself "up-to-date" in dress unless she is wearing one of them. The most beautiful necklaces come from Austria where they are **hand made** by skilled workmen who first string the beads in single strand then cleverly weave the strands together in different ways producing many varied handsome effects. The style shown here was the prettiest one we found among a dozen different samples submitted for our approval so we have purchased a large quantity of them and are going to distribute them free among our readers. It consists of three strands of **pure white Austrian beads** woven together so as to form a single strand which fastens with **gold-plated clasp** and in the center there is attached **as a pendant** a smaller double strand of beads decorated with a beautiful large **imit. Amethyst,** an imit. **gold bead** and a large pear-shaped bead at the extreme end. This necklace when unclasped is 15 inches in length while the lower part, or pendant, is 2½ inches in length. The real beauty of this handsome new necklace does not appear in our illustration but we hereby **guarantee** that every lady or girl who receives one from us on this offer will be more than delighted with it. Be sure to read the following **free offer** then send in your order today.

For One Subscription!

Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or your own subscription, renewal or extension of present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and we will mail you **free and postpaid** this beautiful and stylish Austrian Bead Necklace exactly as above illustrated and described. **Premium No. 679.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DO YOU WANT A FREE BOX OF KOSKOTT

HAIR GROWER

That is reported successful in so many cases? Everybody Desires

SUPERB HAIR GROWTH

No matter what you have tried without benefit, you should now gain new hope and decided encouragement. We claim that **Koskott Method** renowned for falling of hair, eradicating **dandruff** and promoting new hair growth, is safe, **hygienic,** antiseptic and contains no alcohol, cantharides, quinine or pilocarpine and **we offer**

$500 GUARANTEE

that we can produce over 1000 genuine voluntary testimonials endorsing Koskott.



W. H. COPELAND, (photo above) reports: "My hair is improving right along, the former bald spot looks darker; I am thankful I heard of Koskott."

Read These Excerpts from Letters; We Have Legions More.

"I have used Koskott about 6 weeks and hair has started out all over my head. If all the people who need a hair remedy could believe what I know about Koskott, you would need a laboratory ten times as large to supply demand." **Henry E. Powers,** Penobscot Co., Maine.

"For eight or nine years I have been a bald-headed man; the top of my head was as bare as my hand. Now hair is growing again, it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw." **Lee Fish,** Clayton Co., Iowa.

"I can no longer find the place where the bald spot was: the hair is as long there as on any other place of the head." **Matt Bagley,** Itasca Co., Minn.

"My hair has quit falling out, my scalp itches no more and new hair is growing thickly." **Mrs. J. Lundeen,** Multnomah Co., Oregon.

"After being bald 20 years, my head is mostly covered with new hair; am well pleased with Koskott." **Geo. Van Wyck,** Union Co., N. J.

"The baldness on my head has entirely disappeared, being covered with hair, by use of Koskott." **Prof. C. E. Bowman,** Maryland.

"For growing hair and making it beautiful, there is nothing like Koskott, for my hair is now a surprise to all my friends. I am telling everybody of your wonderful hair grower. **Mrs. W. Rabiger,** Alleghany Co., Pa.

"Koskott has started a new growth of hair on my head." **R. C. Cunningham,** Abbeville Co., S. C.

"The hair is now about an inch long on my head where there was not a hair in 30 years; Koskott did it." **J. J. Ellis,** Minnesota.

"Four months ago my scalp was bare; now it is covered with a nice growth of hair growing nicely." **W. C. Colman,** Red River Co., La.

"One sample box and one full box of Koskott have grown hair on my head where I was perfectly bald." **A. W. Bowser,** Butler Co., Pa.

"I was bald and never could find anything to bring the hair back until I used Koskott." **Esther Arnett,** Wallace Co., Ky.



MRS. JENNIE DAVIS, who reports full growth on completely bald head. She used Koskott exclusively.

We offer to send you a testing box Koskott FREE, postpaid. It is probably different from anything you ever used on your scalp before. The formula is **prescribed by many physicians** for various forms of scalp and hair trouble.

It is inexpensive because concentrated. No impossible claims are made and you cannot know what Koskott will do in your case until you use it; but we know that it **has surprised and delighted** many who were losing or had lost their hair and feared they must remain bald throughout life.

What Koskott has done for others, why not you?

If you have entire or partial baldness, *alopecia areata* (bald spots), barber's itch, **dandruff,** dry scalp, brittle hair, **falling hair,** if you get a lot of hair on your comb, **itching scalp,** etc., try Koskott.

LUXURIANT HAIR

IF YOU DESIRE TO

GROW HAIR

ON THAT BALD SPOT OR TO STOP FALLING HAIR OR COMPLETELY CONQUER DANDRUFF, YOU SHOULD TEST IN YOUR OWN CASE,

KOSKOTT

FOR MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S HAIR

BOX FREE

Cut this out or write your request by letter or post card.

KOSKOTT LABORATORY,

1269 BROADWAY, X 359, NEW YORK CITY

Send me, a free box of Koskott, postpaid

Name .....

Postal Address .....

Three Wheel Chairs in November

255 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three November wheel chairs go to the following named persons. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Miss Bama Leslie, Marshall, Ark., 191; Miss N. M. Hogg, Midland, Texas, 125; George Shaw, Edenville, Mich., 125.

I presume that you who help earn the wheel chairs like to be told something about those who receive them. Miss Leslie is 45 years of age, has fairly good health and is strong in her arms, but has no use of her lower limbs which have been crippled from birth and are drawn badly out of shape. Of course she is sadly in need of the wheel chair and she expects to derive great benefit from possessing it, chiefly because it will enable her to get out and enjoy the open air and sunshine. Can you imagine what it is to be a shut-in crippled from birth?

Miss Hogg is 61 years of age. For 14 years she has suffered severely from rheumatism which has so crippled her hips and knees that she has not walked in eight years; she has only partial use of her hands. She hopes that her wheel chair will bring some relief of her sufferings.

Regarding George Shaw's condition his good mother writes: "George was thrown from a horse when eight years old. The fall injured his back and brought on a spinal trouble which grew worse so that since he was 15 he has been unable to walk. He is now 31 years old and entirely helpless from his body down. His arms are getting stiff so that he can not comb his hair or help himself at all. Yet he never complains, but bears it all patiently and cheerfully."

There are many other equally distressing cases among the wheel-chair applicants on our waiting list.

Don't you feel impelled this December, the Christmas month, to do something to help COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club in its good work? Will you not send in at least one subscription this month to help provide a wheel chair for another poor shut-in.

The monthly Roll of Honor and some touching letters of thanks from recent recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs follow.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables Her to Get Out in the Fresh Air After Eleven Years of Confinement

GUIN, ALA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Words are inadequate to express my gratitude to you and my dear friends who made it possible for me, after eleven years of confinement, to be out in a COMFORT wheel chair and breathe God's fresh air again. None will ever know, unless afflicted in like manner, just how much those small gifts of 20-cent wheel-chair subscriptions merge into great blessings of comfort and happiness. May God reward each one and all with good health and true happiness.

Your grateful friend,

MRS. ERVIN SMITH.

More Than Pleased with Her Fine COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIEBER, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair this morning, and wish to thank you, and all kind friends who so kindly helped me get it. It is a fine chair, and I am more than pleased with it. Very gratefully yours.

MRS. M. MITCHELL.

Real Comfort for Him to Move Himself in COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIG ROCK, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The wheel chair for my father, Pink Robertson, came all right. He and I are much pleased with it. He can wheel himself some in it which is a real comfort to him. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped to get it for father.

Yours truly, BETTIE WALKER.

Delighted with His COMFORT Wheel Chair

SALMON, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all friends who so kindly helped me get my chair. I am delighted with it. It is satisfactory in every way. May God bless you all.

Gratefully yours, J. K. LAMANCE.

Can't Imagine How Much Pleasure She Gets from Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

PLATTSBURG, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair safely, and oh, how thankful I am that I can get out in the fresh air and sunshine after thirteen weary years of confinement. You can't imagine how much pleasure I get from my wheel chair. Thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me to get the chair. Your afflicted friend,

MINNIE YARBROUGH.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

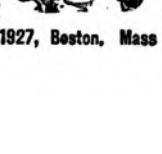
Carrie Dampf, Ark., for Benna Leslie, 171; S. J. Varner, N. C., for Tilden Varner, 60; Sara Martin, N. Mex., for N. M. Hogg, 45; Matty Russell, Okla., for Odessa Rasure, 43; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for Geo. Shaw, 43; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Okla., for own wheel chair, 21; West Virginia People, for needy person, 20; Meta Chambers, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 20; M. Hawkins, Mo., for general fund, 17; Miss Katye Sanders, Miss., for own wheel chair, 16; Hattie Woodburn, Ohio, for general fund, 14; Miss Willie Buckner, Miss., for Miss Kayte Sanders, 14; Mrs. J. H. Billen, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 13; Ruby Wimberly, Tex., for Mrs. J. T. Wim, berly, 13; Miss Minnie Washington, Bradley, Miss., for Katye Sanders, 11; Mrs. C. M. Clements, Tex., for Mrs. Mae Darnell, 11; Fred Milton Cooper, Cal., for Miss Millie Collier, 11; Mrs. S. P. Hanley, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 11; Elmer Bell, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 10; Hannah Stalgren, Kans., for Russell Harrison, 10; Miss Margerette Miller, Miss., for Katye Sanders, 9; Mrs. Stella Thompson, Mo., 9; Miss Mary McMillan, Conn., 8; J. C. Carter, Tex., for own wheel chair, 6; Carrie Fair, N. C., for Mrs. Lou Thomasson, 5; Mrs. W. C. Hodge, Tex., for J. C. Carter, 5; Ida E. McCone, Colo., for general fund, 5; Mrs. Grace Beadle, Ind., for Mrs. Alf Garman's son, 5; Mrs. Suda Catnam, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

quiring an education. The cure for the ills of democracy lies not in confining and restraining democracy, but in a more abundant and lavish democracy. This country belongs to the people and the people are entitled to anything and everything that is in it, and woe be to any class of men who try to restrict those rights, especially at the ballot box.

GRANDFIELD, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl fifteen years old. I have gray eyes and dark brown hair and fair complexion. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. There are about seventeen pupils going to school out here. Uncle Charlie, do you like to fish? I do. We go fishing on the creek every summer, and we catch plenty of nice fish, too. My mother takes the COMFORT and we all enjoy reading it, especially the letters. I can cook and wash dishes and sew. How many of the cousins like to read? I do. My father is a farmer. He raises cotton corn, and sweet potatoes also velvet beans. We have plenty of fruit. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. This is my first letter and I hope Billy the Goat will not devour it.

With best wishes to Uncle Charlie and the cousins.

Your niece, NELLIE CLARK.

Yes, Nellie, I am very fond of fishing, fishing for new ideas, new hopes, new ideals. I never, however, was much of a success as a fisherman. Whenever the fish see me coming, they always fly up into the trees on the banks of the lake, river or creek, wherever it may happen to be, and remain there until I go home. Once however I was very successful at catching fish, broke all the records (I don't mean phonograph records, but fish records). I caught twelve fish all at once. How did I do it? Well a man threw a can of sardines at my head and I caught them on the fly. That's what you may call fly fishing. Ha! Ha! Ha! Another way to catch fish is to lie on the bottom of a river with a hook in your hand and make a noise like a worm. Another excellent way is to make a hole in the middle of a stream, put a grasshopper on the edge, lie down by the side of the hole and every time a fish jumps up to catch the grasshopper, grab him by the hind leg. I'm very fond of fish, Nellie, but though I live within a mile or two of the ocean where scores of tons of fish are caught daily, I'm afraid to eat it. The fish trust puts the fish in cold storage, and you have an excellent chance of getting ptomaine poisoning every time you eat it. Everything that would feed the multitude, reduce the cost of living and fill the stomachs of the hungry and poor, is in the hands of commercial pirates who charge twenty-five cents a pound for fish that does not cost a quarter of that price. If I were Mayor of New York I should have a fleet of steam-fishing trawlers owned by the city, and I would keep New York's millions supplied with fresh sea food, distributed from municipal markets scattered all over this huge metropolis. The ocean produces an inexhaustible supply of the finest food, and if we had a government of men instead of boobs sea food could be on every table in the land. But the cities mustn't move neither must the government. The individual pirate must be allowed to rob the people, otherwise we'd be infringing on the rights (rights mind you) of industrial robbers and commercial hold-up men. The private individual must be allowed to have his profit even though humanity in the mass starves to death. What a wonderful people we are, and we actually have the audacity to think we are civilized, when as a matter of fact we are only crazyized. Nellie, I am very much interested in the crop your father raises. You say he is a producer of cotton corn and velvet beans. Maybe he has some mercerized tomatoes and some crepe-de-chine cabbage. You see living with a bunch of girls I'm quite an expert in dress goods. Well, if anyone can raise cotton corn, I should think that Alabama would be the place to do it. It's time the South diversified its crops anyway. If the South had only raised a little more corn and a little less cotton this year it would have been better for all concerned. The fact that nobody knew that war was going to break out is quite beside the matter. No one has any right to take chances in this world, for we never can tell what a day may bring forth, and we've no right to put all our eggs in one basket, far better even to carry a few in our shoes. Life is too full of uncertainties to depend on one crop or one thing, and that is why I commend your father for raising cotton corn, for though at a pinch we can go without clothes we cannot go without food. One thing is certain Nellie, Luther Burbank has nothing on your father. By omitting a comma between cotton and corn you have invented a new freak vegetable, confectionary or whatever you call it, that is going to startle the world. It is not often one can grow food and clothing on one stalk, but you have accomplished it, Nellie, and I congratulate you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

William T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. Has broken back. Wife dead. Has three little children. No means of support. Very worthy case. They need clothing and fuel. Your aid alone enables them to exist through the winter. Send this afflicted family some cheer. James Allen, South Solon, Ohio. Suffers from tuberculosis of right thigh bone. Unable to do any work. Has wife and family, the latter too young to be of any assistance. James is a worthy soul. Send this little family something that will make their Christmas worth while. John T. Hoyle, Kings Mountain, N. C. Crippled from locomoter ataxia and spinal trouble for sixteen years. Unable to walk. Has no means of support. His is a sad, hopeless case, and his Christmas will be a sorry one unless you send him some cheer. Highly recommended. Mrs. Mary A. Reynolds, Shuff, R. R. 1, Box 36, Va. poor sick widow, with five children, all too young to be of assistance. She has been bedridden for nearly five years. Do something to brighten this home at Christmas, and help make them forget their troubles for one day at least. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Has broken back. Wife and two little boys. His wife does her best to keep the home going, but it is a hard struggle. Remember them in your Christmas giving. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, N. C. Paralyzed from neck down, caused by being thrown from wagon by runaway team ten years ago. Is absolutely helpless. His wife tries to support the family and also nurse her sick husband, a task utterly beyond her strength. Don't forget them please. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Helpless invalid for thirty-eight years. His wife is worn out nursing him and trying to keep the home going. Send these poor struggling souls some cheer. Highly recommended. Rosa A. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Invalid for many years. Aged mother her only support. Needs food and medicine. Will someone send her the wherewithal to procure both. Arthur Williams, Tylertown, Miss. Invalid. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Harriet Tira, Concord, Ky. Widow, seventy-eight years of age. No means of support. Send this poor old soul some sunshine. J. A. Wolfe, Bancroft, W. Va. Has broken back, caused by accident while working in coal mine. Has wife and three little boys. They are badly in need of clothes, and a stove to warm their rooms, and fuel. Do something to help them. Junius Thompson, Le Roy, Ill. McLain Co. Little boy, partially paralyzed. Parents very poor. Send him some Christmas cheer, and something that will amuse the little fellow. M. D. Ross, Hallstead, Pa. Paralyzed. Thirty-three years of age. Would like letters and postal cards only. Claud Shifflet, Richmond, Ky. Helpless little boy. Parents poor. Send him some toys to help brighten his Christmas.

Christmas will be a hollow mockery to these poor souls unless you dig down in your pockets and give them that which buys bread and fuel and pays rent. Don't leave all the giving to a few. Do your part. A Merry Christmas to you all. God bless everyone of you. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poems in That Christmas Stocking and Make Everyone Happy!

If you want a real old-fashioned Christmas, and want to forget European wars and hard times, get a copy of that wonderful volume, Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in all the world. To deprive the children of this book is a crime. Read *"How Father Carved the Turk," "How Pop Played Sandy Claws,"* and *"Just Behind the Battle Mother,"* and you will have the whole family yelling with delight. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 160-page gorgeous volume, beautifully bound in lilac ribbed silk cloth, gold top, autumn leaf lining, a scream from cover to cover. Autographed by Uncle Charlie's own hand, with heart-touching sketch of his life, and some beautiful half tone pictures, showing Uncle Charlie dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only four fifteen-month subs. to COMFORT at 25 cents each. These clubs count toward our great cash prize competition. Dandiest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book A Superb Christmas Gift

You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's song folio, a superb collection of entrancingly beautiful songs will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for all occasions, all tastes and every song a hit. The ideal gift for all music lovers. Cheap at five dollars. Contains full music for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical masterpieces to your door free of cost. Poems and Song Book free for a club of six. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send for them today.

THE BIBLE.—It is constantly being said that the Bible is losing ground, but reports recently received show that just the reverse is the case, and that its distribution is steadily increasing. Since 1804, the British Bible Society has published 240,000,000 copies of the Bible, and the American Bible Society since 1816, has published 100,000,000 copies. Total publication for past century equals 500,000,000 volumes.



WATCH FREE RING & CHAIN

This American made, stem wind and stem set watch, with beautiful engraved case, guaranteed five years, and Chain and Ring with sparkling gem, given free for disposing of only 8 set of fine Art Pictures at 25c each. Send name and we will send pictures at once. Remit $2 collected and for your trouble will send Watch and Chain and Ring. A GREAT OFFER. Don't miss it. Address M. O. SEITZ, 12 A 5 CHICAGO

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method, guaranteed. Edward J. Woods, G 147, Station E, New York, N. Y.

Solve Puzzle--Win a Prize



The letter "a" appears seven times in this square. Draw three straight lines through the square dividing it into seven parts, each containing one letter, and we will send you as a prize, a packet of five beautifully embossed postcards lithographed in rich colors, and also a certificate of entry in our grand contest for a $395 Saxon Automobile. All you have to do is to enclose a two cent stamp in your letter to pay postage and cost of mailing.

Saxon Car Given Away. Remember the Saxon car will absolutely be given away when the grand contest closes March 31, 1915. In case of a tie a Saxon car will be given to each person so tied. Send your answer at once so you can be entered in this contest. Full particulars by return mail. POPULAR CO., 242 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

40 BEAUTIFUL POSTCARDS, ALL KINDS 10c E. TAYLOR CO., 2129 Clifton Ave. Chicago

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

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MAN To Advertise and Solicit for Rogers twenty year Silver. $52.00 monthly and commission. A. A. CLINE, 809 Rogers Bld., Philadelphia.

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FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE T. LEPSO, Island Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

100 LOVERS Cards, 5 Interesting Pictures and a book on love and marriage, 10c. Enterprise Co., B 1003 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

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SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—All PURE SILK Waste taken out. Best sort to make Quilts, Cushions, etc. Big lot 10c; 3 Big lots 25c; 7 for 50c; 16 for $1.00, postpaid. INDIA SILK CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

919 CARDS New Styles Gold Bevel Edge Hidden Name, Silk Fringe Envelope and Post Cards; 400 Rich and Ready Jokes; 1 Pack Fun, 1 Report and Love Cards; Star Beau Catcher, Big Sample Book Cards, etc., all Two cents. UNION CARD CO., B 31 Columbus, Ohio.

SONG POEMS WANTED We will compose music to your verses and arrange for publication immediately. Write today. Dugdale Co., Studio 153, Washington, D. C.

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PILES PAY IF CURED— We pay postage and send FREE RED CROSS Pile and Fistula cure. REA CO., DEPT. 80, Minneapolis, Minn.

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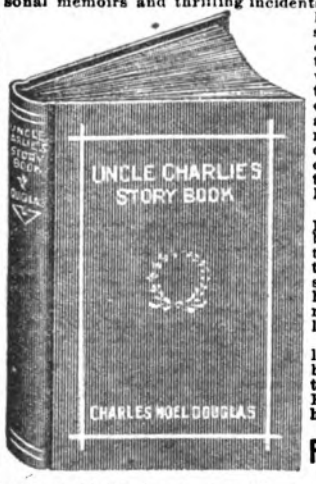
To get acquainted with you, we will send our great LOVERS' BUDGET, consisting of—12 Love Letters, 14 Flirtation Signals, 7 Fortune Telling Secrets, 10 Funny Readings, 1 New Gypsy Fortune Teller, 12 Flirtation Cards, 11 Parlor Pastimes, 250 Jokes & Riddles, 52 Money Making Secrets, 73 Toasts, 40 Amusing Experiments in Magic, 6 Comic Poetry, etc., etc. We will send entire outfit, also bargain sheets of solid gold filled wedding rings, initial rings, etc., upon receipt of only 10c to help pay advertising. THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 120, Attleboro, Mass.

NEW EDITION Uncle Charlie's Story Book

51st Birthday Souvenir

A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 25th. This splendid book of 157 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie regardless of trouble and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.

Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.



The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this handsome new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it.

This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to obtain a copy. Every home should have one.

FREE Premium Offer

It is bound in two styles, both handsome and either good enough. One in **heavy, fancy opal blue paper covers** known as "cloth of gold paper," will be sent post-paid as a **free premium** for a club of **two new subscriptions** to **COMFORT at 25 cents** each, 50 cents in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and one 25-cent subscription, 55 cents in all.

The other, **beautifully bound in lilac silk** with **stiff covers**, will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of **four subscriptions at 25 cents** each, one dollar in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and three 25-cent subscriptions, $1.05 in all.

In either offer 2-year renewals at 30 cents each will count the same as 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each.

This offer holds good while the supply of books holds out.

Probably this is the last edition that will ever be printed.

BE QUICK and secure a copy while they last.

These are the best and most costly premiums that we give for such size clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Relief For Rupture Without Operation

We Allow A 60-Day Test—Entirely At Our Own Risk—To Prove It

No longer any need to drag through life at the mercy of leg-strap and spring trusses. No reason in the world for letting them force you to undergo a dangerous operation,



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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of *good* enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 68—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

GOITER

Aunt Emma's Goiter Treatment is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Used successfully for years and endorsed by leading business men of this city. **2 months' complete treatment** sent for $2. In powder form, easy to take. Information free.

Aunt Emma's Co., 1 Madison St., Waukegan, Ill.

Fits

I have treated Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. To prove my ability I will send any sufferer a free two weeks treatment. If you, a friend or relative suffer, send me name, age, address and describe case.

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"VOICE THROWER" 10c Wonderful Instrument that creates a new vocal power. Sounds appear to come from a great distance away. Held unseen in the mouth. Mystifies everybody. Send a dime for yours today. Our great catalog of Magic and Mystery included free. McKINLEY CO., DC WINONA, MINN.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks and her Twin Sisters!



All Three Dolls Given To You!

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give **free** to **your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** We show only one doll in the picture **but we actually give you three dolls in all.** We have named them "Golden Locks" and her two little twin sisters. "Golden Locks" is almost as big as **a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little sisters are **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **life-like way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Sisters—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lot better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls—free by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offer.

Offer 463 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. M. L., Hughwit, Okla.—A good many COMFORT readers have asked us about fresh-water pearls, particularly as to their value and to whom to apply to sell them. The fresh-water pearl is nothing like so valuable as the sea pearl and most of those reported to us by readers are hardly worth bothering about. But if anybody has a large, fine one, or a large quantity of smaller ones, we suggest that he write to Tiffany & Co., New York, N. Y., a reliable firm and an authority in all sorts of jewels, for information and possible sale.

A. M. C., Glencoe, Okla.—Old books and other old things about the house that you wish to dispose of, unless they are rare antiques, can much better be got rid of in your own locality than by sending them away. Dealers at a distance must see what they buy, they pay very small prices, and you have the freight to pay. Sell your books to your neighbors at any price you can get.

Mrs. X. Y. Z., McDonald, Tenn.—Tiffany & Co., New York City are reliable, and any old gold, or silver that you may have to sell can be safely entrusted to them. Write to them asking the price of old gold and tell them what weight of it you have. They can't afford to bother with a few cents' worth. You ought to be able to sell it to a local jeweler. We think old gold is worth about seventy-five cents a pennyweight, anywhere and everywhere.

O. F. C., Waukena, Cal.—Don't attempt a medical course on an eighth grade education. We have too many ignorant doctors already. Some knowledge of Latin should be obligatory. Also correct spelling is a necessity and you lack that very greatly. A doctor who spelled "answer" "ancer" and "Bureau" "Bereau." wouldn't keep many first-class patients, we fancy, even if he ever got one.

Miss I. V. R., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—If we knew the address of a theater or vaudeville manager we would not give it to you. You know nothing of the stage—if you did you would not be asking us the question—and it is just such girls as you who are ruined by the stage. If you need work, get it where there is less temptation and where your qualifications better fit.

Mrs. C. H. D., Port Huron, Mich.—First off, you must be careful in removing feathers from fowls not to soil them any more than is possible. They may be cleansed by exposing them to the sunshine or placing them in an oven to dry and then beating them to remove the dust. When really dirty they may be cleansed with lime water, or better with a weak solution of ordinary cooking soda in water. After careful washing rinse in clear, cold water and dry as before.

T. W. C., Dawson Springs, Ky.—The hypnotic power, so-called, is very largely a gift and cannot be acquired by most people. Those who have it to a slight degree may improve it by training and practise.

Miss E. M., Hollidaysburg, Pa.—It is an excellent idea to have pledges for boys to sign against liquor drinking and it would be a good idea to extend them to cigarette smoking and other bad habits and, while you are about it, pledges for the improvement of girls along various lines might be of benefit to them and the entire community, the same as with the boys. You cannot get ready-made pledges exactly as you want them, so your best plan is to write the pledges exactly as you want them to be and have your local printer print them for you. The cost will be small and you will get just what you want. Other COMFORT readers interested in work of this kind follow suit.

E. A. T., Meridian, Miss.—You don't read your Bible very closely or you would not be asking about the names of Adam and "Eave." However, we may reply that the name Adam means red, or red earth and Eve means life. The characters or characteristics, rather, of the individuals gave them their names. So Cain received his name because he was a blacksmith and Abel, meaning a meadow or grassy place, had his name because he was a farmer or shepherd. Names were thus given in the beginning to men and women to distinguish one from another and in time these names became part of the individuals, so to say, and were transmitted from father to son. Johnson, Stevenson, and such names ending in "son" being the names of sons of men named John, Steven and so on. "Ton" as the ending of a name, meant of the town. Black, White, Gray and those names were originally to indicate some characteristic of color in the person. Smith, Carpenter, Farmer, Taylor, Baker, and that class were given from the occupation of the individual. The derivation of many surnames is not known, but in the majority of cases they are quite apparent, as in those we have given. Take a list of names of people you know and figure them out for yourself. Borrow a cyclopedia from one of your neighbors and read up on names and nomenclature.

J. W. H., Louisburg, N. C.—A very ordinary intelligence should know that a two-year correspondence course in civil engineering, or anything else, is not equal to a complete course in a technical school. You might get a fairly good position after the two-year course and by continued study rise still higher, but a graduate of a technical school, if he has ability, may take an advanced position at the beginning, or as soon as he has got bridle-wise to the practical work. The two-year course will give you a start that with hard work and study may lead to the top, but it is not an easy climb. The really good things in this life you don't get easy and education is one of the best things. If you expect to be a first-class civil engineer you will have to work for it and work hard. You might try the course by correspondence and see how you progress. As much depends on you as on the course. We like to see our COMFORT boys ambitious, but we want them to understand clearly that they must work for what they get.

Miss B. K., Prattsville, Ark.—It is not in the way you boil eggs that the shell is prevented from sticking, but in the way you shell them afterwards. To get the shell off clear, crack the eggshell first and then roll the egg under your hand on a table until the entire shell is broken into small bits. Then you can skin it clean as a hound's tooth. (2) Boil your cabbage in a thoroughly clean enameled vessel and it will not turn red.

Studious Boy, Hawley, Minn.—Get a list of the books you want from one of your local teachers and also get the address of booksellers in St. Paul and Minneapolis, if anyone can give them to you. If not, write to Rand, McNally & Co., and A. C. McClurg & Co., both of Chicago, stating what you want and get lists and prices.

Miss E. DeB., Midland, Ga.—With no local habitation known it may be difficult to locate in the U. S. persons of any particular name. It might be done through the Census Office. Write to Superintendent U. S. Census, Washington, D. C. for information. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, about the Duchess.

D. E. O., San Saba, Texas.—Fowls—but you shouldn't spell it "fowels"—have the sense of smell as is shown by the presence of nasal vents in all of them, and they are not guided entirely by sight and hearing. All living things haven't the sense of smell, but the vast majority of them have—all in fact except the very lowest orders, and even some of them may have. It is not a sense whose existence may be so easily determined as are sight and hearing.

T. B., Richmond, Va.—A very appropriate closing for a letter to any person of any distinction is "Very respectfully," or "Very truly," though if you wish to use the old Virginia style of "I am, sir, or madam, most respectfully your humble and obedient servant," you may do so. Either that or any of its numerous variations are proper enough, but somewhat archaic, not to say obsolete, in this less polite age. A simple Christmas card will be a sufficient token of appreciation to a person of distinction, not your personal friend, but associated in a semi-literary way.

Mrs. O. H., Creston, Mont.—In every state, we suppose, there are schools which give boys and girls a chance to earn their education and learn some useful trade, but these schools are not listed among the great schools and they are not known far outside of their state boundaries. Any educator in your state could tell you of any such schools in Montana. The Montana State College at Bozeman might answer your purpose. Write to James M. Hamilton, President, for information. (2) We know of no firms employing seamstresses outside of their own immediate localities. It does not pay.

Miss C. G., Hilbert, Wis.—We have not observed the initials you mention on any dimes in our possession, but do not listen to the stories that they are put there by a manufacturing firm in order to give its machine to any person getting the dimes that spell the firm's name. Such lettering by private parties would constitute mutilation of the government coin and is a penitentiary offense. It might be good advertising, but is altogether too dangerous to undertake. COMFORT readers take notice if they hear this dime story.

C. J., Simpsonville, S. C.—Before getting addresses of hospitals where you might wish to enter to become a nurse, find out from one of your local physicians if you have the necessary qualifications to become a nurse. Most persons do not and without these qualifications it is a waste of time to make any effort in that direction. If you want information further write to Chautauqua Training School for Nurses, Jamestown, N. Y. Other COMFORT girls who think they want to become nurses, please cut this out and follow its instructions.

Miss M. D. C., Pittville, Cal.—The case you present has no legal status, because a mule that would let itself be kicked to death by a horse, or any other hoofed creature, would have absolutely no value to warrant a suit at law. Now a horse kicked to death by a mule would constitute a fair case of litigation, but never the other way. You must have got the parties reversed.

We have received numerous additional inquiries about spineless cactus of which information was given in November issue. If inquier will write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for special information known it may be difficult to locate in the U.

The Battle of The Cows

A Singular Contest That Occurs Each Year in Switzerland During August

THIS extraordinary battle takes place every season with the Swiss cattle, which come from all parts, leave the valleys near Arolla in a great herd, to feed on the mountain sides. The object of the conflict is to decide which cow shall be queen.

The fight is usually witnessed by crowds of people, amongst them many tourists. The great herd of cows cover a space fully five hundred yards square, fight fiercely and each cow as soon as vanquished, is led off the field to a place where she can observe the fray.

When evening comes the only occupants of the improvised arena, are about two dozen unconquered cows, which pace the turf proudly.

Then the queen of last year is led into the field. One by one the other cows are permitted to advance against her, and one by one she puts them out of business.

Then the herders come forward and hang about the conquering animal's neck a bell, much more handsome and twice as large as that gracing the neck of any other of the cows—this being the outward and visible sign of queenship.

No sooner has this unique coronation ceremony taken place than all the other cows, which number many hundreds, are escorted forward and grouped about their queen, who with much dignity, leads them off up the mountain path toward their new feeding place. The herdsmen take hardly any part in these fights.

The cows' horns are blunted so they are not able to gore each other, but some of the battles are terrible.

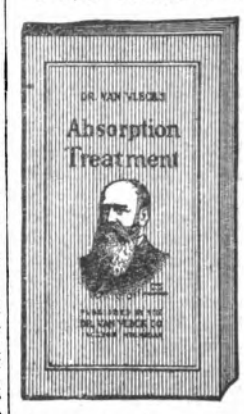
When the herd is unusually large the fighting to decide upon a queen sometimes lasts for a week.

FREAK CALF.—William Wilson, a farmer of Bedford, Ind., is the possessor of a freak calf. The animal, apparently healthy, is unable to walk, its movements being restricted to a jumping motion. It was born without a tail, the nearest approach to that being a hairy growth, similar in form and size to that displayed by a rabbit. Hundreds of people have been attracted to the Wilson farm by the rabbit-like calf.

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I know a woman's trials.
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If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial of a home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

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and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

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Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine,** will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. S. N., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and children, her estate, after payment of debts and administration expenses, would go one half to the surviving husband and the other half in equal shares to her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share; we do not think she can cut off her husband's share by will, without his written consent; we do not think his share is affected by the fact that her children are by a former husband.

Mrs. B. H. L., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving a husband and children, the husband would receive an estate by curtesy in her real estate of a life use thereof and would be entitled to cut enough timber for his uses about the place and for firewood, but could not legally sell the timber or give same away for other purposes; we think he could be enjoined by the proper court action from giving timber to one of the children for use somewhere else than the necessary use upon the place. After the death of the husband we think such woman's real estate would be divided in equal shares among her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share, unless such child survived the mother and died before the termination of the husband's estate by curtesy, in which event it would go and be divided as such child's estate depending upon who was left and depending upon whether such child left a will. We do not think the husband can hold curtesy against children of a former husband to whom such lands might descend.

Happy Jack, North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the marriage without the parents' or guardian's consent of a female under the age of consent is a voidable marriage, and can be set aside in the proper action brought for that purpose; we also think that the parents' consent would be necessary to procure a marriage license, and that a false statement for that purpose is punishable under the laws of your state.

S. M., Montana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will, and leaving no descendants, the survivor would receive one half of the real estate, the balance going to decedent's parents, brothers or sisters or their descendants, if any, and if none, the whole estate would go to the survivor, if decedent leaves descendants' the surviving widow's or husband's share would be reduced depending upon the number of children or lines of descent left. We think property owned by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety would upon the death of one all go to the survivor. We cannot form an opinion as to just what kind of an estate is created in the deed you mention without seeing the deed.

Mrs. E. L. F., Kentucky.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no descendants, such property as came to him by descent, or devise or deed of gift of an ancestor would go to his wife for the term of her natural life with remainder over to his collateral relatives of the blood of the ancestor from whom decedent received the property. We think if the property came to decedent in some other way the law, governing the disposition, is different.

Subscriber, Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all contracts or agreements for the purchase or sale of real estate must be in writing, and that no damages could be recovered for the failure to carry out a verbal contract or agreement of that nature.

Mrs. J. F. A., Iowa.—Under the laws of Nebraska, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his lands would descend one quarter part to the widow if such widow is not the parent of all the children and there be one or more children or the issue of one or more deceased children surviving, and that after some small allowances to the widow she would receive the same portion of decedent's personal property; we think the widow's share would be increased in cases where she is the mother of all the children surviving of the decedent, her exact portion running from one third in cases where there is more than one child or descendants of one child left surviving the deceased.

Miss I. A., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman holds her real estate and personal property and all the profits therefrom absolutely as her separate property, and they are not liable for the debts of her husband, but she cannot alien or encumber her real estate, nor enter into any executory contract therefor unless her husband joins in the conveyance or contract, but may sell her personality without his consent. We have not received the copy of the deed you mention and cannot form an opinion upon the rights of the various parties thereunder. We think a parent can be compelled to support his minor children who are unable to provide for themselves and can be punished for his cruel treatment of them. We think the husband can be compelled to support his wife and can be punished for brutal treatment of her. We think complaints of this nature should be made to your nearest magistrate or justice of the peace or to the prosecuting attorney of your county.

Mrs. B. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, the widow would take all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage and also one half of the real and personal estate of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts. This election must be in writing, acknowledged as in the case of a deed, and recorded in the county where letters of administration were granted. If this election is not made the widow's share would be reduced if husband left parent, brother or sister or their descendants. We are of the opinion that if the husband desires all the property to go to his widow he should have a will to that effect.

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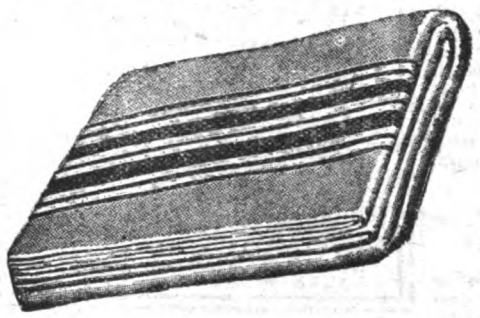
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When Ordering Be Sure To Write Titles Wanted Very Plainly

Late Popular Copyrighted Books

COMFORT can now offer its book-loving readers a splendid variety of the most popular books of the day. If you will glance through the list of titles you will recognize many of the greatest literary successes of the past two years. Some of them have been dramatized and played in the big theatres of Boston, New York, Chicago and other large cities. Only a year ago these books were sold for **$1.25 and $1.50 each.** Now that they are in their second edition they do not cost so much to publish, furthermore by purchasing a large quantity of them we secured a special low price. This enables us to give your choice of any of these late popular copyrighted books on **one of the most liberal club offers ever made.** This is the kind of live, up-to-date fiction that you want to read. They are books that every man, woman, boy or girl **should** read. They are books of the present and not of the past. They are stories of the 20th century. There is not a sensational book in the whole lot—none that you would not be willing to have the young people read. We offer a large variety of titles for you to choose from—**stories of the city—of love and romance—of the mountains—of the plains—adventures on the ranch, in the big woods, in the frozen north**—in fact, here are books to suit the taste of every member of the family from the youngest to the oldest. They are large 12 mo. volumes of uniform size, printed on good book paper, strongly and durably bound in handsome **cloth covers,** most of which are illustrated and all of which have the title stamped on side and back in either **gold or colored inks.** They are **illustrated** throughout, none of them contain less than **240 pages;** most of them have **300 to 350 pages.** Now is the time for you to lay in your supply of winter reading and **here is your opportunity to get it free.** We will give you your choice of any of these late, popular copyrighted books upon the terms of the following free offers.

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE BOOKS FREE!

FOR A club of three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you any **one** book free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any **two** books for a club of **five** 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each; any **three** books for a club of **seven;** or any **four** books, for a club of nine. **When ordering be sure to write very plainly the title or titles wanted.** All books are sent by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

List Of Titles

Redcloud of the Lakes, by F. R. Burton
Ridgeway of Montana, by Wm. MacLeod Raine
Spendthrift, by Porter Emerson Brown & Edward Marshall
Seth Jones of New Hampshire, by Edward S. Ellis
Sins of Society, by Cecil Raleigh
Step by Step, by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon Downs
Strongheart, by F. R. Burton
The Mask, by Arthur Hornblow
The Master of the House, by Edward Marshall
The Count of Luxembourg, by Harold Simpson
The Talker, by Arthur Hornblow
The Devil, by A. S. Van Westrum
The End of the Game, by Arthur Hornblow
The Final War, by Louis Tracy
The Girl Question, by John W. Harding
The Jinx, by Allen Sangree
The Kidnapped Millionaires, by Frederick Upham Adams
The King of Honey Island, by Maurice Thompson
The Merry Widow, by Franz Lehar,
The Old Homestead, by Denman Thompson
The Profligate, by Arthur Hornblow
The Round Up, by John Murray & M. M. Miller
The Time, Place and the Girl, by John W. Harding
The Wolf, by Eugene Walter
The Vision Splendid, by W. M. Raine
Widow Goldsmith's Daughter, by Julie P. Smith
Warrens of Virginia, by George Cary Eggleston
Writing on the Wall, by Edward Marshall
Wyoming, by Wm. MacLeod Raine

When Ordering Be Sure To Write Titles Wanted Very Plainly

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Read all about our surprisingly liberal prize offer explained below and enter now for this month's prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium **sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, **if you request it.** It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is **extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is $30.00 to $120.00 for February, $30.00 to $150.00 for March and $30.00 to $180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

Rules and Conditions

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you the premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a December prize and a Grand Prize too.

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date _____ 1914

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say Whether SUB or RENEWAL for 15 Mo	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium _____

Name _____ P. O. _____ St., Box or R.F.D. _____ State _____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription **25 Cents;** 3-years **50 Cents;** 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents. 50 Cents** a year in Canada.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



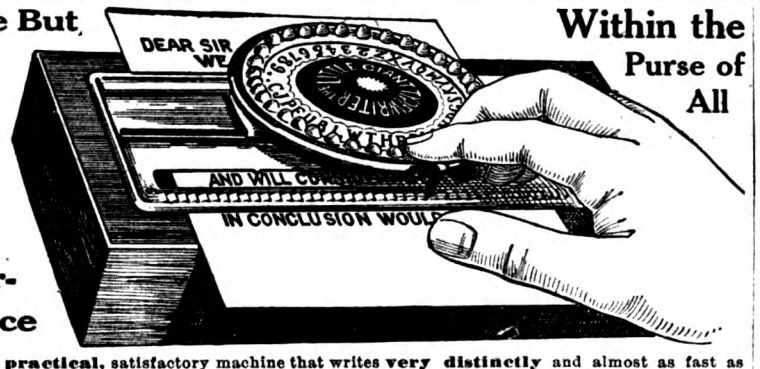
THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and **wears like Solid Gold.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



Within the Purse of All

THIS is not a toy, but a **practical,** satisfactory machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost as fast as some typewriters costing $10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comb and Brush



That Will Stand Long, Hard Use

The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking.

We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of rich, black, **ebonized finish,** pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which **prevents dust and germs** from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black secret process material, is well named **Bull Dog** or **Unbreakable.**

This Premium No. 263 safely packed and sent by Parcel Post for a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland And You Can Have Me FREE!

YES, **this beautiful, curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she **looks** to be in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot and a quarter high.** She has a real **kid body** and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of **bisque.** You can make her **stand up or sit down** in a chair, or **bend over** or assume all sorts of **natural positions** because her arms are **jointed** at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she **closes her eyes** and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is **wide awake** again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls**, her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has **real eyelashes**—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest** baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork **lace stockings** and cunning little **slippers with bow and buckle** she comes to you **undressed** so that you can make **your own dresses** for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR A club of only **six** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or **three** 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 466.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

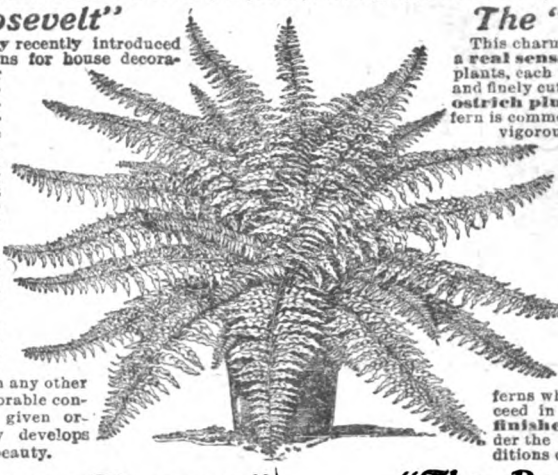
NOTICE! **This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.**

FREE Four Beautiful Ferns
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home **more bright and cheerful** especially through the **long winter months to come** than beautiful charming **ferns** and the superb collection we offer you here comprises **four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture.** They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost **no attention** except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT'S **famous rose collections** are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be **absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type,** and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were **fresh from the greenhouse.** Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer** each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a **new variety** recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decorative purposes ever grown, of compact vigorous growing habit producing **in great numbers** wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot **hiding it completely from view.** The pinnæ, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively **undulated** giving the whole plant a most beautiful **wavy** appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.



The "Whitmani"

This charming creation has caused **a real sensation** among lovers of plants, each frond being as delicate and finely cut as **the most perfect ostrich plume** by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding **new fronds** from six to eight inches wide of **fine feathery foliage** entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of **from ten to twelve inches** and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. The "Whitmani" is one of the **few** feathery foliage ferns which **everyone** can succeed in growing to **a superb finished specimen** even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the **most beautiful lace** by reason of which it is sometimes given the name **"lace fern."** The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lacy foliage makes a plant of such **airy grace and value** as to be desired by everyone.

"The Boston"

This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worthy of a place in every home. It is known by some as the **"Fountain Fern"** which name is derived from its **graceful drooping habit of growth** and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring **from six to eight feet long** and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

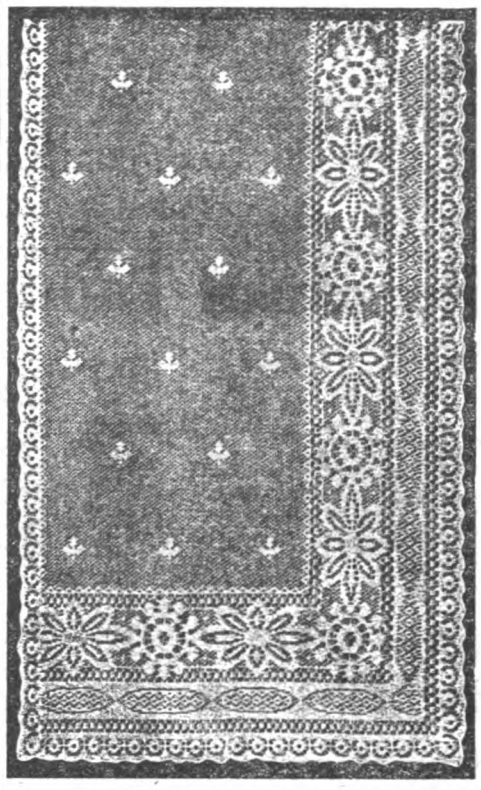
CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you **by Parcel Post prepaid** the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** each one of them a **strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot** and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. **Premium No. 611.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long
Given For a Club of Only Four



This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about **72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide,** that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and **can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.** It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. **Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Free For 4 Subscriptions!
Genuine Nottingham
Lace Curtains
Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and **much more liberal** than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are **full width and three yards long** which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Solo Guitar And Book Of Instructions



We Prepay Charges

Given For A Club Of Ten

Premium No. 710

HERE is an offer that will interest our music-loving readers. This handsome, sweet-toned guitar is a professional style model, made of perfect seasoned material and beautifully finished. It has a mahogany stained hard wood body and white spruce top finished in natural color; the neck is made of white wood nicely stained and has a black wood finger-board. It is fitted with genuine **German silver frets** and strung with **six regular steel guitar strings** which give the very best tone, keep in tune and last the longest. We guarantee the scale of this instrument to be **absolutely true**—as true as that of the highest priced guitar made. We also send you free a book of instructions on "how to hold the guitar," "how to tune the guitar," etc., etc., also a course of **lessons and exercises** which are so fully and plainly explained that anyone can easily understand them and with a little study and practise soon be able to play any ordinary music such as popular songs, marches, two steps and different kinds of dance music. We will send you this fine guitar with instruction book and lesson course complete if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of ten 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or five 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents, each we will give you this guitar with instruction book free and send it securely packed by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 710.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Chatelaine Watch
Given for a Club of Eight



THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl **it is the queen of all gifts.** The watch is about the size of illustration, a **thin model** with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a **guaranteed** timekeeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fast n the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both Watch and pin will come to you in a **handsome black leatherette, satin lined case.** You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 359.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment
Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a **"Great Coat,"** it covers the entire person from **"Head to Foot,"** affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of **waterproof rubber sheeting,** in two colors, **Olive Drab** or **Tan** and **Gray** with **Plaid Lining,** every seam is both **sewed** and **cemented,** has standing **Military Collar, two side pockets** and **five** large **buttons.**

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellant imaginable.

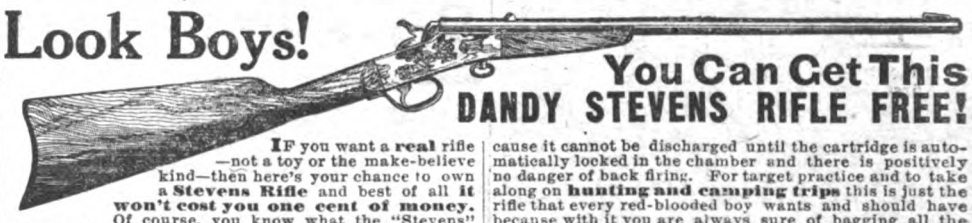
Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravenetted materials, being lighter in weight.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for $5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. **Premium No. 530.**

Club Offer. Send only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

IF you want a **real** rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.**

Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid foronly Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finished set.** A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2½ wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine **Mirror,** is eight and one half inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real $12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide

Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl.** Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. **Girls going to school** do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much **better than a Rain Coat.** The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. **Boys** can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. **Girls** like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn **such a sensible premium** so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

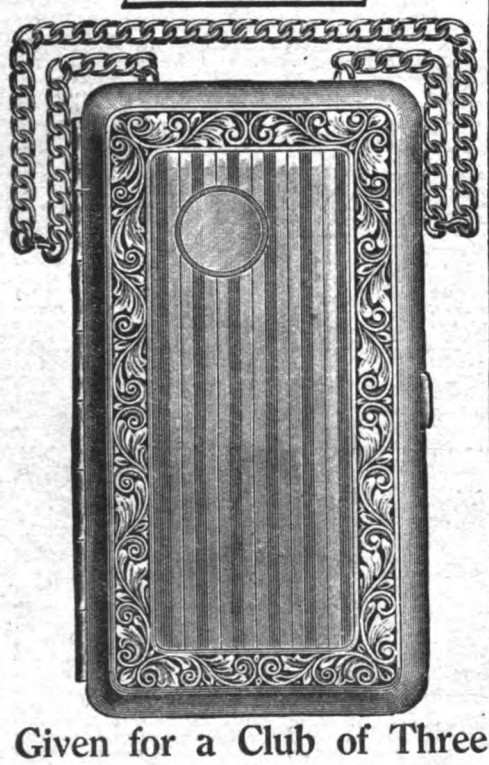
Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711



Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a **thin Model** case like that of a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully **Embossed** and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your **Monogram initials** in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4½ inches long and 2⅛ inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 711.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are **genuine gold filled** so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with imt. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the **real gems** which would cost from $5.00 to $25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough **real gold** to give them **genuine wearing qualities,** and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift.



No. 52005

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful Imt. Sapphire and two sparkling Brilliants.

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful Imt. Amethyst.

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, handsomely engraved, set with finest cut Imt Ruby.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.

No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved



No. 52137



No. 51429



No. 51726

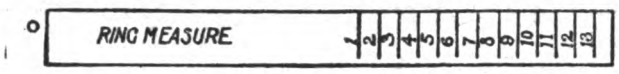


No. 52028



No. 51723

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!



By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line O and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.

Free Offer! By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you **FREE AND POSTPAID** your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. **Remember our guarantee** that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify **by number** the ring or rings you want.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Dandy Rifle Free!



Automatic Repeater
Works Like a "Winchester"
Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real **repeater** which loads **automatically** just like a **Winchester** or a **Marlin.** It is nearly **three feet** long yet weighs only **two pounds,** uses **BB shot** and shoots **350 times without reloading.** The barrel and all working parts are made of **high grade steel** with a **gun metal** finish, the **stock** is made of real **black walnut** handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your **camping and hunting trips** because with it you can bag all kinds of **small game** such as **crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc,** and for **target practice** is just fine. **No powder—no danger**—yet it will shoot almost as hard and as far as a **22 caliber cartridge rifle.** It is the **safest** and most **powerful** air rifle ever invented and your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is **absolutely safe** to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle **absolutely free** on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only **six** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or **three** 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 669.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

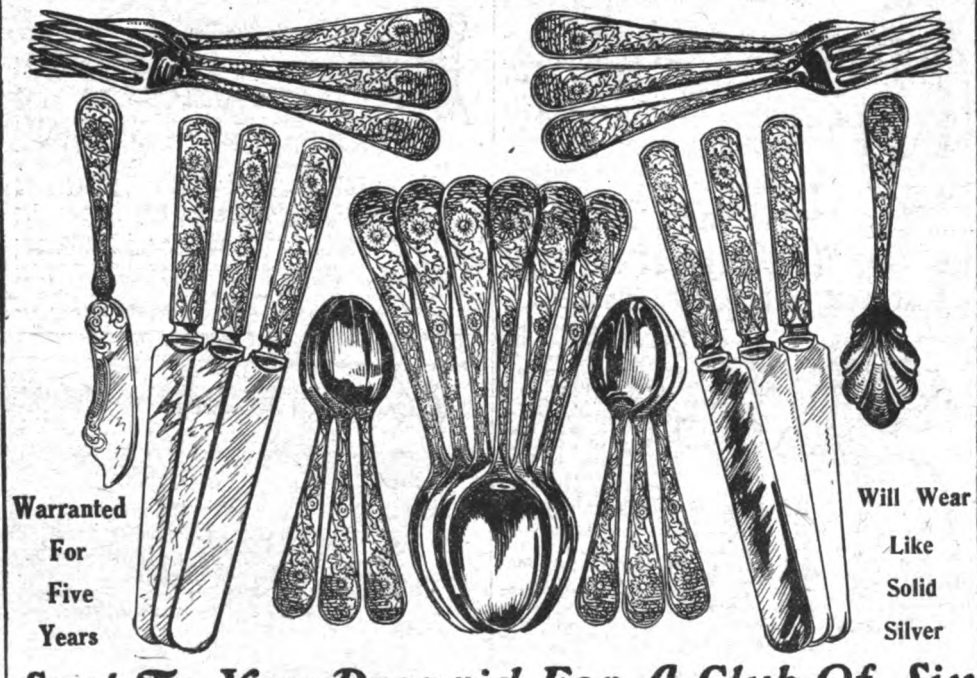


Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly **one yard square** which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in **different handsome colors** on an interwoven background which is of a color that **harmonizes** with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will **enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home.** They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because **we are giving away** this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



10 Inches High And Full Jointed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 612

Stylish Colored Petticoat



For A Club Of Two

Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats modeled along narrow lines to conform to the narrow dress skirts that are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old petticoats and yet not of the extreme bobble style. **Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering.** We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you exact size and the color desired, if you will accept the following.

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 612.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf

67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide



Made of **PURE FLAX** woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Pardel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

European War Stops Importation Of Dolls



No More Dolls After This Lot Is Gone !!!!

And Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last Chance To Get A Dressed Doll FREE!

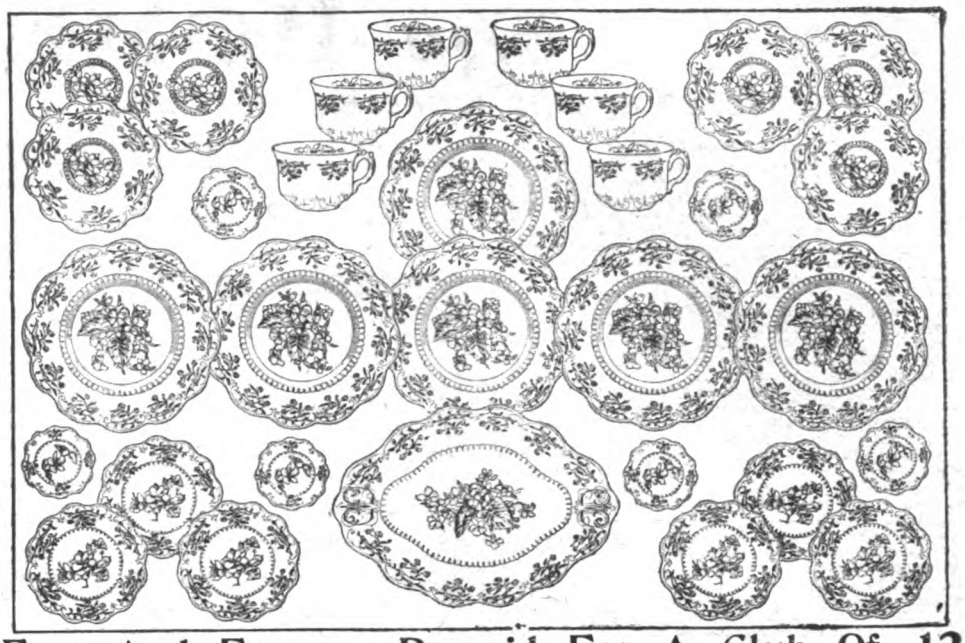
Don't Put Off Getting Up Your Club. We Have Less Than Three Thousand Dolls On Hand.

WE feel that it is our duty to inform all COMFORT readers that owing to the great European conflict there is going to be a **doll famine** in this country within the next few weeks. No dolls have been imported into the United States since the European War began and no dolls **can** be imported until the war is over and no one knows when that will be. What few dolls there are in the stores in this country today will be sold for **high prices** that are beyond the reach of the ordinary wage earner. It is going to be a **doll-less Christmas** for thousands of little tots this year and realizing this fact we think it best to admit that we have on hand but **a limited quantity** of the big, beautiful talking and sleeping dolls which we imported from Germany before the war broke out and only those of our readers who send in their club orders **at once** will make sure of getting one of these dolls before our stock is completely exhausted. This is the same doll which has delighted thousands of little girls in homes where COMFORT goes—a handsome, fully dressed, life size, talking and sleeping doll, nearly a foot and a half tall with a beautiful picture hat of latest style, handsome lace-and-ribbon trimmed gown and complete wardrobe of pretty lace-trimmed underwear, elegant openwork stockings and dainty low shoes with bright, shiny buckles. She says "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be, closes her blue eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like red rosies, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she shows her pearly white teeth in one of the prettiest smiles you ever saw. She can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish and is so well made with **fine bisque head and strong body** that she cannot possibly become broken if you take good care of her. Remember we have only a limited quantity of these dolls on hand—less than three thousand in fact—and that while they last it is going to be a case of **first come, first served.** If you put this off you may have to buy a doll and pay **a war price** for it; indeed, the stock in the stores may be completely sold out before you get around to it, so to be **on the safe side** you had better send in your club right away. Following is our free offer Read it and start getting up your club today.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid this beautiful fully dressed, talking and sleeping doll, carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. **Premium No. 621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cerial or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finish with a Haviland glaze which gives it that **smooth, velvety** appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of **purple, green and gold** which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio **by express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage.** If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of **owning the set complete** and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. **Premium No. 461.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges

The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta



The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. **The most fashionable hats** this season are simply **trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner** to give her **hats that smart touch** so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this **Ribbon makes Ideal Bows.** The silk **will not crush** and the bow is **instantly adjusted** after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green. **Premium No. 531.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months

Premium No. 331.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope

25 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Horses, Dogs, Cats And All Kinds of Animals, Home Scenes, And Happy Childhood Days

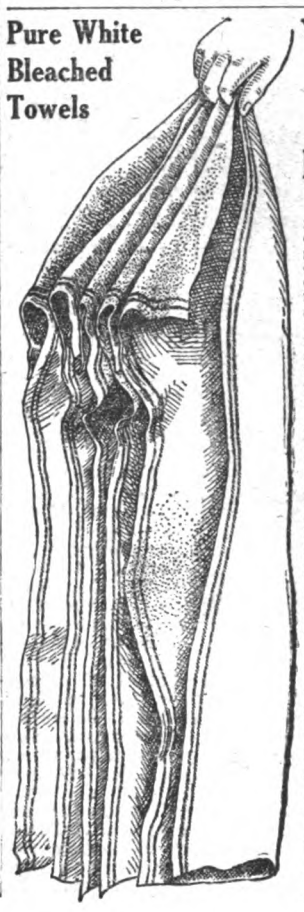
Free For Two Subscriptions

HERE is something **as good as a circus** for the children the year round. It is not a small toy-like affair but a large, **full size,** new style **Stereoscope** made of **metal** with plush rimmed hood and fitted with **powerful magnifying lens** and with it we can give you **free** a big collection of **views** of all kinds—**home scenes, farm scenes,** all kinds of **animal** and **domestic pets, happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the **most delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors if they have one of these Stereoscopes because it gives them a never-ending joyful **entertainment,** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Besides the pleasure which they will derive from the **beautiful scenes of home life,** the **animal views** will furnish them with no end of fun and amusement, **the horses, dogs, cats** and other animals stand out so **real and lifelike** when looked at through this Scope. There is not a boy or girl either in the country who would not be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of entertaining and exciting views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this fine Stereoscope with 25 views exactly as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 537.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pure White Bleached Towels



Yard Long With Fast Color Red Border

These four complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are given for a club of only three subscribers and is one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular premium we offer. They are of excellent quality crash each **towel** one yard long and ready to use For **kitchen, office, factory** and **shop** use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For **dishes** and **hands** this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer: A club of only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these ready-made Towels. **Prem. No. 585.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Nice Warm Sweater

For MEN, BOYS and small Children



Is The Best Preventive of Colds and Pneumonia!

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so goes the old saying and this handsome, warm, close-fitting sweater will save doctor's bills for any man, boy or child by warding off those miserable winter colds which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all fall and winter garments for little children to play in out-of-doors and for boys and girls going to school on cold fall and winter days, or when sliding or skating or engaging in other outdoor winter sports. For men or boys either who are compelled to travel or to work midst sleet, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity. The sweater offered here is just as warm and comfortable as it looks, a perfect-fitting garment closely woven of the best material and beautifully finished and **it buttons down the front like a coat** so it is very easy to get in or out of. This sweater may be washed as often as desired in the ordinary way and it positively will not shrink or change color. You can have your choice of colors of either **brown, blue, cardinal or grey** and the sizes run from 24 to 30 for children, 32 to 36 for young boys and girls and 38 to 44 for men and young men. **Be sure to send chest measurement when ordering** and we will guarantee to send you the exact size desired. Also do not forget to mention **color** wanted.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a man's or boy's size sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 649.**

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Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure **A 1 Brand** made by the famous **Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.**

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Pattern,** which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These **A 1 Rogers'** teaspoons are guaranteed to be **full standard extra plate** upon the finest quality of **18% nickel silver base,** and with ordinary care will last **ten years.** Some families **are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers'** manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT'S plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free** but the entire set of **table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife,** all in the **same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match,** without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of **six Rogers' teaspoons** by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire **set of Rogers' Silverware** to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons.

Prem. No. 386. **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk



Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years **COMFORT** has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year **we can do more for you than ever before** because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these **rich goods** and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have **a whole room full** of these beautiful pieces of **silk and satin** which are of **good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** Remember these remnants are not the **small, insignificant, worthless pieces** that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but **large, well-shaped pieces** of fresh, new silk and satin **in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season** and we send you a **big package** containing from **one hundred to two hundred pieces** besides a **large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors.** If you order **at once** we will also send you, **in addition** to everything else, an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together **to get the best effect,** how to **cover up seams** with fancy stitches, how to **join the edges,** etc. This book illustrates over **one hundred and fifty** of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch** also directions for **Kensington painting.** Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. **For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages** for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. **Premium No. 556.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Child's Knitted Outfit

Knitted Hood—Material Required

ONE skein white wool, half skein pink or blue if one desires to have the border or turn back of color, two pairs steel needles No. 13.

The hood is begun in the back of the neck. Cast on 18 stitches, knit plain back and forth for 20 rows or 10 ridges. Turn.

21st row.—K. to increase 1 stitch in next st., knit to within 3 sts. of end; increase 1 st. k. 2, turn.

22nd row.—Knit plain.

23rd row.—Same as 21st row.

Repeat 22nd and 23rd rows until there are 36 stitches on needle or 19 ridges.

Knit 17 ridges without increasing. Decrease in the same way as increasing was done until there are but 18 stitches on needle.

Pick up 45 stitches each side, now there should be 108 stitches on the needle.

Knit 26 ridges.

To shape the hood in close around the face begin by slipping the 32 center stitches on a needle, and knit back and forth taking 1 st. from each side needle at the end of every row until there are 48 stitches on center needle. Knit 6 ridges all the way across and bind off.

With white wool on right side pick up 78 stitches across the back and k. 11 ridges and bind off.

With color on wrong side pick up 130 stitches across the front, and back border included. Turn. Knit 5, Purl 5, repeat to end.

Next two rows the same.

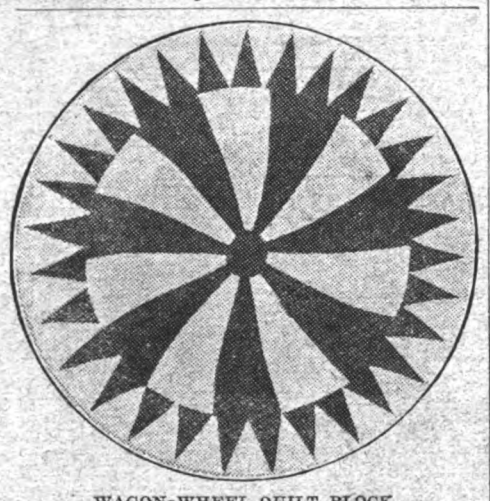
4th row.—Knit across plain.

5th row.—P. 5, k. 5. Next two rows the same.

8th row.—Knit plain.

9th row.—K. 5, p. 5. Next two rows the same.

12th row.—Knit plain.



WAGON-WHEEL QUILT BLOCK.

This design is made of red and white. Any color or figured material, using plain white, can be utilized. Submitted by Jennie Benight.

13th row.—P. 5, k. 5. Next two rows the same.

16th row.—Knit plain.

17th row.—K. 5. p. 5. Next two rows the same. Break off wool with white, knit 3 ridges and bind off.

This border on the front of the hood turns back. Sew on ribbon strings to tie with small rosettes of ribbon where fastened or small woolen balls finished with a row of gathered ribbon.

Knitted Drawer Leggings

Materials for one- to two-year size. 3 skeins white wool, 1 pair fine knitting needles No. 3. 1 crochet hook No. 2.

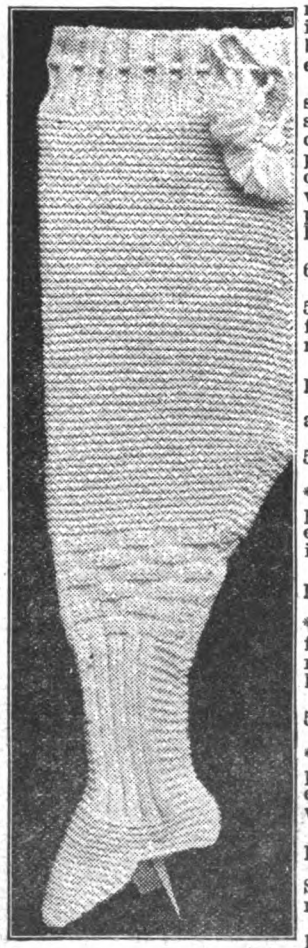
This garment is made in two sections and joined in the center. Begin each section by casting on 76 stitches for the top; k. 2, p. 2, and repeat across. K. 4 rows being careful to keep ribs in their regular order.

5th row.—K. 2 * pass wool over needle twice, n. k. 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Work back in the regular order, excepting that one of the put-overs are dropped and the other knitted in order to form the holes for running cord.

K. 8 rows more same as first four.

Knit back and forth making 36 rows or 18 ridges. Knit 7 ridges, narrowing once at the beginning of every row.



KNITTED DRAWER LEGGINGS.

You now should have 62 sts. on the needle, and at this point begins the diced pattern which forms upper part of the leg.

1st row.—N. k. 60.

2nd row.—*K. 5, p. 3, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row.—K. plain.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—N. k. 57, n.

6th row.—K. 4 * p. 3. k. 5, repeat from * to end of row, ending with k. 4.

7th row.—K. plain.

8th row.—K. 8, * p. 3, k. 5, repeat from * to end of row, ending with k. 8.

9th row.—N. k. 55, n.

10th row.—K. 7 * p. 3, k. 5, repeat from * to end row ending with k. 7.

11th row.—K. plain.

12th row.—Same as 10th row.

13th row.—N. k. 53, n.

14th. row.—K. 2 * p. 3, k. 5, repeat from * to end row, ending with k. 2.

15th row.—K. plain.

16th row.—Same as 14th row.

17th row.—N. k. 51, n.

18th row.—K. 1, * p. 3, k. 5, repeat from * to end row, ending with k. 1.

19th row.—K. plain.

20th row.—K. 5, p. 3, repeat to end, ending with k. 5.

21st row.—N. k. 49. n.

22nd row.—K. 4 * p. 3. k. 5. repeat from * to end, ending with k. 4.

23rd row.—K. plain.

24th row.—Same as 22nd.

25th row.—N. k. 49.

For Ankle

1st row.—K. 4, p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * 3 times, k. 6, * p. 2, k. 2 repeat from * 3 times, p. 2 k. 4.

2nd row.—K. 6. p. 2. * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * twice k. 10, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2. k. 2, p. 2, k. 2. p. 2, k. 6.

Repeat first and second rows alternately until there are 30 rows.

For the Instep

K. 4 ridges.

9th row.—Bind off 12 sts., k. 38.

10th row.—Bind off 12 sts., k. 26.

Next 4 rows k. plain.

15th row.—K. 1, n. k. 20, n. k. 1.

Next 3 rows k. plain.

19th row.—K. 1, n. k. 18, n. k. 1.

Next 3 rows k. plain.

23rd row.—K. 1, n. k. 16. n. k. 1.

Next 3 rows k. plain.

27th row.—K. 1, n. k. 14, n. k. 1.

28th row. K. plain.

29th row.—K. 1, n., k. 1, n., k. 1. n., n., k. 1., n., k. 1, n., k. 1.

30th row.—K. 1, n., k. 6, n., k. 1.

Bind off by taking 2 sts. at a time. Sew up each leg and join two sections by middle seam. Sew leather or elastic straps across instep and run cord, ribbon or elastic in holes in belt.



KNITTED SWEATER.

Knitted Sweaters

Materials for one-to two-year size. 3 skeins white wool. 1 skein pink or blue, 2 pair steel needles No. 14. Cast on 140 stitches and knit 80 ridges. Turn, k. 25 sts. bind off 30 sts. for neck and k. 25 sts. Turn. K. 25 sts.

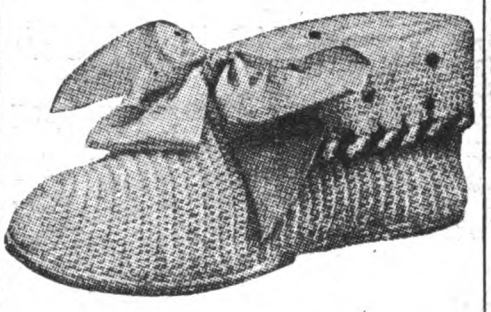
Cast on 20 sts. toward the front, giving 45 sts. on needle, k. 80 ridges and bind off. Knit the other front in the same way.

Border Around Sweater

Knit border in color on fronts and back then sew up under arms.

With color on the right side one front pick up 45 sts., turn. P. 3, k. 3, repeat to end.

Make 12 more rows in this way and bind off. Finish other front in same way.



ERMINE TOPPED SLIPPERS.

On back pick up 140 stitches and border, same number of rows.

Collar

With white wool pick up 72 sts. around neck, and knit 4 ridges.

Purl 1 row.—Knit 2 ridges. Break off wool and with color k. 8 ridges, with white 2 ridges and bind off.

Sleeve

With white wool, cast on 60 sts. Knit 45 ridges. Knit 8 ridges, decreasing 1 every other row until there are 52 sts. on needle.

Form wristbands by knitting 1, purling 1 for 25 rows and bind off.

Finish the fronts by staying with ribbon or satin, cutting and working buttonholes and sewing on buttons.

Before cutting the buttonholes, stitch back and forth several times on machine between two ridges, then there will be no raveling.

Baby's Crocheted Sacque

For Mrs. Olive Hurd and Others

This has square slipper stitch yoke of color with white skirt part and sleeves. About two and one half skeins white and one skein color, fine bone hook No. 2 and steel hook No. 5 will be needed. With colored wool and steel hook, ch. 81 sts.

1st row.—Make 80 s. c., 1 into each chain. Turn, ch. 1.

2nd row.—80 s. c., taking up the back part of stitch to form rib.

3rd row.—19 s. c. 3 s. c., in next st., to widen, 6. s. c., 3 s. c. in next st. to widen: 26 s. c. 3 s. c. in next st. 6. s. c. 3 s. c., in next st. 1, 9 s. c. Turn, ch. 1.

4th row.—20 s. c. 3 s. c. in next st., 8. s. c. 3 s. c. in next st., 28 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st. 8 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st. 20 s. c. Turn, ch. 1.

Continue widening at the four widening points, as indicated, until there are 20 rows, or 10 ridges.

Make a row of holes along the fronts and neck of yoke as follows: Ch. 5, 1 d. c. in first ridge of yoke; * ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next ridge repeat from * until the corner of yoke is reached, where 3 d. c. are made in 1 st., with ch. 2, between each; * ch. 2, skip 2 sts. and make 1 d. c.; repeat from * until the other corner is reached, and then complete the other front. Break off wool. The skirt of the sacque is made in shells of 4 d. c. with white and bone hook.

1st row.—Shell of 4 d. c. around chain of hole; * skip 1 s. c. in next s. c. Repeat from * 6 times more; * skip 2 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * 6 times more; skip 1 s. c., 1 shell in next s. c. or corner of yoke; * skip 2 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * 5 times more; * skip 1 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * twice; * skip 2 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * 5 times more; skip 1 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c., or corner of yoke; * skip 2 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * twice; * skip 1 s. c. 1 shell in next s. c. Repeat from * 10 times more. You have now reached the center of the back. Reverse the other half to correspond, ending with a shell around chain of hole. Turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. in center of shell of preceding row, ch. 3 and 3 d. c. in same shell. Continue making shells of 4 d. c. in the center of shells of preceding row. Turn.

3rd row.—1 s. c. in center of shell of preceding row, ch. 3 and make 3 d. c. in same shell. Continue making shell on shell until there are 16 shells in all across front. Break wool. Skip 15 shells for sleeve; commence with a new thread and make shell on shell for 29 shells across back. Break wool; skip 15 shells for sleeve; commence with a new thread and make shell on shell for 16 shells across front. Turn.

4th row.—Shell on shell for 16 shells across front; skip 15 shells for sleeve; shell on shell for 29 shells across back; skip 15 shells for sleeve; make shell on shell for 16 shells across the other front. Continue thus for 20 rows more. Break wool.

Sleeve.—Shell on shell, having 19 shells around sleeve; for 14 rows more, or 16 rows, counting from shoulder. Break wool. For cuff with color make 1 s. c. in center of shell; ch. 11. Turn; 1 s. c. in each of the ch. 10 and fasten in center of next shell. Turn; * 1 s. c., in each of the 10 s. c., picking up the back part of chain to form a rib. Turn; ch. 1, 1 s, c. in each of the 10 s. c., picking up the back part of ch. to form a rib; fasten in center of next shell. Turn. Repeat from * around cuff and join with slip stitches. Around bottom of cuff make 1 d. c. in each rib, with ch. 2 between each.

2nd row.—Fasten with 1 s. c. in space between the 2 d. c.; * make a shell of 5 d. c. in next space; fasten with 1 s. c. in next space. Repeat from * around cuff. Finish with a picot edge.

Around neck, fronts and bottom of sacque with color make shells the same as on sleeves.

Draw ribbon through holes at neck and cuffs.

Ermine Topped Slippers

Materials: 4 skeins blue Germantown, 2 skeins white and 1 black, medium bone hook, 1 pair steel knitting needles No. 14.

Begin with ch. 16 sts. of blue, turn, 1 s. c. in 2nd st. and 1 s. c. in each next 5 sts. 2 s. c. in each next 3 sts., 6 s. c. in next 6 sts. ch. 1, turn.

2nd row.—6 s. c. taking only the back loop to form rib. 1 s. c. in each next 6 sts., putting hook through both loops, 6 s. c. same as first 6 to form rib. Ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—1 s. c. in 8 sts., forming rib, 2 s. c. in next 3 sts., 7 s. c., forming rib, ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row, only the rib will be longer.

5th row—Same as 3rd row. Continue thus, putting 2 sts. in 3 center sts. in every other row, and only forming ribs on the sides.

Make 18 rows thus, ribbed on the sides to complete vamp.

Then work back and forth on 17 sts., making 36 rows or 18 ribs and join to the other side.

For the ermine top, with white wool cast on 18 sts. and make a strip in plain knitting long enough to reach around the back of the slipper.

Bind off and overcast, leaving it open in front.

Finish the edge of turn over with a row of s. c., working picot of ch. 3 in every third st.

The ermine like effect is secured by working black sts. on the white at regular intervals.

Finish with a cord made of twisted black and white wool.

To keep the slipper close run an elastic in at base of turn over and sew together in the front, then finish with ribbon bows.

Wheel Centerpiece

In Fig 1. is illustrated one of the large wheels which are grouped about the smaller center one to form this centerpiece.

Directions for Large Wheels

Chain 12. Join to form a ring.

1st round.—38 s. c. in ring.

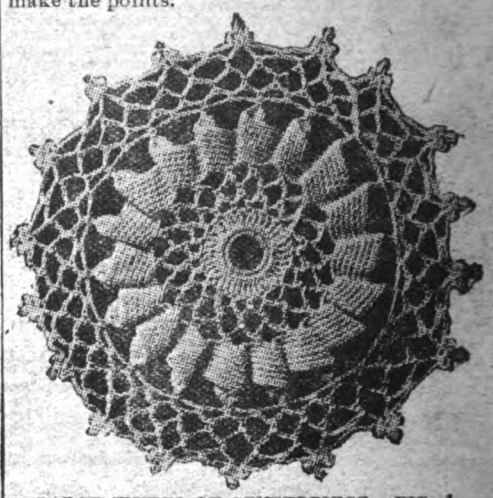
2nd round 38 d. c. on 38 d. c., 1 s. c., join.

3rd round.—Ch. 7, sl. st., in third d. c., ch. 7, sl. st. in third d. c. and repeat all around.

4th round.—Sl. st. to center of ch. 7., ch. 9, sl. st. in center of ch. 7. Repeat all around.

5th round.—Sl. st. to center of ch. 9; ch. 9 and sl. st. to center of ch. 9. Repeat all around.

6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th rounds are all the same, 1 s. c. in each stitch, putting 3 s. c. in 5th. st. of each chain 9 in each round to make the points.



LARGE WHEEL OF CENTERPIECE. FIG. 1.

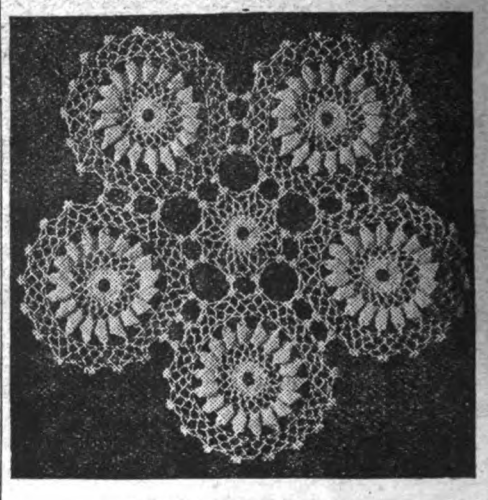
13th round.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in each point. Repeat all around.

14th round.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c. on each s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. under ch. 9. Repeat all around.

15th round.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. under each ch. 7. Repeat all around.

16th round.—Same as the 15th.

17th round.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 5th st. of ch. 9, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 5th stitch of next ch. 9, ch. 5, 1 sl. st. in same st. This makes 1 picot, make



WHEEL CENTERPIECE.

By Lida M. Dearbon.

two more picots. Repeat all around, making group of picots on every other chain.

The Small Wheel

This is made by repeating the first 5 rounds of the large wheel, and finishing with round of picots made in the same way.

After the first wheel is finished the wheels should be joined as the picots are made.

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VOL. XXVII NO. 3



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Crumbs of Comfort

Repentance always costs dear.

Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces.

Much good never came with little effort.

There is no tomorrow for an asking friend.

Never trust a man whom you have injured.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.

A pound of worry will not pay an ounce of debt.

He who resolves to do better has God on his side.

We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

One who has no ill fortune is tired out with good.

A wise man never says: "I did not think of that."

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

You learn the value of water when the well goes dry.

Add frugality to industry and the sum is competence.

Many have been ruined by buying too many good bargains.

Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey.

Govern yourself by reason; though some like it, others do not.

If you will not listen to reason she will surely rap your knuckles.

Enjoy what little you have while the foolish are looking for more.

If you would always have money, keep it when you do have it.

Who is not more nor better than another deserves no more than another.

Make the night night and the day day and you will be healthy and wise.

Tell not what you know, judge not what you see and you shall live in quiet.

It is easier to suppress the desire for anything than to satisfy all that follow.

The Lord keep us from those we trust; from those we do not trust we may keep ourselves.

THE FOX'S SKIN

Wiles of an Old Match-Maker

By Lee Coleman

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JOHN Fox was famed for getting his own way by hook or by crook. A good many people said he preferred to get it by crook. At any rate, he was known to hold in high respect Richelieu's motto: "When the lion's skin will not reach, eke it out with the fox's." John Fox had acted on the motto with such good effect that when he was sixty years old he was reputed to have thirty million dollars. He also had a recalcitrant nephew, who hoped to be an artist.

The nephew was John Rutherford—the John Rutherford whose initials now appear on the corners of so many magazine covers and posters and of whose prices less fortunate craftsmen speak with awe. At the time when he defied his uncle, however, he was unknown except in the chronicles of the gilded rich.

There was nothing new about his defiance. A more hackneyed cause of quarrel could scarcely be imagined. Uncle had an accident while in a distant Southern city; a pretty girl nursed him back to health and refused to take any pay; uncle decided that nephew should pay the debt by going South, meeting the pretty girl, and marrying her; nephew said he'd be —derned if he would; uncle observed that nephew was an ungrateful young puppy and that he'd make him marry the girl yet and that meanwhile he could get out and see how he liked fending for himself.

John Rutherford took the casting out as well as could be expected. He went to his studio and buckled down to what his club friends termed a life of unremitting toil. That is to say he came to the studio at nine o'clock every morning and worked till three o'clock every afternoon, when he left for the day.

He had been doing this for six months when, one afternoon, he received a couple of visitors who stayed long and talked earnestly. When they left John Rutherford did a war dance on the polished floor. Then he glanced at the clock, saw that it was nearly three o'clock—his usual hour for disappearing and hastily began to get ready to go out.

Suddenly he stopped. "Good Lord!" he cried. "What a fool I am. I don't have to go now. I can—Good Lord! I can marry Helen now—if she'll have me. By George! I'll ask her right away."

Waiting for nothing, not even to look in the mirror and make sure that his tie was straight, he shot out of the room and crossed the corridor to a door marked "Helen Heath."

He had known Miss Heath only since she had come to the building three months before, but he felt that he knew her very well indeed. Eagerly he tapped at the door.

No answer came, but the unlatched door swung open. For an instant he hesitated, then he pushed it wide, "May I come in?" he called.

The room was untenanted, but a shadow crossed the amber glass of the door to the other room, showing that someone was within, and Rutherford clutched at the knocker and clamored a peremptory rat-tat-tat.

Almost instantly the other door opened and Miss Heath came out. But she was not the Miss Heath he had known. She was dressed differently, for one thing. He had always pictured her as a being who wore a beautiful pale-green gown trimmed with soft laces and sat upon a couch among piled cushions with her exquisite face and curly nut-brown hair nimbussed against a stained glass window, and who served him tea with delicate pointed fingers. He had seen her this way the first time he had called (after the meeting in the hall) and he had always carried her thus in his mind, having never seen her in any very different pose or costume.

On this occasion, however, she was different—so different that his mental picture was instantly and irrevocably shattered. Instead of a filmy gown she wore a shirt-waist and a very tight walking skirt. She was neat and bright and fresh looking as a cherry or a new pin, but she was not the Helen Heath that he had known. Moreover, her hair——

Miss Heath herself seemed startled and not altogether pleased. She stared at Rutherford in fascinated wonder. "Mr. Rutherford!" she breathed, almost as if she asked a question. "I—I thought you had gone long ago?"

Rutherford shook his head. He had drawn down his brows, as if in perplexity, like one trying to identify an elusive likeness.

"I've broken my rule," he said, slowly. "Or rather, I've changed it, for always, I hope. The fact is I've had good news and—won't you give me a cup of tea and let me tell it to you."

Miss Heath flushed slowly. She was growing more agitated.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" she gasped. "Glad that you have good news, of course, but sorry that I can't possibly wait to hear it now. I—I have an engagement that I must keep. I was just going out and—and——"

Rutherford laughed, boyishly and delightedly. "Sit down, Miss Heath," he begged, in quite another tone. "Break your engagement, please. I simply must talk to you now, at once."

The girl's eyes met Rutherford's. For an instant she sustained his gaze bravely; then she turned and made her way blindly to the tea-table. Her hands trembled on the cups as she shifted them. She did not look at Rutherford. This was unfortunate, for the expression in Rutherford's eyes could not be mistaken.

Quietly he seated himself across the tiny table. "I beg your pardon, Miss Heath," he said, gently. "I have no right to insist. But my need is urgent. May I tell you my good news?"

"Yes!" The girl did not look up. Her voice was almost inaudible.

"The publisher of the Columbian Magazine came to see me an hour or two ago. He has bought four cover designs from me at five hundred dollars each."

As if moved by a spring the girl straightened up. "Is *that* your news?" she cried. "Accept my congratulations. The money will serve you very nicely for carfare. Now, if you will excuse me ——" She rose.

Rutherford did not move. "That is part of my news," he said composedly. "But you are wrong. The money will not serve for carfare. It will pay for bread and butter. I have not eaten since

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

"GENERAL MARION"

What do you know about General Francis Marion, the bold night rider and dreaded raider? Brave as a lion and cunning as a fox, this hero of half a hundred battles and skirmishes, with his band of southern patriots, was a scourge to the British invaders in South Carolina and a terror to their Tory allies. The British called him the "Swamp Fox" because he was too quick and too smart for them.



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February COMFORT

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January, 1915

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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IT was Numa, the second king of Rome twenty-six centuries ago, who decreed that the year should begin with this month, and in order that the calendar might conform with his ideas he added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided. The first of these he called January, in honor of Janus, the two-faced deity supposed to preside over doors—one looking back over the old year and the other peering into the new. Janus was also the god of war, the gates of his temple in Rome being closed in times of peace and open only during war. It was not until 1752 that January was recognized as the first month of the legal year in England. The poet Shelley expressed the sentiment of practically all of the bards when he said "January gray is here," for whenever the month is mentioned in verse—which is infrequent—the reference is to "the blasts of January" or something bearing upon the fury of the wind or the biting cold. The gem stone of January is the garnet, which is said to insure power, grace and victory. The flower symbolic of the month is the snowdrop, attesting friendship in trouble, consolation and hope.

Among all nations and in all ages the first day of the new year has been and is regarded as a holiday, a day of rejoicing and worship. In all but six states of the Union it is a legal holiday.

Some of the principal events of the world taking place during this month during the years have been as follows:

1st—Edmund Burke, born, 1730. The union of Ireland and Great Britain accomplished, 1801.

2nd—Gen. James Wolfe, hero of Quebec, born 1727. The Battle of Granada, 1492, which completed the overthrow of Moorish power in Spain.

3rd—Cicero, born 107 B. C.

4th—Jacob Grimm, writer of fairy tales, born 1785.

5th—Edward the Confessor, died 1066. Battle of Nancy, 1477, in which Charles the Bold was slain.

6th—Known as the twelfth day, as being in that number after Christmas and the last of the Christmas holidays, sometimes called "Little Christmas." Richard II, King of England, born 1366. Joan d'Arc, born 1402.

7th—St. Distaff's day—or Rock day—the first free day after the twelve holidays by which Christmas was formerly celebrated. President Millard Fillmore, born 1800.

8th—Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Owing to the slowness of communication, Gen. Jackson fought this battle after peace had been made. Legal holiday in Louisiana, known as Jackson's, or "Old Hickory's" birthday. Galileo, who invented and first used a telescope, born 1642.

9th—Caroline Herschel, astronomer, died 1848, aged 97.

10th—Penny postage first exemplified in England; designed by Rowland Hill. Linnæus, famous naturalist, died 1778.

11th—First lottery in England held drawing 1569.

12th—Emperor Maximilian I, died 1519.

13th—George Fox, founder of the Quaker sect, died 1690.

14th—15th—Battle of Rivoli, 1797. Napoleon's victory was followed by the surrender of Mantua and the complete conquest of Lombardy.

16th—Richard Savage, poet, died 1697. Edmund Spenser, poet, died 1599. Edward Gibbon, historian, died 1809. Battle of Corunna, in which Sir John Moore was killed.

17th—Benjamin Franklin, born 1706. President Rutherford B. Hayes, died 1893.

18th—Sarah of Exeter, the peasant Countess, died 1797. Daniel Webster, born 1782. President John Tyler, died 1862.

19th—Tragedy of Khartoum in the Nile campaign, 1885. James Watt, of steam engine fame, born 1736. Isaac Disraeli, writer, died 1848.

20th—David Garrick, celebrated actor, died 1779. Gen. Gordon slain at Khartoum.

21st—Henry VII King of England, born 1456. Louis XVI of France, died. Stonewall Jackson, born 1824. Queen Victoria, died 1901. James G. Blaine, born 1830; died Jan. 27, 1893. John C. Fremont, born 1813.

22nd—Lord Byron, born 1788. Francis Bacon, born 1561. "South Sea Bubble" inaugurated, 1720.

23rd—William Pitt, statesman, died 1806.

24th—Frederick the Great of Prussia, born 1712.

25th—Robert Burns, born 1759.

26th—Napoleon Vice-president of the Italian Republic.

27th—Mozart, born 1756. John J. Audubon, naturalist, died 1851.

28th—Emperor Charlemagne, died 814. King Henry VIII, died 1547. Sir Francis Drake, died 1596—Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, died 1725. W. H. Prescott, historian, died 1859. In 1770 began the administration of Lord North, during which the American colonies were lost to the British crown. First street of any city lighted by gas (Pall Mall, London) 1807.

29th—Napoleon in Battle of Brienne. Thomas Paine, political writer, born 1737. George III, died 1820. Emmanuel Swedenborg, born 1688, President Wm. McKinley, born 1843.

30th—King Charles I, died 1649, beheaded on the scaffold.

31st—Ben Jonson, born 1574. Charles Edward Stuart, the last person of the Stuart family to attempt to recover the forfeited crown of England, died 1788.



Are We in Danger of Being Attacked by Foreign Enemies?

NOW that certain warring nations are fighting not only for a place in the sun, but to achieve world-wide domination, it behooves us to have a radical stock taking, and note what our position is in comparison with the other peoples who occupy a place on this revolving sphere where we make our home.

The time is not far distant when all the desirable land surface on this globe will be occupied, and one of the greatest underlying causes of the conflagration in Europe, is due to the fact that Germany's rapidly increasing population wants more elbow-room, and for that matter so do all European nations with the possible exception of France and Russia. This elbow-room and the opportunities that go with it, the Teuton emigrants must seek, if not in German colonies, then in the colonies of other nations, where they inevitably cease to be an asset to the parent land.

To get a better understanding of this matter and the serious conditions that will eventually arise (unless the nations, as in the case of France, so arrange that their population shall not be in excess of the land's ability to support its citizens) we must bear in mind that of the 52,641,102 square miles of land on this planet only 30,000,000 are capable of supporting human life; in fact two of our most eminent scientists set the earth's productive area at two million square miles less than we have computed it.

It is an astonishing fact that Great Britain and her colonies, comprising 12,000,000 square miles, and the United States and their outlying possessions covering 4,000,000 square miles, together control more than half the fertile area of the globe As to population: the British Empire contains 435,000,000 people of whom 45,216,741 reside in the British Isles, while the United States and their dependencies have a population of about 115,000,000. And as the total population of the world is estimated at 1,600,000,000 it appears that these two English speaking nations, which possess more than half the inhabitable land, also control 600,000,000 people, or more than one third of the earth's inhabitants.

Is the world overpopulated? In spots, yes, but on the whole, no. There are at present on an average only thirty souls to the square mile, and a square mile at a pinch will take care of a hundred people. The earth figured on this basis, is capable of supporting about 3,000,000,000 humans, not comfortably but crowded and pinched, struggling for the bare necessaries of life.

It does not take an expert mathematician long to bring us face to face with the painful fact that in a few generations the earth will have the full total that it is estimated it will be capable of supporting.

The earth's inhabitants are not evenly distributed. There are some vast areas that are still sparsely settled and other extensive regions where the population is large and crowded, and it is in these congested countries that trouble arises, for the cup that is full, if we still continue to pour liquid into it, must inevitably overflow. In some sections of the globe (China for instance) the population has become so dense that millions of people have been pushed right off the face of the earth and have been living on rafts, junks and other vessels on the rivers and harbors of the Celestial Kingdom.

In Canton no less than three hundred thousand Chinese, men, women and children, live permanently on the water. In Europe the industrious Hollanders have pushed the ocean back from off their land and are now living on the reclaimed bottom of the North Sea These industrious people have to keep their country, which cannot be drained because lower than the sea, continually pumped out by means of numberless windmills. Japan, India and in fact the most of Asia as well as Europe are overpopulated.

Now the question naturally arises, with the earth's population constantly increasing, how long can we of English speaking race, keep this North American continent of ours, so favored by nature from being engulfed by a mighty human flood, that even now is threatening to sweep o'er the oceans and overwhelm us.

We have felt the pressure of the Japanese and other Orientals in the West already, and that pressure is going to increase as the years roll on. India too has been spewing the advance guards of its dusky hordes on the western borders of Canada. A Canadian official who was active in keeping out a heavy shipload of Hindoos has been assassinated by an Oriental.

In all our coast cities are secret societies of Asiatics whose object is to war on the white man and appropriate his territority.

Not only is the world casting longing eyes at these shores of ours, still more with eager eyes does it drink in the vast continent to the south of us.

We throw the mantle of our protection in the shape of the Monroe Doctrine from Alaska and Labrador to Cape Horn, telling the old-World powers that they shall not extend their system of conquest and colonization to North and South America. But how does the world view that Monroe Doctrine of ours? The Kaiser regards it as "a piece of impertinence," and so do most of the other European governments. We have Germany's official declaration, backed by her action at the outbreak of the present war, that treaties are but "scraps of paper" to be contemptuously broken when performance of their obligations becomes irksome. Would other nations have any higher regard for treaty rights? The Monroe Doctrine is not based on any treaty. It is merely a policy of the United States respected so far as we have the military power to enforce it. Civilization, alas! has not yet carried us from the bloody era of might to the peaceful age of reason and right. The sword, alas! is still the only arbiter of the destinies of nations. Only those who are ready and prepared with big guns and battleships to defend their rights and territory are safe from attack and conquest.

With Europe and Asia casting jealous eyes on our broad and productive acres, our riches, our vast natural resources and sparsely settled areas, and with land hunger gnawing at the heart of great and warlike nations, it behooves us, if we wish to retain the heritage our fathers have bequeathed to us, to arm, or otherwise we are liable to see our fair cities share the fate of Louvain, or lie prostrate beneath the heel of the conqueror as in the case of Belgium.

It is preposterous to talk of these "enlightened days," when the only light that is recognized in the council chambers of the nations is that which flashes from the uplifted sabre, the charging bayonet or the bomb bursting in air. To be unprepared is to invite attack, to be half prepared is to court defeat. Only by being thoroughly and efficiently armed on land and sea can we keep our shores inviolate and be allowed to work out our destinies without challenge or interference from foes, white, yellow or black.

The Grant Doctrine

THE celebrated Monroe Doctrine, so named because formulated and first promulgated by President Monroe some eighty years ago as a policy which the United States would enforce, by war if necessary, warned Europe not to attempt the subjugation of any of the free republics in North, South and Central America or in any way interfere with their independence.

Accordingly, in 1865, our government compelled Louis Napoleon to withdraw the French troops that had made the Austrian Prince Maximilian Emperor of Mexico, and were supporting his tottering throne which fell as soon as his foreign soldiers departed.

Shortly after this, when a certain European power proposed to sell some of its West Indian colonies to another European government, President Grant forbade the sale, proclaiming to the world that the United States would not permit the transfer of any American colony from one European government to another. This is the Grant Doctrine which has become the settled policy of the United States and goes a step further than the Monroe Doctrine.

There has been some discussion started by the indiscrete inquiry of the German ambassador as to what would be the attitude of our government in case German troops should invade and subjugate Canada as an incident to the present war. Our government has respectfully declined to answer at the present juncture on the ground that there appears to be no immediate prospect of Germany being able to get troops over to Canada.

One phase of the question is easily answered, while it has other aspects that present embarrassing complications.

The Grant Doctrine would not permit Germany to annex Canada or to hold it under any conditions after the close of the war. And this supposed case of Canada, which might actually come to pass, is an excellent illustration of the wisdom of the Grant Doctrine and its vital importance as affecting the welfare of the United States.

Canada is a good neighbor with whom we, as a people, have been on friendly terms for an even hundred years and expect to continue so for centuries to come regardless of whether she should prefer to remain under the British flag or at some future time see fit to become an independent republic, which status she nearly approximates at present. But if any change in our neighbors should be attempted through the interposition of an old world power, the United States would have something to say as to who the new neighbors shall be. And what Uncle Sam says in such case will go as it did with Emperor Louis Napoleon and the French soldiers he sent to Mexico.

Another phase of the question is so fraught with difficulties that it is not easy to predict what action the United States would take in case Germany should attack Canada in the present war strictly for the purpose of military results and not for permanent occupation or change of sovereignty.

In principle and as a matter of abstract right Germany would be justified in attacking Canada as a part of the British Empire and because Canadian troops are fighting the Germans in France and Belgium; and under the present circumstances such action would not conflict with the Monroe or the Grant Doctrine, if not intended to result in change of sovereignty or occupation after the end of the war.

But fortunately for Germany, if she values the good will of the American people, the naval situation renders it impossible for her to send troops across the Atlantic. We have already suffered great inconvenience and financial loss in consequence of the great European conflict with which we have no concern, and we are contributing millions of dollars to feed and clothe the seven million destitute and starving Belgians who are homeless and starving because the German armies have devastated their country, destroyed their homes, consumed their crops, confiscated their horses and cattle and taken their money by exacting payment of enormous fines, taxes and indemnities.

Our people shudder at the thought of a possible German invasion of Canada and a repetition among our neighbors of the horrors inflicted on the Belgians. As against the sympathies of our people wrought to the highest pitch by the sight of Canadian cities laid in ashes and homeless, starving refugees from across the border seeking asylum and food among us, reason and argument would avail but little to deter our citizens from throwing over their neutrality. Excited public sentiment often forces the hands of government, and it is to be feared a German invasion of Canada might draw the United States into the war.

President Wilson acted wisely in refusing to state in advance what would be the attitude of our government in case of a German invasion of Canada, for none can predict it with certainty. But by the decided tone of the editorial comment which his question drew from the newspapers and magazines the German Ambassador may gather a shrewd inkling of how the American people regard his proposition.

The Panama Canal Affecting Railroad Freight Rates

IN answer to our editorial, last summer, urging that American coastwise shipping be exempted from payment of Panama Canal tolls as a means of forcing the railroads to lower their trans-continental freight rates, some of our readers wrote us asserting that the competition of commerce passing through the canal would have no effect on railroad freight rates because the latter are regulated by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The fallacy of their argument is proven thus early because a month ago the western railroads petitioned the Inter-State Commerce Commission for permission to lower their trans-continental freight rates to meet the competition of shipments by way of the Panama Canal.

As we predicted, the railroads must meet this competition by reducing their freight rates, and if American ships had been exempted from canal tolls the freight rates by way of the canal and by rail would be cut just that much lower.

Perhaps some of those politicians who are wondering what hit them at the recent November election, may see new light and come to the conclusion that the action of Congress on the canal tolls question had something to do with it. Let us hope so.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 568 Broadway, New York City.

$60 Weekly to deliver "KeroSafe" Lamp. Burns common coal oil. (Kerosene). 300 candle power—Low Priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profits for agents. No experience needed. No Capital required. Credit given. Hinkson sold 24 first week, West, 3 first night. Write today for terms of free sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1119 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 9-69 Temple Place, Boston.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c. sells 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co. 20 Y. Warren St., N.Y.

Million Dollar Winner. Tremendous, rapid sales stagger country. Agents happy, banking enormous profits daily. New invention yet million sales already recorded. Walters sold 51 first 7 hours; Arnold 80 first day. Everybody wants Grabs' scientific Shoe Cleaner on doorstep. Saves drudgery, carpets, shoes, money. Automatically removes mud, snow. Mechanical wonder. Investigate. Territory free; worth fortune. Security Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, Toledo, O.

Earn Money Showing Queen Fabric Dress Goods. Honest, ambitious women wanted. Salary or com. Whole or part time. Mrs. Grace earns $1,200 a year. Experience unnecessary. Instructions ready. Be first in your locality. Queen Fabric Mfg. Co., Dept. 408, Syracuse, N. Y.

Agents:—New Washing Machine. Wonderful invention. Generates own power. Forces Twenty Streams Boiling Suds through every fibre of Clothes. No Rubbing. Sells itself. $10.00. Free Sample. Geyser Washing Machine Works, Chicago.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 lbs.; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first 8 hours. Territory free. Write today. Wendell Co., 571 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Billy Sunday's Message. Great opportunity for man or woman to make $6.00 to $15.00 a day. Unusually liberal terms. Spare time may be used. Particulars and samples free. Universal Bible House, 1010 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid $7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1202 Broadway, San Francisco.

Paying Spare Time Work or sideline for Agents and Clubraisers. Supplies free. Good-Hope Co. Washington Bridge Sta., N.Y.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 3983 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Agents make $10 a day selling rugs at $1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 20 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Here's A Whirlwind Seller. Every family needs it. No limit to money you can make. No competition. Sample free. Address W. E. Co., Dept. C., Delta, Colorado.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—New Mighty Money Making marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines—women astounded, wild over it, absolutely harmless, $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory, no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business, supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do the work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Sales Corporation, Desk N, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

Energetic Men are making $1000 to $3000 yearly selling our guaranteed paints and roofing materials direct to farmers and consumers. Either entire or part time. Write for territory now. Colorcraft Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Agents—$1.00 Every Hour You Work. New high-grade kitchen tools. Sell on sight—Exclusive territory. Write today. A. & J. Mfg. Co., 70 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good com's. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 391, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents Wanted, new household article, quick seller, send ten cents for sample and particulars. D.C.H. Specialty Co., 1441 Broadway, New York.

Agents—150% profit selling new Easy Wringer Mop. Every home buys. Martin sold 131 in 2 days. One man orders $2650 one month. Get details. U. S. Mop Co., 233 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Many making over $30.00 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

20 Choice Birthday, Greeting, Etc. Postcards 10c. Postpaid. Special Proposition to Agents. Palmer Postcard Co., N. Ferrisburg, Vt.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hair Switches made from combings 3 stem $1.00. Work guaranteed. Mrs. L. J. Green, Franklin, Ga., R. 4.

Poem Charts. An easy way to write lovely poetry. Make a hit with your friends. Love, Gift, Song, Fun poems—all kinds. Poem Chart and Free Premium Slip, 12 cents. Brent Agency, Portland, Maine

POST CARDS

100 Valentine, Easter and Greeting Cards 30c. 25 for 10c. Try us and you will stay with us. G.Am. Post Card Co., 78, Burlington, Ia.

Special: Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Guaranteed Boy's Watch or Girl's Gold-plated Bracelet given boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. P. Peoples Co., B-76, York Haven, Pa.

BY PARCEL POST

Your Name embossed in gold letters on 12 beautifully enameled Pencils 50c postpaid. Sample 5c. Larew, Box 127-C, Knoxville, Tenn

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Pub's' Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. $75 to $125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Ozment 8-R St. Louis.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1450. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

I Want A Reliable Man in each county to give away premiums advertising Rogers 20 year Silverware. Pay $52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 809 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hasen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Be a Detective—Earn $150 to $300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 370.

Railway Mail Clerk Examinations soon. $75.00 month. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't. O 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Motormen — Conductors; Interurban; earn $80 monthly; experience unnecessary; qualify now; state age; details free. Electric Dep't 790 Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured through Credit System. Patentability Search Free. Booklet Free. John Louis Waters & Co., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, Attorney, 232 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Songwriters. Let us write music to your songs and help you dispose of them to music publishers for cash or royalty. National Manuscript Sales Co., 333 Theatrical Exchange Building, Broadway & 40th St., N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman $250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Women With Tender Feet Should Wear our unlined vici kid Pillow Shoe. Fits and feels like a kid glove. Soft, durable, handsome. New shoes easy as old ones. No breaking in required. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Pillow Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. P., Boston, Mass.

FOOD BY PARCEL POST

Have You Tried Fidara the New Fruit Food? Delicious. Nourishing. Healthful. Send 10c for valuable folder and liberal sample. Learn how to secure your supply free. Cosnett Company, Sole Makers, Norwalk, Ohio.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 664 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Lady Agents Wanted to sell my Depilatory Powder for the removal of superfluous hair. Write for particulars to Ray D. Gilliland, State College, Pa.

Women Make Money Introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co, Dept. 65, Trenton, N. J.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays. $50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

I guarantee $10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, KM, Chicago.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form; Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on "courses" etc. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 25, Smethport, Pa

$50 to $100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 R. R. Chicago.

Free—A Complete Course in Photoplay Writing. Send us your name at once. The Enterprise Co., C Morton Bldg., Chicago.

BOOKS

"What Is Your Lucky Sign?"—New book, interests everybody. Price 10c. Send for copy. Advertiser Press, Holly, Mich.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Men prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

Thousands Government Jobs Obtainable. $65 to $150 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dep't. O 12, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A, Baltimore, Md.

Easy Work; all or spare time. Addressing, Mailing, Distributing, etc., for Mail Order House. Established 17 Yrs. $5.00 to $20.00 weekly opportunity. No canvassing. For sample catalogue, particulars, postage, etc., send 10c. Monroe, 355 Como. Bldg., Chicago.

POST CARD CLUBS

Receive Post Cards from everywhere. Membership in best club 10c. H. J. Teeple, Box M, Decatur, Indiana.

You'll have friends and sweethearts the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MONEY LOANED

6% Money. Loans for any purpose on acceptable Real Estate; liberal privileges. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo., 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

FARM LANDS WANTED

San Joaquin Valley, California—What one man did: A railroad brakeman bought 20 acres at $300 per acre (part on time payments). 9 acres each were planted to peaches and raisin grapes. From his 1914 crop he has a net profit above all expenses of $1,200, 20% on his investment and a living besides. This, his first year, he was new to conditions—next year he expects to do much better. Don't you want to do as well? Our San Joaquin Valley folder free—it's worth money to you. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, AT & SF Railway, 1804 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted to hear of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

Productive state and deeded lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. No isolated pioneering. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 446 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows; $5. for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illust'd Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from $1 to $1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over $100. Get Posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.

Buffalo Nickels:—25c Each paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight week's time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning $100 to $500 per month. Address Department B-22, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

REAL ESTATE

Virginia Farms; Small and Large, $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets nearby. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agr'l. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

64 Var. Poultry, Hares. For sale first-class stock. Eggs for hatching. Prices reasonable. Val. cat. free. H. Y. Roth, Souderton, Pa.

$100 For Best Definition Of "Oculum," a Poultry Raising revolutionizer. Particulars Free. The H. I. Co., Salem, Va.

43 Varieties, poultry, pigeons, ducks, geese. Incubators, feed and supplies. Catalog 4 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crosskill, Walter; a carpenter. Left England about 1885. Wife killed in railroad wreck. Left daughter. Estate $10,000.

Parker, Henry. Born England about 1830, left Birmingham for Australia about 1851. Two brothers came to America. Estate $15,000. John J. Dwyer, 7 Wall Street, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ills.

The Much Loved Queen of the Belgians

BY C. L. CHAPMAN.

It is a sudden blasting of hopes which has brought sorrow to the young and affectionate Queen Elizabeth. Since the death of the profligate King Leopold II, King Albert I and his wife, who was Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, have fought great difficulties, met many handicaps, and emerged triumphantly.

First of all, they had to live down the reputation of the licentious Leopold, Albert's uncle. The people no longer respected, they even hated that aged monarch; and there was dissension when Albert ascended the throne, anarchy was evident everywhere.

But King Albert has proven to his people that he is the direct opposite of his uncle; he has encouraged the commercial, literary and artistic prestige of his country, is a devoted husband and affectionate father, averse to pomp and display, affable and free in manner, profoundly interested in social and economic questions, and as is his wife, an artist of no mean ability.

Queen Elizabeth has been the inspiration of her husband in every reform in that tiny kingdom, which has seen only three rulers, yet has become so powerful financially and commercially.

But sorrow has suddenly been heaped upon the lovable and lovely queen of Belgium. She has been acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and intellectual queens in all Europe.

When the Princess Elizabeth assumed the duties of housewife in the royal palace in Brussels she found it denuded of its statuary, rare paintings, tapestries, bric-a-brac, silver plate, expensive furniture, and ornaments of all kinds. It was like entering a beautiful home from which poverty had taken the furnishings. It was the result of the late King Leopold's determination to circumvent his daughters' ambitions and leave them practically poverty stricken.

What with the disposal of the beautiful furnishings of the royal palace, the consequent scandal brought about through the suit of the daughters to share in the immense fortune of their dead father, the shameful stories circulated by the late king, the Congo expose, and the demoralized condition of state affairs, the young king and queen entered upon a tremendous task when they assumed the rulership of Belgium and undertook to make their reign happy and successful.

But they have had the love of their people from the first and they have devoted themselves conscientiously to the welfare of their country, until in the midst of their triumphs, their work has been halted.

The king has gone to the front, assuming command of the army, and the queen with heroic self-sacrifice has left her children in the care of guardians and governesses, and enrolled as a Red Cross nurse.

In the midst of the realization of her highest hopes, the order came for the peaceful evacuation of Brussels. In a few hours the national offices were transferred to the ancient and heavily fortified town of Antwerp, and the queen and her children fled from their palace in Brussels and took refuge in an unaccustomed home.

Queen Elizabeth has felt the inexpressible sorrow attendant upon a catastrophe which had placed Brussels, Liege and Namur in the hands of the enemy, with Malines, Louvain, and Aerschot destroyed, and the whole territory given over to plunder. She can only rely upon the caprices of fate, which may elect that the Belgian kingdom no longer shall exist, the royal rank of its sovereigns be nullified, the king and queen and the heir apparent be thrown into the world as untitled persons, who needs must toil for a living.

Their men have been mustered into service in a conflict in which the Belgians have no interest, and the fate of the nation hangs in the balance; the country is overwhelmed by the agony and anguish of martyred Belgians.

On the doubtful outcome of this conflict, in which the powers of Europe are engaged, hangs the fate of these now unhappy people.

Some Strange Facts About Radium

There are three astonishing facts about radioactive substances. First, they cause certain substances placed near them to fluoresce, or glow. For instance, a diamond, if placed near a minute quantity of radium, will shine in the dark. Second, they make the surrounding air a conductor of electricity. This has been splendidly illustrated by making an electric bell ring just by the approach of a bit of radium. Third, the ceaseless sending out of light and heat, as illustrated by the spinthariscope. In other words, a particle of the gray salt of radium bromide is somewhat like a miniature sun surrounding itself by a highly active atmosphere (radium "emanations") and pouring out vast amounts of light and heart without any apparent diminution in quantity or quality.

According to the knowledge of our best scientists today, twenty-five years ago, there was no possibility of something being made out of nothing, and today, through we cannot do it ourselves, we apparently see this very thing being done in nature. Here is a piece of radium ceaselessly sending out particles at the rate of twenty-four thousand million per gram a second, traveling at the rate of twelve thousand miles a second. Two ingenious methods have led to the same result in actually counting these particles, and though it sounds too much like a fairy tale for the incredulous to believe, there is no fact in science today more thoroughly demonstrated. The life of radium is approximately two thousand four hundred and sixty years. For instance, if you had a timepiece or piece of machinery driven by radioactive properties it would run just two thousand, four hundred and sixty years without the supply being replenished.

Municipal Moving Picture Theater

Because the inhabitants of Maplewood, N. J. complained of their household help not wanting to stay because of lack of amusement, the town authorities erected a moving picture theater and are operating it to advantage.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or, donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Old Year and the New

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
And sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Tennyson.*

WORDS cannot express more of the true meaning of the New Year than Tennyson has so beautifully portrayed in the above poem. While it may seem a time for sorrow o'er the disappointments of the past, there is always the thought to console us that another year, with its wonderful promises, is in store for us, and that even if our cherished plans are defeated now it may be but a step toward the realization later of something better and more lasting in the eyes of our Heavenly Father, to whom we should commend ourselves not only this New Year's Day but all days.—Ed.

342 W. 25th St., ERIE, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I never find any time to write but Mrs. Fridell's letter makes me steal a little time. I live in a city and do not see much more of this world's excitement than she does as I am not very strong and have five little ones under nine years to care for.

I was once a teacher and still love teaching above anything, that is why Mrs. Fridell's letter appealed to me. Though I live but three squares from school I start my little ones at home. Do not start them too young and start them right and they will go through the higher grades without any trouble. In the sixth year I begin to make their fingers nimble by card sewing, seaming, hemming, etc., in making doll clothes and fancy work. On alternate days they get drawing lessons, either on their blackboard, slate or tablet, first in making the various lines, angles, squares, etc., and later in drawing designs and pictures that are made with rule and pencil; no free hand work during the first year or two.

During the second year I begin to teach them to count, count the things I am working with, things she handles and sees, at first only up to three; that well learned, we count four, and so on, step by step. It is not necessary to go higher than twenty the first year.

For slate work I give drawing and an occasional lesson in Roman numerals (not the Arabic). With the Roman they learn principles which they could not understand by the Arabic, viz: 24 means 20 and 4, the 2 stands for 20 meaning two tens. Take the number 12, it is almost impossible to make a child see that that 1 stands for 10, before they have learned to add, but with XII they see it at once and form a good foundation for arithmetic. At first we call them clock figures and while learning these they also learn to tell time. Take one thing at a time, first 12 and 6 are meal-time, 3 to 9 are lunch-time, once around is an hour, the above figures are quarters (first teach quarters and halves by means of apples and pies), next tell her the small hand names the hours, etc., now about numbers, I, II, III, can be learned in one lesson, give the same for several days with plenty of review work. The second lesson is V, use nickels to help the memory, next teach VI, VII, VIII, one at a time, then take IV the left-handed one, he tells a new story, he says take one away from V, illustrate this with objects. Never use marks on the slate for counting as some children will count no other way once they know how. Next teach X, XI, XII, and XIII, before you give IX. Go no higher than XX. I also teach the seasons of the year and what causes it, the days of the week; months of the year, etc., but no reading until they are seven. When you begin with reading teach the written form first, use the sound as their names, and just enough words to be able to memorize the sounds. For further particulars write me when you come to reading.

I will close for this time. Will you write me occasionally as to the progress your little girl is making and do not be afraid to ask for help in any line.

MRS. D. ILLIG.

Mrs. Illig. I am sure your letter will be a vast help to Mrs. Fridell and other mothers similarly situated. There are several publications issued for the benefit of teachers that would be of great assistance in home work and I will gladly furnish the address of the publisher to anyone requesting the same, and enclosing postage.—Ed.

HARDING, S. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is my first attempt writing to our little corner and as I have never seen a letter from this part of South Dakota I thought I would write about our country.

We are holding down a one hundred and sixty acre homestead. We have plenty of fresh air out here which would be a great thing to people in the city where they breathe nothing but smoke and soot the year round. It is very lonely at times on the claim but people are lots more sociable out here than back East. Our neighbors are not near, so we do not see them very often, but we have a fine visit when we do meet. We are fifty miles from a railroad, but expect one to be built through this part of the country. Our mail is brought every day by the stage from the railroad. Most of the best homesteads are taken, although there are a few left.

We usually have cold winters here.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and receive great benefit from the many good letters. I could not keep house without dear COMFORT. I am alone a good deal of the time so I spend many an evening reading COMFORT, which I have taken for over two years. It came to my parents several years before I was married and I don't intend to let my subscription run out.

I suppose the sisters wonder what kind of houses we have on the claims. Most of them are one or two rooms; of course those with large families have larger ones. Our house is fifteen feet by twelve feet, only one room. We do not have much furniture so we have plenty of room. We have a folding bed so that is out of the way in the daytime. We expect to add to our house later on, as fast as our income increases.

Can any of the sisters send recipe for hog's-head-cheese?

I will describe myself as others do. I am twenty-three years old, five feet five inches tall, have black hair and blue-gray eyes and weigh. I do not dare to tell as I am too fleshy. I have a little girl four years old. She is the only one I have. I am very much interested in rearing children up to be noble men or noble women. MRS. DORA C. DAVIS.

Mrs. Davis. I admire the spirit you manifest in living within your income and I know of many women who would gladly exchange places with you if they could only break away from the conventions that hold them to a mortgaged house and installment-plan furniture. For the sole reason that their friends build a new house or buy a new piano, the average young couple think they must do likewise, with the usual result that by the time the house or furniture is paid for, they are more or less nervous wrecks from hard work and worry about meeting payments. Then again, you have more time to enjoy life without the added care of the useless ornaments which the average woman will persist in accumulating. We wish you success in your little home.—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

TOMATO BISQUE.—Blend two tablespoons of butter melted with the same quantity of flour. Thin this with a pint of hot cream or milk. Add a pint of hot, strained tomato to which a half teaspoon of soda has been stirred in.—Ed.

PEA SOUP.—Pour cold water over one cup of small peas, let come to a boil, drain, add more cold water and let boil till well cooked, stirring often. Half hour before serving add salt and pepper to taste, a pinch of ginger, one tablespoon of bacon, ham or salt pork drippings; let boil and serve.

BAKED PEARS.—Place in a stone jar a layer of pears, without paring, then a layer of sugar, then pears and so on till the jar is full. Put in as much water as it will hold and bake three hours. Slices of lemon improve the flavor.

APPLE JOHN.—Bake a pie crust rolled rather thick place on a pan half full of pared, cored and sliced apples, with one cup sugar, bits of butter and dash of cinnamon. When done, turn upside down so apples will be on top. Serve with whipped cream.

MRS. J. A. ANDERSON, Sherlock, Wash.

QUAIL ON TOAST.—Clean the quail carefully, split down the back, season with salt and pepper, and baste with melted butter while broiling over a clear fire. It requires from twelve to eighteen minutes to broil quail. Have ready your slices of buttered toast, place one on each of them and serve at once.

MRS. LILLIAN COURSEY, Click, Kans.

MEAT BALLS.—Chop leftover meat very fine; roll dried bread, add salt, pepper, cloves and mace, and one egg; mix this with the meat. Pound all together and make into balls a little larger than a hen's egg. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve with catsup.—Ed.

ROUND STEAK.—Have steak cut three quarters of an inch thick, roll in flour and pound on both sides to work the flour in. Roll in flour again and fry brown in one half butter and one half fryings. Place meat in a granite pan, slice over it one larger or two small onions, salt and pepper, add the drippings that it was fried in. Now cover all with hot water, cover tightly and cook slowly for one and one half hours. The gravy will be delicious and will not need thickening.

STEWED RABBIT.—Ingredients required: One rabbit, a few strips of bacon, rather more than one pint of good broth or stock, a bunch of savory herbs, salt and pepper to taste, thickening of butter and flour and one glass of sherry wine (not necessary). Wash the rabbit and let dry, then cut into pan and (laid) with strips of bacon and fry until brown. Put in stew pan with broth, herbs and season with salt and pepper. Simmer gently until rabbit is tender, then strain the gravy, thicken with butter and flour, add the sherry and boil a very few minutes. Place rabbit on rather deep platter and pour the gravy over it. Garnish with slices of thinly cut lemon.

CORN PUDDING.—Put the pulp of one dozen ears of corn (canned corn may be used) into a basin, add two tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, pepper to taste, one well-beaten egg and one and one half cups of milk. Turn into a buttered baking dish, dot the top with butter and bake for one hour. Cabbage pudding may be made the same way but cabbage should be boiled first.

MISS ANNA HEDLAND, Elmira, R. R. 1, Mich.

RABBIT PIE.—Line a deep dish with a puff paste or rich biscuit crust; stew the rabbit, season well and pour into the dish; cover with an upper crust and bake.

RABBIT SAUSAGE.—Cut the meat from the bone of wild rabbits and slice one third bacon or fresh fat pork to the amount of rabbit meat; run through sausage grinder, add enough sage, salt and pepper to suit taste and a few onions may be added if liked. Mix well and make into small cakes and fry brown on both sides. The bacon will make grease to fry in.

MRS. DORA C. DAVIS, Harding, S. Dak.

CREAMED SHRIMPS.—Blend together one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of flour, then add gradually one cup of milk; season with salt and pepper and if preferred a squeeze of lemon juice. Stir constantly



CREAMED SHRIMPS.

until it boils for a few minutes, then add one cup of chopped or picked shrimps and a cup of peas, cooked. When thoroughly heated divide into well-buttered ramekins and decorate with parsley and a ring of peas. Serve while very hot.

VENISON STEWED.—Cut into small steaks; make a dressing of bread crumbs, onions, butter, pepper and salt, sage and small pieces of pork, and spread upon each steak; then roll and tie; put into boiling water and stew and thicken the gravy with flour.—Ed.

SALT COD FISH.—Soak fish at least ten minutes in boiling water. For sauce, heat one pint milk, when ready to boil, stir in one egg beaten with one tablespoon corn-starch, let boil a few minutes then add piece of butter size of an egg. Let fish remain in sauce a few minutes to see if more sauce is needed.

DELICIOUS PAN STEW.—Use for cold beefsteak: Cut cold beefsteak into small pieces. Put in bottom of pan, dredge with flour, pepper and salt and one onion. Slice cold potatoes on the meat, then add a few tomatoes cut up or half a can of tomatoes. Cover with water and cook half an hour and you will have a delicious pan stew.

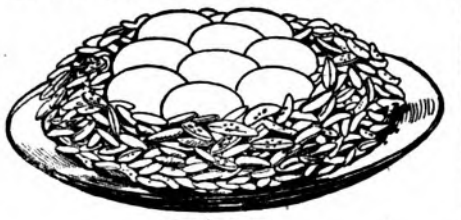
CREAM CABBAGE.—Beat together the yolks of two eggs, one half cup sugar, one half cup vinegar, butter size of an egg, salt and a little cayenne pepper. Put the mixture into a saucepan and stir until it boils; then stir in one cup of cream. Let it boil. Pour over the cabbage while hot.

STEWED CELERY.—Clean the heads thoroughly. Take off the coarse outer leaves. Cut in small pieces and stew in a little broth. When cooked add some cream, a little flour and butter enough to thicken the cream. Season with pepper and salt.

BOILED ONIONS.—Allow about one hour for boiling onions changing the water when half done. When tender, put in a dish and season with butter, salt and pepper. Thickened milk may be poured over them.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Cut the heart out of a large cabbage; take cold meat of any kind, chopped fine and seasoned highly, and mix with the yolk of an egg; fill the cabbage with this, tie firmly in a cloth and boil from two to three hours.

HEN'S NEST.—Make blance mange; pour in egg-shells and set to cool; when cold break the egg-shells, place in dish, cut strips of lemon peel and boil them in a



HEN'S NEST.

syrup of sugar and water till they are tender, and sprinkled them over and around the egg shapes and make a custard and pour over all.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One cup sweet milk, one half cup sugar, one quarter cup butter, two tablespoons chocolate grated, one tablespoon of flour and vanilla. Put milk and sugar on to boil beat one egg well, add a little cold milk and the flour; beat to smooth paste and add to milk, stirring constantly. Add butter and chocolate melted together and boil all a few minutes, beat to smooth paste and fill cooked crusts. Frost with whipped cream or white of egg frosting.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.—One cup of cranberries, one half cup raisins, seeded and chopped with cranberries, one cup sugar, one half cup hot water, one tablespoon flour, small piece of butter and one teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Bake with two crusts.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One large cup powdered crackers, two cups of sugar, one cup molasses, one cup vinegar, one cup chopped raisins, one cup warm water, one half cup butter, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, a little salt and essence of lemon, and two eggs. This makes three pies.—Ed.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—One pint sweet milk, one cocoanut, grated, one and one half cups sugar, three eggs; bake in one crust.

TEA CAKES.—Beat two eggs well, add one cup sour milk, one half cup lard; beat till creamy and add two and one half cups sugar, two teaspoons lemon, soda to sweeten milk and flour to make stiff dough. Roll thin and bake in quick oven.

MRS. E. W. GANT, Grenada, Miss.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare six large apples of a cooking variety, and remove the core by cutting from the end down into the middle, so as to leave the apple whole except where the core has been removed; place them in a deep pie dish with open part upward; next make a thin batter, using one quart sweet milk, three eggs, with sufficient flour, and pour it into and around the apples; bake in a quick oven. Serve with butter and sugar.

LIQUID SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—One cup of sugar and one third cup of butter rubbed to a cream; stir in the well-beaten white of one egg, flavor, add one cup of boiling water, and mix just before serving.

CORN-STARCH BLANC MANGE.—The simplest way to make the above is to put into a pail one quart of milk with a pinch of salt and four tablespoons of sugar. Let the milk get boiling hot and add to it five even tablespoons of corn-starch, rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Stir all the time until it thickens, remove from stove, flavor and pour into moulds. Place on ice or in some very cold place.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Make a boiled custard of one quart of milk, the yolks of five eggs, six tablespoons of sugar and one half cup grated chocolate. Boil until thick, stirring all the time. When nearly cold, flavor with vanilla. Pour into cups and put the whites of the eggs, beaten with powdered sugar, on the top.

MAHOGANY CAKE.—One cup sugar, one quarter cup butter, two squares of chocolate, one cup hot water, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup flour and one egg. Dissolve chocolate and soda in water.

CHILDREN'S SPONGE CAKE.—Put two eggs in a cup and fill cup with milk or cream, and add one cup sugar, one and one half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, beat hard for five minutes and bake.

CREAM CAKE.—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, yolks of two eggs beaten light, one and three quarters cups sifted flour, two level teaspoons baking powder, one half cup cold water, whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and vanilla. Cream the butter, add the sugar, yolks of eggs, and water, then the flour sifted three times with the baking powder, last the whites of eggs, bake in layers or loaf.

MRS. GRACE FERNEAU, Grand Meadows, R. R. 3, Minn.

PEANUT CAKE.—One quarter cup of butter, one half cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoons of milk, one cup flour, three quarters cup shelled peanuts. Mix and drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pans.

MRS. LILLIAN COURSEY, Click, Texas.

MARBLE CAKE.—One cup brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup molasses, one egg and yolks of four, three cups flour, one cup buttermilk or sour milk, one teaspoon soda and a little spice. Light part: One and one half cups white sugar, one cup sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one half cup butter, one teaspoon baking powder, two and one half cups flour, vanilla. This is sufficient for two large cakes.

LOUISE HOLST, Red Wing, Minn.

BLACKBERRY CAKE.—One cup sugar, two eggs, one half cup butter, one teaspoon soda dissolved in four tablespoons milk, one cup blackberries, one and three quarters cups flour, and one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven.

MRS. J. A. ANDERSON, Sherlock, Wash.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, one rounding tablespoon butter, two thirds cup milk, two cups flour, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in one third cup boiling water.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sour apple sauce, with one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little warm water and added to apple sauce till it foams: one and three quarters cups flour, a little salt, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg and one cup raisins.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.—Two thirds cup of molasses, two thirds cup of sugar, one half cup lard, one egg, two tablespoons cocoa, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon cloves, allspice and vanilla, two tablespoons hot water, flour to roll stiff.

DROP COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one half cup lard; boil all four minutes. When cool add one half cup warm water, one teaspoon each soda, cloves, cassia, lemon and four cups flour, using two cups of flour and one egg, then the rest of the flour with one half teaspoon salt. Drop from spoon into greased tins and bake in moderate oven.

YEAST PANCAKES.—At night soak one third cake yeast till soft in three cups water, add flour enough to make as stiff as yeast; let rise till morning and add one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one half teaspoon soda dissolved in warm water, beat well and cook on a hot griddle. These are fine when eggs are scarce. MRS. DORA C. DAVIS, Harding, S. Dak.

GRAHAM ROLLS.—Two cups buttermilk, two tablespoons molasses, two teaspoons soda, lard size of an egg, one half teaspoon salt, one third flour to two thirds graham. Add one egg if liked.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—Seven cups graham, one cup thick sweet cream or butter, one pint sweet milk, two tablespoons baking powder; rub the baking powder into the flour, add the cream, with a little salt, then the milk; mix well and roll as thin as soda crackers; cut in squares, bake quickly and leave on stove for a few hours to dry thoroughly.

BRINE FOR BEEF TONGUES.—Two and one half pounds coarse salt, two gallons cold water, one ounce saltpeter, one third quart molasses. Boil and skim, when perfectly cold pour over meat.

TOMATO SWEET PICKLES.—One heaping peck green tomatoes, sliced, one cup salt, sprinkled on over night; drain and add two quarts cider vinegar, three pounds brown sugar, two pounds raisins, two tablespoons whole cloves and allspice. Boil one hour.—Ed.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Five pounds grapes; separate skin from pulp and boil pulp twenty minutes, add two pounds seeded raisins, three oranges, no white skin, four and one half pounds white sugar. Boil five minutes. MRS. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ont.

ANDERSON, Box 97, TENN.

DING-A-LING-A-LING:

Hello, is that Mrs. Wilkinson? Yes, and I hear every sister taking down her receiver.

Rachel Kellum, your letter is just fine. I agree with you, let the drunkards alone.

Mrs. Zada Callaway, don't you think when God calls one of His children they will go whether in city or country? I think they will.

Elnora Stud. Why did you sell your farm because your husband died? I should have worked it myself before I would have sold it.

How much I should like to meet Mrs. Lillie Davis and have a talk with her.

Mrs. Midgett, don't, I pray you, sell your farm for you will ever regret it. In this time of war and struggle I think everyone who has a farm had better keep it.

I have lived in both town and country and will come again and tell you my experience in both if I may.

Mrs. Friddell. If you will fit up one room for a nursery with all kinds of pictures, games and puzzles and have a small blackboard and have your little girl in there from nine until eleven in the morning and from one to three in the afternoon, and have her recite her lessons to you, with the rest of the day for play I think you will get along nicely.

Mrs. Long. Take pure alcohol and rub the limbs of the little sufferer. Let the father help as he is stronger; rub several times a day until the flesh glows.

I fear my talk is getting rather long, therefore must bid you all good by.

Love is the root of God's creation, therefore I send lots to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters. A COMFORT reader,

MISS CARRIE CATES.

MINERAL WELLS, Box 140, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In answer to our sister, Mrs. Rosa E. Baker, who wants advice on the stepmother problem, I will say first that it is indeed a very responsible position, and one that is hard to fill, especially where the relatives interfere. I believe any child can be won over by kindness and good advice, if old enough to understand, better still. I have the pleasure of being a stepmother, and have full control of two dear little boys aged five and seven years, whose mamma died two years ago of meningitis. I, being a trained nurse, was called to take care of her, and she lived only a few days. I took charge of the little motherless babies and after a reasonable length of time their father and I were married, and I have no regrets whatever.

Of course no matter how hard we may try, we cannot fill that place, and I think it is right to do all in our power, but we *must* have full control and manage accordingly. Too many bosses, spoil children, and you can use your own judgment, and put yourself in that dead wife's place and do your duty at any cost.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



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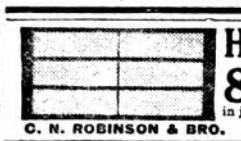
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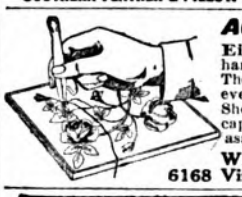


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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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CHAPTER I.

PROVIDENCE AND MAN.

THE great banker, John Weston, sat in the library of his magnificent home in Surrey. He was a very old, but a very brave man, for he sat with a smile on his wrinkled and colorless face, the face from which years of brain strain had driven the color, the face in which the struggles, the trials, of this transient world had carved wrinkles as deeply as if they had been cut with a graver's tool; a smile, notwithstanding that the doctor who had just left him had told him that he had only a few weeks, perhaps days, to live.

When one is as old as John Weston death often comes as a relief, a discharge; the sentry is relieved at his post, and, stretching weary limbs, goes off to his rest. The soldier, scarred in many a battle, takes his discharge and limps wearily to the repose, which to him is sweeter than the glitter of gold or the rustle of fame's laurels.

And John Weston had received his death sentence with the equanimity of the brave man, and the tired veteran. He had hosts of friends, he would be sorry to leave them, yes; but sorrier still to leave the young girl, the child of a younger and dearly loved brother. The girl—she was little more than a baby—had wound herself round the heart of the great banker, as the delicate ivy winds itself round the rugged oak; and for nine years past, ever since she had been brought to his house one summer's day, to see him, John Weston had ever held her in his mind.

And now he was going to die and leave her. Well, she would not be left friendless. His sister-in-law, the widow of his elder brother, would take loving care of her; and little Edna would not be left in poverty.

As he thought of his vast wealth—how much was it; how long ago was it since he had ceased to count it?—a change came over the old man's face. The smile disappeared, the brows knit together, the eyes, still bright and keen, became cloudy as if something were weighing on his mind, something were rising from the past to disturb him, to remind him that he, who had paid his debts, with this one exception, had left one great claim, one great debt, unpaid.

He rang the bell, and, when the footman came noiselessly, with the air of respect, the bent head and discreet eyes, the master said:

"Send this letter to Mr. Burdon—at once."

The footman said, "Yes, sir," and waited.

Mr. Weston looked up.

"Well?" he asked, sternly.

"The letter, sir," explained the footman.

John Weston started slightly and smiled. Yes; it was as well he was going, going before his mind—the mind that had governed so many men, saved so many fortunes—and wrecked some—began to wane.

He wrote the letter; it was no more than a note:

"Dear Burdon: Please come at once. I mean—at once. Yours faithfully, JOHN WESTON."

He sealed the envelope in the good, old-fashioned way, and the footman dispatched a groom with the letter.

In two hours time Richard Burdon, the solid, trustworthy lawyer, was in attendance on his old client and friend.

He found Mr. Weston just sitting down to dinner, and the banker genially, affectionately, waved Mr. Burdon to a chair. They ate of the good things in those times without the fear and trembling which nowadays wait upon our repasts; and the two men enjoyed their turtle soup, filleted soles, curried chicken, roast beef, sweets and cheese; and washed down this substantial fare with hock, sherry, port and a liquor of rare old.

Such a menu is calcuated to make most of the diet faddists of these more scientific times shudder as they read; but it was on such food as this—and plenty of it—that our fathers and forefathers made England what it is; and, pondering over the degeneracies of these later times, one is tempted to fall to on like provender, exclaiming, "What was good enough for them is good enough for us!"

The two men when they had sipped their liquor of whisky, lit cigars—not cigarettes, be it noted—and then, and not till then, John Weston began to talk on business. "I'm going to die, Dick," he said as quietly, almost as casually, as if he had said, "I am going to get my hair cut."

Burdon started, but he knew his friend too well to utter an exclamation.

"Who says so?" he inquired, with a little grunt of incredulity.

"Old Mossop," replied John Weston, "and he's never wrong. Singular that, for a doctor; for, by gad! they're seldom right. But I've received the information from another and still more reliable source."

He touched his heart and smiled grimly. "I have had my suspicions for some time; that is why I sent for Mossop. And he confirmed them. Pshaw, my dear Dick, don't look so glum. A man must die some time; one can't expect to go on forever; and for my part—— Ah, well, life ceases to be amusing after three-score—and ten, and one rather longs for a change of scene. Cheer up, man! And fill your glass. Of course I sent for you about my will, Dick."

Burdon filled his glass and cleared his throat.

"I'm rather cut up, John," he said, huskily. "We've been friends, good friends, since boyhood. Well, well!" as the great banker pursed his lips and nodded, as much as to say: "Don't make me weak, old friend!"—"I take it I know your intentions. I have your will in my safe in the office. The little girl——"

"Ay, Harry's little girl!" murmured Mr. Weston, tenderly. "Yes, I'd left everything to her, Dick; but I wasn't dying then. Now I am, and with the shadow of death on me I—remember a debt I have not paid, a debt I must pay, a duty I must fulfill before I shuffle off this mortal coil. Dick, you have not forgotten Charles More, and what he did for me?"

"No, no!" responded Mr. Burdon. "A splendid fellow, a magnificent fellow——"

"A true and noble friend!" broke in John Weston. "I shall never forget that day he came and stood by my side, faced the wolves—call them, rather, a flock of sheep made frantic by fear—and saved me from ruin and disbonor. Forget! I think that when I'm in my grave the memory of it will abide with me."

Mr. Burdon nodded once or twice in emphatic assent.

"Get some paper, Dick, and let's finish this business; you'll find some in the bureau," said Mr. Weston.

The lawyer, with his cigar in the corner of his shrewd lips, went to the inlaid writing table and drew a sheet of paper toward him.

"Your will, I suppose, John?"

"Yes," said the banker. "You will find it somewhat similar to the old one, so far as regards the legacies to relations and servants. But there will be a great difference in respect to the child. This is what I want you to make out; and, for Heaven's sake, draw it up so that there can be no excuse for fighting over it!"

"I will," said Mr. Burdon. "Proceed."

Mr. Weston dictated for some minutes, and the lawyer wrote slowly and carefully; then suddenly he stopped short and, facing round, exclaimed:

"What!"

The great banker smiled.

"I thought you'd be astonished," he said, calmly, and even with a faint laugh.

"Astonished!" echoed the lawyer. "That scarcely expresses it. Do you know what you are doing, John?"

Mr. Weston nodded. "Yes; I think so."

"You are playing the part of amateur Providence—a difficult part, John! And one that is seldom played satisfactorily."

"Seldom, perhaps, but sometimes," said Mr. Weston, as calmly as before. "This may be one of the successful attempts."

Mr. Burdon stared at him with knitted brows.

"You seriously intend to dispose of this vast fortune—have you any idea how vast it is?"

"No; I suppose not."

"In this—this absurdly romantic fashion? Dispose of a fortune! You dispose of the lives, the hearts of two human beings!"

"You put it strongly, Dick," said Mr. Weston; "but I suppose that exactly describes my intentions. And why not? This money is my own." He smiled and his eyes, which had been dulled with thought, flashed with the light of pride. "I made it, how hardly, with what infinite patience, self-sacrifice and travail, even you cannot guess. It is mine, and I can dispose of it how I choose."

Mr. Burdon shrugged his shoulders, and slowly swung round to his paper again.

"That is true," he said, dryly. "I am your lawyer, your humble servant, and at your orders."

The banker rose and, crossing the room, laid his white, wasted hand on the lawyer's shoulder.

"And my friend, Dick," he said, gently. "Don't try and thwart me. I have set my heart on this little scheme of mine——"

"Little!" echoed Mr. Burdon, grimly.

"Little or big, I mean you to carry it out. If you will."

Mr. Burdon stifled a groan.

"I hope to Heaven you may live to relieve me of the task!" he said, "But if you don't—well—I suppose I shall do your behest. You were always a willful man, John, always."

"That's why I succeeded," commented the great banker, with a smile. "It is your willful men who bend the world to their wills. Go on, Dick, and set it down plainly. Something tells me—dying men are permitted to indulge in presentiments, you know—that my plan will work out as I wish it. Write, Dick, write!"

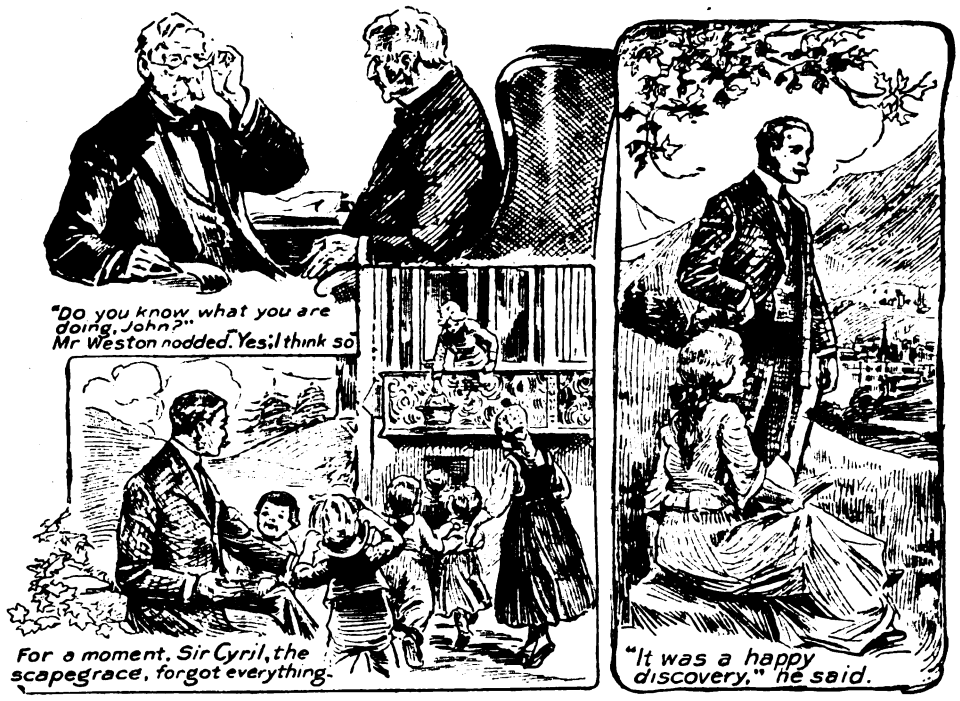
The lawyer jerked his head, and wrote as John Weston dictated. At last they had both finished. Mr. Weston sank into a chair, and the lawyer began to collect the sheets of paper.

"I'll send you the draft tomorrow," he said, in the tone of a man who is being made to do something against which his legal judgment and his knowledge of the world rebel.

"Tomorrow?" murmured Mr. Weston. "Tomorrow? Sometimes there is no tomorrow, Dick. I'll sign it now."

Mr. Burdon opened his lips to oppose, but with another shrug of his shoulders, said:

"Very well. We shall want a couple of witnesses."



Mr. Weston rang for the butler and the senior footmen. In their presence he signed the will, and they duly witnessed it.

"Now that's done, light another cigar and let us talk—about matters we can agree upon, Dick," he said.

The two men talked for an hour, then Mr. Burdon rose to go.

The banker held his hand at parting a moment or two; neither of them was emotional, certainly not demonstrative, but when Mr. Weston said, "Good by, Dick," a lump rose in his friend's throat and made his responsive "Good by, John," thick and husky.

Mr. Weston retired to bed at his usual hour, and, at the usual hour, his valet went to call him.

There was no response to his knock, and, entering, he found his master lying on his side, quite calm and placid; but deaf to all knockings.

The great banker was dead.

But the will remained, to influence the lives, to become the fates of at least one man and one woman.

Would that fate mar or make their happiness?

The making of this will happened just sixteen years before our story proper commences and finds our hero at Lucerne, that most charming and lovely of the towns of the playground of Europe and America—Switzerland.

What brought Sir Cyril More to Lucerne? Had he been asked, he himself would have been, more than anyone else perhaps, puzzled for a reason. He had not come to see the beautiful lake, glittering like an emerald under its circle of hills; he did not care a button for the finest scenery. He had not come to ascend the Rigi by that marvel of modern engineering, the new railway. No, Sir Cyril didn't care so much as half a button for the most marvelous achievements of science. He had not come to gather Alpine flowers, or study Swiss manners and customs; Sir Cyril did not care for flowers; he loved one weed perhaps—tobacco, and, as to the manners and customs of the strange, placid folks who lived under the shadow of the snow-clad hills, tending their silken-haired cows and diminutive sheep—he regarded them with an indifference that was almost sublime in its intensity and density.

No; the fact was Sir Cyril had heard—in the smoking room of the "Travelers," perhaps—that Lucerne was "a quiet, downy, sleepy sort of place, you know," and being particularly in want of rest—not to say sleep—Sir Cyril had crossed the Channel, steamed up the Rhine, dreamed through Wiesbaden, Heidelberg and the Black Forest, and, at last, arrived at Lucerne quite prepared to sleep and rest. Yes, certainly he required it. Sir Cyril was thirty, and the last ten years—the last twelve, indeed—had been fast and furious; they would have been fatal, in addition, to most men, but Sir Cyril had inherited a splendid constitution with his fine fortune, and he had come out of his first campaign, in which pleasure and satiety kill more victims than fall in any other warfare, unscathed and sound, if a little weary and despondent. Yes, Sir Cyril had kept his constitution unimpaired, but his fortune!—where was it? Ask of the exquisitely dressed and painted ladies, the *demi-monde*, who add so much to the brilliancy of the Ladies' Mile and the Row; ask of the whist tables of the Rhododendron Club; ask of the proprietor of the "Star and Garter," and other kindred institutions, and, finally, ask of the Jews, who had kept the game going for Sir Cyril during the last two years; and they might, in the aggregate, have been able to inform you. In their words Sir Cyril had "run through it" at a pace compared with which the sharp spin at Tattenham Corner is as nothing.

The money had vanished, every available—that is to say unentailed—acre of More Park was mortgaged, the Park Lane House was let, and Sir Cyril was at Lucerne, taking breath after his race through house, and lands, and money.

And, now, have you pictured Sir Cyril? A dark, thin, haggard-looking man, with the mark of the bottle upon his face and in his eyes; a man languid and enervated with effeminate smiles, and lazy, elaborated movements? Nothing of the kind. Sir Cyril was the opposite to all these; and that, declared the mothers of marriageable daughters, was the worst of it!

Of what use was it to warn Amelia, or Sophie, or Claribel of the fearfully dangerous ineligibility of the baronet, to hint at this dreadful depravity and wickedness, to call him an extravagant spendthrift and profligate, when the man himself was blessed with an appearance that seemed at once to give the emphatic lie to the charges, one and all.

Marriageable daughters, just put through their facings in the great matrimonial market, used to look forward to seeing just such a man as you have pictured him, dear reader; and then, lo! and behold, one night at my Lady Grover's brilliant ball in would walk, with a light step, the real Sir Cyril. Tall, yes, but not dark, but fair, with close-cropped golden hair; a face almost childlike in its sweet, smiling serenity, and a mouth as delicately cut and classical as Virgil's itself; with eyes that looked down into a woman's soul; alas! with an awful power of enchantment, and a voice as deep and musical as Apollo's. So "good" did it look, so serenely handsome, that but for the firm brow, the few lines at the eyes, and the thick, tawny-gold mustache, the face might almost have been censured and condemned as effeminate.

And this was Sir Cyril, who had committed—so the mammas said—all the wickedness man was capable of; who was as daring and reckless—so the men said—as Heracles himself, and who, at the age of thirty, found himself a ruined man, with no object in life save that of killing time, and time very hard at dying.

It was a very bad case, all the worse for its having been at one time considered hopeful; for in the years gone by there had been a certain young lady of a noble house who had, so it was whispered, cast her chains around the young savage, and who would bring him, in time, into the pale of civilization again; but it had all come to nothing. Many a bashful *debutante* had sighed, many a world-worn belle had cast her net and set her snare for the wild young baronet, but in vain. Sir Cyril would come and sit beside them, as gentle as Shakespeare's sucking dove—would dance with them "like an angel"—would steal their hearts away—unconsciously and unwittingly, let us hope—and then smile and ride away.

And now it was hopeless. Outside the circle of mammas he was, of course, extremely popular.

Men were as proud of the friendship of Sir Cyril More as they would have been of a prince of the blood; boys fresh from college had the tall, fair-haired scapegrace, with the soft eyes, and the good-natured, serene smile, pointed out to them, and regarded him as a hero and a celebrity.

Dressed with faultless care and the most refined taste, and riding his perfect hack down the Row, or tooling his drag, with the four champing, frothing, yet business-like bays, he was one of the sights of London. Even now, when the money had run through the hole in his purse, men looked up to him, and respected his opinion as that of a man who knew the world and was to be depended on; and in most smoking-room discussions, on almost any topics which concern men, you heard his name and his dicta quoted with confident respect.

Men liked him; there was no resisting the good humor of the clear blue eyes, and the good fellowship of the almost boyishly frank smile; and Sir Cyril's enemies might have been counted upon the fingers of one hand.

His greatest was himself, of course; his next was his brother, Edward More. A certain amount of coldness in a younger brother who is next in succession to the elder, who is rapidly and assiduously making ducks and drakes of the available patrimony, is pardonable; and it certainly was not pleasant for Edward to be obliged to look on at the wasting of the estate to which he stood a fair chance of succeeding—to know, day by day, that the fortunate elder brother was cutting down the timber, mortgaging the land, and letting the whole place go to rack and ruin, that he might have the wherewithal to dissipate; but Edward More would have hated his brother Sir Cyril if the latter had been the most conservative and careful of men—if he added to and extended the estate, instead of impoverishing it.

He would have hated him for his stature, for his golden hair, for his fair, handsome face, for his very bewitching and dangerous smile; for Edward was born dark and insignificant looking, and the wicked old fairy had cursed him at his christening with that worst of all bans, an envious heart; and even now, when Sir Cyril was a far poorer man than himself—for Eward had taken to the bar, and had made money at it—he envied him.

Envied him all those gifts which misfortune had still left him, though she had bereft him of all else—the gift of a goodly presence, a cheerful, light-hearted temper, and that nameless, subtle charm which men and women find irresistible.

Though he were as rich as Crœsus, Edward knew he could not buy these, and he had a dim and bitter suspicion that they were more valued by his brother than all that he had lost; and so, though Sir Cyril was down, and Edward was up, the younger brother still hated and envied the elder.

"Poor Edward, always grim and gloomy," Sir Cyril would say, "the only man I never get on with. Rum, isn't it? Can't be the property, you know, because he's well tied-in now, and it doesn't matter. I suppose it's because I'm such a black sheep, and he is so fearfully square and proper. Poor old fellow!"

And Sir Cyril pitied—yes, pitied him!

While Edward, when he spoke of Sir Cyril—which was seldom—could find no words deep and emphatic enough in which to express his condemnation and disapproval of the scapegrace.

"He has ruined one of the finest estates in England," he would say, "and made his name a byword for every fool in the country. It is very well to call it thoughtlessness—I give such conduct a sterner and more proper name; it is shameful, sir—shameful! He is no use to himself or to the world"—"to me," that meant, no doubt—"and it would be better if he were dead!"

When this—or something like it, toned down a little—was repeated by some candid friend to Sir Cyril, he would look up with a rather puzzled and almost sad smile, and remark:

"Poor old Edward! been abusing me again? Hem! Perhaps he's right, you know; clever fellow, Edward! I'll bet anything he's right."

Be sure that that popular Sir Cyril had not come across the Channel without many remonstrances; there were men with yachts and moors who were only too anxious for his company on the deck or across the heather, and there had been invitations both numerous and eloquent. But Sir Cyril had stood firm; he had made up his mind, he said, to take rest and go in for solitude and meditation.

"Too many B. and S.'s, under the canvas, old boy; and I don't forget the whisky nights on your moor last year. No, I'll go and roam about the Swiss lakes and be good."

"Be bored, you mean," they had retorted; and he had responded with a little nod:

"Very likely; one generally gets that anywhere."

So it came to pass that he was slowly sauntering—dropping is a better expression—down the steps of the Grand, on a fine morning in September, with the glorious lake before him, and an anything but glorious Swiss band near his left ear.

He stood a moment on the quay, looking at the steamboat starting for its daily trip round the lake, then—drawing many admiring glances from the women, from the fruit-sellers to the lady tourists on the boat, after him—strolled alongside the lake for half a mile, there found a seat. Looked at the water, which was fresh and bright, then at a *Saturday Review*, which was stale—the week before last's—and dull. Then he got up, stroked his mustache to hide a yawn, lit a cigar, and began to climb the hill.

The reader will observe that we are very particular as to this morning's walk, for it was to be about the most eventful of any that Sir Cyril had taken.

Halfway up the hill he came upon the quaint cathedral; here he stopped for the space of three minutes and stared at the extinguisher-shaped steeples, and the fearfully ridiculous wood carving on the left side of the door, and then he was almost startled by some children's voices, piping up some kind of secular glee or religious chant. One of Sir Cyril's few virtues being an intense love for children, he turned to the left, from which direction the sound came, climbing a small hill, and found his progress stopped by a wall, then up to it and looked over.

Thereupon he saw a scene, which though common enough to the inhabitants of Lucerne, was novel and picturesque enough to interest him.

On the other side of the wall was a little playground attached to an infants' school, and in this little playground the infants aforesaid were gathered together in the form of a ring, acquiring knowledge on the pleasant kindergarten system—that is to say, they were learning arithmetic by the simple and pleasing method of singing in a kind of chanting chorus the multiplication table. Most of the children were pretty, were cruelly clean, and their voices rose in such a sweet piping conglomeration of childish treble and alto, that Sir Cyril found the effect, taken upon the whole, irresistible.

The wall was not very high, and it was the most natural thing in the world for him to clamber up. There the wild scapegrace sat, gravely lit another cigar, and enjoyed himself.

For a minute the teacher, a neat little Swiss girl, to say nothing of the children, was slightly disconcerted; but discipline and routine are great things, and after a few minutes Sir Cyril's presence was forgotten, and the multiplication table was completed, and another branch of study attacked.

This went on for ten minutes, perhaps, when at a clap of the teacher's hands the circle broke up, and the tiny mites scattered themselves about like ants, or bees.

Now was Sir Cyril's time. With the old enchanting smile and gesture he coaxed two or three of the mites toward him. It was a slow and elaborate process, for six feet Sir Cyril looked a giant, and very formidable, for all his handsome face—and the few, soft, coaxing words were English, and lost much of their persuasiveness; but at last, much to his delight, one little atom of a child—a little girl, of course—boldly approached near enough, and in five minutes Sir Cyril had three boys and girls on the wall beside him, and a swarm around his feet below him.

Then he got out his watch—one of Dent's gold repeaters—and lured a brown-haired little girl to listen to the tick, and spy into the inside; he found a handful of coins and disposed of them, and was just in the middle of a hearty laugh at the audacity of a busy little fellow of six, who was attempting to pull himself up by the aid of his pants—trousers—when the little girl who was examining the mechanism of the watch, much to its improvement and her own delight, suddenly uttered a cry of joy, and clapped her hands, dropping the watch with sublime indifference.

Sir Cyril pocketed his shattered repeater, and then looked up to ascertain the cause of the child's sudden hilarity, and, following the direction of her eyes, saw—well, what he had seen a thousand times before—a girl in a balcony.

Yes, many a time had he played the part of *Romeo* to various *Juliets*, and survived the passion and the poetry of that sublime balcony scene; but he had never seen a face like this, and he recognized the novelty and the power of it at the first upward glance.

Then it rested or shone upon two small, white hands, the dark brown eyes looking down upon him and the children with a grave, pleasant regard, the sweet, ripe lips parted with a smile, the head slanted sideways a little, to avoid the downpour of the sun.

Sir Cyril looked down again quickly, lest the eyes should turn aside, then glanced up again, and took a long look of unalloyed enjoyment.

What a face it was!—not so beautiful as many he had seen, but how sweet, how pure, how childlike, and yet how womanly! It seemed to him, sitting there, that one of the pure, lily-faced children had suddenly grown up into a woman, retaining all its childlike innocence and trustful dignity with the gain of a woman's soul and a woman's intelligence. For a moment, Sir Cyril, the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

THE sky was bright with sunset colors when Toughey started across the cotton field for the spring by the river.

Giving her pony a free rein, the spirited mustang bounded along the road with glancing eye and expressive ears, never slacking his pace until he reached the gate leading from the field into the river bottom which just here formed a kind of shelf projecting over the stream. At its edge grew a giant sycamore, whose roots washed bare by successive floods, sprawled in every direction like the tentacles of some monster devil fish.

From a hollow at one side of the tree flowed the spring, and its course a few feet distant to the edge of the bluff, over which it fell in a hundred rivulets to the river, was marked by a rich growth of ferns and cress, the object of Toughey's ride. Mr. Deering was expected on the evening train and the supper table must be decorated with fern and he was to have a salad of the delicate watercress. She must hurry, for although she could quickly cover the short mile and a half that lay between her and Pecan Grove, the skies were already paling and she remembered that darkness comes swiftly in Texas.

Passing through the gate and making her way to the sycamore, she dismounted and, leaving her bridle to trail on the ground, walked to the edge of the hollow. Its depth was as great as she was high and somewhat wider. The side was precipitous and she must either kneel at its edge and gather the plants by reaching over, or jump down into the marshy bottom which meant a thorough wetting of her shoes. There was no approach from the opposite bank which rose to the height of a cliff.

To Toughey's eyes the tenderest cress grew close to the edge where the spring's water dropped to the river below, but to reach it seemed impractical if not impossible. Pausing to consider, she walked along under the big trees and looked down at the river washing and wearing the face of the cliff. It was red and swollen from recent rains and so high that many of the long roots of the sycamore touched the water. Retracing her steps, an idea occurred to her which she immediately acted upon.

Throwing herself on the ground and winding one arm securely around a thick root hanging over the hollow where the spring was situated, she proceeded to lower herself and thus bring the



"You wouldn't tell on me now, would you Miss?"

coveted cress within reach of her other arm. But with the strain of her weight came a rush of gravel and an ominous crack, and then a great rough hand reached out from somewhere and seized her and a rough voice said:

"Lookout, Miss!"

As the treacherous root parted, Toughey found herself standing in the grasp of a convict but for whose timely aid she might have been sprawling on the wet, spongy bed of the hollow.

The girl stared at him with large eyes and a white face, too shaken to speak.

"Don't be scared, Miss," he said soothingly, "you're not hurt and I don't think you could a' fell to the river."

Toughey rallied a little at his words, and recognized him as the "trusty" who brought them fresh vegetables every day from the camp, but she was still too disturbed to feel any surprise at his sudden appearance in so unexpected a place.

"You're gettin' wet here, Miss," said the man, looking down at her feet which were half hidden in the bed of the shallow stream in which they stood, "and you better go home," he added respectfully with a glance at the sky, now showing the pallor of late evening.

Toughey turned mechanically and with his assistance clambered out of the hollow.

The action seemed to clear her faculties and with a sudden misgiving she said:

"What are you doing here, Hart?"

The man shifted his position uneasily and seemed to be hesitating for a reply.

Toughey was seized with a vague fear but she realized the necessity of self control. During her ride to the spring, she remembered to have seen the long line of convicts on their homeward march across the field to the Camp. The thought now flashed upon her that he was trying to run away. The lateness of the hour, the loneliness and re-



With a hurried "God bless you Miss, I'll send your pony back" he mounted the mustang and an instant later had disappeared in the thick timber.

moteness of the place and the absence of any reason for his presence there, all combined to strengthen the suspicion.

"Where are you going, Hart?" she asked.

Again the man hesitated and then said quietly:

"Home, Miss."

Toughey was startled. To her mind, a runaway convict was the most desperate of all mankind. With the discovery of his absence would come relentless pursuit by armed men and trained dogs. And yet he spoke as quietly as if in answer to some trivial question.

But under this calm exterior he might even now be considering some ferocious deed. Suppose he should kill her and seize her pony for his flight? But the thought had hardly formed in her mind when it was followed by a feeling of shame. He had just saved her from a fall, perhaps something worse—with a quick shudder and glance at the river and the sloping bed of the hollow—and Toughey was too generous not to make full acknowledgment of the man's service and to reject as base the idea that he could harm her.

"But," she hurried to say, "how dreadful it would be if you were caught!" And Toughey shuddered. She knew that the Penitentiary rules required his pursuers to shoot an escaping convict, and to draw blood under penalty of dismissal from the service.

"It isn't likely, Miss," said the man, "I swum down the river a mile and clumb up here by the roots and bushes. The dogs haven't any trail."

Toughey looked at him aghast; the feat seemed an impossible one.

"'Tisn't as hard as it sounds," said the convict deprecatingly, "I done it onct when I was a boy. I was raised just ten mile from here straight acrosst the mountains an' I know every inch of this river and the bottom."

"But," she continued protestingly, "It's wrong for you to run away!"

"No, Miss, it isn't," said the man with a touch of excitement, "my little girl's dyin' and I must go. She's calling for me."

Toughey was silent. There was no answer to such an argument.

"You see Miss, it's like this," continued the convict, "I've got six children near 'bout like you and your little sisters, and this un's the oldest that done everything when her ma was poorly. And when the letter come this mornin' saying as she couldn't live mor'n a day or so——" the man paused a moment and his face worked—"I made up my mind that there wasn't any law on earth what could keep me from goin' to her."

Toughey's young heart contracted with pain at the convict's story and she looked at him with a sympathy too great for words.

At that moment the whistle of the incoming train sounded in the distance.

The convict started, and leaping lightly to the level where Toughey stood said:

"You wouldn't tell on me, now, would you Miss?"

The color rose to Toughey's face and she turned from him with a gesture of such indignant protest that he added apologetically:

"I know you're mighty kind, Miss. You and the little girls have done me many a favor this summer, but I was most afraid you'd think you ought to tell."

He lingered uncomfortably a moment, as if he wanted to say more and then started at a swift pace down the bottom.

"Stop," commanded Toughey seizing her pony by the bridle and half running towards the convict. He paused.

"Ride him!" she exclaimed impetuously, thrusting the bridle into his hand.

The man hesitated but his eyes glistened.

"I can make it easy in two hours——" he began.

"No, no, you must ride," she insisted.

"I aimed to catch a mule in the pasture, Miss," he said looking longingly at the fleet little animal.

"No, no," said Toughey impatiently. "Hurry or you may be too late!" At these words he yielded. The thought of his dying child pressed upon his heart. With a hurried "God bless you, Miss, I'll send your pony back," he mounted the mustang and an instant later had disappeared in the thick timber.

Toughey now sped along under the trees, through the field gate and along the darkening road in a state of feverish exalation. She ran until she was out of breath and then walked until she had regained it and could run again.

The stars thickened above her and the dim outline of Pecan grove faded altogether from view. Now and then she swerved as a startled dove flew up at her approach or a drifting cloud made some goblin shape in the road.

But she was not dismayed. Her heart was beating high with enthusiasm at the part she had played in the fortunes of the unfortunate convict. To have trusted him with her dearest possession, her pony, was to do the most that lay in her power. At first no doubt of the man's sincerity or the righteousness of her own course came to disturb her. Only for the pony did she feel any misgiving as the thought of the wild ride across the mountains brought with it a pang which she vainly strove to subdue. That the convict would return him or that he would keep the pony until the manager could send for him, she was sure, but there was hard work ahead of him tonight and she suddenly felt chilled and dispirited by the realization. She found herself wondering why she had not permitted the fellow to catch a mule as he proposed and as was usualy done by run-away convicts. In such cases the mule was turned loose and made its way back to the Plantation unless (and this happened sometimes) he was ridden to death. Toughey shuddered. Why had she not thought of this before? Then she felt shocked by her own ingratitude and tried to push it from her. But gradually with slow and halting steps, at first, then more swiftly and persistently came the suggestion that the convict had told a story intended to disarm and deceive her.

And so the struggle went on until, weary in mind and exhausted by violent physical exertion, the girl dropped into a slow walk. The way was long even for her young feet and impetuous spirit; the night was warm and the Gulf breeze not yet astir.

When she finally reached Pecan Grove and opened the gate leading into the inclosure about the house, she could hear the children calling her. They had missed her. No one had been in the secret of her trip to the spring but Nurse, who was too busy in the kitchen to know that she had not returned.

The rumble of the farm wagon that had brought her father from the station could still be faintly heard. Her absence was evidently just beginnfng to cause a stir. Her mother was standing at the end of the gallery looking anxiously into the darkness and even Mr. Deering, who did not so easily take alarm, had left his chair and walked down the steps into the circle of light made by the lamp in the hallway.

Toughey tried to call, but a dry sob filled her throat and no one was aware of her coming until she had approached near enough to be seen. A general outcry greeted her appearance, but was followed by silence as the girl without a word walked straight into her father's arms and clinging to him burst into tears.

Half lifting her he seated himself in a chair on the gallery and gently stroking her hair waited until she had regained her self-control and raised her head from his shoulder. Her mother knelt at her side in quiet distress and the children stood by holding hands, and hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"What is it, daughter?" her father finally asked in a soothing tone.

"Oh, it's all dreadful!" began Toughey completely unnerved by exhaustion and reaction from the mental excitement through which she had passed.

"Tell the whole story, Toughey, from start to finish, leaving out nothing," said her father in a tone of quiet command.

Thus admonished the girl gave a plain, simple account of her experience at the spring, never once interrupting herself. She might have faltered in her story could she have seen her father's stern, set face and the sudden pallor that swept over her mother and made her sway even on her knees when Toughey came to her encounter with the convict.

But the darkness was friendly and hid their white faces, and she finished with something of her old spirit and eager to know if her father approved of what she had done.

He was slow of speech tonight this big father of hers, she thought wonderingly, and mamma too was over quiet. Toughey did not know that they had looked for a moment into a gulf, the blackness of which she could not even imagine.

At last Mr. Deering spoke and what he said was comforting; but there was no general discussion of the adventure as was usual on such occasions, and she and the children were sent early to bed, while their father and mother talked in low sober tones far into the night. Toughey lay awake for a long time with ears strained to catch the sound of a pony's hoofs, but fell asleep hearing only the shrill cry of the katydids and the wierd scream of the screech owl.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning Mr. Deering went early to the Camp and remained late. For several days thereafter he made frequent trips to the post-office across the river, sent numerous telegrams, did considerable telephoning and wrote some letters.

By the end of a week it was fully established that Hart had been born in the adjoining county and lived there for fifty years, bearing the reputation of an honest, law-abiding, hard-working citizen. That on last Christmas he had celebrated the day by taking—contrary to his custom—a glass or two of whiskey with his nephew and afterwards going with him to collect a debt. High words passed between his nephew and his nephew's debtor, pistols were drawn, shots exchanged, and a man fell dead at Hart's feet before he had time to utter a word of protest. An immediate arrest followed and Hart was put in jail, accused of being accessory to a murder.

Frightened by the prospect of a long term of imprisonment and overreached by a designing and unscrupulous district attorney, Hart pled guilty thereby securing for himself the lightest penalty attaching to the crime,—two years in the State Penitentiary, and assuring to the prosecutor his fee. His innocence could have been easily proven, but so great was his horror and confusion of mind at his own situation that the possibility of an acquittal did not even occur to him, and his case was painted to him in such black colors by the attorney that his chief concern was to pursue the course by which his family would suffer least—his faithful wife and innocent children.

These facts, added to his record on the farm as an obedient, industrious convict, made such a clear, strong case of wrong against him that Mr. Deering had no difficulty in securing a pardon for him from the Governor.

And one bright morning while papa's voice was still vibrant with the pathos of Hart's story in its final telling to Mrs. Deering, Toughey and the children, they saw the old fellow entering their enclosure, mounted on a horse of his own and leading Toughey's pony glossy from the care that had been given it. There had been no pursuit of Hart and he knew that some beneficent and powerful influence had been at work in his behalf. But his face was worn and sober, for although his child had recovered from her dangerous illness, he was now returning to months of hard labor and separation from those to whom he owed care and support.

Approaching the covered porch which was used by the family as a sitting-room and where they were all gathered, he took off his hat respectfully and dismounting handed the pony's bridle to Toughey, who with the children had run forward to greet the little beast, hanging about his neck and kissing his soft nose.

It was Mr. Deering's wish that Hart should not be told of the pardon awaiting him at the hands of the Manager. It was fitting that following the line of duty, he should return to the Camp and give himself up to the authority of the state.

But the necessity for keeping the secret aim it unbalanced the children and resulted in such antics that even the old man through all his heavy despondency, became conscious that something unusual had occurred.

Their excitement culminated in an explosive stage whisper to Toughey:

"Can't we tell?"

"No. Its!" exclaimed Toughey in a sternly repressive voice and resorting to extreme but forcible slang.

Their mother laughed outright at this dialogue and even Mr. Deering could not repress a smile.

Hart finally yielded to the note of cheerfulness in all that was said and done, and went on his way to the Camp with a vaguely happy smile on his face that made Mr. Deering say after he had left:

"The old fellow has guessed what's coming to him."

"We didn't tell," piped the children.



"Oh, of course not!" said Toughey with unfathomable sarcasm.

Later in the day when Hart returned in citizen's clothes, the old convict garb discarded forever, no one at first knew him. He came to thank them and he did so with a simple reiteration that bespoke an intensity of feeling, taking no account of form.

So difficult did it appear for the old man to bring his expressions of gratitude to a conclusion, that Mr. Deering fairly ran him away, urging upon him the necessity for getting to his mountain home before nightfall and relieving the unhappiness of his wife and children. But his eyes glistened as he watched the dull old figure take its way on horseback along the pasture road until it disappeared behind the cedars.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Boys, as well as girls, must be watched and care must be taken of their habits. My husband being an exception and a Christian, with a sweet, kind and loving disposition, makes life really worth living. I sincerely hope you will succeed in your undertaking and God bless you.

Trust in the Heavenly Father and all will end well for you. Sincerely, a COMFORT sister,

MRS. J. B. BREWTON.

ACEQUIA, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my third attempt to gain admittance in your cozy corner, but I tried to write on a special subject and there were so many better letters written that I am glad they were accepted instead of mine.

I do so enjoy the letters where the sisters give a description of the country and places where they live. I think it is very educational.

As I have never seen a letter from this part of Idaho, it may be of some interest to someone to hear from a resident of one of "Uncle Sam's" projects. We live on what is known as the Minidoka Government irrigated project situated in southern Idaho.

This country is or was, I might say, a vast sagebrush desert until Uncle Sam reclaimed it and built a great dam across the mighty Snake river and raised the water until it could flow in a canal and from thence into smaller ditches to each farm unite. We have a homestead of ninety acres, have about fifty acres cleared of sagebrush and ditches made so as to irrigate about sixty acres, the rest we use for pasture.

The public road is on our east line and the railroad on our west line; our place is one of the outer edge places and for that reason we have access to a vast open country for cattle, horse and sheep range. Might say we raise all kinds of fruits and vegetables, except the very tropical kinds. Cut three crops of alfalfa.

Rupert is our leading town and has the name of being the most modern up-to-date town of its size in the world. Electricity is furnished from the great power house at the dam.

Although the early settlers have experienced hard times the project is past the critical point, and we all are proud to know our names are linked with those who have "Made the Desert Blossom."

I am mother of seven children, one dear boy went on before last May; although our family circle here has been broken I know I have one "Treasure laid up in Heaven."

I receive much benefit in many ways from the Sisters' Corner and principally on child training.

We all love Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett and you Mrs. Wilkinson, your editorial and replies are truly inspiring and ennobling.

Wishing health, happiness and prosperity to all COMFORT sisters and COMFORT's noble staff, I remain your COMFORT sister,

MRS. F. A. DENO.

FALLSTON, MD.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

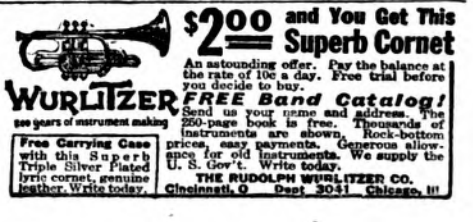
Although I have long been a reader of COMFORT, I never could "screw up" courage to write to you until reading the October COMFORT Sisters' Corner, I saw

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith.

CHAPTER X.

"A MAN OF HONOR."

"BUT, Will," Alice began, faintly, her breath almost taken away at the thought of wearing a coronet—of becoming the Marquise of Leith.

"Hush, Alice!" the young man interposed, with gentle authority, "you wrong me; you impute to me a cowardly thought which never, for a moment, has entered my mind, by intimating that any condition in life over which I have any control would be allowed to separate us. You and I pledged ourselves to each other three years ago, and, God willing, we will redeem that pledge when my course is completed, just one year from now. Now, dear, I know that you love me, and you are all the world to me; therefore, no false pride no laws of so-called caste can ever come between us."

"But, Lady Marchmont—your grandmother—will not she refuse to receive me—the daughter of a common farmer?" murmured Alice, but with a note of intense joy vibrating in her tones in view of her lover's loyalty to his troth and to herself.

"I do not know how Lady Marchmont may receive the announcement of my relations with you," Will gravely returned. "I had no opportunity today to speak to her of our engagement. I shall do so, however, immediately upon my return to Leith. But, love, it would make no difference if the whole of England objected; I should marry you all the same, and for the simple reason that to lose you would plunge me into a state of despair which the whole of England—or even the world—could not alleviate."

A long, long sigh of relief escaped the fair girl, and her pulses leaped with joy at this blessed assurance.

"How grand—how noble you are, Will!" she breathed, as she lifted her face from his breast and laid her lips softly against his cheek.

"I am the same 'Will' that I was when I left you this morning to go to Leith," he responded, chidingly. "The simple fact that I have had wealth and greatness thrust upon me, instead of being obliged to earn it, to offer you, is all the difference there is. I do not think I am quite as proud of the one fact as I should have been of the other; still," he added, with a joyous laugh, "it has its compensations, and I am not disposed to quarrel with fate, since it will enable me to secure my prize so much the sooner and place my wife in a position she is so well fitted to grace."

He drew her fondly back into their seat, where they continued to talk of what had occurred, and of their future, for another hour or more.

Both felt that it would be a trial to be separated during the remainder of their vacation; but Will asserted that he should drive over from Leith as frequently as possible, and that he should write every day.

The following week found him domiciled at Leith, greatly to Lady Marchmont's satisfaction, and where, under the direction of Mr. Snelling, he began at once to inform himself regarding the condition of the estate and its magnificent resources.

On the second evening after his arrival he confided to Lady Marchmont the fact of his engagement to Miss Alice Weston, of Windsor.

The aristocratic old lady was at once all on the alert.

"And who may Miss Alice Weston be?" she inquired, with considerable stateliness.

"She is a charming young lady, your ladyship," Will smilingly returned, but flushing at her manner; "thoroughly educated—a protegee, so to speak, of Judge Ashburton, who, I am confident, will assure you that she is more than worthy to fill the position which it is my privilege to offer her."

"But—who—what are her antecedents? What is her family?" demanded Lady Marchmont, with clouded eyes.

"Her mother is a widow—a sweet, refined woman; and she has one sister who is almost as charming as herself. Her father was, at one time, steward at Castleview, during Lord Ellerton's day. He amassed a considerable property while with him but later lost it all through the dishonesty of others, besides finding himself in debt, a misfortune which broke his heart and resulted in his death," Will explained.

His companion's face had grown very grave and became very much flushed as she listened.

"My dear William," she began, with evident constraint, as he concluded, "cannot you see that it will never do for you to marry this young woman, however charming she may be? Why, the whole country would ring with the story of such a misalliance—the Marquis of Leith marry the daughter of a common farmer!—it would never do."

Will was silent for a moment—just long enough to get himself well in hand before replying to sentiments against which his whole soul arose in rebellion.

"Your ladyship," he said, with a dignity equal to her own, "I do not regard the matter in any such light. Miss Weston is, as I have told you, a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was educated at the noble establishment of Madam B—— in Windsor, and graduated with honors—her class comprising some of the daughters of the nobility among their number. I became betrothed to her nearly three years ago with the consent and hearty approval of my guardian. I am a man of honor, I trust. I love her devotedly, and I shall marry her as soon as I have completed my course in law."

Will appeared very manly and noble as he firmly, yet courteously, delivered himself of the above arguments and their ultimatum, and Lady Marchmont realized at once that she had no weakling to deal with.

She saw that her grandson, although not lacking in reverence and admiration for her, had a mind of his own and would never submit to leading strings, at least where a principle was involved.

But he had intimated that he had no intention of marrying under a year, and, she mentally argued, much might happen in that time to interfere with the consummation of his plans.

Her ladyship had a pronounced diplomatic tendency in her nature, and she wisely resolved not to antagonize him at the outset regarding his plans for the future, but trust to fate and her own clever management to interpose some insuperable barrier to this exceedingly objectionable union.

"Well, my son," she smilingly responded, "you and I will not quarrel over the situation. Since you have pledged yourself to this young lady, and she is so necessary to your happiness, you will, of course, put me in a way to become acquainted with her, and let me judge for myself if she is worthy of you; for"—laying her hand fondly upon his arm—"let me tell you, I shall demand a great deal in the woman who is to become the wife of my grandson and the future Lady of Leith."

"Thank you," Will earnestly returned, and thinking her very lovely to concede the point so gracefully, while he had not the slightest fear regarding what her verdict in connection with Alice would be. "I shall be delighted to have you meet Miss Weston, and, since it would be inconvenient for you to go so far to call upon her, if you would bid her come to you for a little visit, at your convenience, you would have ample opportunity to study her character."

Lady Marchmont was secretly amused at the thought of going to "call" upon this unknown flower by the wayside, and she also flushed with something of annoyance over having been taken so literally at her word, but after considering the situation for a moment or two, she resolved to turn it to her own advantage.

"How would it do to ask her here for a few days previous to the reception which I am arranging for you?" she inquired.

"You are very kind," Will replied, with beaming eyes. "That will be very agreeable to me; and I also desire, with your approval, to send cards to Mrs. Weston and Miss May for that event."

"Very well, it shall be as you wish," his companion complaisantly returned, while she was saying to herself that, doubtless, when he should see these common people—peasants, as she regarded them—mingling with the aristocracy of the country, the contrast would be so marked that he would be convinced that it would never do to choose a wife from such a humble walk of life. She actualy chuckled aloud, when thinking it over later, in view of her diplomacy, which she felt sure would result in making the young man ashamed of his rustic fiancee, and so bring about the rupture she so earnestly desired.

Now, Lady Marchmont was by no means a cold-hearted or intriguing woman. Hers really was a noble and lovely character, and she possessed a gentle and sympathetic spirit; but she was intensely proud along certain lines, and, although she had not been of noble birth herself—being the daughter of a clergyman—she felt that there must be no backward steps, and she must marry her grandson to one who was at least his equal in point of birth and position.

But, a little later, she wrote a kind and friendly note to Alice, begging her to come to Leith for the week preceding the proposed reception, for which she inclosed cards to Mrs. Weston and May, as she had been requested to do.

Alice, not realizing, of course, all that was involved in this invitation, was deeply touched by this mark of condescension—for such she well knew it would be regarded by the world—and sent a graceful reply of appreciation and acceptance.

Mrs. Weston politely declined, but May was enthusiastic over the prospect of once more seeing something of the grand social life which she had so enjoyed at Castleview and both sisters at once began their preparations for the coming event.

Meantime Imogen Ingraham had received the letter which Alice had posted at the request of the mysterious person whom she had encountered in the caves, and which proved to be but another demand for money from the detective whom she so feared. She dare not refuse him, and so mailed the amount he named to the address he had inclosed.

Both she and Olive were greatly astonished over the news regarding Will, and returned immediately to Castleview upon receiving Mr. Fletcher's letter in which he requested them to do so.

Olive at once resolved that she would "move heaven and earth" to win the man whom she loved and who now had it in his power to gratify her ambition in point of position, which made him a hundred-fold more desirable than ever before.

Imogen also, although heretofore she had not been very enthusiastic in view of a union between the two, now became most earnestly desirous to consummate the marriage.

The prospect was a brilliant one for her darling, and once she was the wife of Will and the Marquise of Leith, she felt that she could then face the detective who had so long persecuted her, and defy him to do his worst, for Olive would be so firmly established in her position that her crime could not seriously affect her, even though she might be repudiated as the heiress of Castleview and of Judge Ashburton's fortune.

She was even more strongly determined to accomplish this result when, after another visit from Sir Arthur Stamford, she learned that there was a large sum of money coming to Will from his mother's fortune, the railroad magnate having died very wealthy. Believing herself to be childless, she had willed all she possessed to her husband and his son; but Sir Arthur informed Will and Mr. Fletcher that his conscience would not allow him to retain it under existing circumstances, and he wished to make it over to the rightful heir, saying that his son would, even then, have an abundance.

He was not permitted to make the entire renunciation he contemplated, for neither Will nor his guardian would listen to it; but a compromise was affected whereby the consciences of all were satisfied, and which served to cement, even more strongly, the bond of friendship between the two families.

About a week after the return of Imogen and Olive, the family at Castleview drove to Leith to spend a couple of days, at Lady Marchmont's invitation.

They were most cordially received, and as Olive exerted herself to appear at her best—and she really was very bright and winning when she chose to be—her ladyship found herself strongly attracted toward her.

Their visit proved to be a most delightful one, part of the time being devoted to drives about the estate, and the remainder to roaming over the great mansion and inspecting its many treasures.

"It is the loveliest place in the world, Will!" Olive enthusiastically exclaimed, as on their way down-stairs, after completing their tour, they paused before a rose window over the front entrance, which, being open, commanded a magnificent view of the young man's fair domain.

"It is, indeed," he admitted, "a proud inheritance; but I can hardly realize, even yet, that it is mine."

"And yet you are going away," said Olive, reproachfully.

"Yes—I must finish my course; you know I never could endure to half do anything."

"No—that is true; still, there is really no need now that you should fit yourself for any profession, and—and, Will, it is so lonely when you are away. It is hard enough to know that you have left Castleview for good; but I wish that—you need not put the ocean between us again," Olive plaintively returned, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Thank you—but really, Olive, I had no idea that I was of so much importance," Will retorted, with a light laugh.

"Hadn't you?" queried the girl, and sweeping him a coy look from beneath her silken lashes, "You have something to learn then. Oh, Will, don't—please don't go."

"Why, Olive!" her companion exclaimed, and bestowing a puzzled glance upon her, "I never dreamed that either my coming or going was of any special consequence to you—never supposed that my poor, unworthy self would be so regretted."

"No, you do not seem to realize—anything," Olive burst forth, with passionate vehemence. "But, oh! I wish there were no such place in the world as America."

"Bless my stars! Sister Olive! I would not have believed you could utter a sentiment so disloyal to your native land," cried Will, in laughing surprise.

"America isn't my native land," she pouted. "I was born in Rome."

"True. I had forgotten that; but——"

"And I am not your sister, either; we are not related at all," Olive interposed, with quivering lips.

The young man started, and a peculiar expression flitted over his face. He looked both wounded and perplexed.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I have given offense by calling you sister; but we have lived so long under the same roof you have grown to seem almost like a sister to me, and I had flattered myself that I had gained sisterly affection in your heart."

"Oh, Will! I never meant anything like that! You know better," the girl cried out sharply, while some crystal drops flashed out upon her lids.

"Then why did you object to my calling you 'sister'?" he innocently demanded.

Olive lifted her swimming eyes to him for an instant, and his heart gave a startled bound of dismay as he read the story revealed in their blue depths, and also in the crimson wave which swept over her fair face and dyed even her white neck with a roseate hue.

He could not have been understood if her lips had given utterance to the words—"Because no sister loves as I love you."

At that moment voices behind them warned them that others were near, and Olive started in pretended confusion.

"There comes auntie," she said, "I must speak with her."

She darted away, speeding lightly down the hall, leaving her companion amazed and dismayed at the discovery he had made.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, under his breath, "this is awkward! I never dreamed of any such *contretemps*—I certainly never meant to make mischief like that!"

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO THE MARQUISE OF LEITH.

The thought of love in connection with Olive Fletcher had never entered his mind until that moment.

They had always been good friends and genial companions during the years which they had spent together in the same house.

Olive was ever at her best with him, and, being a decidedly pretty girl, he had enjoyed taking her out to fetes and parties and playing escort, in an elderly brotherly way, to various places of amusement.

But the idea of making her his wife had never suggested itself to him before, and he felt exceedingly uncomfortable in view of the knowledge that she had surrendered her affections to him.

It gave him almost a sense of guilt, as if he had unconsciously wronged and robbed his guardian after all his kindness to him.

He bitterly regretted that little episode in the rose window, and the memory of it embarrassed him, try hard as he would to overcome the feeling, and—although he tried to be especially kind to Olive—he found himself avoiding another *tete-a-tete* with her during the remainder of her visit.

The feeling was not allowed to be forgotten after her departure, either, for Lady Marchmont neglected no opportunity to launch forth most eloquently into praises of Olive—her beauty, her grace of manner, the fact that she was a great heiress, and, being the daughter of the distinguished Mr. Fletcher, would doubtless make a brilliant mariage, etc., etc.

Will quietly admitted the truth of all she said, but did not manifest by the slightest sign that he suspected the purpose which inspired her eulogies.

"He is very wise," her ladyship said to herself, with mingled admiration and amusement; "he is bound not to antagonize me in any way; but he knows his own mind, and I shall have to manage him very cleverly, if I am to save him from making a lifelong mistake. Of course, before he knew his origin—believing himself to have been a child of the slums—it was well enough for him to choose any respectable young woman, who was his equal in point of culture, to be his wife; but, really, the Marquis of Leith must mate only with his equal by birth. But I will try to be patient—I will not judge him too severely until I have seen his rustic beauty."

And she found herself looking eagerly forward to the coming of Alice Weston.

And Alice herself felt that this visit would be a very trying one to her. She knew, as well as if she had been told, that it was to be one of critical inspection—that she would be measured, weighed and gauged, according to Lady Marchmont's standard, to see if she would be found worthy to become the future Marquise of Leith, and she found herself growing hot and cold by turns, whenever she thought of the approaching ordeal.

"Will, there is only one course for me to pursue," she said, with a long drawn sigh, on the evening previous to the day set for her visit, when she found her dread increasing, "I can only be myself and let her judge me as she will."

The next morning dawned fair and lovely, and Will appeared at the appointed hour to escort her to Leith.

He had himself been a trifle anxious regarding the personal appearance of his dear one, when he should take her to his elegant home, where his stately grandmother presided always clad in richest material; but delicacy had debarred him from making any suggestions and forbidden his offering financial aid, although he had yearned to do so, knowing, as he did, that the resources of the Westons were very limited.

But when Alice appeared before him clad for her journey in a dark blue serge, almost severe in its simplicity, but fitting her exquisitely and looking as if it had just come from the hands of a tailor—although he well knew every stitch had been set under her own supervision, he was satisfied that he had nothing to fear.

He had come for her as became a Lord of Leith, with an elegant equipage and attended by both driver and groom in livery, and their ride to Marchmont Court, behind a spanking pair of bays, was thoroughly enjoyed by the happy lovers. Her ladyship was certainly very wise and clever in her efforts to gain a strong influence over her grandson, and seemed to know exactly how to please him most; for, upon their arrival, she waived all ceremony and met them in the great hall with a sweet graciousness that at once set both lovers at ease.

But the keen eyes of the woman of the world were by no means idle; they took in at a glance the delicate beauty of the youthful face of Will's betrothed, the perfect form and the grace that comes only by careful training and the lack of self-consciousness, together with the exquisite nicety and tastefulness of her apparel.

"My dear," she said, as she released the slim, perfectly gloved hand after greeting her, "you have had a long drive, and I am sure you would like to refresh yourself before dinner, so I am going to send you directly to your room. Nellie," beckoning to a white-capped, white-aproned maid who was waiting in the background, "take Miss Weston to her apartments, and," she added, smiling kindly into the fair face, "you need not hurry, for I have ordered dinner served at seven, half an hour later than usual, for this evening."

Alice thanked her and followed the pretty maid up the grand flight of stairs, along a wide and lofty hall, and her eyes lighted with pleasure when the girl threw open a door, revealing a lovely suite of rooms, all uniformly hung and furnished in pale blue and white, with here and there a dash of gold.

There were sitting-room, chamber, dressing-room and a private bath, the latter finished in pure white marble.

"Shall I wait and help you, miss?" questioned the girl, respectfully, as she placed her bag upon a chair.

"Thank you," Alice replied, as composedly as if she had always been accustomed to a maid, while she deliberately drew off her gloves, "I shall not need you just at present, but"—glancing at an electric button which her quick eye had espied—"I will ring if I require anything later."

The girl retired with a lingering glance at the lovely face of the stranger, while the gracious sweetness with which she had thanked her was like a strain of music in her memory as she went away to other duties.

Three quarters of an hour later, when Alice appeared in the drawing-room, fresh and rosy from her bath and clad in a simple white gown, with only a Catherine Mermet rose—a vase of which she had found in her room—in her belt, Lady Marchmont could scarcely refrain from giving utterance to a cry of pleasure as her glance fell upon her.

The girl's dress was inexpensive, but fine and sheer and beautifully made, with tucks and ruffles of the material, and she looked a lady from the massive knot of gold that crowned her well-shaped head to the toes of the small bronze slippers which peeped in and out beneath her immaculate skirts.

"Very, very sweet, I must admit," was her ladyship's mental comment, "and she seems as unconscious of her luxurious surroundings as if she had always been accustomed to them."

This latter fact was a trifle disappointing to her, for she had expected to detect a wide-eyed glance of wonder, or curiosity, or an air of constraint which would betray embarrassment or unfamiliarity with the elegance into which she had been transplanted.

But no, Alice came directly to her with a free, even step, and smilingly responded to her greeting without a trace of self-consciousness or of confusion.

"But we will soon test her table etiquette—that always proves what the home training has been," mused her ladyship, while she conversed easily and pleasantly with her young guest until dinner was announced, when she led the way to the dining-room.

The table had been laid in the great bow window, which was so constructed that it could be turned into a breezy, semi-outdoor dining parlor during the summer.

Here the trio passed a charming hour, for Will exerted himself to draw both his grandmother and his betrothed out upon congenial topics, and the result was a most social repast, while Lady Marchmont did not once detect the slightest sign of awkwardness or breach of table formalities on the part of her guest, although not a movement escaped her keen eyes.

After dinner they repaired to a veranda on the west side of the mansion, where they chatted until long after a lovely new moon had disappeared below the horizon. Then they retired for the night, two, at least, of the party feeling supremely content with their lot in life.

The following morning was spent driving about the country, visiting various points of interest; the afternoon was passed under a wide-spreading tree, Alice working upon some dainty article that was to grace her sister's costume at the coming ball; Lady Marchmont reclining in a great willow rocker and curiously watching the girl's white, skilful fingers and her fair, earnest face, while Will read to them from the "Idylls of the King."

Subsequent days slipped by in much the same manner, every one proving Alice to be the veritable little lady which her lover had claimed that she was, and with whom the proud mistress of Leith could find no word of fault.

She was dignity without a touch of prudishness; she was bright and animated without being forward; sweet-tempered and ingenuous, but fearless in the expression of her opinions and convictions when occasion required.

Thus it is not strange that Lady Marchmont found herself becoming very fond of her and more than once mentally admitted that she would make a very congenial and lovable companion during the declining years of her life.

During the arrangements that were being made for the fete she also proved herself very efficient, suggesting, upon several occasions, certain changes which added greatly to the effect of decorations, adding new features which showed taste and inventive genius and making herself practically useful in many other ways.

On the morning preceding the day of the fete the family from Castleview arrived according to invitation, and both Imogen and Olive were very much taken back upon finding Alice there and learning—as they did from a servant—that she had been a visitor at the court for a week.

They greeted her frigidly, and then, after one astonished look, ignored her entirely.

Lady Marchmont was quietly observant of this, and realized at once the exact condition of affairs.

"Ah!" she thought, "we shall now have an interesting study in human nature. Miss Fletcher is in love with my grandson, ditto Miss Weston; now there cannot fail to follow certain conditions which will test the moral caliber of these fair rivals and bring either the best or the worst there is in them to the surface."

"Olive, what on earth is the meaning of that Weston girl's presence here?" Imogen demanded, the moment they were alone in their rooms.

The girl's proud lips curled; but her heart was like a seething volcano.

She had never hinted to anyone the discovery

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Glad to be able to meet you in this corner once more. Though this world to an interested observer on an adjoining planet, must if his eyesight is good, look like forty blazing hells rolled into one, I'm not in the least bit discouraged. If militarism is crushed in this war and it must be at all costs, the world will be swept with a wave of democracy and progress the like of which has never before been seen. War is the penalty people pay for the luxury of being dull, stupid and ignorant, and ignorance is the one thing humanity clings to lovingly and tenaciously. People were swept off the earth by disease and pestilence because they loved dirt and filth and wouldn't clean up. Pestilence carried off the rich and powerful as well as the poor and so the rich and powerful in order to protect themselves made laws that compelled people to clean up. Now we should have laws to compel people to clean the cobwebs from off their minds in order to make them think right and vote right—but we won't get any laws of that kind because ignorant people are useful while thinking people are dangerous; dangerous to kings, oppressors and exploiters. But doesn't education make people think Uncle Charlie? Yes, my dears, real genuine education for life makes people think right, but the smattering of education that is given in our schools today doesn't lead to real or active thought, any more than tickling the surface of the soil will produce good crops. You've got to fertilize the soil and plow deep to get good crops and then you must have proper weather conditions to secure the best results. It's the same with the brain. To get results you've got to probe deep down with the plow of knowledge, fertilize with ambition, love, kindness and high ideals and develop the whole in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Do that (and it is the easiest thing in the world to do it) and you'll get really and truly humans, noble men and noble women, capable of noble thoughts and noble deeds, and war, carnage, poverty and misery will flee away as bats flee before the sunlight. Anyway remember this, we are living in the greatest period of the world's history, and comparatively few people in the United States unless they have relatives engaged in the bloody racial and dynastic struggle now taking place in Europe, are displaying much interest in what is going on. Most of the people I talk to inform me that it does not interest them much who wins, and as you look over their shoulders you see they are scanning the football and sporting page of the paper, or are gulping down the details of a murder trial. I get so disgusted with these boneheads, I want to hammer their koko's against the wall. My assistants being thoroughly alive, turn away in disgust, and we feel that it might probably be the greatest blessing that could strike this country if a few sixteen-inch shells were dropped in our coast cities, and if they did, what would be the result? The people of Chicago and St. Louis would laugh and say: "Gee it's time those New Yorkers got soaked anyway. One good thing the enemy is too far off to hurt us so what's the odds." What is back of all this indifference? I will once more tell you. Ignorance and its twin brother Selfishness. Presently I will tell you why we are ignorant but here's a little incident that happened the other day that impressed me very deeply, and which explains in a most heart-breaking way why we continue to wallow in the mire and why progress is so slow. A highly educated man, a professional man at that, and from his letter head I judge a man of means, wrote me that he was intensely interested in my talks in this department. What amazed him was the amount of information I always seemed to have at my finger ends. Where did I get all the astounding facts and figures I monthly present to you? He could not find them in any paper or books, he read, and he read a good many, and would I tell him from what sources the abundant information I possessed had been gathered. Could I direct him to the well-springs of my knowledge, the mine of my facts. He was willing to pay any price for books that would enable him to have as deep an insight into the workings of our social and industrial system as I seemed to have. He begged urgently for an immediate reply, so I went to the trouble of writing the gentleman as he was in such deadly earnest, and told him if he would send me the cost of two books that were lying on my bed (a sum less than a dollar) I would send them to him and get others to replace them. That is some months ago. The gentleman didn't reply. I didn't expect he would, for I don't believe in all America there are more than a handful of men who seriously want to know all they ought to know about their country, not even if you could give them all the knowledge they need for a few cents. That little incident left a painful impression behind, as the boy said when he had been hammered in the region of his coat tails, by his father. By the way I was talking to a bright girl this morning and mentioned the Suez Canal. She had never heard of it and of course didn't know where it was. I was questioning two boys the other day as to how President Garfield died. One said he was shot, the other, with a look of disgust on his face at his companion's ignorance said: "G'wan, he wasn't shot he was run over by an automobile." Now let me tell you as I promised to do why we are so ignorant.

We are supposed to have the best public school system in the world, and the best public schools, whereas we have the worst, as regards efficiency and results. Our public school system is the rankest failure the world has ever seen. It is the finest machine for turning out inefficient boneheads that was ever invented. For producing incompetence it is a howling success, for any other purpose it is a dismal failure. The people of America have invested in their educational plant $1,221,695,730, and it costs us nearly half a billion dollars yearly, or to be exact $446,726,929, to keep going a contraption that ought to be scrapped and fired on the dump. Out of every hundred children who go to our public schools, only seven pass through and acquire such knowledge as the schools have to offer. Only seven out of a hundred—do you get that? There are over two million children entering our public schools yearly. Only half a milion of these reach the high school and only 155,656 get into the fourth year. If only seven children out of a hundred (and most of these are girls by the way) graduate from high school, instead of the hundred per cent that ought to graduate, our school system is more than ninety per cent failure. In the elementary grades only a third of the children finish this portion of their education, and not one half of them finish the sixth grade. If you were to put a newspaper in the hands of any of these children they would hardly know if it were downside up or upside down, and if they tried to read it they would stumble over every fourth word. Sending these half baked children out into the world to battle for a living represents, it is computed an economic loss to the country of $250,000,000. Losing fifty per cent of the children in the middle of the elementary course accounts for about ninety per cent of all our national ills, for veneered ignorance is at the root of all evil.

I've told you about the children, now what about the teachers? We have about half a million teachers in the United States and only one in five of these can pass muster as thoroughly trained. In one of our best states from an educational point of view, only half the teachers have even been through high school. Isn't it lovely of those who have this education business in hand to assign a bunch of mentally half baked people who know little more than their scholars, to do the teaching? It costs $34.71 a year for each child's education and about thirty dollars of that money is wasted. The laws as to attendance differ widely in our various states. Some states compel children to go to school for forty weeks yearly, while some states having no compulsory attendance, don't care whether or not children go for forty minutes. Here our education is what is called cultural. It has nothing to do with the realities of life. Instead of being practical it is unpractical. It trains the mind a little, but the hand not at all, so the high school graduates drift into the already overcrowded professions or into underpaid office and clerical work instead of into craft and trade. Such manual training schools as we have, have failed to achieve anything worth while. Instead of sending boys to the shop they have handed them over to already overcrowded engineering colleges. Domestic science courses alas, are rare. Girls have a smattering of useless algebra and Latin but no knowledge of food values and no ability to cook and usually no desire either. What we want in the school is practical training for real life. We want a nation of skilled craftsmen and craftswomen instead of a nation of crafty men and dependent women.

Germany sent some of her greatest experts over here to study our school system. They were tipped off not to take us too seriously as they knew beforehand that from a German standard of efficiency we were a joke. And a joke they found us. They reported that they found here a feeling of complacent satisfaction with everything American. That complacent satisfaction by the way is our curse. The Germans reported that we had wonderful resources great geographical advantages, but our educational methods were so rank and did so little to help our industrial and economic development, that these drawbacks overcame any other advantages we might possess. These facts explain why it is that we have lawyers and doctors, who in other countries (where the standards professional men must attain are severely high) would be splitting rails or driving trucks. This is why half the physicians who send me medical certificates when vouching for our shut-ins usually spell invalid "i-n-v-a-l-a-d-e" and give evidence of other alarming symptoms of illiteracy. This too explains why we have men chopping wood who ought to be in the pulpit, and men in the pulpit making a bluff at preaching who ought to be chopping wood. The uneducated square peg will always have the nerve and effrontery to put its impudent nose into an educated round hole. A nation of semi-illiterate or rather semi-literate misfits, is bound to produce as we do so abundantly, a frightful crop of fakes, charlatans, and impostors, industrial squirrels and political thugs with the result that we have to tolerate a social system that has pikers at the top and suckers at the bottom. What we need is a central educational authority located in Washington. Uncle Sam should take over the education of his children, then education can be systematized and standardized. Inefficient teachers will be sent to washing dishes or splitting rails, and the youth of our land will be able to grow up and develop mentally and physically along lines that will make them a help and inspiration to our country, instead of a curse as so many of them are now thanks to the blight of ignorance and poverty, lack of education has forced upon them.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Begin the New Year right by starting in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and will make the new year a happy one.

Now for the letters:

OWINGSVILLE, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Have recently received and read your story book, and enjoyed it very much.

Have long been one of your admirers but felt that you had so much to do I would not worry you with a birthday letter. Have often thought of sending you and the girls a box of home-made candy, but like "Lilly," in your story book, thought you would be afraid of germs. Ha! Ha! I think I am real clean and careful about most everything and have a husband who is a physician and who is almost cranky about germs. So I am very healthy, and so is he. I weigh one hundred and four pounds and he two hundred and twenty. You don't think doctor has had many germs do you? You certainly are doing a great work, and I think Maria and Billy deserve a lot of credit also, but you the most. With lots of good wishes, for you,

I am sincerely. MRS. A. W. JONES.

Delighted to hear from you Mrs. Jones. You are quite right I am a crank when it comes to germs, and if everyone in the country had the germ business down as I have, there would be less disease in the land, fewer fine men, lovely women and precious children "resting" in lonesome cemeteries. About every third letter I take up reads something like this: "Dear Uncle Charlie: As I am just recovering from scarlet fever and have nothing to do I will write you a letter. There used to be seven of us in the family, but one brother and one sister died of typhoid, and last winter my baby brother had diphtheria and we never thought he'd live. Both father and mother are very much crippled with rheumatism. We have not been able to raise much of a crop here on acount of sickness. Your loving nephew, etc." For a slight variation the other letters will add consumption, pellagra, hookworm and occasionally smallpox. About a year ago I received a letter that ran like this: "Dear Uncle Charlie: I will have to close my letter in a hurry as I am feeling very ill. I am all out in a red rash. The doctor has just been and says it is scarlet fever. I thought I had better let you know as in case I died you would know what had become of me. Yours etc." That letter managed to get all around my bed-clothes, as it came to my home address, and I did not place a newspaper over my spread as I usually do when several hundred letters are dumped on it, from the big box that comes to me at regular intervals with your missives from Augusta. Well, that scarlet fever letter meant the burning of all my other mail, the burning too of an elderdown spread, a white suit of pajamas and a few other highly essential and valuable articles, costing in all over twenty dollars. Then I went into quarantine for several days while the house reeked with the odor of disinfectants. I was taking no chances. A few days later a letter arrived from the scarlet fever party. Maria's eagle eye detected it by the handwriting and postmark, and so that we should not have to take the trouble of burning down the house in order to disinfect it, Maria took the letter into the cellar, saturated it with disinfectants, and though the carbolic had made it somewhat illegible, she managed to decipher this much: "Dear Uncle Charlie: You see I ain't dead yet. That wasn't no scarlet fever. It was only hives, so I am still alive. Hoping you are the same, I am, Your loving friend, Will Edwards." Now maybe you'll think that's all a fairy story, but every word of it is Gospel truth. This time the laugh is on me. Enjoy it to your heart's content. Letters, however, are great carriers of contagion and infection, and no one should write a letter when there is a contagious disease in the house. Man has killed off nearly all the big animals that threatened his existence on this planet. Now he has to battle with billions of unseen and far more dangerous foes. People are scared of an elephant, a big, but harmless animal on the whole, and would run in fear if he came in their direction. On the other hand flies, which are a thousand times more deadly than elephants, tigers or lions, are allowed to roam millions of homes in swarms. We are surrounded by billions of disease germs which find entrance into our systems through the mouth or nose but chiefly through the mouth. One of the filthiest and most dangerous habits indulged in by nearly all human beings, a habit which is responsible for seventy-five per cent of all diseases, is that of putting the fingers on the lips and in the mouth. To see a man counting filthy, dirty, germ-laden bills (the majority of which, some time or other, have been carried in stockings of people suffering from the vilest diseases), wetting the while his fingers with saliva from his mouth so as to make the counting surer, transferring the germs from each bill to his system, is a sight to make a sick hog weep. Never put your fingers on your lips or in your mouth except you first wash and sterilize them with some strong germicide such as carbolic. Rubbing your fingers all over your mouth is nothing but a habit, a very dirty and dangerous habit, one that can be broken with very little effort. I would no more think of putting my fingers on my lips or in my mouth, than I would think of jumping out of the window. The high death rate among children is due to the fact that they are constantly conveying germs from the filthy objects they handle (especially the germs on dogs and cats) into their mouths. I know a girl of twenty-two who sucks her thumb as persistently as she did when she was a baby, and oh, the filth and dirt I've seen go into that pretty mouth. There is nothing in the world that mops up the germs as do gloves. Kid gloves quickly become caked with filth and dirt and yet every woman who sits down in an armchair will after a moment or two, begin rubbing her filthy gloves across her lips. It's just habit, she does not realize she is doing it. If she is holding a pocketbook which is also encrusted with a million germs in her hand, she will rub the end of it against her lips and probably in moments of distraction she will bite the ends of it. People with consumption have frequently visited me. They generally sit in a red leather chair which is pushed up to my bedside. They hold a handkerchief and cough into it, and then rest the handkerchief on the arm of the chair, smothering the leather with bacilli. Later on that chair is used at mealtime by one of my help who in the intervals of eating rests her hands where the germs would be if we had not sterilized the chair. Bread and cake are always passed to the mouth by the hand, with the result that everything that is on the hand adheres to the bread and goes into the system. Those who handle my food have first to wash and sterilize their hands, and I transfer it to my mouth with a knife and fork, the only sanitary and sensible way to do. Some people do not change their table-cloths for a whole week and by that time they are smothered with disease germs and upon these filthy table-cloths they put their bread. The handles of doors are always caked with germs. Suppose you ask a person for an extra slice of bread, the supply on the table having been demolished on her way to the kitchen the one who is attending to your wants will probably open two doors, smothering her hands with germs and then handle your bread. Newspapers are thrown into the areaways of houses where filthy cats have deposited their diphtheria germs, and then taken and placed on the breakfast table. If you realized how much disease there is in the world and how few really healthy people there are you would be astounded. The black plague as well as the white plague is everywhere. If you only knew about your neighbors what the doctor knows you would throw up your hands. People who are infected with disease as a rule are utterly indifferent as to whether or not they infect others. Friends come to visit you and they have taken the liberty of bringing another friend who is most anxious to meet you. The friend is a gentleman whose face is a mass of irruption. His handkerchief is constantly being transferred from his pocket to his face. It is dinner-time. They still linger and you of course invite them to stay. The gentleman with the suspicious face insists on doing the carving, forgets to turn his head when he sneezes, and if you don't command him to sit down he will later on be out in the kitchen helping to wash up the dishes. I've had all our dishes boiled more than once on account of easily detected signs of a terrible disease. I have at times wanted to boil one of my male guests. It was the only way of sterilizing him and protecting ourselves. When ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise, so the great poet says, but when we are menaced by germs that are more deadly than machine guns (and many of us run this risk daily) we are only putting in practise the first law of nature—self preservation—to protect one's self from those unseen foes which will, if one's system is run down, and sometimes if it is not run down, put one in the grave before one knows it. All humanity should wage war on germs. As a first step screen your house and keep the flies out, and for God's sake don't let your children have cats and dogs to play with. Keep these animals out of the house. If you want a real pet get a canary. The bird will do what most human beings have an objection to doing, take a bath every morning. That is a lesson in cleanliness for all of you. Keep your fingers out of your mouth and away from your lips. It is no use washing your hands before you go to the table, if when seating yourself you draw your chair (a chair impregnated with dirt) up to the family board with your hands. The man who sat in that chair before you, possibly had the black plague. Push your chair to the table with the back of your hand and then slide into it. Don't use use any cups that have cracks in them. They are the abiding places of millions of germs. Abolish the round towel and the common drinking cup, the greatest spreaders of disease known next to the house fly. Never drink water or milk unless they have been boiled. Never put ice in water. Put your water after boiling, in milk or beer bottle and place them in the ice box or some other cool place. Milk should be treated the same way. The tens of thousands who die from typhoid in this country yearly, would all be alive if they had taken the trouble to keep the flies out of their houses and boiled the milk and water they drank. Now paste this article away in your scrap books and get the teacher to read it to the children in school, and there will be more healthy, happy people and less work for the undertaker. You will say grandfather and grandmother did very well, and they knew nothing of germs. Yes, but grandfather and grandmother had typhoid, and they saw their children die like flies, and they only survived, because their constitutions happened to be so strong that they were sometimes able to combat nine tenths of all the germs that got into their systems. If nature didn't fight for us as well as against us the race would soon die out. Science however is teaching us how to help nature and thus how to avoid suffering and death. I'm speaking on behalf of science. Heed my words.

LEAD, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet five inches short, and weigh (oh, I do hate to tell), one hundred and six pounds. Now am I not a terrible featherweight? Let me take a seat on the edge of your bed uncle and I bet ten to one you will land on the floor. It's awful to be so fat. Don't you think so? You will think I am related to the fat lady Maria had to help up-stairs in "Lily, or Help Wanted." I certainly thought I would explode when I read that story of yours. I do not think I ever read anything in my life that was so comical. I would read a while and the children would say: "Mamma, whatever are you laughing at, have you gone crazy over Uncle Charlie's Story Book?" and "How Uncle Charlie became a Hero of the Spanish American War," is another story that struck me forcibly, it is funny and sad and all around a grand story.

Uncle, although I am twenty-seven years young I do not believe I'll ever grow up. My worst half is always telling me how kiddish I am. I hate to be stiff and prim like some people I've seen, who would not laugh for love or money.

We live here where the famous Homestake Gold Mine is, right in the heart of the Black Hills. It is certainly great to go through the hoists and mills and see the way the ore is handled, crushed, milled and washed, before it is made into gold bricks. The hoists here go down nineteen hundred feet into the ground and they have one thousand miles of track under ground and I think about five hundred motors which are all run by compressed air. This is the largest gold mine in the world, but I assure you Uncle we poor trash don't get rich from it by a whole lot. Living is so high here, it costs a fortune to live here.

We are just one mile above the sea here and I don't think the big sea water will ever get us, or wash us away.

Not far from here is the Crow Indian reservation, also the Black Hawk. I have taken COMFORT ever since I can remember and of all the papers I take I like COMFORT the best.

Your loving friend, MRS. EDYTH CROSSMAN.

Thank you for your jolly and newsy letter. It is a wonder that one who can see the funny side of life as you do should be so toothpicky. There is one advantage however, in being as stout as you are. If you ever come to New York and visit me we could take you into our kitchen without amputating your arms, or without you having to go sideways. Glad the contents of my story book gave you so much fun. You say, "I don't believe I'll ever grow up." If you weigh one hundred and seven pounds and are five feet five, I heartily agree with you that you shouldn't grow up. I suggest you try to grow sideways. Now I'll be good. I never try to have any fun at the expense of my grown-up correspondents. It's only the young folks that I jolly and then always for their own good. You, however, are so good natured, and like myself so full of the kid spirit, utterly declining to do anything so absurd as to grow old, dignified and ossified, that I know you won't exact any apology for anything I have said. It must be exceedingly interesting to go through those gold mines where they make the gold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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GET A BETTER PLACE

Sally Sunshine, Optimist

By Lillian Grace Copp

Read this inspiring story; then make a New Year resolution to be an optimist. Each morning, through the year, on awakening remember Sally Sunshine and renew your resolution to be an OPTIMIST.

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AUNT MARIA closed the oven door with a decided bang; then wiping her floury hands on a corner of her apron turned to her sister with a grimace of disgust.

"John might have left a life insurance," she fumed. "What did he think would become of Sally? I have all I can do to provide for my own. I should think, Hannah——" She paused significantly, as she sought the consolation of her stout little rocker.

"You are mistaken if you think I am going to handicap myself with a crippled invalid," retorted Aunt Hannah. "Jim and I decided that the day John was buried."

Maria gave an ominous hitch to her chair. The hot blood stained her cheeks unbecomingly.

"Sally can't stay in Boston alone. Even if she is twenty-two, in her condition she is as helpless as a child. It isn't as if you and Jim couldn't afford to care for her, your own brother's child."

"It's no use to take that tone, Maria," settled Aunt Hannah, firmly. "John was as much your brother as mine; but when we get right down to facts neither one of us is under any obligation to care for Sally. I told John she should be taught to sew in order to learn a trade instead of playing at housekeeping in their two back rooms, and wasting hours over a book by the window. But he wouldn't listen to a word. Now all I have to say is, he had better have profited by my advice."

Aunt Maria got up very quickly. A loose board squeaked a quick protest as she crossed to the oven. She whirled the pies with a force that threatened to turn them upside down.

"With John's poor health and Sally's expenses I suppose he did have all that he could do to eke out an existence, but he might have known it would be just his luck to go in a flash with Sally unprovided for. Something must be done, Hannah. I'd hate to have people say my own niece was being supported by charity."

"Then keep her with you," was her sister's cool suggestion.

"I think I did my part when I had John brought here, and you all down for the funeral."

Whatever Aunt Maria might have added to her grievance was cut short by the door opening to admit a frail, ashen-faced girl, walking painfully. The wind, cool and sweet with verbenas and late-blooming roses, rushed into the heated kitchen and over the glowing range.

"Close the door quickly, Sally," fretted Aunt Maria. "There, you have let the cat in! I never allow him in the house. Here, Tommy, Tommy!" Maria made a futile catch for the cat. Sally laughed softly as the cat evaded his mistress' ponderous rush and escaped through the opened door.

"Oh, Sally! how can you? And your father dead less than a week!" cried both aunts in unison.

"Father wouldn't be happy in heaven, if he knew I should never laugh again," breathed Sally. "We always found something to laugh over."

"You will have hard work to find anything to laugh over now, I am thinking," frowned Aunt Maria. "I can't keep you here, and Hannah says that you can't stay with her."

Sally limped over to a chair, and moving it a little to the right that she might face both, answered calmly:

"I have never expected to stay with either of you. I am going home this afternoon as we planned——"

"But, Sally," interposed Aunt Maria, "you can't keep even two back rooms without money, and there is scarcely enough left to pay your expenses back to Boston."

"I know and that is why I am going to work."

"You work? What can you do? You can't sew, nor cook, nor go in a shop, nor——" Aunt Maria paused for the want of a suitable word.

"Nor you haven't a talent in the world," her sister hurried to her rescue.

"Oh, Aunties, is it really as bad as that?" Sally was half-amused, half-hurt at the hopelessness their tones depicted.

"If you had as much sense as a child, you would know it was worse than that," scolded Aunt Maria. What plans have you got in that silly little head of yours?"

"Only one, Auntie, and I think that I won't tell it to you, at least, not just yet." Then her sudden brave show of independence deserted her. "If you and Aunt Hannah will love me only a little, that is all I will ask. It is so hard to feel that no one cares!" She stretched out two thin arms with a half-pleading gesture.

Tears misted Aunt Hannah's eyes as she met Sally's vitally glowing ones. "If Jim weren't so determined, Sally," she offered, "I would help. But he never liked you."

"Dependence would be a burden, Auntie. The two rooms where dear father and I lived are the only place in the world where I have a right to be. I shall get on."

The girl turned her face toward the window. After two unsuccessful attempts she regained her feet. At the door she paused to address the waiting women: "Please don't wait lunch for me, auntie, but I shall be ready for the 2.10 train."

Late in October Aunt Hannah alighted from a car at the corner of an obscure street. It was three months since she had seen Sally placed in a cab at the North Station, and given explicit directions that the girl be left at the correct number. She didn't just know how the time had slipped away so rapidly without her making that promised call. But a letter forwarded by Maria the night before, in which Sally had written that she was soon to change her address, and, for a few days, would be at Commonwealth Avenue, had sent Hannah puzzled and impatient into Boston that Sally might interpret the letter.

At the entrance Aunt Hannah stopped short. There on the corner of the house hung a neatly lettered sign:

"LESSONS IN SMILES GIVEN HERE. PRICES REASONABLE. All who are sick, discouraged, disappointed, or discontented, call on Sally Sunshine, Optimist, and learn the secret of unfailing good cheer."

Aunt Hannah caught her breath sharply. She felt as if personally disgraced. Who had ever heard of such audacity! Her quick ascent of the steps rendered her a bit breathless. She pulled the bell with an angry jerk and sent forth an impatient summons, which echoed her turbulent thoughts like a refrain. Sally should be made to stop this ridiculous farce at once. Of what was the girl thinking?

"You will have to wait your turn," announced the landlady, coldly, as she opened the door and recognized Sally's aunt. "You may sit here until Miss Sally can see you!"

She pushed open the door at the end of the hall, into what had formerly been Sally's kitchen, and which still held the couch that had been her father's bed. With the aid of a screen and several yards of cretonne the room was now converted into a comfortable reception-room. Aunt Hannah's glance swept the furnishings eagerly then rested curiously on the two occupants.

That tall, dark-complexioned woman with an unmistakable air of prestige looked strangely familiar. Aunt Hannah gave a sudden start as she recognized her as the distinguished Mrs. Van Anden, whose name and face so frequently graced the society page in the Sunday papers. And the woman was actually calling on Sally, when Aunt Hannah would have sacrificed much to have even a bowing acquaintance with one who held so exalted a position.

Through the closed door the soft tones of the girl's voice was scarcely distinguishable, yet Mrs. Van Anden heard and a smile chased away the lines about her somewhat discontented mouth. She instantly resumed her conversation with the other woman that Aunt Hannah's entrance had interrupted.

"Yes, it certainly is original, but she told me on my first call that 'To make the best of things' was her one talent, and she had to make it count. She has served a long, hard apprenticeship. Twenty-two years of pain is a severe test for one to pass through, and yet remain so sweet, and strong and wholesome that she has a surplus of cheer to pass on to others."

"But I don't understand. You see I never heard of her until an hour ago. Has she no relatives to care for her?" the other questioned eagerly.

"She has two aunts, I learned of them through the landlady. When Sally's father died they refused her all assistance. Just imagine what they must be to desert an almost helpless girl! I should feel contaminated to speak to either," Mrs. Van Anden's tones withered.

Aunt Hannah looked straight ahead. Only the twitching of a nerve in her left temple told how the words seared. A great wave of thankfulness swept over her that to Mrs. Van Anden she was only a chance caller.

"It looks as if I should need a post-graduate course," smiled Mrs. Van Anden, quickly, "but it actually makes me rabid to think of those two women. Our dear little sunshine teacher though is too sweet and busy to entertain bitter thoughts. I wonder if a life-time of pain would purify everyone the way it has her."

"No, not every one," sighed the other woman, and evidently a sorrowful memory stirred her. She threw it off quickly. "I am consumed with curiosity as to how you chanced to find this girl?" Her voice betrayed her great interest.

"It came about in the queerest way," returned Mrs. Van Anden. "The president of the flower mission ran short of flowers one day early in July, and called my secretary on the 'phone. Obeying an unaccountable impulse, I carried the flowers over myself. The president was so deeply interested in Sally's new venture that she talked of little else. When I left the mission I was saturated. I came over at once, and as it happened I was Sally's first applicant."

"And she really helped you?"

"Helped me? I haven't missed a single week since my first call. Discontent vanishes with the memory of that girl ever before me."

"What a pity that her aunts don't come in for a few lessons," laughed the other, as the soft tinkle of a bell announced that Sally was ready for another caller.

The hour that Sally gave to her two callers seemed interminable to Aunt Hannah waiting in the room where the only view from the window was a back yard fenced in by brick walls. A few weeds crept up on either side of the broken fence, and from the network of lines was suspended yards of new cloth in process of bleaching. The woman knew that the view from the larger room was the same, except the suffocating walls came closer. She hadn't remembered it was so bad. On her rare, brief calls during her brother's life, the rooms had been irradiated by Sally's presence. Suddenly Aunt Hannah realized what a wonderful personality the girl must have! She recalled Mrs. Van Anden's tone in speaking of the two aunts. Her head bowed on her hand and tears of mortification stung her smarting eyes. She had worked so hard and so futilely to gain a foothold in the circles where Sally's two callers moved. Was it too late?

Sweet and clear Sally's bell interrupted her aunt's bitter self-communion. With a medley of emotions Aunt Hannah arose and went through the narrow doorway.

Could that be Sally? White-faced and diminutive as ever she sat in her chair by the window, but a new, strange atmosphere of power enveloped her.

"Oh, Auntie, you have come at last!" The girl's glad, joyous greeting held an undertone of longing for the love and companionship that the tie of blood ever brings.

Though Aunt Hannah was really touched by Sally's welcome, the eager questions trembling on her tongue were too insistent to be long stilled. She hurried over the usual preliminaries and almost involuntarily slipped into the part of interrogator.

"But what do you say to them, Sally? How do you keep them interested?"

Obligingly Sally again took up the role of teacher.

"Just tell me your particular trouble, Auntie, and let us discover the smiles for they are surely there!"

To the girl's dismay her aunt covered her face with her hands.

"There isn't a single smile, Sally," she sobbed. "My trouble is just plain selfishness. I never saw it before, but I do now. All my life I have wanted the best, and then have spurned it when it was mine for the taking. When I think I could have had the comfort of having you with me all these weeks, if I hadn't thought——"

Sally winced sharply. She fully understood Aunt Hannah's sudden change of heart. In an instant, however, she conquered her brief shrinking.

"But your case isn't hopeless, Auntie, dear!" she exclaimed brightly, "for selfishness is at the root of nine tenths of all our troubles. I am sure that we can find loads of smiles and, even perhaps, a hearty laugh right here. Let us look!"

Aunt Hannah stared at her niece. This was a different Sally, and yet was she different? The woman had never before known just how much there was to the girl.

"Do you talk like that to them all, Sally?" she gasped.

A musical, rippling laugh good to hear broke from the girl's lips. It reminded one of running water slipping over wet stones.

"When you taught music, Auntie," she asked a bit irrelevantly, "did you use the same words to initiate Johnny Stupid into the intricacies of the art that you used with Ruth Bright?

"Now, I am going to be plain, Auntie, for I know only too well to what you refer. Suppose you had taken me into your home when dear father died. We had scarcely a thought in common. You would have been miserable, for to you it would have been a painful duty. To me, the burden of dependence without love from the benefactor, would have been intolerable.

"As it has been, I have learned more of self-reliance and of trust in an unfailing Providence, than all the years have before taught me. You have had a summer full of delightful little trips, that would have been impossible had I been with you." She paused and her glance wandered admiringly over her aunt's modish costume. "You have taken more pleasure in your wardrobe, for you have had more to spend, and you haven't had, forgive me, Auntie, to acknowledge as your niece one of whom you have ever been ashamed."

"Stop, Sally, there isn't a single thing there that is good!"

"Yes, Auntie, there has worked out much that was good for both."

"But had I known, what I know now, Sally," wailed Aunt Hannah.

The girl reached and took one of her aunt's plump hands in hers. There was power in Sally's slender palms that forced its consciousness upon the woman.

"Remember, Auntie, dear, the surgeon cuts deep to remove the growth which threatens the life of his patient. Just think of me in the light of the surgeon. I want to help you, and if I hurt it is only that good may come.

"It is only on account of Mrs. Van Anden and her friends that you regret not offering me a home. But, Auntie, I should never have known Mrs. Van Anden had I gone home with you three months ago. God sent her to me in my great need. The day she came I hadn't tasted food for two days. The relief was so great when she paid me five dollars for her first call that I fainted. She thought it was over excitement at our long talk for she was here nearly two hours. Last week I told her the real cause of that fainting spell."

"Oh, Sally," reproached Aunt Hannah, "how could you!"

"Don't worry, Auntie, she didn't misunderstand. I told it to illustrate a point I was making. I couldn't bear to see her faith growing even the tiniest speck dim. Poor people are not the only ones who have problems to solve, Auntie, dear.

"How I love the memory of this summer! It has taught me wonderful things. When father died I just had to fight every step of the way, then I came home." Sally's glance wandered lovingly over the room that had been home to her for so many years. "Yes, it is home; no other place will ever seem just like it," she said, with assurance, then she paused: "It was then I decided that death, invalidism and poverty were just the three hardest things in the world. I know better now, Auntie. I have learned that the rich are sometimes crucified daily, while to the world they present an exterior that commands only envy. And yet I believe pain in any form is sent for our advancement. It is we in our blindness who embrace sighs instead of smiles."

"How wise you have grown, Sally," commented her aunt, thoughtfully, "you were always such an ignorant little thing."

A bewitching smile disclosed the suggestion of a dimple in Sally's cheek at the intended compliment, but instantly her face sobered.

"Father and I always talked of the deep things of life. Oh, Auntie, if I could make people see the good, the way father taught it to me." Sally stopped abruptly.

"And I never dreamed that John was a philosopher. You will have so much to teach me, Sally, but you will find me a willing pupil. I'll make up to you for all you have undergone since John's death. How soon can you come to us, Sally?"

"But, Auntie, I don't understand!"

"Why, you are coming to live with me, now. I thought you knew. I decided that this afternoon. You won't need to teach 'Smiles' any more, though, of course, your friends can come to see you the same as they do now."

Sally hesitated. She didn't want to hurt her aunt, but, after all, she decided, it would be a bit of a shock in whatever words it was expressed. Perhaps, it would be as well to get it over at once. She leaned over. Her warm hands on Aunt Hannah's arm robbed the words of much of their abruptness:

"Your offer is too late, Auntie. I go to live with Mrs. Van Anden next week, and we leave for a several years' residence in Europe the following Saturday."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

bricks. People who want to see gold bricks should not go to the Black Hills. The finest gold brick factory in the United States is in Washington, D. C. The great difference between the gold brick factory in Washington and the one in the Black Hills is that the people in Washington get $7,500 a year for making useless gold bricks, while the average wage of the miners (and I take this from the 13th census of the United States "Mines and Quarries," 1910, page 21) who make the real gold bricks, is only $551.82 yearly, an average wage of $11 a week, and with the murderously high cost of commodities in the Rocky Mountain region and the plains leading up to it, I don't wonder, Mrs. Crossman, that you are not growing fat. Don't feel blue, however, for there are more than a million miners risking their lives for the same miserable remuneration. I'm glad you get some comfort out of the fact that you are a mile above sea level. If I were a miner and had to spend my life underground (and you can't be a miner very well unless you do) and got the usual tough deal that is handed the miners in America, who facing death daily deep in the bowels of the earth for next to nothing a week, I don't think I should congratulate myself that I was so far away from the sea, but on the contrary I think I would get so close to the sea that the first good husky wave that came along would blot me out of existence forever. Never mind, Mrs. Crossman, there's a better day coming when there will be more money in the gold-brick business for you and yours, and a little less for those other gentlemen who have no worries about the high cost of living as you have.

NEWARK, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you let me come in and have a chat with you? I have never seen a letter from a southwest girl before. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds. I am sixteen years old. I have one sister three brothers older than myself. I live on a lot of ten acres. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters.

My sister walks a mile to school. I have two cats and one dog. We have an apple orcher. Come down and help me next summer to eat apples. I work in the field. I have one cow. I like to milk and cook and bake bread. I like to sew house clean. I can do almost anything. I don't go to school any more. Uncle did you ever like to pick strawberries? I greatly enjoy horseback riding do you? I buy all of my close. Mother says that if I had a thousand dollars I would buy all shoes and not anything else.

With best wishes to you all.

MARY KATHERINE DENNIS.

Mary, I do not know whether you live in Missouri or Maryland. So many people give the o in Mo an upward stroke making it resemble a d, and this sends many letters astray. There is a Newark in Missouri, and a Newark in Maryland. People who live in these two commonwealths should write out the names of their states in full. The mail of these states will continue to be mixed and lost unless the addresses are typewritten or written very distinctly. You say you are a Southwest girl, that would indicate Missouri, but so many boys and girls know absolutely nothing of geography and don't know east from west, so that clue doesn't help much. If I gave a blank map in which all the states were indicated to five hundred school children not more than one in ten would be able to pick out his or her native state, and not one in five hundred could fill in all the names of the states correctly. Mary, you say you live on a lot of ten acres. Now if you told us you lived on a ten-acre lot we would have had no trouble in locating you, but a young lady who lives on "a lot of ten acres" must do a considerable amount of moving around. By the way you are mopping up the earth there won't be enough to go around. You say you have an apple "orchar." You might draw us a picture of that apple "orchar." I suppose it is some fruit-picking machine you use in your orchard. Of course there is a remote possibility that you may mean apple orchard. I hope southwest girls as a class have not as many bad spells as you have in your letter. Mary, I wouldn't mind coming down and eating apples with you, but I don't think I would ever have the courage to eat them in an "orchar." You say you like to milk cook and bake bread. Billy the Goat says if he could see you milking a loaf he would be willing to go without tin cans and a visit to the movies for the rest of his life. You also say you like to "sew house clean." It must be rather a tedious job to sew a house clean, but if you can get results you should worry. You also add: "I buy all my close." This is where the Goat is having a fit. Suppose you spell it clothes next time. If you spent all the money on shoes Mary, you would have nothing left for "close," or excuse me for clothes. If shoes are the only things you have in your wardrobe and the only attire you care to spend your money on, take my advice and —well just lock yourself in your wardrobe. A lady who had a mania for shoes might get along very well on a tropical island, but one needs a more diversified attire for the United States.

GLEN ALLEN, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room for a country girl and farmer's wife? Uncle, I enjoyed your talk this month so very much, not only this but all months, and as for the advice you give the cousins, I don't know who could give them better. Oh, how I do wish I could see you, and have a chat with you.

Dear girls, I hope you will heed Uncle's advice about marrying so young. You should at least wait until you get your full physical development any way. Heed also the advice about young men for when you make a mistake it is usually too late to undo it. Sometimes when people make these mistakes it awakens them to their senses. Supposed friends will condemn you, but God will not condemn you, if you did not sin willfully.

The girl is always blamed, while the boy can do anything without reproof or condemnation.

I often get lonesome, but when I get Uncle's poem book and begin to read, my loneliness disappears. I also like his songs and story book and think they are grand.

I am five feet three inches in height, have dark brown hair and light blue eyes. My mother died when I was fourteen years of age and three years later I was married to a good, hard-working man. I have two sweet little boys, and am now twenty-two years old.

With love and best wishes to you all, I am, your niece,

MRS. ADA ALDRICH.

I am always mighty glad when any of you single girls, or married girls give good, sound, sensible advice to your sisters and warn them of the many traps and pitfalls that rascally men and hardened female fiends (I won't call them women) are constantly setting for the youthful, innocent, unsophisticated members of your sex. The world is a pretty tough place for a man, but it is simply hell for women. We've got a world that looks like the real thing, and that's just what makes it dangerous. It looks civilized and decent and instead of that it is uncivilized and indecent. There is scarcely a thing in the world today that will stand an investigation. Pull up a stone in your garden where all around looks fair, and the flowers, God's smiles, are blooming, and under it you will find hundreds of loathsome little insects and all sorts of horrid, nasty, creepy, crawly things, blinded by the light that has been thrown upon tem, scurrying to cover, burrowing and delving into the dirt for security, terrorized by the rays of the sun that has betrayed their presence. That's what you may call lifting the lid. Nearly everything in this world today carries a lid. Lift the lid from our government, you know what you will find. Lift the lid from our great industrial corporations and see the shyster lawyers and fraudulent financiers beating it like chickens from a hovering hawk. Lift the lid from the minister and see how much of what he is preaching to you, he actually believes and actually practises. Lift the lid from the storekeeper and watch him handing you short weight and charging you high prices for inferior goods. And now girls it is up to you, lift the lid from the heart and mind of that young man you are meeting on the quiet without your parents knowing anything about it, and from all those men who if you are pretty, or even decently attractive, are sizing you up in their minds and wondering from your appearance, actions and bringing up whether there would be a chance to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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On an Ocean Liner in Time of War

By Maria (Nellie Rutherford)

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EARLY this summer Uncle Charlie decided he would give me a holiday, so I made up my mind to take a trip to the land of my fathers, and on July 1st., sailed from New York on board the new palatial ocean giantess Aquitania of the Cunard Line, for a three months' visit to the British Isles, Billy the Goat and an assistant Goat taking care of Uncle Charlie during my absence.

The voyage was uneventful. The mighty vessel was so steady that she scarcely seemed to move. The weather was perfect, and when after a six-day voyage the big ship, with five thousand souls aboard, steamed up the Mersey river to Liverpool, we all felt somewhat sad to think our voyage was over.

My objective was a village in the south of Scotland, and I was fortunate enough to catch a train without any delay, and thanks to the long twilight was able to see a great deal of the country en route. After an eight-hour ride I reached the little village for which I was bound, a sleepy little town nestling in the bosom of the hills away from the main line of traffic. A community where luxury has not lulled the inhabitants into somnolent sloth, nor poverty gripped them with its iron hand; a village thoroughly satisfied with itself and inclined to view with pity anyone not so fortunate as to have been born within its boundaries. With its rows of little houses seeming to lean against each other for mutual support, and its beautiful surroundings, it presents a picture of old world loveliness, simplicity and restfulness that could scarcely be surpassed.

It was on July 8th, that I reached this charming spot, and here I spent a delightful three weeks with relatives who live two miles outside the village.

One Monday morning after I had been home for three weeks, just as I was preparing to go and spend the day with some friends, a telegraph messenger arrived with a cable from Uncle Charlie. I opened it hurriedly, fearing he might be ill, and that I must come home. Judge of my surprise when I read: "Come home immediately if war breaks out." I rubbed my eyes and read it again, turned to the messenger boy and asked if he were sure he had got the message right, or was there a possibility of war breaking out? The boy (an intelligent fellow of about sixteen) assured me there was no thought of war, that the Kaiser and King a few weeks previously had shaken hands and vowed eternal friendship. I searched through the newspapers, which in my desire for complete rest I had hitherto ignored, but could see nothing alarming. Somewhat reassured, but still mystified, I went off for the day, asking wherever I had an opportunity if there were war or rumors of war anywhere but was told that the idea of war was perfectly ridiculous. The next day I went up to the village to get newspapers. Walking in front of me was a man with a paper in his hand. I glanced over his shoulder and read: "Austria declares war on Servia." Then in a flash I knew what was going to happen and what had been agitating the watchful Uncle Charlie. We had discussed this very European question numberless times, and knew that trouble must come sooner or later. I scurried up to the news agent's store, got a paper, read all in it relating to the European crisis, cabled Uncle Charlie: "Must I come home?" and settled down to wait for his reply, which came the following day: "Secure earliest possible passage." Things began to move quickly after that. I telegraphed the Cunard line, and miraculously secured a berth on board the Laconia, sailing from Liverpool August 8th, succeeding where thousands who were storming the London offices had failed.

From this time on the change in that sleepy little village was extraordinary. The people seemed electrified, shocked into life. There was a rush for newspapers. Groups of men eagerly gathered on the street corners reading and discussing all the news, talking over the mobilizing of the fleet, the efforts of the government to preserve peace, or failing that to localize the conflict; the letter carrier on his daily rounds meanwhile taking the names of men willing to serve their country in case of war. Each day the reports in the papers became more ominous: *"Germany declares war on Russia," "Germany invades Luxembourg," "Germany invades Belgium."* Then this momentous headline appeared: *"We send Ultimatum to Germany,"* and the following day: *"We declare war."* The die was cast, speculation and conjecture were over, the next thing was to prepare for the conflict, and when the call for men came, that little village was not found wanting, but sent of its best.

It was on August 5th, the day England declared war that I regretfully left the familiar scenes of happier days and journeyed south. The railroads had just been taken over by the government, troops were entraining and being hurried to mobilizing camps, passenger service being somewhat demoralized in consequence. Still in spite of the general upheaval things went on quietly as usual. There was no shouting, no bravado, no boasting. The whole nation seemed to realize that it was engaged in a life-and-death struggle, giving the impression of a people facing a great and unexpected crisis, facing it calmly and resolutely, determined to do their best.

I had to travel from Scotland down to the very south of England to see Uncle Charlie's sister, who has resided in England for a great many years, and whom he has not seen for a very long time.

I traveled down to London through a smiling English country, that resembled one vast, beautiful garden. It did not seem possible the nation could be at war, everything looked so restful and peaceful. At every station one passed however, signs of great military activity were apparent. There were soldiers in groups, soldiers in units; everywhere you saw them in their trim kahki uniforms, quiet, alert and businesslike. I was late in arriving at Euston Station, and from there took a taxicab to a hotel. I had a room overlooking the street, and all night long there was a continuous tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers, the roll of gun carriages, sharp voices giving orders, etc., grim reminders that the business of war was on foot, and that the nation was getting ready to meet it.

There was not much sleep to be had, and I was not at all sorry when gray dawn came stealing in at my window, and it was time to dress. On going down to the dining-room, an amusing incident due to the war made itself evident. There were no waiters. Nearly all the London waiters are German, and they had been called home to fight for the Fatherland, and the proprietor had not had time to fill their places, consequently the guests had to wait on themselves or each other.

Breakfast over I taxied across London, caught a train, and after a short ride of two hours reached Hastings, that delightful and historic seaside city, almost within cannon shot from the French coast. I stayed overnight with Uncle Charlie's sister who was greatly worried at the possibility of having her home destroyed by bombs from airships. At night the lights of the French warships could be seen blinking out in the Channel, another grim reminder that the dove of peace had fled from Europe and the dogs of war had been unchained.

The following morning I left Hastings for London. London! How I had longed to visit that mighty city, and view its historic buildings, but alas, a glimpse of Westminster Abbey in the distance was all I was permitted to see. The traffic was so congested that my hurrying taxi had frequently to stop, and this enabled me to witness some grimly amusing sights. Here was a baker's wagon delivering bread. Soldiers approached, one signaled the driver to stop and handed him a receipt, while another unhitched the traces and walked off with the horse, leaving the amazed baker to ponder over the exigencies and misfortunes of war; and ere my taxi sped on I heard him ejaculate in the choicest cockney: "And they calls that war. War hey! well, I calls it 'ell." Next a bus would come swinging along filled with passengers; suddenly it would stop, the passengers would be asked to vacate, the bus would be filled with soldiers and go off again. Motor cars and all sorts of wagons and vehicles were appropriated for army use. It was all done in a quiet, businesslike way, and people submitted with as good a grace as possible, for as one little gamin remarked: "We must 'ave 'orses if we're to save the Hempire."

I had just time to catch the train for Liverpool which was crowded with refugees, like myself anxious to reach the peaceful shores of Uncle Sam. It was impossible to get a seat. I however improvised one out of my suitcase and monopolized a portion of the corridor, and there I sat for several hours, while tourists in more or less excitement, jostled past me.

The train reached Liverpool at eight p. m. Here I handed my trunk over to the Cunard Company, and started out to find a place to sleep, a very difficult task as all the hotels were filled and brimming over. However with the aid of a newsboy (who informed me he would go to war only that he was the sole support of his mother though judging from his appearance you would never have suspected him of being able to support even a chicken) I finally located a hotel where they had a room, and so was not compelled to pass the night on some convenient doorstep.

The next day it rained, a regular English downpour. I had been told the ship would sail at 2.30 P. M., but so many sailings had been canceled that I was tortured with anxiety in case I could not get away. I was down at the landing stage long before sailing time and early though I was, I found the place crowded with American refugees who had been pouring in from every section of the continent, all like myself anxious to get home, and all also in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not the ship would sail.

After waiting patiently for hours the signal came for us to go on board, and making my way to my stateroom I deposited my hand luggage there, and went up to the dining-room to secure a seat at table. The next thing was to run up on deck, find the steward and hire a deck chair and steamer rug, things very essential to one's comfort on an ocean voyage. This accomplished I could begin to size up my fellow passengers, watch the deck hands getting the luggage on board, and speculate how long it would be before we got under way.

The worry and anxiety incidental to obtaining transportation, the hurried rush from one end of Britain to the other had worn my nerves to a frazzle, and the relief of knowing I was actually on board bound for the United States was intense. Finally the last piece of luggage was hoisted on board, the ropes were cast off, and the ship began to move. Gradually Liverpool was left in the rear, the ship dropped down the Mersey out into the Irish Sea, and the shores of Old England faded from view.

On our way down the Mersey we passed a huge ship, painted black, guns bristling from her decks. I asked one of the ship's crew who she was. To my astonishment he replied: "That's the Aquitania, she has been converted into an auxiliary cruiser!" I gasped. It seemed incredible that that big, beautiful, wonderful floating palace, the very latest thing in marine architecture, the ship on which I had but recently been a passenger, had had her beautiful interior dismantled, her decorations torn out, her furnishings demolished, and been converted into a war ship. Her promenade decks on which I had spent many happy hours, were now patroled by armed men. Such is war!

There were three other passengers in my stateroom. A young Swedish girl, who had landed in England the day previous en route for Sweden, who found she could not get across the North Sea and had no alternative but to go back to America. There was a lady from Minneapolis who had been traveling on the continent, and whose experiences were most exciting. The third was an elderly Jewish lady, who was coming out to America to make her home with her daughter. I completed the quartette.

The first day on board ship is always interesting. You study your fellow voyagers, and invariably little groups of people whose tastes and sympathies run in similar channels get together, but without in any way disturbing the universal air of kinship which is always part of life aboard ship.

Everyone of course had some experience to tell relative to the war, or of some plan that had been upset as a result of the universal conflagration.

When I went to turn in for the night, I found the Jewish lady, who was making her first acquaintance with the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, busily engaged, with the assistance of the steward, in the undignified process of scattering her dinner broadcast, and between spills moaning: "Ach Gott I vos dying! dying! Oh, vy did I efer dry to cross der Adlantic Ozshun, and maybe I vos captured by der Chermans alretty yet. If my goot husband had only lived I would be by my own home safe. Oh, vy vos I such a foolishness?" My roommates and self used all our persuasive eloquence in trying to console and reassure our suffering companion but in vain. She refused to be comforted and kept up her moaning, until the lady from Minneapolis threatened to have her thrown overboard, when she instantly became quiet, and we clambered into our bunks and were soon fast asleep. During the night a storm came up, the wind blew a gale and the big ship rolled and plunged atrociously. This painful and distressing tangoing of the big vessel I learned was due to the fact that, thanks to the war, she had no cargo in her hold to steady her movements, and in consequence was top heavy.

In the morning we were all more or less sick. I managed to get on deck and into my steamer chair, and stayed there the rest of the day, making frequent trips to the ship's side, to donate to the fishes my previous day's ballast, something the majority of the passengers were also busily engaged in doing, and which left us as wobbly as the Laconia herself.

After staying on deck as long as I could, I managed to get back to my stateroom only to find the Jewish lady, like Vesuvius, still in irruption, pleading the while with the steward to turn the ship round and take her back home. The next morning I had succumbed, and was too sick to even get on deck, and had to lie and listen to the old lady who had got past the dying stage, and was now, she assured us, actually dead. The next day the wind subsided, the vessel behaved as though it were in a prohibition state, and quit acting like a Kentuckian with a lemon extract jag, and I began to feel that life was really worth living. My two roommates and I managed to get on deck, where under an awning which afforded protection from sun and rain, we took solid comfort in our steamer chairs. Our circle was augmented by four physicians whose names are known from coast to coast. They had been abroad to attend the big Medical Conference in London, and had been forced to take passage in the steerage in order to get home. Ample funds had enabled them to get transferred to the second cabin, as some people who had engaged second cabin berths had failed to make connections. There was also a group of young college girls who had been touring abroad, but had been chased home by the war, and who had also managed to get transferred from the steerage to our more luxurious quarters. There too, was a college professor, who though traveling first-class, frankly preferred our side of the boat, and spent most of his time with us. In addition to the medical specialists we had with us a diplomat on a special mission from the British Government to Washington, whose dignity was considerably punctured because he had been obliged to content himself with second-class accommodations.

But of all the eighteen hundred passengers aboard, one, a minister of national fame, will live longest in my memory. He was everywhere at once. In fact he was so ubiquitous that if I had glimpsed him snoozing on the smokestack I should not have been at all surprised. You'd find him conducting a revival meeting among the stokers, leading a prayer meeting in the first cabin or singing Gospel hymns in the steerage, or attempting to climb the crow's nest in search of Germans. His voice could be heard booming above the roar of the gale or the wash of the waves. He had bunches of stories which he retailed between prayers and sermons, with immense gusto. His favorite story which he retailed on an average five times a day was as follows:

"A minister had a wife to whom he was very devoted. She died, and to show his appreciation of her many virtues, he had engraved on her tombstone: 'The light of mine eyes hath gone out.' About six months after the lady's demise, the bishop paid him a visit, and seeing the tombstone, congratulated him on the exquisitely beautiful way he had expressed his devotion to his dead wife. The minister sighed deeply and said: "I'm awfully sorry I ever had that inscription carved." "Why so?" inquired the bishop. "Because," replied the minister, "while it is not generally known, I have been engaged to Mrs. So and So for the last two months." "Oh, that's all right," said the bishop, "just send for the man who carved the inscription, and have him add these words: 'The light of mine eyes hath gone out, but I have struck another match!'"

We were shadowed by the Aquitania, who though invisible was within wireless call, ready to rush to our aid in case of need, until we came within the protective zone of the British North American cruiser fleet. But though in a sense under the Aquitania's wing, we felt far from secure, as no auxiliary cruiser is a match for a real battleship; and anxious eyes constantly swept the horizon, for we never knew at what moment the Karlhruhe or some other equally dangerous unit of the Kaiser's fleet might be sending shots across our bows. So north we went to keep out of the regular steamer lanes, so far north that we could feel if we could not see "Greenland's Icy Mountains," or sight Doc Cook over the horizon wandering home with a section of the North Pole in his possession. Cold, well cold was no name for it, it was frigid. The steam heat was turned on, and we piled on every rag we had to keep from freezing. For two days we ran through a dense fog, creeping along without blowing a single blast on our siren. The danger of such a proceeding was great, and many passengers with recollections of the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland disasters became almost hysterical. The majority of us however preferred to risk collision to capture, and though worried and nervous felt confident that the captain would pull us through.

The war of course was almost the sole topic of conversation. Each and everyone had some exciting experience to relate regarding it, and the clicking wireless told us how closely our movements were being watched. Every night when darkness fell the portholes and windows were closed and blanketed, not a light showed on deck. Our ship was a thing of darkness, a huge, black phantom flitting silently o'er the ocean. One morning we'd hear that a German cruiser had been sighted during the night and was now a hundred miles in our rear; several times the capture of the Teutonic and Virginian (ships which sailed from Liverpool on the day of our departure) was reported; these little incidents all tending to keep us at the top notch of excitement. The sight of a fishing schooner off the banks of Newfoundland got us all worked up. The Jewish lady was certain it was a "German spy" and went below to pack her suitcase so as to be ready for all emergencies.

During the voyage our ship was repainted to resemble a Scandinavian vessel, and if anyone who watched her leave Liverpool could have seen her come up New York Bay, they would not have recognized her. We had stormy day, foggy days and cold days. Toward the end of the voyage we had beautiful, clear sunshiny weather, when the sea was smooth and blue; nights when the reflection from the moon threw a pathway of silver on the water, like a broad highway leading to the stars.

Throughout the voyage there was a feeling of camaraderie, friendliness and kindness on board that I have never felt before on any ocean liner, and that feeling included the crew as well as the passengers. One touch of danger seemed to have made all on board kin, and the spirit of mutual helpfulness animated us all, and when after a nine days' voyage our ship anchored in New York Bay (which seemed like a furnace after the frigid regions through which we had been voyaging) though we were all glad to get safely home, still we were sorry that the inevitable time for parting had come. I will always remember that voyage, trying as it was, with the keenest pleasure, though I trust that never again will it be my lot to be on board an ocean liner in time of war.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Amendments by the American Poultry Association

So many of our poultry people have become interested in shows and thoroughbred birds that I am sure they will be interested in hearing of the amendments made by the Poultry Association at its last general meeting, especially as Anconas are very much benefited by the new arrangements. They are a comparatively new breed in America, yet many of our readers have written, asking about them, during the last year. When I gave a full description of them and a history of the club some eighteen months ago, there was only one variety recognized by the Poultry Association—the single comb birds. But several fanciers had been working diligently, and had succeeded in developing flocks of birds true to every point of the original Ancona, but with rose combs instead of single combs. Naturally, these men felt aggrieved that these birds were barred from show honors, because they had not been acknowledged and given a class in the Standard of Perfection. However, the committee which constitutes the American Poultry Association, and who control all changes and amendments in the Standard, have now decided to enroll the rose combs, and give them equal rights with the original single comb birds.

I have frequently been asked why fanciers desire to establish rose comb birds in all the different breeds. The answer is very simple when understood. So many of the eastern and northern states have such severe winters, that single comb birds are in constant danger of having their combs frozen in ordinary poultry-houses, and as you all know, if birds get their combs frozen, it interferes with their egg production, fertility of eggs for hatching, and ruins the birds' appearance. So there is always an advantage in a rose comb, which lies close to the head, and does not suffer even if the temperature remains below zero for weeks at a time.

Ten other varieties that have for a number of years been knocking on the door of the Poultry Standard have finally been admitted and officially recognized. After hearing the reports of the champions of these new breeds, delegates of the American Poultry Association agreed that the birds had standard qualifications, and passed upon them favorably.

Included in this group are the White Houdans, silver Campines, single comb blue Andalsians, rose comb white Minorcas, salmon Faverolles, Nulle fleur booted Bantams, gray Japanese Bantams, buff ducks, and pencilled runner ducks. Three other varieties that were also strongly supported by the revision committee were turned down after considerable discussion. These were the rose comb white Orpingtons, black Orpingtons, and buff Orpingtons. It was argued that the individual characteristics of these breeds were not defined clearly enough to warrant their admission.

By way of solving the problem that had been presented by the difference of opinion as to whether the Campines belonged to the English, Dutch or Belgian variety, the association assigned this breed to a new division to be known as the Continental Class.

Among other important matters disposed of by the national delegates were the reinstatement of symmetry in the standard scale of points in judging poultry, the decision to publish for the first time a market, poultry and egg standard, the licensing of new judges and the adoption of new standard weights for Leghorns. These weights have been fixed at four pounds for the hen, five and one half pounds for the cock, four and one half pounds for cockerels, and three and one half pounds for pullets.

On the question of poultry show judges, Charles D. Cleveland, who is secretary of the Madison Square Garden show, declared himself in favor of revoking all licenses and of requiring an examination, including actual judging and both oral and written tests of the applicant's knowledge of the subject. Mr. Cleveland stated that he was sure that licenses had been granted to persons not competent to judge poultry. He was opposed particularly to the practise of granting general licenses to judge all varieties believing that no man is qualified to do such judging. When it came to a vote, however, Mr. Cleveland's proposition was defeated.

Fireless Brooders

As several of our readers have asked how to make a fireless brooder, I am going to give the dimensions and working plan, even though I wrote on this subject some time last spring, for I realize that many of our new subscribers haven't old magazines to which to refer.

The early chicks hatched in an incubator must be provided with a comfortable foster-mother, or their lives will be miserable and short, so a brooder must be in readiness before the hatch is due. If you are planning to have chicks out in cold weather, and have no house or room which can be heated, you will have to buy an outdoor brooder heated by a lamp. But if you are not going to have chickens till after April 15th, or have a house where a stove can be put up, a fireless box brooder, which you can easily make yourself, is better than a lamp machine. A good outdoor brooder costs from nine to thirteen dollars, according to the make.

When I first raised broilers, I had no regular brooder house, I used outdoor brooders, which cost nine dollars each. They had two compartments; one fitted with a round hover, and heated by a lamp. The other just a plain box, well-lighted, where they could play and gain the exercise which is necessary. From fifty to seventy-five chicks did well in them until they were four weeks old, even when the weather was too severe for them to go out of the brooder.

The first requisite is a box two feet square, and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Put two hinges at the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front, for the chicks to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box make half-inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. This completes the outside of the brooder. Put cleats in each corner of the top and bottom boxes, two inches from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest upon the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel, or old blanket, or any soft woolen material. It does not matter much what it is so long as it is warm and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stitch the fringed material to the burlap, commencing in the center of the frame, and going round and round; the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame on to the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the cleats in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of your brooder.

At first, when the screen is in the lower half of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first.

After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton batting in place.

Before using the brooder, give it a coat of whitewash, and cover the floor with sweepings from the haymow, or finely-cut hay, to make a warm carpet for the chicks to stand on. Of course, such brooders should be well housed in a light, dry place. A good coop can be made out of a piano or large dry-goods box. A piano box can usually be got for about two dollars from any store that sells pianos, and will, with the addition of a couple of small windows and paint or roofing paper, make it waterproof. It makes a good house in which to keep two or three such brooders.

In front of each brooder there should be a wire enclosure, so that the chicks can run out and play without the flocks getting mixed up. After they are two weeks old, it is well to make small outdoor runs, but never let them out in damp or windy weather.

Correspondence

M. R.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They get sore eyes and mope around and don't eat anything, and in a few days they die, and some have the rattles in the throat. I feed corn and wheat.

A.—I am afraid the chickens have roup, so they should be removed from the flock to prevent the disease spreading, as it is very contagious. The safest plan is to kill every affected bird and burn the bodies, for they are seldom worth much, even if cured. But if you wish to treat them, dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in half a pint of water, and bathe the face and eyes with it; also spray the throat and nostrils. Give light, nourishing food, and keep them in a dry, sunny coop.

W. H. S.—As I am a subscriber to COMFORT, I will now come to you for advice about my chickens. They are most all Leghorns, and for the last ten years I have lost quite a few; just one at a time for a week or so. Now they have pure water all the time, oats, corn, Kaffir corn and green Alfalfa to run on all the time, and in winter I feed bran and poultry food. Now, they all look so healthy and nice, the first thing you can notice before one dies is the very tip of the comb at back part turns purple, and the droppings get thin and yellowish; and another thing (but haven't noticed this lately), they will stop and start backward with their head down, and something just like saliva will run out of their mouths. The mouth is all right inside. I also keep plenty of grit out, and don't feed much corn. I keep henhouse disinfected, and all dead fowls, carried away in summer. I let them roost out of doors. I have doctored them for roup and cholera, but don't seem to have any success. It is mostly my old chickens that have it. Sometimes a young one dies. Will you please write direct to me soon and tell me



Photo by Doubleday, Page & Co.

A PRIZE WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK.

what to do. I would be so grateful. I want to add that after their combs get purple, they smell like strong carbolic acid.

A.—The birds have what is known as black rot, a disease of the comb caused by poor circulation of the blood; usually the result of liver trouble. Paint the combs with the following lotion: One ounce of water; one half ounce of glycerine; two grains of carbolic acid crystals; all mixed with equal parts of dioxogen water and glycerine. Apply twice a day; keep the bird in a dry, light coop, and add to each pint of drinking water half a teaspoonful of muriate of ammonia, to remove the congested condition of the liver. And let me advise you to stop using any tonics or egg foods.

M. J. J.—I would like to hear from some COMFORT reader that has had experience with turkeys. Last year, out of seventeen hatched, I only raised four. This year, from forty I got eighteen, but one is sick. When little, I feed on bread crumbs, boiled rice with chopped green onion leaves; sometimes bread soaked in milk, and hard-boiled eggs. They all seem well until six weeks old, then they begin to droop. I do everything I ever read that's good for turkeys. I grease them and powder them, but nothing seems to help much. The droppings look yellow, and their bowels are loose. Boiled rice with ginger and spices sometimes helps. Another time I try oil with a few drops of turpentine. I just work with them just like with babies, as I have none. I am only two years on the farm, far from relatives and friends, and people don't seem very sociable here, or maybe it is because I live too far from the road. My husband doesn't want me to bother with turkeys any more, but I feel if I could not have turkeys, I would not stay on a farm, as they are company to me. They are so pretty. Pure white. Some are black, but I like the white ones the best. They roost outside and have free range. They are always picking at themselves, and I grease them and powder them, and still they do that. I bought three kinds of lice powders, but I think they aren't very good. Could you please give me directions to mix lice powder at home.

A.—The best plan is to try and get the old turkeys in good condition now, for most of the diseases which attack young turkeys are transmitted from old birds by means of microbes and germs in the droppings. So if the old birds can be thoroughly cleared of worms and their intestinal troubles before there are any young ones around, they have a much better chance for existence. Have brood coops for turkeys placed on high, dry ground far removed from any other poultry. During the winter, I use permanganate of potassium in their drinking water, as it is a wonderful germ killer. I add half an ounce of permanganate to a gallon of water, and stir thoroughly until it is all dissolved, then add one tablespoonful of the mixture to every quart of drinking water. When outside sources of drinking water are frozen over, you are pretty sure that the birds will drink the water provided for them near home, and so get sufficient permanganate to be of service. Sour milk is also a good purifier, and should be given to the birds regularly. We give it to young ones from the time they are hatched. To make a good insect powder at home, slake one peck of lime, and add two ounces of carbolic acid; mix it very thoroughly, then add as much tobacco dust as you can stir into it. Let it dry, and then roll down to a powder. Keep it in jars or cans with air-tight lids. Another good home-made powder is gained by mixing equal parts of very fine coal ashes and tobacco dust, and then moistening the mixture with kerosene oil in which crude naphtha flakes have been dissolved. Use as much of the naphtha as the oil will absorb. If you have any difficulty in getting crude naphtha flakes at your drug-store, you may be able to get some of the preparations for killing moths and insects which are sold under such names as "mothaline" and "naphtha camphor." Any such preparation—even the ordinary camphor balls—will do almost as well as the naphtha flakes. I don't believe in greasing young turkeys or any other young birds, for the grease opens the pores of the skin and makes them susceptible to cold and bowel trouble.

A. A.—Last year I had a Leghorn cockerel with a one-sided tail. His tail just fell over to one side, and by the time he was grown, that side of him was shorter than the other. Now I have a Rhode Island Red cockerel in the same fix, only I trimmed the feathers so the tail would not be heavy, thinking that might be the cause. Would this rooster do to breed from next spring? He was hatched from eggs I ordered. I saw in October COMFORT where a lady mentions a fireless brooder made after your directions, and information contained in April COMFORT. As I was not getting COMFORT then, I would be glad to get this information.

A.—It would not be advisable to breed from a bird with a crooked tail for the fault would be reproduced in most of his progeny. For plan of fireless brooder please look at the beginning of this article, where I have given a full description, as several other correspondents have asked for the same information.

M. J.—Will you please tell me how to distinguish a gander from a goose, and is it necessary to change ganders each year.

A.—It is very difficult to describe how a young goose can be told from a young gander. There is a slight difference in the cry, walk, and general carriage, and the fluffy feathers on the under part of the body appear to lay in a circle up to the vent in the goose, whereas with the gander there appears to be a parting right through the center. But such signs are not distinctive enough to be surely discernible to an inexperienced person, so I advise you to consult some person in your neighborhood who is used to geese.

P. L.—Will you please tell me where there is a poultry farm near my place, or the nearest one, and where I can buy all poultry foods, such as grits and seeds, and all kinds of food for hen and chicken.

A.—Write to the Sypher Company, 20 Union St., Boston, Mass., and ask them for the name and address of their representative in your vicinity.

L. P.—Will you please tell me what's the matter with my little chicks? They are a month old, and have little blisters and scabs on their heads. A neighbor of mine said they had the chicken pox. What is good for that? Please let me know if children catch the chicken pox from chickens when they have it. I am an old subscriber for eight or nine years, but never have written before.

A.—Your neighbor is most likely correct, for the description suggests bird or chicken pox, which is a contagious disease, so all birds attacked by it should be removed from the rest of the flock and kept in a coop removed from the rest of the poultry, and be sure that you clean and disinfect the house from which they have been taken, and all water and food dishes which they may have used. Doctor the sick birds as follows: Rub carbolic vaseline or any pure ointment on the eruptions, to soften them, and after about an hour, wash with warm, soapy water, removing as much of the scab as possible. Then bathe with a solution of boric acid. If the eyes are very inflamed, fill an eye dropper with the solution, and squeeze two or three drops into each eye three times a day. Repeat the treatment until a cure is effected, which may be in one or two weeks.

May.—I am anxious to raise some kinds of chickens. Please tell me what is the best kinds of pullets or laying hens to lay eggs all the year round? Where could I get a poultry book about buying some settings of eggs? If winter eggs were laid and saved for hatching, do you think they are good and all right to put under these old hens to hatch out in March or April? I shall be thankful if I understand them.

A.—Leghorns and Anconas are supposed to be the very best egg-producing breeds, and I think they are for warm climates. But taking the year round in the Eastern and Western states, I think White Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds are more reliable, and they are certainly much better table birds, so more profitable, as the young cockerels can be sold as broilers when from nine to twelve weeks old, and two-year-old hens are large enough to bring good prices. Eggs for hatching should not be more than two weeks old, and I prefer to use them before they are a week old. The shell of an egg is porous, so evaporation is going on from the time it is laid, which, of course, means that the quality which is necessary to feed and nourish the embryo chick is being wasted if the egg is kept any length of time before incubation starts. Look through the advertisement columns of COMFORT and of your local newspaper, and write to breeders for their catalogues and price-lists.

D. S. G.—Please give me a remedy or a preventive for sore head among chickens. I have about seventy-five, and all but five or six have it. I really don't know whether it is sore head or chicken pox. I never have been troubled with either until now. Little yellow blisters start around the beak and gills, then turn to sores, and the eyes will swell until they are blind. Some of them will have large knots or hornlike things come out on their heads. I have lost but one yet. Have been using sulphur and grease, which has helped some of them, but others seem to be doing no good. I hear that the same disease is quite general over our neighborhood. I live on a farm and my chickens have a free range. I have kept my henhouse whitewashed and cleaned regular all the year.

A.—Please read answer to L. P.

J. C.—I would like you to tell me what ails my roosters and pullets. They are fat and eat heartily. They sit around in the evening; the next morning they can't hold their heads up to eat. They pick and pick and don't get anything. They seem as if their necks and throats were sore. My chickens are mixed. I had one rooster that was sick this way. I gave him carbolic acid water and he is still living. I cut one open. They are fat. Their liver is in good shape. Could they be too fat? They are awful fat. We feed corn and mash. They have plenty of ground to rustle for themselves. Will my young roosters do for my pullets this year? My chickens were hatched off in March. They have not started to lay. They are nice and large as grown hens. My chickens have white droppings come from them, as white as the white of an egg.

A.—As the birds are so extremely fat, I imagine that is the foundation of the trouble, but your description of symptoms is so meager that I cannot form a correct idea of what is the matter with them. Try adding a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water every third day for two or three weeks. If the young birds were hatched from eggs laid by strong, vigorous stock, which were not related, it will do no harm to mate them this season, but don't continue the practise in future years. It is always better to mate cockerels with old hens, and old roosters to young pullets.

C. H. P.—I am coming with a grievance of my own this time. I have about twenty-five hens and about sixty spring and summer chickens. They all sneeze and shake their heads—that is, the young chickens do—and when the old chickens take it they breathe like a person with a bad case of asthma, and they don't last very long. I haven't lost any young chickens with it so far, but they don't seem to get any better. Have been giving them coal oil in their water, and I tried red paint before, but all to no avail. I have about one hundred and twenty fall chicks, but they are beginning to droop, and I lose one every now and then. I noticed this morning that most of the older ones' heads are swollen, and water runs out of their eyes and mouths. I feed them wheat and cooked clabber. Could their running in the dew have anything to do with it? Please advise me what to do about my chickens for I am certainly discouraged. Do you think I can even get it out of my chickens altogether? I hate so bad to sell them all and get more, as I might do worse.

A.—I fear you have to fight an epidemic of malignant roup, which is a most contagious disease, but as many forms of cold resemble roup so closely as to make it almost impossible to be sure without personal examination, I may be wrong. The one unmistakable symptom of the true malignant roup is the stale, offensive odor which is always present. Open the bird's beak and if there is no odor on the breath you may be pretty sure it is only a roupy cold they have, which will be comparatively easy to cure if taken in time. But if neglected, the cold is always liable to develop into roup, so it is advisable to treat the birds for that disease without waiting to be sure of the extent of the trouble. Remove the birds that show signs of illness, and confine them in coops in some sheltered outhouse, far removed from the chicken-house. Disinfect house, nests, feed and water dishes, as a protection to the rest of the flock. The sick birds should be fed very lightly on nutritious food, and treated as follows: Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with four of water, and spray the bird's throat, mouth, nostrils and eyes twice or three times a day for a week or ten days. If the bird is not considerably better at the end of that time, it would be advisable to kill it and burn the carcase. Don't use any of the birds which have been attacked in your breeding pens, no matter how well they may seem to be by spring, for if you do, the chicks are almost sure to be weak, and slow to develop, and in many cases show unmistakable signs of rheumatism and kindred ailments.

E. M. B.—I would like you to tell me through your paper what would cause a canary bird to lose its head and neck feathers and also the tail feathers. Its head and neck are as bald as the palm of your hand. The bird belongs to a friend of mine. I don't have any trouble with my birds. I raised four young birds and they were all male birds. Arch Mountain Warblers. I have sold them all at three dollars each. My trouble with them is a mite that gets on them and in the cage. I would like to know how to get rid of them completely.

A.—Unless the canary has moulted, the loss of feathers is probably due to a small red mite. The cage should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Contagious Foot-and-Mouth Disease

THIRTEEN states are under federal and state quarantine on account of this disease at the time of this writing (Nov. 10) and for that reason it will be well for your readers to be correctly informed regarding the malady.

The disease is the most contagious ailment of cattle and affects all cloven-footed animals. It attacks the lining membrane of the mouth, the teats and udder and the skin of the feet of cattle, but in sheep and swine the feet commonly are most affected. Vesicles (blisters) appear upon the affected parts and contain clear liquid. The vesicles burst in one to three days after appearing and the liquid contaminates everything with which it comes in contact and from contaminated objects the disease spreads like wild fire.

The ailment is caused by a virus so small that it has never been detected by microscope and passes through a porous filter of porcelain. For these reasons the scientists call it an "ultra-microscopic or filterable virus." The vesicles contain the virus in its pure state. When they burst the profuse saliva becomes contaminated with the virus and therefore is virulent and the chief cause of the spread of the disease. Common sources of the disease are animals, hides, hair, hoofs, horns, wool and milk. Always there is a preexisting outbreak of the disease when a new outbreak appears. The disease once came to this country in vaccine against smallpox brought in from some foreign country. The exact source of the present outbreak has not yet been determined. A new phase of the matter in this outbreak is the contamination of serum against hog cholera and the spread of the disease by means of this serum. It was made at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, and report has it that some $20,000 worth of the serum has been destroyed and that inspectors are visiting each place to which serum has lately been shipped by the affected manufacturing establishment.

The disease appears after an incubation period of two to five days; in rare instances eleven days. The attacked animal has a fever of two to four degrees, loses appetite, shows reddened membranes of the mouth and the skin of the teats, udder and feet. Soon salivation starts and the saliva drools or froths from the mouth. The blisters appear in one to three days after the appearance of the disease and soon burst leaving angry red sores which soon crust over and start to heal, unless infected by dirt. The vesicles on the feet are most likely to turn into obstinate sores as they become contaminated from manure, dirt and soiled bedding. The animal is lame, stiff, persists in lying down, has supression of milk, may abort and, being unable to eat, loses flesh quickly. After the healing process starts appetite is resumed and the animal gradually recovers; but there is a possibility that the apparently recovered animal may remain a foot-and-mouth disease "carrier" and spread the disease for an indefinite period. This has not been proved; but it is feared as a possibility. It is a well-known and serious phase of typhoid fever of man. When an animal recovers from an attack it is not left immune, but is liable to another attack whenever subjected to contagion, and one cow has been known to have three attacks inside of one year. Man may become affected by drinking the raw milk of affected cows. Infants attacked suffer severely and may die. The disease is not at all common in man. *Milk is perfectly safe if boiled or pasteurized to 140 degrees.* Butter or cheese from infected milk may also cause the disease.

Foot-and-mouth disease will not cause a mortality of more than two to five per cent in the worst circumstances, and does not ordinarily kill more than one per cent of animals attacked. It is so terribly infectious or contagious however that federal and state authorities instantly kill all affected animals and bury them deeply in quicklime. They also maintain a strict quarantine upon infected stables, farms, markets and districts, entire states being so quarantined and all movement of animals, unless for immediate slaughter, being prohibited. The virus is readily killed by a two to five per cent solution of carbolic acid, cresol compound or formaldehyde. After killing the diseased animals, the authorities thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the premises and then everything is sprayed and flooded with freshmade limewash. The great stockyards at Chicago and some other places where the disease has appeared are being so treated now and in a few days from this writing it is hoped that the quarantine at these places may be raised. Meanwhile the 700 valuable animals in the National Dairy Show buildings at the Chicago yards are quarantined and being treated, for they are worth probably $350,000. This policy is a departure from the previous one of the Bureau of Animal Industry to kill and bury all attacked animals and even animals exposed to the disease. It is to be hoped that no spread of the disease will occur from the apparently recovered animals when they are allowed to return home. At the present time the outcome of this matter cannot be predicted and it may transpire that slaughter yet will be ordered. The International Live Stock Exposition which was to be held at the Chicago Stock Yards Nov. 28 to Dec. 6 has been "called off."

See "Questions and Answers" in this department for further information as to foot-and-mouth disease.

Developing the Colt Perfectly

Every foal should be the product of intelligent correct breeding; not haphazard, hit-and-miss mating. Too many misfits and mongrels are produced. They fail to make high-class horses, even when properly fed and managed. Born wrong they do not grow aright. It is also lamentably true that many colts born right are raised wrong. Every farmer should aim to mate only suitable sires and dams for the production of ideal horses, for the various purposes, and then should feed and develop the product perfectly. Only a pure-bred sire can beget a grade horse. He also must be sound, muscular, suitable in height and predominant in the features that are desired if the colt is to be ideal. This is equally true of his mate. The sire does not necessarily correct, in his progeny, the serious faults of conformation of his mate. He reproduces only those of his features which are stronger or dominant over the corresponding features of the mare. She stamps as surely upon her offspring those of her undesirable traits, which are dominant over the corresponding traits of the sire. To have a colt born right, so that it will develop right, the qualities of both sire and dam should b as similar and ideal as possible. Violent crosses should be avoided. The most prepotent pure-bred sire should be used. The use of all other sires is mere waste of time and money. Given a foal that is born right its development should not be left to chance or luck. It can only materialize the hereditary possibilities of its breeding if perfectly nourished. The inadequately fed and consequently stunted foal never attains full size or value. At least one half of the growth and weight of a horse is attained during the first twelve months of life. That is therefore the most important period in the life of a foal.

The pregnant mare should be fully fed to insure adequate nourishment of her fetus and an abundance of milk for its reception. She should be as well fed while nursing the foal. If the foal is to make perfect growth it must, from its earliest days, be provided with oatmeal, then crushed oats and wheat bran and afterwards an abundance of whole oats, bran, grass, hay and roots. There is no time in the life of a horse when the feeding of oats and bran is so profitable. The foal that is not fed may lack at maturity twenty-five per cent or more of the size, weight, strength and value possible through heredity. Overfeeding and pampering must be avoided, however, as they may prove injurious or ruinous. Then, too, if care is not taken to train the foal's hoofs properly they may grow crooked and throw the leg bones out of plumb. This will spoil action and utility at maturity. The feet must be made level and true by expert rasping once a month or so during the growing years. Such trimming is all-important. If postponed it soon becomes too late to help; the mischief is done.

Farm Problems for Winter Study

There are certain phases of farming that can best be studied in winter time when work is slack and the evenings are long. The majority of these winter problems relate to the business side of farming.

Farming as a Business

Did you, Mr. Farmer, ever stop to figure out how much you really had invested in your business? If not, there is no better time than now. But why should you do this? Because, in every business the first item of expense is *Interest on the Investment.* Every other business man first carefully calculates how much he must earn with which to pay this interest. The case is no different with the farmer. Farming should be conducted on the same basis as any other organized business.

The Size of the Farm Investment

Let any business man in any city of the Middle West get into his automobile and drive across the country stopping at every farmhouse on the way. Let him make a rough estimate of the value of every farm, including stock and equipment, that he visits, then drive back home and down its principal streets stopping at every business place that he passes. Let him estimate the value of each of these, average them all up and compare these average values with the average values of the farms and their stock and equipments. He will doubtless be very greatly surprised to learn that the average farmer has quite as large an investment as the average business man.

When land was cheap and farming correspondingly unprofitable the farmer became accustomed to neglect this factor in his business. His investment was not large and the interest charge consequently made less difference to him. But times have changed and are still changing. The inventory of a well-equipped 160-acre farm in the Middle West will look something like this:

Land, 160 acres at $125 per acre,	$20,000.00
Buildings	4,500.00
Machinery and tools	500.00
Live Stock	2,500.00
Crops, etc., on hand	200.00
Household Goods	400.00
Supplies on hand	100.00
Total,	$28,200.00

At six per cent the interest charge on this amount will be $1,692.00. Don't think you can neglect this interest item just because you own your farm free of debt and do not have to pay it out; the farm owes it to you and must pay you that before you can figure any profit or any pay for your own work. The large items of expense on such a farm will be approximately:

Interest	$1,692.00
Taxes	200.00
Insurance	25.00
Labor (man and horse)	1,200.00
Incidentals	83.00
Total,	$3,200.00

In the above, allowance has been made, as it should be, for all labor whether done by the members of the family, the farmer himself or hired help. It will be readily observed that the total expense on this farm averages $20 per acre. It is this amount that the owner must receive before he gets any profit at all for his business ability as manager of the farm. Hence the need for careful planning.

Taking the Farm Inventory

The first step in farm planning is the taking of the inventory. Winter is the best time to do this for two reasons; the farmer is not crowded with work and has time to give to it, and his crops and stock are housed in the most convenient form for this purpose.

The farmer may make his own inventory by setting down on sheets of paper everything he owns that pertains to the farm and its operations, giving each item its proper value, as nearly as he can estimate it, and then adding all together. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained from most of the agricultural colleges or may be had for the asking by writing direct to the Office of Farm Management, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

After the Inventory, What Next?

The inventory is the first step in improving the business methods on the farm. The next is a careful study of the various branches of the business. Here are several suggestive questions that will furnish food for thought for many a long winter evening. Let interested farmers try them on themselves:

1. Am I farming too much land for the amount of labor that I am using on this land?
2. Do I keep my labor, horse and man, profitably employed all the year round?
3. Do I need more labor or less land, or less labor or more land?
4. Am I making a profit on the labor that I am employing?
5. Have I adequate buildings?
6. Have I spent too much money in buildings upon which I must pay or charge interest but which yield me no profit?
7. Is my farm properly equipped with machinery and tools?
8. Are my tools properly housed and otherwise cared for?
9. Am I keeping enough live stock to keep up the fertility of my soil? Am I feeding my grains and forage crops to live stock at a profit and keeping up soil fertility, or am I continually robbing my soil?
10. Is the stock that I am keeping of the right quality to yield largest returns?
11. Am I using enough circulating capital?

Note: By "circulating capital" we mean capital invested in stock and machinery as distinguished from "fixed" capital," that invested in buildings and lands.

12. Am I and is my family getting all that we should in the way of comforts and enjoyment out of life?

Thought and study on these twelve questions and others that will suggest themselves when the farmer begins taking an inventory will enable him to better plan his farm for next year. To test the results of such planning he should take another inventory at the close of the year, carefully comparing it with the previous year, for the purpose of still further improving his farm practise. Now is the time to take your inventory and to begin the careful study of your farm problems.

Provide Potash in Winter

Potato fertilizers are much in use in the principal fruit and truck growing sections of the United States. Potash more than any other element seems to be necessary for the complete development of both vegetables and fruits. Where the soils have been intensively cropped for long periods of time they are likely to be deficient in this element.

Up to the present time Germany has been our chief source of potash fertilizers. Since the opening of the European war, however, their importation has practically ceased. Truck and fruit growers must now look to other sources for their potash supply.

Potash in the Soil

Chemical analyses show that there is usually an adequate supply of potash in most soils. However, this is often combined with other elements in such a way as to be unavailable for the use of plants. To such soils available potash must be added or some other substance that will release the stored-up potash already in the soil for the use of plants.

Nitrogen Fertilizers and Potash

Dealers in nitrogen fertilizers like nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia claim that the use of their goods on such soils will release the "locked-up" potash. Nitrate of soda is mined in large quantities in South America and sulphate of ammonia is made in this country as a by-product in the manufacture of iron and in other ways. While it has not been clearly demonstrated that their use on fruit and vegetable lands will produce the same effect that will be produced by the use of potash fertilizers, the experiment is well worth while at this time. Fruit and truck growers should try them out on a small scale, remembering that the nitrogen which they contain may produce a heavy growth of stem and foliage at the expense of fruit and root.

Potash and Wood Ashes

Wood ashes are a productive source of potash. They contain about eight per cent of potash. This would make them worth, at the current price of potash, about 25 cents a bushel or 40 cents per hundred pounds. They are therefore well worth saving. Since the potash in wood is in a readily soluble form the ashes must be kept dry. If permitted to leach much of their fertility will be lost. A ton of unleached wood ashes applied to an acre of garden soil should be ample. In wood burning sections the collection, storage and sale of wood ashes may soon become an important industry.

Ashes Made from Waste Products

The ashes now wasted by wood burning mills should become an important source of potash supply. Tobacco stems, bark, sawdust, cotton seed hulls and waste pulp from cane mills are all possible sources of ashes, which will be even richer than wood ashes, containing as high as 30 per cent of potash. The cutting off of our foreign supply will doubtless develop our fertilizer industry at home, particularly the potash business. Winter is the time to save the ashes.

Distillery Slop as Hog Feed

The Kentucky Experiment Station has just announced the results of an experiment in the use of distillery slop which will be of more than usual interest to hog raisers in the near vicinity of distilleries. Fifty animals were fed for twenty-four days on this slop. They showed an average daily gain of over a pound each, or a total gain of 1,265 in the 24 days. The slop was charged for at the rate of 25 cents per barrel and the cost of producing this pork at the above rate was only $1.89 per hundred. This economy of pork production makes this a rather remarkable experiment.

It must not be overlooked, however, that these pigs weighed only a little over 100 pounds each at the beginning of the experiment and were fed for a very short period of time, both large factors in the economic production of pork. In our article on "What it Costs to Make Pork," in the November issue of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer we pointed out that young pigs and a short feeding period make cheapest pork. These factors must not be overlooked in this experiment.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

TROUBLE WITH BELGIAN HARES.—As I see so many others have received good advice from your farm department I avail myself of the privilege asking information about my Belgian hares. I have three hundred of them that I raised myself. But the last breeding from the same does has been a total failure. My does refuse to build nests. Although I gave them boxes and plenty of straw, they will not use them and the young are born on the bare floor and die. Fifteen of my does did so with their last litters although they raised their previous litters successfully. I can't understand why they do so. I have lost seventy-five young rabbits this month. They do not appear to be sick. I had been feeding them oats, then I changed to whole barley and all the young and some old ones died. I feed Alfalfa hay with grain such as oats, wheat and barley. Have stopped feeding barley. Was it the barley, or what do you think killed them? What do you advise? MRS. W. N., Mannette, Wash.

A.—This is the usual experience of those who breed Belgian hares on a large scale. They may succeed for a time, but sooner or later disease kills off the animals. They do not stand confinement and pampering and the houses and pens and yards become infected. The sudden change of feed from oats to barley, no doubt, proved fatal. Any change of feed must be made gradually. Barley is not a suitable feed. Oats is better. Does that are to have young should be separated and given new clean hutches with dark, secluded well-bedded boxes for nests. It is necessary to introduce new blood now and then by buying new bucks or by swapping bucks with some other breeder who has strong, healthy bucks not related to your stock.

DISEASED BELGIAN HARES.—I have been taking COMFORT for a few years and am very much interested in its farm department. I would like some pointers on Belgian hares. My boy is raising Belgian hares and has had very good success until recently. One large doe had ten young. When they were eight days old the mother seemed to be all right except that she did not eat, and two days later she died in great pain. Had been feeding green dandelions, kale and barley crushed or rolled. Should she have had water? I was told to give no water. Another Giant doe, very large, has had three young ones thus far, one each day for three successive days, all born dead. This doe seems strong and healthy, but has a large pouch-like swelling on her neck. What caused this swelling? Why are the young born dead? Is she too old? At what age is a buck too old for service? I do not know the doe's age. MRS. F. W. S., Eureka, Cal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding


9987

EVERMORE attractive, and evermore varied are the new fashion features, portrayed in the styles of this season. For slim and youthful figures, blouses with gathered body and deep yoke portions are most becoming. One sees these yoke effects in various outlines; some with set-in sleeves, others in kimono style, while many have raglan sleeve portions cut in one with back or front.

A delightfully chic touch may be given to a waist by the addition of a smart cape over the back, joined or buttoned at the shoulder.

Waists with sash ends, crossed in front in surplice style and tied in back or at the side, are new and novel.

Skirts are gradually growing wider; the necessary width being gained by seams cut more bias, added gores, or plaited sections.

Tunics seem to rank first by way of skirt drapery, and redingote suits are extremely popular

One sees smart afternoon gowns, in basque and redingote modes, and a charming effect is produced by dainty collar and cuffs of batiste.

Suede girdles are new and novel. One attractive style had a patch pocket; the girdle was fastened with large jet buttons and bound with black silk braid.

Vest effects with girdle combined, are shown on waists for separate wear. There are lovely combinations of silk and crepe, silk and net and lace.

Raglan sleeves with tucks over the shoulder are smart on tailored shirt-waists.

Pattern Descriptions

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9987—A New and Pretty Blouse. The yoke fronts are crossed diagonally. The long shoulder forms part of the sleeve, which is lengthened by a set-in portion that may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is suitable for silk, voile, ratine, eponge, batiste, linen or lawn.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1118—A Pretty Cap, and a Becoming Bonnet. For the cap, embroidered lawn, batiste or linen would serve, or silk, cloth, velvet or corduroy. For the bonnet, faille silk, messaline, crepe de chine, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in two sizes for children, one to two, and three to four years. It requires five eighths yard of 24-inch material for either style.

1131—Vestee, Collars and Cuffs for Ladies. The vestee (No. 1) in linen, lawn, organdie, pique or crepe, is appropriate for waist or coat suit. The broad collar (No. 2), is very effective in batiste with a border facing of contrasting material. The flaring collar (No. 3), is also good for linen, velvet, or crepe, as well as organdie, crepe de chine and silk. For the cuffs, silk, velvet, poplin, linen, pique and similar materials may be employed.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for No. 1 five eighths yard of 18-inch material, for No. 2, three eighths yard of 20-inch material, for No. 3, one quarter yard of 27-inch material, and one half yard for one pair of cuffs, of 20-inch material for a medium size.

8367—Child's Set of Short Clothes. The models here illustrated are practical and adaptable. The drawers are cut in one piece. The petticoat is joined to a waist that is also in one piece, and which may also be used as a pattern for the waist to which the drawers are to be buttoned. The little sacque to be made of cashmere, outing or French flannel. The designs illustrated are all included in this pattern.

Cut in three sizes; one half, one and two years. The two-year size will require for the dress of lawn or similar material 36 inches wide, two and one quater yards. The petticoat, one and three eighths yards of cambric or muslin, 36 inches wide. The sacque, one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material, and the drawers three quarters yard of cambric or muslin 36 inches wide.

1128—Ladies' Dart-fitted Apron. This attractive apron model is dartfitted and has side, front and shoulder seams. It is suitable for percale, lawn, cambric, drill, sateen, gingham or muslin. The neck is cut low and the armscye deep and comfortable.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9930—Girls' Apron. For home, cooking school, for playtime, this design will prove very satisfactory.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

9828—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. This model may be used for cashmere, lawn, percale, silk, dimity, crepe or flannelette with any suitable trimming. The sack portions are lengthened by skirt or peplum parts and the fronts are crossed deep in closing. The collar is very effective.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one half yards of 24-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9794—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. The model is good for madras, gingham, galatea, linen, linene, serge, velvet, or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

9678—A Practical Play Dress. Galatea, kindergarten cloth, linen, linene, percale, gingham or khaki cloth may be used for this design. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff or in shorter length as illustrated.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9571—Girls' Underwaist, Bloomers and Petticoat. The waist may be made of cambric, or muslin, the petticoat of cambric, lawn or nainsook, and the bloomers of gingham, sateen, cashmere or brilliantine. The bloomers or skirt may be joined to the waist, or finished separately.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. For the eight-year size it will require one and three quarters yards for the petticoat, one and one half yards for the bloomers and one yard for the waist, of 36-inch material.

9999—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to recommend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

8688—Set of Baby's One-piece Long Clothes with Front Closing. Including a wrapper, sacque, barra coat and slip. The body portions of the garments are cut in one piece, and the front closings, particularly on slip and barra coat, will save baby from much discomfort and inconvenience in dressing. Cambric, long cloth, nainsook or lawn may be used for the slip, and flannel or flannelette for barra coat, wrapper or sacque.

It will require three quarters yard of 27-inch material for sacque, two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for slip, two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for wrapper; one and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for barra coat.

9695—Ladies' Dress with Tunic Skirt. The design is suitable for serge, prunella, silk, wash fabrics, cloth or velvet. A deep collar trims the front. The long shoulder forms part of the dart-fitted sleeve.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1139—A Simple Frock for Mother's Girl. The waist portions are cut in one with the sleeves, and these may be in short or wrist length. The skirt is a three-piece model with a lap tuck at the center back. The pattern is splendid for all wash materials, such as galatea, kindergarten cloth, poplin, percale, gingham, seersucker and chambrey. Also for velvet, silk, cloth or novelty woolens.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9960—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. This design has narrow yoke portions joined to a blouse waist, that is shaped at the right front. The skirt is a six-piece model with front and back panels.



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Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1132—Girls' Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. This design will readily appeal to the busy and thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girls' comfort. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff. Galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, percale, cashmere or serge are good for this dress.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1121—Ladies' Skirt, with or without Tunic and Girdle. This style shows a tunic with plaits at the sides, and a girdle with front and back edges lapped. The design is good for velveteen, broadcloth, duvetyn, wool mixtures and novelty weaves.

Cut in five sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the skirt, and four and five eighths yards for tunic and girdle for a 24-inch size.

9564—Ladies' House Dress with Cap. The model is comfortable and the jaunty cap will prove most practical and desirable. The design is suitable for gingham, galatea, lawn or percale. It may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The skirt is a four-gore model with inverted back plait.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard for the cap for a 36-inch size.

1123—A Natty Dress for Mother's Girl. The deep armscye and front closing are good features of this model. It is a one-piece dress, with closing under the plait in front, and has raglan sleeves, that may be finished in wrist or shorter length. Corduroy, velveteen, galatea, cashmere, percale, linen and gingham are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9922-9920—A Neat Combination for business, home or shopping. Separate waists, and skirts are again popular. Lawn, linen, chambrey, gingham, madras or tub silk, also batiste and net are good for the waist, while poplin, serge, voile, taffeta, linen or linen broadcloth or gingham sould be used for the skirt.

The waist pattern is cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt pattern is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 24-inch material for a 24-inch size. *Two* separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1122—Ladies' One-piece Apron. This model is very simple and easy to develop. It is cut in one piece, the back being formed by strap pieces, crossed over the center, and fastened to the front under the arm. Percale, lawn, gingham, chambrey, drill, linene or alpaca may be used.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1125—Girls' Coat with or without Cape. Blue chinchilla, black velvet or brown broadcloth could be used for this style, with braid binding or trimming for a finish. Double faced cloaking or novelty weaves in zibeline, plaids and other cloakings are equally appropriate. The cape may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1134-1133—A Smart Gown for Home, calling or business wear. The skirt is a splendid model with its simple lines and the pockets are a convenient and practical style feature. Broadcloth, voile, novelty suiting velvet or corduroy are all appropriate for this model. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1134.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1133, cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. *Two* separate patterns, price 10c for *each* pattern.

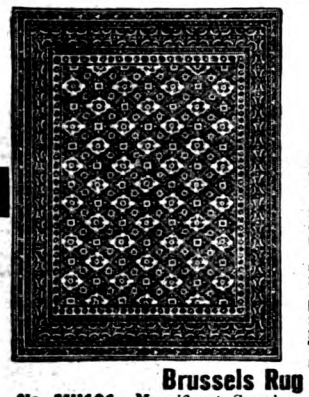
1051 - 1094 — Ladies' Costume. Comprising Ladies' Shirt Blouse pattern 1051 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1094. The waist is made with a yoke portion over the back, and the sleeve in either wrist or short length is good. The skirt has the new plaited tunic form, with a shaped girdle that may be omitted. Serge, velvet, silk or combinations of such material are lovely for these tunic models.

The skirt is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The waist in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of material 27 inches wide for waist and skirt, and four yards for the tunic for a 36-inch size. *Two* separate patterns, price 10c *for each* pattern.

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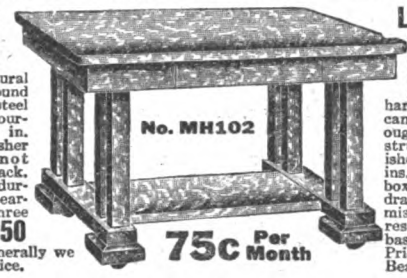


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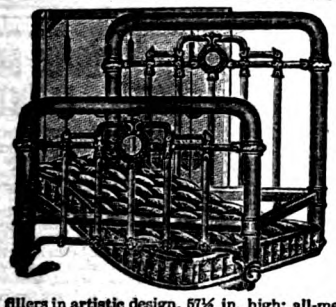
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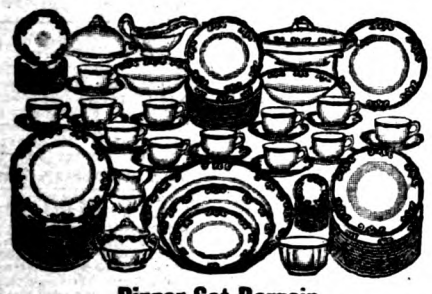


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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

scapegrace, forgot everything, the children, even himself, and sat looking abstractedly upward, with his hand in the tiny paws of a child who was intently examining his rings, with two boys dragging at his legs and another trying on his hat.

Then he recovered himself, regained his hat, drew his jewelry out of danger, and with a benedictory pat on the head to the nearest mite, dropped from the wall—with what intention he scarcely knew, excepting perhaps that of getting a nearer view of the sweet, charmful vision.

But by the time he had brushed the dust from his clothes, and made a step toward the house, the balcony was empty—the girl had vanished.

Sir Cyril pulled his great mustache with so palpable an expression of disappointment, that the little schoolmistress smiled, and by that smile gave Sir Cyril an idea.

He returned to the wall to the extent of leaning on it, and, in execrable French, complimented the teacher upon the appearance and manner of her charges, then said it was a fine and warm day; and then, in worse French still, requested to be informed who the young lady on the balcony might be.

The schoolmistress smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She was sorry she could not inform the gentleman; the young lady was a young English demoiselle staying at the house—had been staying there for a week—she was very fond of children, as monsieur seemed to be; and often stood upon the balcony to watch them; sometimes made them little presents, and——

At that moment the young lady appeared again, this time with a small basket in her hand.

Sir Cyril stood quite still, almost hidden by the wall, and waited in silent curiosity.

The girl bent over the balcony, thereby displaying, unconsciously, her neck and golden-hued head to the most graceful advantage, and a short colloquy with the schoolmistress ensued; then she stretched over one arm and lowered the basket, the schoolmistress running out of the gate, standing on tiptoe to reach it, and falling back unsuccessful with much pleasant laughter.

"Stop," said the girl on the balcony, with a low, musical laugh, which moved Sir Cyril as her face had done; "I'll get a piece of string and let it down."

But here Sir Cyril saw his golden opportunity, and seized it.

With two strides he stood under the balcony, and looked up, bareheaded.

"Will you allow me to help you? I can reach it easily."

The clear, dark eyes looked down upon him with a serene, if slightly surprised, gaze, as if weighing the question of his capability of doing what he had offered, and then, with a quiet, simple "Thank you," the white hand was downreached with the basket.

Sir Cyril secured it, handed it over to the schoolmistress, and then looked up again.

"You are very fond of children, I see," he said.

The girl, who had been so absorbed by watching the progress of her basket of cakes and sweetmeats among the children so as to have forgotten him, turned her head slowly.

"Yes; and you also, I perceive," she added, with a shadow of a smile.

Sir Cyril laughed.

"I did not know that I had an audience, or the performance would have been shorter."

The dark eyes were opened a little wider with slight surprise.

"Why are you ashamed? Most Englishmen are fond of children. I knew you were English, you see."

"You would have learned that just now, all the more quickly if you had heard my French," said he, responding with a smile. "You are English, are you not?"

A week, a day ago, Sir Cyril would not have stopped to consider whether this question was bold or not; and now, after he had uttered it, looking up at the calm, sweet face, it seemed abrupt, rude, almost impertinent.

"Yes, I am English," she replied, "but I have not been to England for a very long time; I do not remember it;" and she looked across the lake—which she could see, although Sir Cyril could not—and up the great mountain Pilatus, with a strange little wistful look. For a moment again she seemed to have forgotten him, then she looked down again. "You have just come from England?"

"Yes," said Sir Cyril.

The dark eyes regarded him for the first time with something like interest and curiosity. "I wonder why—I mean, I wonder how you could leave it. I think that I could never have left it of my own free will."

Sir Cyril kept down his astonishment at this strange, candid, unsophisticated declaration, and said quietly—very quietly—for he was tormented by the fear each moment that this beautiful, grave, childlike creature would grow shy, take fright like a bird, and fly away.

"And yet this is very beautiful, all this—Switzerland, Italy, and so on."

"Yes, very, is it not?" she responded, with a slight inclination of the head. "Oh, yes, very beautiful; oh, yes, is not this beautiful;" and she waved her hand slightly toward the scene stretched out before her. Sir Cyril glanced at the hills for half a second, and gave a whole one to the small white hand and delicate wrist.

"I should soon grow tired of looking at it if it were in England. Have you seen the sunset?—look at that little fellow." She looked up suddenly, her eyes lighting up with a tender and amused smile as they rested on the children. "Do you see, he has given half his cake to that little mite sitting on the stone; and yet they say that children are selfish!"

Sir Cyril hunted about for something to say to prolong the conversation in any way, but before he had found anything to say, the cathedral clock struck, the supple figure of the girl straightened itself; bending forward, she called to the schoolmistress:

"Will you give me the basket this afternoon?" and was about to turn into the house, when, evidently remembering the stranger, she leaned a little over the railing, with a slight bow and a "good morning," and disappeared.

Sir Cyril hastily uncovered, returned the parting words, and with a little shake—just such a one as a Newfoundland gives when he emerges from a swim—he strode slowly away.

He turned once, as he descended the hill, and, looking back at the house, with its broad gutters and carved balconies, its quaint windows and broad green shutters, saw the word "Pension," written in gold, on a board over the front windows.

Sir Cyril, as ignorant as Englishmen of his class generally are of all matters of Continental life, was extremely puzzled.

"Great Heaven!" he ejaculated. "Pension! That can't have meant anything in the way of almshouses—she is—isn't a sort of Greenwich pensioner!" and so, puzzled, and interested more than he would liked to have confessed, he got down to the lake.

Strangely enough the view seemed suddenly to have grown in beauty; for the first time it struck him that the great solemn range of mountains had something grand and different to Pall Mall about them. For the first time, also, he remembered, he had not noticed it while he had been listening to and looking at her, that the girl with the sweet childlike face had worn a white muslin, with a little touch of dark crimson—a rose or ribbon, perhaps—at her throat. And so he walked back to the house; and, by way of a refresher or awakener, he could scarcely have distinguished which, he ordered a brandy and soda.

But the figure in white muslin and the little bunch of crimson would not be dispelled; and when the afternoon sun had sunk a little behind the hills, he thought, having nothing better to do, that he would just take a walk round the cathedral and see how the cakes and sweetmeats had agreed with the children. You see he was very fond of children.

CHAPTER II.

WHITE MUSLIN.

Once or twice, as he climbed the hill, Sir Cyril realized the real object of his afternoon walk; and when he did so, he felt decidedly uncomfortable. It appeared to him as if he had changed places with some one else. Could it be possible that he who had run through twelve seasons without a scratch had succumbed to a pair of dark, serene eyes and a white muslin frock?

"Of course, it's absurd," he mused, half shamefacedly. "It's this confounded slow place that has been too much for me. It must have been the muslin; and yet there was a look in the girl's face that, if I never see her again, I shan't forget. Ah! One season in town will change all that—more's the pity."

Then he came in sight of the house and was half relieved to find the balcony empty—worse than empty—for an old lady with an obvious "front" and an old-fashioned gray silk dress, was seated knitting there. Sir Cyril laughed, lit his cigar and passed on. The playground was still, likewise, and somehow the whole place seemed altered.

"Beastly old place," he muttered; "I'm sick of it already; I'll go on tomorrow morning."

Then, just for his own satisfaction, he determined to continue his walk, though the real object of it had been missed, and he turned off to the right down a lane that was certainly pretty enough to repay him for greater trouble. He walked on for some time, and was just thinking of turning when he caught sight of something white in the distance. It might have been a cow, or clothes hanging out to dry, but somehow Sir Cyril decided at once that it was a white muslin and quickened his step. At the end of the lane, just where it sloped toward a valley, was a single block of stone that had fallen from some mason's cart, and on it was seated the girl he had seen in the morning.

She was bending slightly forward, her hands clasped on an open book, her eyes fixed on the snow-capped mountains, and so lost in serene, childlike meditation, that Sir Cyril—to whom bashfulness was a sensation unknown—paused for half a moment, half decided to turn back after all.

But the girl's ears were quick, as well as small and pretty, and as he stopped short the sudden cessation of his footfall aroused her.

She looked around and bestowed upon him a half smile of recognition.

Sir Cyril wanted nothing more—though nothing less like encouragement could be imagined. He raised his hat, and in another moment was standing beside her with the usual greeting.

She returned it with the same calm unembarrassed manner that had surprised and attracted him in the morning, and quietly waited for him to commence a conversation or go on with his walk.

"We seem fated to meet," he said, sublimely forgetful of the object of his walk. "Is this a favorite resting place of yours?"

"Yes," she said, without raising her eyes. "Have you not been here before?"

"No," he said.

"Ah," she remarked, "this is not one of the show places, and yet you get a better view here than from many of the better-known points. I found it out for myself."

"It was a happy discovery," he said. "It is just the place for one to come and dream in."

"Yes," she said.

Then she looked at his face, and away again, with a smile; and Sir Cyril knew, as well as if she had said it, that she thought he was not given to dreaming.

Sir Cyril, looking down upon her from his six feet of manhood, thought he had never seen a sweeter thing than the little, grave half smile which curved her dainty lips and brought down the long, dark lashes upon the smooth cheeks.

He could have looked at her for an hour in silence, for he had suddenly discovered that he had a great appreciation of the beautiful; but that could not be, so he hazarded another remark:

"You will see nothing so fair as this in your beloved England, I'm afraid."

"No, perhaps not," she replied. "I shall not care; it is England, bad or good, pretty or ugly, that I love."

Sir Cyril slipped down gently upon the grass, and covered the movement by a quick response:

"It is a thousand pities that you should have been kept from it so long."

"Yes, is it not?" she assented, with simple candor. "I have dreamed of it since I was a little girl so high;" and she put out one hand, as people do when they are speaking of their childhood, about a foot from the ground. "You—are you going back soon?"

Sir Cyril hesitated.

"I am not quite sure—I have not any decided plans. Perhaps not yet a while. Are you?"

"Not for another month, I am sorry to say," she said, with a little sigh.

Sir Cyril wondered what was the stumbling blocks—perhaps a disagreeable papa, or an invalid mamma? He chanced it.

"I hope none of your people are ill here—that is," he added, as the dark eyes met his with a slight expression of surprise and amusement—"that is, if the expression of such a hope on my part is not an impertinence."

"Oh, no," she said, "my people are quite well. I smiled at hearing Aunt Martha classed as plural; she is the only 'people' I have."

"Your father and mother——" said straightforward Sir Cyril, then stopped abruptly.

"Are both dead," said the girl, in a low, but quite firm, voice. "I have only Aunt Martha, and Aunt Martha has only me; and sometimes," she added, "I think I am almost too many for her." And then there came a musical ripple that positively startled Sir Cyril. So childish, so full of unalloyed and natural merriment was it, that for the life of him he could not help a gruff bass echo.

The sound of his voice recalled the girl. "Aunt Martha and I was waiting for the first of September."

"The first of September," said Sir Cyril, wondering how on earth partridges could concern two women.

"Yes; we start then for England, and we must not go a day before or a day afterward."

"Why not?" exclaimed Sir Cyril, raising his head from the reclining position in which he had been, with extreme surprise and curiosity.

The girl, with her eyes upon the snow peaks, answered quietly, almost dreamily, with that same look of having forgotten her companion:

"Because my father wished it; because he left it as a dying request, and commanded that I should do so."

The answer, so calmly and candidly given, was so characteristic of the childlike faith and confidence of her every word and gesture, that it was robbed of much of the strangeness and improbability which it wears when set down on paper.

Sir Cyril felt not a bit surprised by the confiding candor—he only felt a queer sensation of pity, and a desire to protect this simple-minded, pure-hearted child-woman from herself.

He changed the subject, though he was full of curiosity to hear more of her story from the sweet young lips.

"Your little favorites have all gone home, I suppose?"

She nodded absently, and then turned her eyes upon him reflectingly. "You came from London?"

"Yes," said Cyril.

"Perhaps you know London well?"

"Pretty well—too well," he replied with a laugh.

A little eager light came into her eyes.

"You know some of the lawyers, perhaps. Do you know one named Burdon—Richard, Grey's Inn?"

Sir Cyril raised himself on his elbow, and was about to reply:

"Why he is my own lawyer!" but a something, an indefinable something, drove the answer from his lips, and in place of it he said, "Yes, I know the name; I know the man."

"What sort of man is he?" she asked. "Is he a young or an old—but I know he must be old, for he was my father's friend."

"Yes, Burdon is an elderly man," said Cyril.

"Is he a good—an honest man?" she asked, her clear eyes fixed on his face.

"Good!" said Cyril, with a smile. "Scarcely the term by which to qualify a lawyer; honest—as lawyers go—yes, very," he added, seeing that the lightness of his reply had in some way annoyed or distressed her, for the clear eyes had clouded, as a child's does when it is displeased, or dissatisfied.

"Yes, decidedly honest, I should say. You only know him by name?"

"Only by name," she assented. "He was my father's lawyer, and on his deathbed my father charged me to go to him on this first of September that we are now coming to, and receive some papers which are to change my whole life. Is there any wonder that I am curious?"

"None at all," said Cyril; then there was a moment's silence.

"And Burdon; does he expect you?"

"Yes," she replied; "my father had written to him—or they had arranged that I should go, if—if—my father could not. So that he expects me."

"He does not know you?" asked Sir Cyril, interested more than he could say.

"No; he expects to see a Miss Weston—Edna Weston, that is my name—and that is all."

Cyril remained silent for a moment.

"It is a strange story," he said, more to himself than to her, but the words reached her, and for the first time there was a look of slight embarrassment in her eyes, a dash of color in her face; both heightened her beauty.

"Yes, and you think that I should not tell it to you! Perhaps it was wrong," she added to herself, with a little troubled look; "but you see I am almost always thinking of it—it is not wonderful that I should be—and it came natural to ask you, an Englishman, who knew London. I hope I have not done wrong!"

Cyril looked up, with something like a flush on his handsome face.

"My dear child—young lady, I mean," he corrected himself, "this stuck," and he held up his cane, "will not be more dumb than I shall be——"

She interrupted him with a smile.

"I am sure of that," she said, softly; "but there is no need for secrecy, that I know of; you see I know nothing myself, and there is no harm in saying that I shall be at a certain place on a certain day!"

Sir Cyril nodded. The cathedral clock struck seven.

The girl pulled out a tiny gold watch, and rose with some haste.

"Seven o'clock! They will have begun tea at the pension!"

At the strange word Sir Cyril's doubts and speculations arose again.

Tea at seven o'clock! Then, perhaps, after all, she was a pensioner, or her aunt lived in an almshouse.

Almost unconsciously he repeated the words:

"At—the—pension."

She turned her laughing eyes upon him.

"Yes—how puzzled you look! Ah! I see you dine instead of drinking tea at this hour?"

"Yes, generally," admitted Cyril. "But," he added, "I was puzzled over the word 'pension.' Does your aunt live in an almshouse?"

She, in her turn, looked puzzled, then once more the musical laugh rang softly out.

"Almshouse! Oh, if Aunt Martha could only have heard you! Don't you know what a pension is?"

"No," said Sir Cyril, penitently, "I must confess I don't! Pray don't estimate the intelligence of all Englishmen by my standard. You'll travel all through the United Kingdom before you find a more ignorant man!"

"Shall I?" she said, laughing. "Well, I'll inform you on the point at least; a pension is a Swiss—or a French or German, for that matter—boarding house, where for the consideration of so many shillings—or frances—per week, travelers, especially unprotected ones like Aunt Martha and I, are lodged and fed."

Cyril laughed.

"What an idiot I am!—of course! And do you all—all the people staying at the house—feed—I mean, have your meals together?"

"Yes," she said—they were both standing by this time. "The breakfast bell—everything is done by bell-ringing—rings at nine for breakfast, and we all come out of our rooms like the old man and woman in the barometer, and sit at a long table to coffee, fresh butter, rolls and eggs; then the bell rings at one and we get our dinner—and a very good dinner, too!—and at seven we get what Aunt Martha calls 'a meat tea'! All quite in the Swiss style."

"It sounds very nice," said Sir Cyril. "I'm not quite comfortable at the hotel down below," he added, quietly, as the splendor of the Grand's appointments and the perfection of the chef's dishes rose before him—"not quite comfortable, you know; do you think they've room at your place to take me?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, innocently, "some people went away yesterday, and you could have their rooms—they were very nice rooms, with a balcony."

"I'm very fond of a balcony," said Sir Cyril.

"But, perhaps," she resumed, doubtfully, "you might find that you had made a change for the worse. What hotel are you staying at?"

"One of them down there," said Cyril, jerking his head in the direction of the town, and not daring to mention the Grand, for she, innocent and unsophisticated as she was, would know too much of the Grand's fame to be deceived.

"Well, perhaps you would be comfortable—at least, it has one recommendation, it is very cheap; but, perhaps," she added, glancing at him critically for the first time, and recognizing instinctively the aristocratic elegance of Poole's cut and Hancock's jewelry, "perhaps that would be no recommendation to you."

"On the contrary," said Cyril with grim sincerity, "it is the best of all recommendations—oh, I assure you it is of the greatest importance."

"Well, then, I should say you had better try it." And though it was just the speech that Cyril wanted, it rather upset him by its matter-of-fact straightforwardness; if she had wanted him to come very much, for her own sake just a little, she would not have been so emphatic.

The scapegrace felt disappointed.

"Thank you, I think I'll call upon the proprietor, or proprietress, this evening, and see if they will accept me as a member of the family. I hope they will!"

"I hope so, too," she said, with the half smile; and then, with a little graceful inclination of the stately head, she wished him "Good evening."

Cyril sat down again when she had gone, and stroked his mustache with the manner and look which his friends declared he always wore when he was more than ordinarily puzzled or confused.

"Cyril, my poor boy," he muttered, staring at his hat, which he had not yet replaced on his head, "you certainly are bewitched, and by a little girl, barely out of the schoolroom, and with a pair of dark eyes and a muslin frock! Yes, and who evidently looks upon you as a middle-aged party—a sort of elderly uncle or young grandfather—a convenient recipient of her confidences, and as something to laugh at. Yes, by Jove, she looks at me so straightforward as if I were an old woman, or an intelligent retriever! Great Heaven, how the place must have aged me! Perhaps, like Rip Van Winkle, I shall wake up and find I am gray-headed and rheumatic about the joints. And the marvel of it is!" he continued, striking a match spitefully, "that instead of resenting such treatment; instead of turning away with disgust at such unnatural coldness and want of appreciation, I rather like it—that is to say, I'm bewildered, persecuted by it; that I feel like a great schoolboy fumed and writhing under his first love affair!"

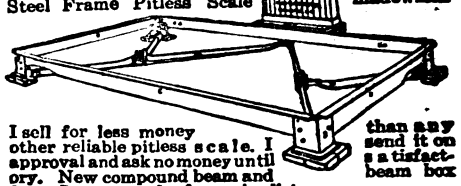
"And now!" he muttered, as he paced down the hill, "I suppose I shall be mad enough to give up my rooms at the Grand for some half-furnished attic in this confounded pension; throw up the eight o'clock dinner, with the clear soup and the capital veal cutlets and cabbage *a la Suisse*. Yes, I can see it come clearly. I can't resist! I'm persecuted! In fact, I'm stark, staring mad, and somebody ought to come out and take me back to Colony Hatch!"

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FOSTER MOTHERS TO ORPHANS.—Vassar College students have formed a foster mother society to adopt an orphan. The title of "The Daddy Long-legs Society" has been adopted, and the movement is expected to make such strides that soon other women's colleges will join. Already, Jackson College has taken this up and if a plan proposed is carried out, students will become foster mothers of waifs who otherwise might never have homes. The classes are to adopt homeless children as class babies, and find homes for them among relatives of the students. "The girls would get some benefit from the plan," said Miss Greenwood, president of the senior class, "for besides creating a certain amount of college spirit it would give the girls an insight into social service work which many plan to take up as a life work."

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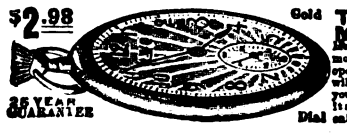
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Miss Rachel Kellun's strong words against the man who drinks, and I could keep silent no longer.

Dear sisters, do not denounce all boys and men who drink as unworthy. All do not drink of their own accord. How many young men would gladly, if they only could do so, give up drink forever! Remember there is such a thing as inheriting the drinking habit. Those boys are not to blame because they drink. Then too, some boys are not given the proper teaching in their childhood. Why blame the poor fellows for what is not their fault, but their misfortune? I am not advising any girl to marry a man who drinks, with the hope of reforming him. Rather reform him and then marry him. But, dear sisters, do not, I beg of you, scorn all boys who drink. I know several boys who drink and I know from experience, that if you turn from those boys and have nothing to do with them, it makes them worse. If, on the contrary, you let those boys know that you like them and that it hurts (not angers) and saddens you to see them under the influence of liquor, they are caused to feel ashamed of themselves and to desire to give up drink. If you scold and become angry with any man or boy about this subject, you will always find that it makes him ten times as bad as he was before. And, dear sisters, all men cannot give up drink if they try. I know of one dear, good man, one of the best friends I ever had, who tried all his lifetime to give up drink. He prayed and fought against it in vain, and I am sure he was glad when he was allowed to give up the struggle and go to God.

It does not anger me to see persons, even those of whom I know not even the name, under the influence of liquor. It saddens me as I think of what that man's or that boy's life must be, of the sufferings of his wife or mother and I feel that I would like to beg him for her sake to give up drink. Let us hear from the other sisters on this subject. I have often seen letters in which boys who drink were denounced as unworthy of love and affection; but I don't believe I have ever seen one in which the writer showed his or her sympathy for that boy.

Perhaps when I tell you that I am only a young girl of nineteen you will say I am one of those "romantic" persons who in youth believe that the whole world can be reformed. I am not that sort of girl, but I do believe that sympathy and love do more to reform the world than scorn and hatred.

Hoping to hear from other sisters, both through COMFORT and personally, I am an ardent COMFORT sister,

MISS MARIE P. KEARNEY.

Miss Kearney. If, as you say, the drink habit is inherited, then, surely no girl should marry a drinking man and inflict the inherited curse on her children, even if she is willing to chance the horrors of being a drunkard's wife.—Ed.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

It has been so long since I have written, that I am sure you have all forgotten me. However, I am going to write again, and renew our acquaintance.

I have been very busy during the past year, preparing to do mission work. I am particularly interested in rescue mission work in our own country. I thoroughly believe in foreign missions, but I believe that mission work should begin at one's own door—in one's own city and state; and of course extend to the remote corners of the earth. It will do that anyway, if we begin the work well at home. And I believe in an undenominational work. I do not think it matters so much whether we travel the Christian road by the Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian route, so long as we are real *genuine* Christians. Of course I belong to one of these churches; I think a Christian will usually want to belong to a church. But we are all "brethren" whether Presbyterians or Lutherans or Congregationalists or any of the many other denominations.

Just now I am engaged in a Sunshine work—the establishing of a Sunshine Home. Of course that means, among other things, the raising of funds; and one way we are doing this is by the sale of our Sunshine postcards. We publish the cards, and get as many children as we can to sell them for us. Of course this is not a "get-rich-quick scheme," when you realize that we only make a few cents on each dozen cards. But if we can only get enough children to help us, it amounts to quite a little when all put together.

But perhaps I have written enough along this line for one letter. I don't want you to think I am a "crank" who can think of nothing but my own work and interests.

I think I described my home and vicinity in a former letter, but you have probably read so many sisters' letters, between then and now that you have forgotten all about it, so I will say that central New York is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole country: especially in autumn when the foliage is bright with its red and yellow. Then the hills and valleys, the gorges and ravines are gorgeous.

My correspondence is very great, but if the sisters are interested in my work, I will be glad to tell them more about it if they will enclose a stamp when writing. I would especially like to hear from the school teachers and also the Sunday school teachers and junior workers. And I should like to ask all the sisters to pray for the success of our work. The prayers of our friends mean a great deal to us in this work.

May God bless you all.

With kindest wishes to all the sisters,

Very sincerely, RUTH F. KNAPP.

Ruth Knapp. No one could possibly accuse you of thinking wholly of your own work and interests, and I hope you meet with the success your endeavors deserve. A church I knew of netted a fairly good sum by giving five or ten cents to every junior member with the request to "make it grow." Much good-natured rivalry existed and the ways and means devised were, in many cases, amusing. One girl, whose special talent lay in candy making, bought supplies and made candy which she sold, buying a larger quantity of supplies next time and so on, till she realized a good profit. Another girl made fancy boxes and flowers of crepe paper, while still another invested her ten cents in dainty material for sweeping caps for which she found a ready sale, buying material for more caps from the proceeds of her first sale. The boys too, were willing workers. Still another church realized a fair profit by the sale of souvenir post-cards of the church and pastor. It will greatly facilitate matters if the church or community boasts one or more amateur photographers, as it probably does since the work is so interesting and easy to say nothing of being such a financial success. Then there is always the "birthday box" wherein members put as much money, usually one cent pieces, as they are years old. Sometimes this is made the occasion for a social gathering at some member's home. While I do not claim these to be original methods, perhaps they will serve the purpose and in the meantime, we'll hope for more ideas from some of our church workers.—Ed.

ORCUTT, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and I enjoy the Sisters' Corner.

We have lived in Sunny California over four years; one year near beautiful Santa Barbara, and right on the coast; one and one half years in the mountains and near the big trees of Mariposa county; one and one half years here in the oil fields, where thousands of barrels of oil are taken out of the depths of the earth each day.

If one has never seen the oil fields it is quite a sight. We live near the gasoline plant, where six large Bessemer engines convert crude oil or gas into gasoline. The city of Santa Barbara and surrounding country all along the coast is beautiful, but here it's nothing but rocky hills and dust, which makes it rather disagreeable; but we can't have all the good things at once. Here one has employment at very good wages, all the natural gas we can burn, also free water and have our own tents or cabins, so our expenses are not great. We have our own home in the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon, so we won't be here always.

I have one son twenty-one years of age. I had one dear little baby girl, that God saw best to take from this world of care. She would be a young lady now and I dream of her quite often, but never wish her back, but cling to my boy as all mothers should. I think our boys just as dear as our girls and they love to have "mother" praise their efforts to do things, make a confident of them, and to make pretty things for their rooms, as girls do. Don't you? My boy was home on a visit a month this summer, and I made him a nice pincushion for his tie pins and a tie holder, and he was so proud of them. He is in San Francisco, a big wicked city; but I trust him to God's care and pray for him every night and write him long encouraging letters each week to help him along.

I will tell a good and simple blood purifier, one third each of Epsom salts, sulphur and cream of tartar, mix well, take a teaspoonful three times daily.

I will come again and tell you all about the West, as I have lived in Washington, Oregon and California.

Long live Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie, Cousin Marion and Billy the Goat. Best wishes to all COMFORT sisters,

MRS. MAE LODER.

Mrs. Loder. Your letter may act as an eye opener to mothers who are relegating their sons to a secondary place in the home, for I am sorry to say that is just what so many unthinking women are doing. Such mothers are the means of providing inmates for reform schools and yes, even prisons, simply because they render the home life of the boy so unpleasant that he prefers the street, with its inevitable outcome, to it. Some of you may lift your hands in holy horror at the suggestion and say that no boy could be treated any better than your boy and I am not denying the truth of that—in a certain sense. To be sure, you provide sufficient food for him, dress him according to his needs and allow him time and opportunity for study, but he needs more than that, he needs your companionship and guidance to lead him aright, though not in such a way that he will realize he is being led. Make his pleasure and interests your study and help him entertain his friends in the home, no matter if their heavy shoes leave tracks on the carpet and a cherished chair receive a scratch or two; rather pride yourself on possessing a mind above such petty things and look only at the future good you are accomplishing. If he has any particular hobby or study, encourage him in it, even if it does mean the expenditure of more money than you would deem wise at first thought. Ask yourself how much your boy is worth to you and then if you will let a few paltry dollars stand in the way you do not deserve the holy name of "Mother." It will be necessary to study your boy for his individual needs, but the main point to be considered is the making of home life so attractive that he will not need to seek amusement elsewhere.—Ed.

FORT SMITH, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been getting so much out of your letters and advice that I want to write and tell you I appreciate it all. I have read COMFORT for twenty-five years and have always loved it.

We have lived in Arkansas six years. I think the climate here ideal and nowhere I believe will one find finer natural scenery, mountains, views and valleys, nor better roads than in this part of Arkansas. All kinds of berries, peaches, pears, apples, plums and apricots grow to their best here and almost every kind of vegetable, two crops of which may be grown each year. Cotton is grown extensively and rice is grown in the central and eastern part of the state.

Fort Smith is a manufacturing city of twenty-three thousand population, fine schools, etc. and has the largest sorghum factory in the world. Fort Smith was what its name indicates, a fort during the Civil War and a few of the buildings of that time are still in preservation for their historical value, such as the Commissary building and Officers' Barracks, etc., all built of stone, now covered with ivy.

I so much admire Miss Lillie Davis' courage in trying to do something worth while, even though afflicted with deafness.

We all ought to strive to do more for others, be cheerful and at least give a pleasant greeting and kind words to all we encounter. I have a very pleasant memory of a dear neighbor I had in the North, who has now been a "shut-in" for twenty-one years. To go into her presence was like going into a room filled with sunshine on a dreary day. Contact with such persons leaves one with a very different feeling compared with those who are chronic grumblers, and throwers of wet blankets.

We have three children, one boy of sixteen years, another five and one half years and a baby girl of ten months.

We are now living in the extreme suburbs, having bought an acreage tract, and keep a horse, cow and chickens. It is so restful to live out this way and more healthful.

Trusting I have not made my first call too lengthy and that I may come again some time I remain with best wishes for all, your sister.

MRS. S. E. WITHEY.

SPRUCE, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. Baker. I too was a stepmother at the age of nineteen to two boys and a girl and at twenty-one I was blessed with a child of my own and have tried to show no favoritism. I had their mother's picture enlarged and always told them it was their first mamma and that I was their second mamma: the word "stepmother" never passed their lips. I loved them and they returned that love. You will often find people who meddle with them, asking them if you are good to them and similar questions, but if you are kind to them they will stand up for you. Now that I am old and gray they still call me "mamma."

May this be an inspiration to you in your undertaking. Respectfully, MRS. EVA CORFMAN.

BRYAN, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for quite a while and have never written before but feel that I must reply to Mrs. Rosa E. Baker's letter which was printed in October COMFORT. I, too, am a stepmother, and can certainly sympathize with any stepmother. Why is it, I wonder, that the stepmother is pictured as she is? Of course there are good and bad ones, but I believe the former will outnumber the latter.

Strange to say, I am another Mrs. Baker. In 1907 I was married to a man who had a little boy of ten and I had a little girl of two. The first two years of our married life was miserable, and this is why: I tried to please everybody. I was afraid someone would find fault with what I did or what I did not do. We lived in the same town with my husband's people, also the child's mother's people so that of course made it worse, or so I imagined. I wanted so much to do the right thing till, as I said before, I made myself miserable trying to think what was expected of me by everybody in general. Finally I came to this conclusion,—do just as you would if he were really and truly your own, regardless of what other people say and think. I said to myself, "Do as your own judgment and conscience tell you and don't think so much about what other people will say," and since then I find that was much the better plan. When one tries to please everybody they can't please anybody. I was only twenty-one, not so very much older in years than the child, but I was chosen to fill his own mother's place, as far as it is possible for some other woman to do, and God knows I have tried and have, to the best of my ability. I believe he is about the same as the average boy; doesn't always do as I would like, but how many boys are there that always do as their own mothers would have them do? I had a friend say to me only this morning, "I think it is wonderful how your little family get along." I asked her why, and she said: "One that did not know could not tell that there were three sets of children (we have a little girl of four) if they did not know." She has lived next door to me for two years and seems to think it strange that we, or I rather should make no distinction. Husband has always treated my little girl just as he has the other children and she thinks "Daddy" is just about the only man.

So dear Mrs. Baker, do just as your conscience tells you to do and don't be influenced by outsiders. We all have to fight our own battles, and if you need help to decide some of your problems go to the Heavenly Father and not to some friend or relative. Our troubles are seldom ever made lighter by telling them to others.

With love and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters, and stepmothers especially,

MRS. J. A. BAKER.

CASTLE ROCK, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am nerved to face the wastebasket in support of "Grandma's" ideas about rearing children. I am thirty-five years old, grandma, so *one* not so old at least is with you. I often wonder why ideas are so changed regarding discipline. God's word tells us plainly we are to obey Him. Why should children be allowed to go to ruin because they are not taught to obey? I am sure no one likes to punish a child but is it not a duty if necessary? I enclose an article which expresses my opinion very clearly.

A Story of Royal Discipline

The following story relates to a bit of insubordination on the part of King Edward when a child.

One day at Windsor Palace he stood at a French window looking out upon the gardens when he should have been studying. His governess remonstrated with him, but to no avail. Finally she told him that if he did not learn his lessons she would have to put him in a corner.

"I won't learn," answered the youngster; "and I won't stand in a corner, for I am the Prince of Wales!" At this he kicked vigorously at the window and broke two panes. The governess at once sent for his father, the Prince Consort, and told him the whole circumstance.

"Sit down there," said Prince Albert to his son, pointing to an ottoman, "and wait 'till I return." When he came back he carried a Bible. "Listen now," he admonished the boy, "to what the holy apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." He then read Galatians 4: 1, 2: "'Now I say, That the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors until the times appointed of the father.'" "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are Prince of Wales; and if you conduct yourself properly you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother may become King of England. But now you are a little boy who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you a saying of the wise Solomon in Proverbs 13: 24: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'" At this he gave the heir to the British throne a tingling chastisement, after which he stood him up in the corner, saying:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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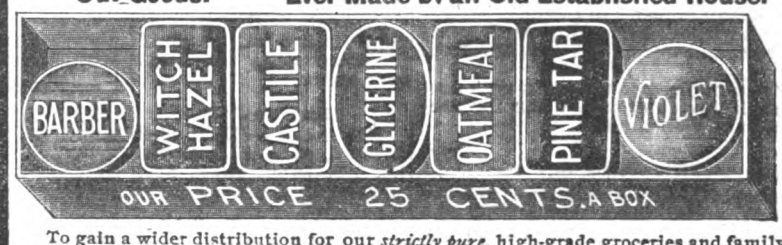


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IN & AROUND The HOME

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Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Requests

Can any reader send Lillie Degroot, Tarlton Tenn. and Mrs. Belle Ingram R. 2, Leavenworth, Kans., directions for crocheted coat collar, grape design, square back having cluster of grapes in corners, or if same are sent to Editor we will be glad to publish in this department for the benefit of other readers.

Baby's Crocheted Bootees of Wool

Materials Required

ONE HALF skein of white, the same of blue or pink wool, No. 2 crochet hook.

With color chain 15 sts. and in Afghan st. or s. c. make 12 rows, then ch. 26 sts., and join to other corner of piece just made. Work around the ch. and across the front, putting 1 s. c. in each st., join with sl. st. Make another round of s. c., join with sl. st.

With white make 1 round of d. c., join with sl. st.

With color make 3 rounds s. c., join, 1 round d. c. with white, 1 round s. c. with color, 1 round d. c. with white, 1 round s. c. with color, 1 round d. c. with white. Finish the top with color, 1 s. c. in each of 5 sts., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., 1 s. c. in each next 5 sts., repeat around.

For the Foot.—With white wool commence at center back and work a round of s. c., working through both loops of each st. and widening at the two corners of the front by making 2 s. c. in corner stitches.

Work 2 more rounds, widening as in first row.

Work 4 rounds, narrowing in each by skipping 1st in center of back.



BABY'S CROCHETED BOOTEES.

Work 2 rounds, narrowing once in each round at the center of the back, and at center of front. Join by crocheting two edges together.

With colors make cord and tassels or use ribbon ties.

Winter Hats and Caps

Outing Hat with Rolling Brim

This hat is made of the coarse eiderdown wool. About three skeins will be needed and coarse No. 8 or 9 crochet hook.

Begin in center of crown with ch. 3, join in ring, ch. 1, 9 s. c. in ring. Do not join as the crown is worked round and round.

2nd round.—Draw up loop on the needle and pick up a loop in each of the 2 first chains of the first row, wool over and through all 3, ch. 1. Pick up a loop in the same ch. with last loop of this first cluster and a loop in the next ch., thread over and through all 3, ch. 1, and repeat all around.

3rd round the same.

4th round.—Make first cluster as before, then pick up a loop in each of the next two chains, wool over and through all 3, ch. 1. *Pick up loop in the same ch. with last loop of the preceding cluster and a loop in next ch., wool over and through all 3, ch. 1, then pick up a loop in each of the 2 next chs., wool over and through all 3, ch. 1 and repeat from * all around, thus widening in every other cluster.

Continue in this way widening sufficiently to keep work almost but not quite flat. In the eighth round do not widen at all. Make 3 more rounds without widening. Then 5 rounds of the same wool or a different color as one prefers.

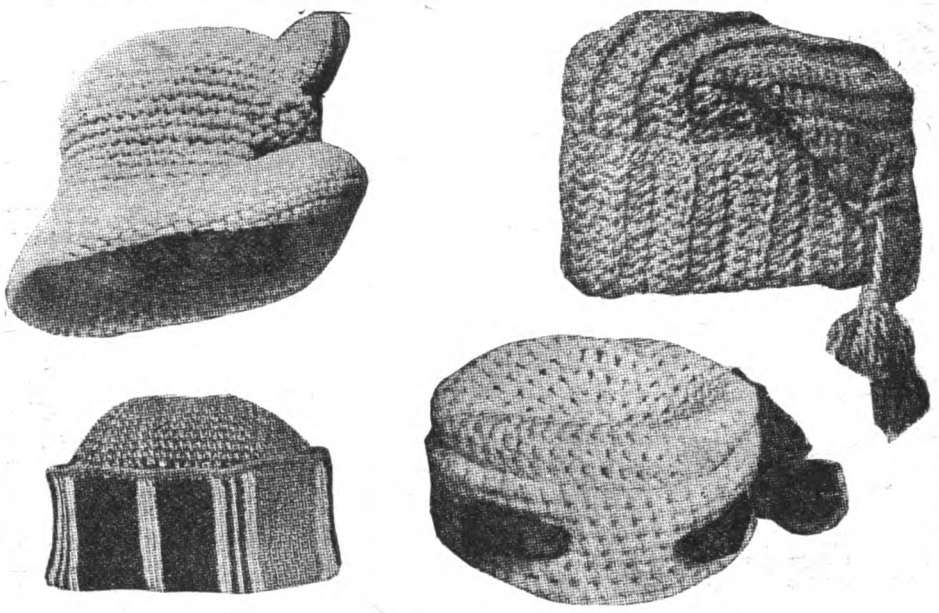
The brim is of 6 rounds, widened gradually.

8th round.—2 s. c. in every sixth st.

9th round.—2 s. c. in every eighth st.

The work should now measure about eight inches in diameter. Make 12 more rounds without increasing, and cap should be ready for border, if not, enlarge by working another row or two.

For the Border.—Make ch. 21 of dark rose, turn, 1 s. c. in second ch. from hook, 1 s. c. in each st., ch. 1, turn. Make a ch. 1 at end of each row and work as in crown of cap, through both loops. Make 16 rows. Then 1 row light blue, 1 row black, 1 row light blue, 16 rows light rose, 1 row black, 1 row tan, 1 row black, 16 rows canary yellow, 1 row light blue, 1 row light rose, 1 row light blue, repeat by next joining on dark rose. Finish top of this band with row of tan in s. c. to cover ends



CROCHETED HATS AND CAPS OF WOOL.

Trim with wing and rosettes crocheted of the colored wool. For the rosette begin as for the crown and work 4 rounds, drawing the last one in somewhat. For the ring make ch. 15 sts., work 1 round of same st. in hat, turn and work 1 round s. c., repeat alternate rounds in this way until wing is the desired size. Sew trimming in place on left-hand side.

Toque with Tassels

For this very easily made toque one will need three or four skeins of Germantown and a No. 7 crochet hook.

Begin with a ch. of 100 to 115 sts., according to size. This chain gives the length of the cap from front to back and allows for the 3-inch turn-up.

The work is simply rows of double crochet, taking up only the back loop of the stitch, and always making a ch. 2 to turn at the end of each row to keep the edges even.

Crochet closely in all of these caps, and if anything make them a trifle small as with constant wear they stretch out somewhat.

Enough rows of double crochet should be made to reach just half way around the head, and then the cap is seamed up on each side. The left side finished with cord and tassels as shown, while the right is folded in the same way but tacked town inside of the turn-up.

Auto Toque

The ribbon run through this toque ties it securely in place and also adds to its attractiveness. Five skeins of eiderdown or other coarse wool will be needed and bone hook No. 8 or 9.

Begin with chain 3, join in ring. Draw up the loop on hook, wool over and pick up loop under ring, wool over and pick up loop under ring, wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1, thus forming 1 cluster. Make 8 more clusters in the ring and join.

2nd round.—Draw up loop on hook, wool over and pick up loop through joining st., wool over, pick up another loop in same st., wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1. *Wool over, pick up loop in next space, wool over, pick up loop in same space, wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1 and repeat from * all around, increasing by putting an extra cluster in every other space, or 15 clusters in this round.

3rd round.—Make 2 clusters in every third space.

4th round.—Make 2 clusters between each group of two clusters in last row, thus making the increasing at 5 points.

5th round.—1 cluster on each cluster and 2 clusters at each of the 5 points of increase.

6th round.—Increase in every other point only.

7th round.—Increase in points skipped in last row or on 2 points only in this row.

8th round.—Without increasing at all, 2 rounds decreasing, 1 cluster in each.

Four rounds without increasing or decreasing. Then turn and work 6 or 7 rounds for the turn-up.

Finish by running either soft satin or velvet ribbon through this, as shown in our illustration, and tie in bow on the side.

Roman Bordered Cap

This little cap, while quite different from the others, is very pretty for a young girl who needs color and is very easily made, as the stitch is the simply single crochet.

About two skeins of Germantown wool will be needed for the crown, and one half skein each of four different colors.

The cap shown had crown of light tan, with band showing a broad space of dark rose, one of light rose and one of canary yellow. This made a very pretty combination but other colors could be selected. A dark blue bottle green, scarlet and yellow with a little black makes an effective cap.

Using the color for the crown make ch. 3 and join in a ring.

1st round.—Insert hook in ring and draw loop through, thread over and through both loops, thus forming 1 s. c. Make 8 more s. c. in ring. Do not join, work round and round.

2nd round.—Make 2 s. c. in each s. c. of first round, working through both loops of st.

3rd round.—2 s. c.. then 1 s. c., repeat once around.

4th round.—1 s. c. in each s. c., repeat once around. Then make 2 rounds, increasing by putting 2 s. c. in every fourth st.

7th round.—2 s. c. in every fifth st.

of wool. Join when band is right length and then crochet in place to edge of crown.

Hexagon and Star Centerpiece

Chain 8 and join.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., until you have six groups, join.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell with ch. 2 between, shell all around and join.

3rd round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

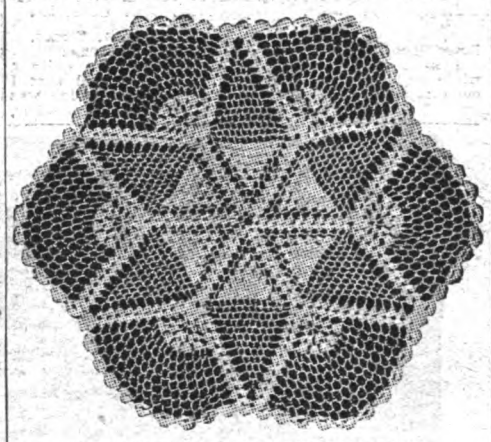
4th round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

5th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 2. 1 d. c. in ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

6th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 3, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

7th row.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

8th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 8 d. c. in 8 d. c., ch. 2,



HEXAGON AND STAR CENTERPIECE.

1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

9th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 14 d. c. in 14 d. c., 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around, join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

10th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 22 d. c. in 22 d. c., 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5. This completes the Hexigon center.

For the Star

11th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 3, 12 d. c. with ch. 3 between, ch. 3, shell in shell all around, join 3rd st. of ch. 5.

12th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, shell in shell, all in shell of previous round, ch. 3, 11 d. c. with ch. 3 between in ch. 3 of previous round, join as before.

13th round.—Shell in shell, 3 d. c., ch, 5, 3 d. c. in ch. 3 of middle shell of 2 d. c., ch. 3 and 2 d. c. (of previous shell, last row), shell in shell, ch. 3, 10 d. c. with ch. 3 between (as before), ch. 3, shell in shell as in beginning of 13th row and repeat around.

14th round.—Shell in shell, 3 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 3 d. c., all in ch. 5 of last round, shell in shell, ch. 3, 9 d. c. with ch. 3 between, shell in shell, etc., repeat around.

15th round.—Shell in shell, shell of d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 3, shell of 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, 8 d. c. with ch. 3 between, ch. 3, shell in shell all around.

16th round.—Shell in shell, 6 d. c. in ch. 3 of shell, 6 d. c. in ch. 3 between shells until you have 5 clusters of 4 d c., with ch. 2 between shell in shell (this is the fan edge between star points), ch. 3 and decrease d. c. with ch. 3, 1 each time around, shell in shell, repeat around.

17th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, d. c. with ch. 3 between 11 times, ch. 3, shell in shell all around.

18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd rounds are like above, decreasing point of star 1 d. c. each round and increasing fan, 1 each round.

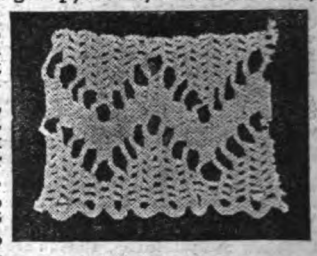
For the Scallop

Fill ch. with s. c., ch. 5 and catch back and fill with d. c. all round.

Doily made of No. 40 crochet cotton and of this size thread makes a large centerpiece which is beautiful. MRS. LIDA DEARBORN.

Simple Crocheted Edge

Begin with ch. 36 sts. 1 d. c. in 8th st. from needle, ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 5, sk. 5, 6 d. c. in next 6 sts., ch. 5, sk. 5, 1 d. c., sk. 1, repeat until there are 7 d. c. in this group, ch. 9, 1 s. c. in end, turn, 10 s. c. under ch. 9, ch. 3, 1 d. c., between each d. c. last row. 2 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, sk. 2 d. c., 6 d. c. on 6 d. c. work last 2 under next ch. 5, ch. 5, 3 d. c. ch. 3, turn. 4 d. c. last 2 under ch. 5, ch. 5, 6 d. c., last 2 under ch. 5, sk. 2 d. c., 7 d. c., with ch. 1, between each, ch. 9, turn. 10 s. c. under ch. 9, ch. 3, 5 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c., ch. 3, turn. Continue zigzagging the center solid band of doubles back and forth through the center as shown by first skipping 2 d. c. on one side and then on the other.



SIMPLE CROCHETED EDGE

Oval Platter Doily

Begin in the center with chain of 66 stitches.

1st round.—A double in the 10th chain from the needle, ch. 3 and a double into the next 4th chain, repeat until you have 14 spaces.

2nd round.—Without turning make ch. 5 for a treble of throwovers. Three rounds in succession are done with crossed trebles, so will give the beginning in detail. The next treble is done behind the chain into the space without turning the work. Pass the needle below the ch. 5 into the back space and make the treble. The chain will be on top and make the cross. This is for the first in a row. The next is a treble in the end space before the ch. 5 a little, to make the cross the next is put back of the last, passing in under the treble, not over the top. Continue to make these crossed trebles all around, putting enough in the ends to keep the work flat. Join to top of ch. 5.

3rd round.—Ch. 5 and make the crossed treble as before. Go into both loops of the trebles below, and on the ends where you must increase you go twice in a stitch. Join on top of ch. 5.

4th round.—Same as 3rd round.

5th round.—This is a round of spaces. The first made with ch. 7 and a double in the space after 2 crossed trebles; after this ch. 4 and a double after every 2 crossed trebles. This is for the sides where the edges are even; on the curved ends use ch. 5. Join on the 3rd of the ch. 7.

6th round.—A row of triangular patterns is next. (Ch. 9, work back on it to make the triangle, skip 1st chain, then 2 singles, 2 half doubles, 2 doubles and 2 trebles. Sl. st. on the next double to fasten). Repeat this for every space all around. Sl. st. up to the top.

7th round.—To go around the ends which are round and straighten up the triangles. (Ch. 3, then a treble down the side to the 3rd last stitch, work off treble twice, then a treble to opposite triangle to correspond with same stitch; work this off twice then thread over and draw through all the loops; now ch. 3 and single on top of next triangle). Repeat this all around, but on the straight edges use only 1 chain in place of 3. Join on first triangle.

8th round.—This is a round of spaces again. Begin with ch. 8 (and a double into the treble between the triangles, ch. 5, a double on triangle, ch. 5); repeat all around, but use ch. 4 on the straight edges.

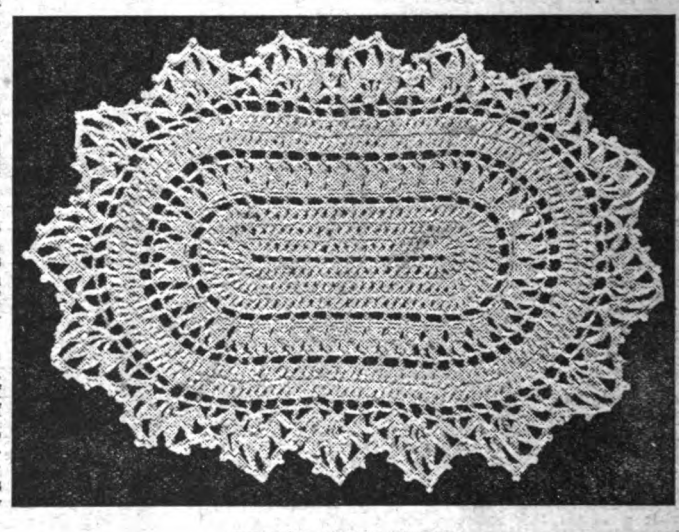
9th round.—Repeat the 2nd round.

10th round.—Repeat the 3rd round.

11th round.—Repeat the 4th round.

12th round.—Scallops are started now. (Ch. 4, a long treble over the hook three times in the 2nd space), three times more, ch. 4, fasten down on second double, ch. 5, a treble in next double, ch. 5, fasten down with a single in next double. Repeat from the beginning all around.

13th round.—At the first scallop make a triangle as before and fasten on long treble. Do this until you have five, then fill the two chain of 5 to the next scallop with singles. Repeat over each scallop.



OVAL PLATTER DOILY.

14th round.—Pass with ch. 5 and singles from one point of a triangle to another.

15th round.—Fill the chains of 5 full of singles and at every 5th stitch make a ch. 3 picot.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

The Independence of Country Life

What Science and Invention Have Done to Make Life Easier for the Women on the Farm

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By Adele Steiner Burleson

NO small proportion of the prosperity and happiness of the modern farm woman has been worked in the laboratories of the scientist and the workshop of the inventor.

The genius of mind has entered her life with a power a little short of revolutionary.

Remoteness and isolation no longer present effective barriers to the march of progress. With the coming of the automobile, the physical boundaries of her world have been widely extended. She need no longer wait for all things to come to her as was too often the case with the farm woman of yesterday. Now she can go far afield for profit or pleasure as the business or recreation needs of her life demand.

But rarely now are the plow horses required to take the family to church on Sunday or to participate in an evening's dissipation at some neighborhood dance or frolic or the all day picnic; such immunity results necessarily in their increased efficiency through the day. Not infrequently they are altogether relieved from the unduly heavy draft work by the traction engines in use on many of the larger farms.

Very pleasing to the ear of the farm woman must be the chug of the little motor engine that pumps the well's water into an elevated tank from which it is piped throughout the house for the convenience of the family. Getting water by simply turning a spigot may interfere with the poetry of the "Old Oaken Bucket" at the well, but it is certain that no farm woman whose duties have ever obliged her to traverse that weary trail from kitchen to well, and laboriously haul up hand over hand on a wet slippery rope, to a secure landing place, that ponderous, moss-covered article, representing the farm's sole supply of water for household use, will ever feel regret at its passing. No one will begrudge its measure of fame in song and story, if its actual existence may be eliminated from its ancient post and confined to poetry.

A sympathetic and observing friend of the farm woman has estimated that the distance she walks in her countless necessary trips between her house and the ordinarily placed well or cistern to be over a thousand miles during the course of a year. No farmer of today is justified in subjecting his wife to such drudgery, when by the expenditure of a little money, time and attention, he can provide his household with an abundant supply of running water.

For the asking he can get the instructive Farmer's Bulletins, issued free by the Agricultural Department of the United States, containing complete plans and instructions for an up-to-date bathroom and laundry, water tanks, the disposal of the sewage, besides directions for protection from contamination of the water supply and various methods of lifting the water. Write secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for them; you need not even enclose postage.

Thus the farmer need not depend upon his own ingenuity to figure out plans to supply his house with modern conveniences. Experts have been employed by the government to work out along sanitary and economical lines all problems presented by country homes.

The situation of the house, the stables and the stockpens are thoughtfully and logically mapped out. The placing of the well or cistern is no longer a haphazard affair, but the result of a careful study of the topography of the farm, to determine where the source of water supply would be least exposed to infection through surface wash or seepage not only from the farm buildings but from any other possible source of infection in the neighborhood. Natural conditions should, of course, decide whether the water supply is to be obtained from a spring or stream or cistern or well. It can be raised by windmill, hydraulic ram or a hot air, gas, gasoline or kerosene motor engine, but whichever plan may happen to be most feasible full directions for its construction and operation, with diagrams, may be secured in the Department of Agriculture bulletins for the farmer.

Perhaps the gravest of the farm's problems is the disposal of the house sewage. For the solution of this also, the government offers valuable suggestions. Several systems, differing according to the size of the family and the natural drainage supplied by the land, have been evolved by these agents and are being successfully used.

Close attention to sanitation, by the farmer's wife is bound to bring large returns in the way of health and happiness for herself and her family. Many dangerous cases of illness, chiefly among the children, occurring on isolated farms and formerly of inexplicable origin, can easily be understood and traced today, when the unclean conditions too often prevalent on such numbers of them are considered. Now that so many of these unfavorable conditions can be combatted or prevented, and a knowledge of how to do so easily at hand, there is small excuse for their existence. A little child's life was and is now frequently the heavy price paid for carelessness and ignorance of home hygiene.

Among the greatest conveniences of the present-day farmer's wife are those of improved methods of lighting and heating. The primitive tallow dip has been relegated to the darkness it so inadequately relieved. Its somewhat but more dangerous successor, the common kerosene lamp, especially the glass variety, with its notorious record of grease, grime, soot, wrecked eyesight, arson and even murder, should be banished, as a nuisance and a menace to comfort, health and safety, and its place should be filled by some of the improved all-metal lamps that combine a greater degree of safety with better efficiency, brilliancy and cleanliness, or by the still more convenient acetylene gas system with its brilliant white light rivaling that of the electric incandescent filament. The kicking over of a lantern by a cow started the great Chicago fire, and hundreds if not thousands of farm buildings have been burned by lantern and hand lamp accidents; all those can now be avoided by use of the electric lantern. The blue-flame, smokeless kerosene stove should be substituted in place of the old, smoking, dangerous style for summer cooking.

The fireless cooker is one of the greatest aids to modern cookery. Provided with one of these the cook or housewife is spared many hot hours in her kitchen watching to see that her stews etc. do not boil over or go dry or that her chicken or roast does not burn up in the oven.

That every family may add a fireless cooker to its kitchen equipment, the government gives explicit directions for the construction of a simple and efficient kind which anyone can readily make at home without need of skilled carpenters or expensive materials.

A tightly covered tin or enamelled bucket or can, a wooden box, and hay or excelsior as packing materials are all that is needed. The box should be considerably larger in every direction than the vessel used for cooking. Line the box with several thicknesses of paper or asbestos. Over the bottom spread a thick layer of hay, crumpled newspaper or similar material tightly packed.

The cooking vessel is placed on the center of this and the spaces between it and the sides are packed as solidly as possible with the hay or excelsior or whatever packing is used. A thick cushion or pad of suitable size should be made for covering the top of the can and a wooden lid or cover for the box is desirable. These boxes may be made to hold two or three vessels just as easily as for one.

The cereal, soup, stew, vegetables or meats may be brought to the boiling point in the can or bucket and cooked on the stove an average of ten minutes. It is then covered tightly, removed to the nest in the cooker, covered on top with the cushion and the top of the box is closed and kept closed until the dish is to be served.

For all foods that require long slow cooking, this device offers a happy and economical solution. Printed instructions for making and using may be had free from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The hot water or hot air furnace with its maximum of comfort and minimum of trouble is a delightful substitute for any other system of heating, no matter what. Its genial cheer, penetrates to every part of the house, dispelling cold and discomfort for each member of the family in his or her own particular habitat, instead of forcing them to be part of a helpless chilly group hovered over a community fireplace or a stove.

An open log fire, with its crackling and pungency, is a charming feature in a well heated room on a winter evening, but as a thing to stand between a family and zero weather, no greater fraud exists.

A rich heritage for the farmer's wife was the discovery of a way to separate cream from milk. By one simple process she saves enormously in both time and labor.

So interested has Uncle Sam become in the welfare of the farm woman that a special division in one of the bureaus of Agricultural Department has been established solely for her benefit. It is called the Office of Farm Management, and its object is to develop and enrich the life of the farm woman.

This is being accomplished in various ways.

The first step has been an effort to get in touch with farm homes and secure the personal co-operation of the housekeepers in the proposed work of the office. From among the six million farm homes scattered thoughout the length and breadth of the United States, a number of varying types have been selected for purposes of experimentation. The immediate object in view being to study present conditions on the farm, secure exhaustive accurate information as to the character and quantity of labor done by the farm woman, the cost or articles purchased or sold by her and the amount of farm produce used in the home.

To facilitate the collection of this data special blanks have been prepared and sent out from this office. The labor record reads as follows:

Preparation, serving and clearing up of meals;

Care of the House, including sweeping, dusting and house-cleaning;

Care of children;

Laundry work;

Sewing, mending;

Marketing;

Canned fruit;

Care of poultry;

Dairy Work, including milking, churning and washing the separator;

The garden;

The yard;

Miscellaneous labor.

The farm woman is also asked to record the time she devotes to recreation.

Already practical plans have been worked out in the office for the purpose of relieving the farm woman from many of the inconveniences against which she has been contending for centuries.

Designs for the farmhouse, a general plan for the grounds and, most important of all perhaps for the farmer's wife, a model kitchen, are supplied to those who choose to avail themselves of the valuable suggestions proffered by the government. Not only is the kitchen plan made to conform to practical economy in construction but the same idea is carried out in every tiny detail of the equipment, and arrangement of furniture.

The same beneficent power may also preside while the farmer's wife tests the scores of recipes formulated in the government's own kitchens where the food values from the standpoint of nutrition are analyzed and all combinations of foods judged by these standards.

The deep secrets of good bread-making stand revealed, from the working of the original yeast cells to the proper cooling of the finished product. Every step of the process is explained, and a formula given so that failure may be avoided or at least understood by the bread maker. Dozens of new, palatable preparations with cornmeal have been created by the scientific government cooks. They also offer explicit directions regarding temperature, etc., so that the veriest amateur may marshall her courage and go to work with a fair show of success with her bread, provided she pays strict attention to her recipe.

Tomatoes have been canned on the farm for many years, but recent experiments in the Bureau of Chemistry show that practically the entire surplus of the garden can be saved. With a proper outfit and intelligent methods, such vegetables as squash, egg plant, beets and succotash may be as easily canned for winter use as tomatoes.

If the garden and orchard overflow are too great to be saved by the farmer's family, a neighborhood club may be organized for its preservation. The members congregate in turn at the various farms and with the entire force of the membership at work, the surplus is soon stored away in glass jars and cans. The club sometimes becomes a business firm finding a sale for its products in adjacent towns. At the ring of that modern genii, the telephone, the distance between the club's business manager and the town merchant is bridged. The terms of contracts discussed and sales accomplished within the space of a few minutes. Lacking the telephone facilities, there remains always the telegraph and the now quick delivery of mail by the rural carrier. Another modern institution of yet unreckoned value to the farm woman is the Parcel Post. It removes practically every barrier between her and the city or town market, taking her products from her own gate, delivering them into the hands of the purchaser, collecting the price if desired and returning it to her.

A little study of the system in order to understand clearly the weight limit, the rates charged within the various zones, the regulations regarding the preparation of parcels, etc., would be very helpful to the farm woman. She can get this information for the asking from the rural carrier on her route or the postmaster. It is hoped that the system will work out so satisfactorily between producer and consumer that not a single product of the farm will go to waste.

Efforts are being made by the postmaster of the City Post Office at Washington to bring into close touch the people on the farms who have something to sell and the people in the towns who wish to buy. He advertises for the names and addresses of farmers who are willing to furnish country produce to town patrons by parcel post. Lists of these names are displayed in the Public Library and mailed to the various householders. To these farmers the postmaster sends a printed circular containing full information of the parcel post system, with instructions and suggestions as to its use. To aid in developing and perfecting this plan by which a town woman may do her marketing in the country and the farm woman not only dispose of her wares, but do so without sharing her profits with a middleman, the postmaster has secured the co-operation of the Housekeeper's League of Washington City whose members by actual personal transactions are testing its working qualities.

Each member sends an order to one or more of the listed farmers or farm women according to her own needs in the matter of eggs, poultry, vegetables, fruit, honey, home-made pickles, preserves sausage, hams, eggs, etc., and reports to the club and the postmaster as to the condition in which the produce was received, the promptness and conscientiousness with which the order was filled and the punctuality of its delivery by the post-office department. To facilitate the use of the parcel post large receptacles for packages are being installed all over the country. Good service on her part not only insures a steady market to the farm woman, but it brings within her reach something even more important from the standpoint of personal independence. And that is her own bank account. Some have already achieved one, but many women have felt that their savings were too small to offer to a bank. With the establishment of the Postal Savings Bank, where the very small sums are accepted, and the opportunities offered them by the Parcel Post for making money there is no real reason why every farm woman should not lay by something in her own name.

Unquestionably there has been during recent years tremendous impetus given farm life by the scientific solving of many of the most important problems and the publication and wide free distribution of these results.

It is no longer necessary for a man or a woman to have been born and brought up on a farm in order to become a farmer. If a woman, for women have become important farmers, feels a call to the farm, she has only to decide what crops she likes best to cultivate, provide herself with all the literature on the subject, buy the necessary number of acres for the cultivation of the selected crop and proceed to grow it. Intensive cultivation can do wonders on a very small plot of ground. There is one crop, the mushroom that calls for nothing more than a cellar.

The best cultural methods for valuable melon crops may be had from the government. Experience counts in farming as it does in everything else, but the beginner can escape the discouragement of total failure by supplying himself with Uncle Sam's accumulated experience set forth in the most complete work of farm literature ever compiled—the Farmer's Bulletins.

They not only instruct you how to spray your potatoes and why; how to dip and shear your sheep; and the best methods of packing the fleeces so that they will bring the highest market prices. The farmer's wife gets new ideas upon storing vegetables, and staples during the winter season, the most up-to-date instructions on the care and feeding of children and sick people, and the care of food in hot weather. Besides there are many valuable hints which may be turned to account in gardening, poultry and bird raising, and also raising of squabs and hares. Even the oldest, most experienced farmer has learned the value of the vast scope of work done on the government experiment farms and in the field work, and he is glad to get help from this reliable source when he is confronted with an obstinate case of soil drifting or an ugly wash that threatens to exhaust his soil resources.

Besides the value of Government instruction to the farmer, every rural housewife may be instructed in the anatomy of the beef; just where the tenderest cuts are to be found, and the actual food value of every part. She is given a number of recipes showing how the tougher, least attractive portions of the meat can be made into savory dishes. She is also told how to combine other fat with mutton fat so that it becomes as valuable for family use as lard. Then too mutton is exhaustively treated, as it does not receive the attention in this country that it deserves and gets abroad, which is largely due to the fact that we have not learned the secrets of cooking it appetizingly.

In fact a complete set of the Farmer's Bulletins furnish free a liberal education in domestic science and home economics, not only to the farmer and his family but to the urbanite as well. They not only teach new ideas and the use of the most modern practical appliances, the futility of wasting time and energy following obsolete methods, but they so present the theories of conservation and efficiency as to put many of the inventions of the age within the reach of people, to whom they were once, if not unwelcome, at least undesired, as much because of a narrow viewpoint as for financial reasons. Now the uses of the gasolene and kerosene engines are legion. The washing machine, the mangle, the churn, the sewing machine and in fact almost everything that requires motive power may now be run by the same force that pumps the water and does much of the field work.

Where electricity is available, farm life may be made the ideal existence, with an independence that is hard to excel. For there seems to be no limit to the achievements within its power, and by its use, comfort and convenience may, with the pressure of a button or the turn of a lever, become positive luxury.

With so many forces at work in her interest it is safe to predict a life of increasing usefulness and culture for the farmer's wife and all farm women.

Already they stand for much that is finest in our national life. It is not difficult to believe that at no distant day her environment will respond to her needs and desires and she herself will embody the highest of our country's ideals.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

regarding Will and Alice which she had made in such a dishonorable manner.

"Have you never heard of rumors about her and Will?" she inquired, evasively.

"No; have you?"

"Yes; it is said that he has been a very constant visitor at the Weston cottage during his vacations, and her being here now looks very much like an—engagement."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Imogen, flashing crimson with anger.

"I know that you hinted a long time ago that he admired her, but I scarcely gave the matter a second thought. He can't be such a fool."

"Don't be too confident; auntie—I am sure he is very fond of her, and—it really seems as if Lady Marchmont must saction his choice, since she is a visitor here." Olive returned, with an ugly frown.

"I never will believe it," was the irritable response. "It would be a downright shame, for Will to throw himself away in any such manner. Olive—since it came out who he really is—I have set my heart upon his marrying you. I have long known that you loved him, but I never cared so much for the match as since he became the Marquis of Leith."

Before she had concluded, Olive had dropped her face upon her hands and burst into a passion of tears, thus betraying how strongly her own heart had been set upon the same thing.

Imogen allowed her to weep until the storm spent itself, while she sat with frowning brow revolving some deep scheme to frustrate the union of Will and Alice, if time should prove such a plan was contemplated.

When the girl recovered her composure, they fell to discussing the matter in a way that boded ill for the unsuspecting lovers below.

Several other guests were expected to arrive that afternoon, and carriages were sent to Riegate, the nearest railway station, to meet them.

CHAPTER XII.

A COWARDLY PLOT.

Lady Marchmont, with Alice, Olive and Mrs. Ingraham, were all assembled in the great hall as the hour of their coming drew near.

Alice was feeling very happy, for May was coming with the expected arrivals, and she could hardly restrain her impatience to see her. The sisters had seldom been separated for any length of time, and each missed the other sadly when parted.

Imogen and Olive were both elaborately dressed in silks; but Alice wore a cool-looking blue lawn, its ruffles edged with a narrow white lace. Her only ornament was a small locket, enameled in blue and studded with diamonds, which she wore suspended from her neck by a fine gold chain.

Will had given it to her that very morning, and it contained an excellent likeness of himself painted on ivory.

But in spite of the simplicity of her attire, with her wealth of golden hair crowning her beautiful face, and a bunch of crimson nasturtiums in her belt, she was a picture which a master would have loved to paint.

Presently the sound of hoofs and the rumble of wheels on the avenue announced that the visitors were near, and Alice slipped out upon the porch to greet May as soon as she should alight.

She was almost the first, and, springing up the steps, she gave her sister a joyous salutation.

"What an age it has seemed to have you away a whole week, Alice," she cried, giving her an affectionate hug, adding, breathlessly: "And, oh! where did you get that love of a locket?"

"You might know, dear, without asking," Alice replied, smiling, but flushing rosily.

The other guests followed, and were cordially received, and then the grooms began to take the luggage of the guests to the various rooms allotted to them.

The trunks were carried up first and these were followed by the hand baggage.

Imogen Ingraham was sitting near the stairway, chatting with some of the new arrivals, when one of the men paused close beside her to allow some one to pass him.

As he did so, a piece of luggage which he had in his hand swung against Imogen's dress, and a buckle caught upon the fabric.

She glanced down at it.

The next moment she started to her feet, her face paling to the hue of marble, her eyes almost starting from their sockets, while a low cry burst from her lips.

She swayed dizzily for an instant, then sank in a heap upon the floor, having fainted dead away.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Imogen returned to the ballroom, the first sight that met her eyes was Will waltzing with Alice Weston, and both lovers looked as if they were oblivious to everything save the presence of each other.

She found Olive sitting in a corner alone, and also watching the couple, while she was looking the picture of jealous despair.

"Don't be foolish, Olive," she whispered, as she paused before her, "anyone can see, if they choose to look, that you are eating your heart out with jealousy. Go to dancing yourself, and don't let people suspect the real state of things. Where is your father?"

"Over yonder," Olive responded, with crimson cheeks and a flash of anger in her eyes, and indicating, by a gesture, a window, where Mr. Fletcher stood conversing with some gentlemen of his acquaintance.

Imogen made her way slowly toward him, and finally slipped out of the window, which reached to the floor, upon a balcony that ran along that side of the ballroom and made a convenient promenade for the dancers when they desired to get a breath of fresh air.

She had made a slight signal to Mr. Fletcher as she passed him, and as soon as he could manage, he joined her.

"What is it, Imogen?" he asked, as he came to her side; "did you wish to see me for anything special?"

"Have you had your eyes about you this evening?" she curtly inquired.

"Well, yes, I hope so," he answered, laughing, "but I do not quite comprehend the drift of your question, which is decidedly ambiguous, to say the very least."

"Have you observed how outrageously Will is flirting with one of those Weston girls?"

"Well, I have noticed that he has been with Miss Alice a good deal; but I must confess that I have seen nothing outrageous either in his conduct or hers," the gentleman quietly returned.

"It is outrageous, nevertheless," his companion sharply retorted, "because it cannot fail to compromise the girl."

"How so?"

"Surely you do not need to ask that?" said Imogen, scornfully, "for when a young man in Will's position shows such marked attention to a low-born girl like Alice Weston, people begin to think something is wrong."

"And why?" persisted Roland Fletcher.

"Because, of course, he could not marry anyone so far beneath him——"

"Pardon me, Imogen, but I do not regard Miss Weston as one whit beneath Will, dearly as I love the boy and proud as I am of him," gravely interposed Mr. Fletcher. "She is a beautiful, accomplished and remarkably clever young lady."

"Yes, she is pretty and smart. I'll admit that, but she has no social standing whatever, and it would be a thousand pities to have Will mar his brilliant future by marrying a girl whom society would never receive. And besides——"

"Besides what?"

Imogen shot a quick, searching look into the grave face beside her—she knew she was daring a great deal.

"Oh! are you so blind?" she exclaimed, with an impatient gesture, "do you not know that Olive loves him—idolizes him?—that she is perfectly wretched because of this flirtation, and her whole life will be ruined if Will marries this girl?"

Roland Fletcher started slightly, and a spasm of pain shot athwart his features.

"Are you sure of this?" he questioned, in a low tone.

Imogen hesitated a moment before replying, and her heart beat almost suffocatingly when she spoke again in a low, impassioned voice.

"Yes—as sure of it as—I am of—what I betrayed to you six years ago," she said.

"Imogen! I thought that subject had been forever buried in oblivion," her companion returned, in a tone of surprise; "I told you at the time, you will remember, how deeply I regretted having surprised the secret from you, but I also told you that I could never give the place that my Alice once occupied to another. I—I am very sorry that you should have referred to it again," and he involuntarily withdrew a pace or two from her as he concluded.

"I know, and I suppose I should not have spoken of it," she responded, a pathetic sob escaping her, "but—I love Olive and I know, from personal experience, just how wretched she is—just how, like a cruel blank, the world seems to her in view of the fear that all her fond hopes will be blighted, if Will obstinately persists in ruining himself by making a low marriage."

"Is this the reason why Olive is so rude to Miss Weston," inquired Mr. Fletcher, and utterly ignoring the reference she had made to her own hopeless attachment to himself.

Indeed, there had swept over him a momentary feeling of disgust that she should have so boldly confessed her love anew. Six years previous he had come upon her suddenly one morning and found her weeping. Upon questioning her kindly as to the cause of her grief, she had appalled him by revealing the fact that she had loved him for years—ever since before his marriage with Alice.

He had gently told her that while he was greatly grieved to learn that he had been the innocent cause of so much sorow to her, his heart was still true to the love he had lost, and he could never make another woman his wife.

He had believed then that he had made the matter so clear to her that he had effectually silenced any further hope or reference to the subject; and now this second confession was a severe shock to the respect he had entertained for her.

"Rude to Miss Weston?" Imogen repeated, questioningly, while the indignant blood mounted to her brow, and she was filled with secret rage that her eloquence should have had so little effect upon him.

"Yes, positively rude," he said. "I have been deeply pained to observe that, upon several occasions, Olive has been very uncivil to both young ladies."

"Really, Mr. Fletcher, I cannot understand how you can take sides against your own daughter. One would suppose you were actually in favor of Will marrying Miss Weston," retorted Imogen, with a bitter sneer.

"Well, then, Mrs. Ingraham, let me tell you, frankly, that if Will chooses to marry Miss Weston, I see no reason why he should not do so. I believe she is a sweet, womanly girl—she is well educated and well mannered—an innate little lady, his equal in every respect excepting that of money and his newly acquired title, both of which count, to me, for very little in comparison with moral worth and virtue; and I have no patience with the so-called caste which would forbid a manly fellow choosing his moral and mental equal for a wife when both his own and her lifelong happiness depends upon such a union. I am sorry for Olive poor child, if she has given away her heart and is suffering the pangs of unrequited love," he continued, sadly, "and we must try to do something—go somewhere, perhaps, to take her mind from it."

"Oh, Roland Fletcher, do you for a moment think that, when a woman has once poured out the wealth of her heart in a hopeless love, her mind can be taken from the object of her affection?—that she can be pacified like a child with toys and shows, etc.?" Imogen blazed forth, in a voice that quivered with mingled anger and pain. And with that scathing retort, she turned sharply from him and passed back into the ballroom, leaving him alone and in no comfortable frame of mind.

But she had no heart to remain with the company after that, and she soon retreated to her own apartment, where she spent hours trying to concoct some scheme to wreck the happiness of Alice Weston and make Olive the lady of Leith.

But the gay music swept on, and nimble feet kept time to it; happy faces and gay laughter filled the great room; eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all was, literally, as gay as a marriage bell, and that one woman, sitting alone with malice, envy and hate rumbling in her heart, was not missed from the scene.

It was a late hour when the festivities came to an end, and everybody, save the guests of the house, departed, radiant with pleasure and wishing all manner of good to the future master of Leith.

The next forenoon most of the remaining visitors went away, leaving none save the Fletchers and May and Alice Weston, who were to drive to Windsor late in the afternoon, when the day should become cool enough for a comfortable trip.

Mrs. Ingraham had pleaded indisposition and had remained in her room all the morning.

She came down in season for lunch, however, and said, although she looked pale and seemed nervous, that she was perfectly well and able to take the long ride to Castleview.

Shortly after lunch, Nellie, her ladyship's maid, made her appearance in the library, whither the party had repaired, a troubled look on her face, and, approaching Lady Marchmont, said in a low tone:

"Your ladyship, I cannot find the money or the bill which you told me to take to the steward."

"Cannot find them, Nellie!" her mistress replied in surprise; "they are in the tray of that box in which I keep all my receipts—a roll of notes, with the bill wrapped around them."

"There is no money there, your ladyship," the girl said in a troubled tone, but speaking positively.

"You have not looked thoroughly, I imagine," Lady Marchmont remarked, as she arose, and a look of annoyance flitted across her face as she spoke, for she did not like personal affairs discussed before guests. She excused herself and followed the girl from the room, and, as everyone had heard the conversation, her return was awaited with some curiosity.

She was absent nearly half an hour, and looked grave and preoccupied when she rejoined her guests.

"Well, your ladyship," said Will, smiling up at her, as she passed him, "did the money come to light?"

"No, Will."

"Is that so?" he observed, in surprise; "was there a large amount?"

"About sixty pounds."

"Well, this is rather serious. Are you sure it was in your receipt box?" the young man questioned.

"Yes, I folded it in the bill, ready to give to Mr. Snelling; I put it in the tray and locked the box before coming down to breakfast. The box has been forced open with the sewing machine screw-driver, and both bill and money are missing," Lady Marchmont explained.

Will started to his feet.

"This is decidedly unpleasant. I think I will look into it," he said, gravely.

"Let the matter rest, my son, for the present," returned her ladyship, giving him a significant glance, "I have ordered Nellie to say nothing about it, and we will investigate it later."

Will understood that she did not wish the subject pursued until after their guests' departure, and he resumed his seat.

Indeed, Lady Marchmont was greatly annoyed that the matter should have been aired before her visitors, and was inclined to blame her maid for not having called her from the room before telling her of the loss; but the girl was frightened and acted upon the impulse of the moment.

A couple of hours later the gentlemen thought it would be well to be getting on their way, and the ladies repaired to their rooms to prepare for their drive.

The Fletchers were going in their own carriage, as they had come, while Alice and May were to be driven home in the Marchmont carriage, attended by Will, who was to return to Leith on the following morning.

Just as Alice was about to lock her trunk, she found that the dress she had worn the evening previous was not folded quite to her mind.

She removed it, laying it on the bed, and carefully refolded, in a way to prevent the delicate trimmings from being crushed. She was on the point of returning it to the trunk when she observed that some other articles needed straightening.

"Why!" she mentally exclaimed, "I am sure I did not leave my things in such disorder!"

She sank upon her knees, and began to rearrange them, changing the position of several garments, when, all at once, a sharp cry broke from her.

"What did you say, Alice?" May called out, brightly, from the dressing-room, and thinking her sister had addressed her.

The girl hesitated an instant before replying, while her face was as pale as snow.

Then she said in a cold, grave tone, as she arose to her feet: "May, will you go to Lady Marchmont and ask her if she will kindly come here for a moment?"

"Why, how queer, Alice, to ask her that! Why do you not go to her?" returned her sister, putting her head inside the door and looking the surprise she felt at the strange request.

But Alice was standing with her back towards her and looking down into the trunk.

"Never mind why dear," she said, with unwonted gravity, "but run away quickly, for I have something important to say to her; and please ask Will to come, too, but be sure you do not let anyone else hear you speak to them."

May did not half like her errand and Alice's manner sorely puzzled her, but she knew that her sister seldom acted without a good and sufficient reason, and she tripped unquestioningly away to do her bidding.

Five minutes later Lady Marchmont appeared upon the scene, and closely followed by Will and May.

"What is it, dear?" she smilingly began; then observing the look of horror on the girl's white face, she exclaimed in a tone of alarm: "Why, Alice, are you ill?—pray tell me what troubles you?"

"Lady Marchmont," she faltered, with trembling lips, "it is something dreadful, and I do not know what you will think; but I can only act as honesty and a desire to be perfectly straightforward prompt me. When I came up-stairs a few moments ago I found that some of my clothing had been disarranged in my trunk, which I purposely left open until the last moment; but, while I was attempting to straighten things, I—I found—these!"

She stooped as she spoke and, sweeping aside a dainty *robe de nuit*, revealed to the astonished gaze of her companions not only the roll of missing bank notes wrapped in the bill, but also some pieces of valuable jewelry belonging to Lady Marchmont, together with a handsome stick pin, set with diamonds, that had been missed by one of the guests who had left early that morning.

A cry of dismay escaped Will as he comprehended the situation. He flushed a vivid crimson, then became as pale as his betrothed, while May sank upon the side of the bed, utterly overcome and wretched beyond expression.

Lady Marchmont bestowed one glance of amazement upon the money and jewels, then her great, earnest gray eyes sought the colorless face of the girl standing before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Incomes of Taxpayers

"There are in the United States according to the income tax reports," said an official-looking personage, "only forty-four people who have an annual income of a million dollars or more and their names are not made public so the begging contingent can't write letters to them asking for money. There are ninety-one whose incomes range from $500,000 to a million and two hundred and twenty-two ranging from a quarter to a half million. From one hundred thousand to a quarter of a million they are so numerous as almost to be common, the number being twelve hundred and forty-one; and from fifty to a hundred thousand they run up to three thousand six hundred and sixteen, or about eighty to each state in the Union. From ten thousand to fifty thousand a year the woods are full of them, there being as many as forty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-six men and women who have that amount of money to spend every year. From twenty-five hundred to ten thousand they seem to come in droves, though perhaps they don't come your way, for this the lowest class of the fortunate incomers numbers over a quarter of a million two hundred and ninety-five thousand six hundred and eight, to be exact. Think of all those having that much and how many of us talking here don't have any income tax to pay at all. Of the income tax payers, 6,682 were married women and 23,551 were unmarried women, but why women with incomes should remain unmarried when there are so many men looking for incomes, I don't quite understand. The number of unmarried men returning incomes was 55,212. In all there were 278,835 persons returning incomes, which is 146,828 less than should have reported according to estimates made by Congress. The Internal Revenue Bureau is after these dodgers and some of them will be run in and made to pay their little contribution to Uncle Sam. It was expected that the income tax would bring in about 45 millions, but only 28 millions were realized. While 278,835 seem like a mighty big number of people to have incomes from $2,500 a year up, we must remember that there are one hundred millions of us in this country and the vast majority don't pay income tax. But every man of us would be glad enough to pay the tax, as we feel now about it, but I guess if we had the income our feelings might change and some of us would dodge just as these other dodgers have done."

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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Something about the Bath

THE prettiest girl is always the cleanest girl. The reason for this is, that, unless all impurities are removed from the skin before they can be seized upon and retained by the pores, the result will be pimples and blackheads galore.

A bath is not only a necessity but a luxury, and the bath habit smooths one's temper and nerves almost as effectively as it wards off wrinkles.

For all of these reasons, make a January first resolution never to omit the daily bath. Perhaps some of us are a little careless, at times, feel tired or sleepy at night, hurried in the morning, and content ourselves with a half-hearted sponging or even just a face bath, except for the weekly "scrubbing."

This is all wrong. We need at least one good bath a day—and two, one at night and one in the morning, is even better for both health and beauty.

So, girls, let's choose the best for ourselves, and say quite firmly and out loud, "I belong to the Order of the Daily Bath."

If you bathe at night, choose a hot bath, and if there is running water in the house and a nice generous bathtub let the water run all the time you are in the tub, so that it will keep stirred up constantly and as warm and "comfy" as possible.

Rub yourself dry with a soft towel, and jump into bed without a minute's delay, because the only objection to a hot bath is that people foolishly wander around cold rooms afterward in too few clothes, get chilled, and, as a result, catch cold.

A hot bath is good for "nerves," for wakefulness, for that general tired feeling, *and for congestion of any kind*, periodical or otherwise. It relaxes the muscles, and rests one.

If you are very nervous, and perhaps inclined to either neuralgia or rheumatism, pour two ounces of turpentine in the bath water and three ounces of green soap. Green soap, you know, is not green at all, but in appearance something like old-fashioned soft soap. It is called potash soap by the druggist, and is about the consistency of custard.

It is a good soap to have on hand for the treatment of blackheads. For this purpose it should be rubbed on to the face, after the latter has been thoroughly washed in hot water and steamed with hot wet cloths.

The soap should stay on the face almost five minutes then the skin scrubbed with a camel's-hair complexion brush and hot water. Some of the blackheads will come away. Rinse thoroughly, dry, and rub in cold cream.

Make your bath a sort of "pleasure exertion," so that you will look forward to it in a restful part of the day. Carry your manicure things to the bath with you, and while you rest in the water for five minutes—or possibly ten (keep the water at an even temperature remember!) use your orange-wood stick to push the cuticle down at the base of the nails, your file to dispose of any little roughness at the tip, etc., etc., etc.

A bath mitten will stimulate the circulation when drying the body, or you can buy a bath strap (very much like a razor strop, only wider and make of heavy Turkish towelling) and, by slipping a hand in each end loop, friction the body with it.

When you want to be especially dainty, try rubbing the body with flour after the bath. It gives the skin a soft velvety surface. Do not use it on the face, however, as it might result in blackheads, the pores being open after the hot bath.

If you live in a more old-fashioned house, whose big drawback is the lack of a bathtub, it is little harder to compass the daily bath, but try to do so, even if you must restrict it to a quick sponge of the body from a bowl of hot, soapy water, and a rinsing from another. And, in any case keep the face well scrubbed nightly.

Choose pure soaps for bathing—not the strong lye soap used in the kitchen or about the housework. Oatmeal bags thrown into the water will soften it, or the water in which bran has been boiled will prove equally beneficial.

Even if you haven't a bathtub, you can use one of the cabinet baths as a substitute. I spent a winter once in a Southern town where the bathtub was conspicuous by its absence. But I had taken with me a bath cabinet—nothing more or less than a four-walled rubber-covered screen which folded into a box and fastened, after I was inside it, and which had rubber flaps at the top to button about my neck and close the opening.

A pan of water set over a small alcohol stove and placed below a cane-seated chair on which I sat after undressing for the bath, was what made me clean. The steam condensed, and as I got warm and warmer the little drops of water poured out of my pores. After ten minutes I could emerge, and, giving myself a good brisk rubbing with a rough towel, be spotlessly clean.

You could improvise such a bath from a low clothes rack and some blankets; but it is wise in using an alcohol lamp to put it in a deep iron kettle, so no flame could possibly do damage. Set a pan of water over this kettle and it will prove not only safe but effective.

A vapor bath like this, once a week, will do wonders for your complexion. Remember not to wander about your room afterward, but to make a bee-line for bed, and cover yourself up to the chin with warm blankets.

It is a pleasant practise to keep one's bath



CHOOSE YOUR SOAP CAREFULLY.

towel in a drawer or closet where violet sachets are laid. Then, when the warm body is rubbed with them, a very faint and delicate odor is left—not strong enough to be in bad taste, but giving just a pleasing suggestion of daintiness.

There is a special gelatin bath which gives a luster to the skin, and is somewhat of a luxury, and if after you have done all the other things I have told you, you would like to try this, too, I shall be very glad to print the formula.

Answers to Questions

Ignorance.—I'm afraid you did not persevere in your exercises. You should practise the exercise night and morning, for ten minutes at a time, to reduce fat hips. Standing with heels together, toes turned out, place your hands on the back of a chair or any other object that may be convenient. Rise on your toes; then sink down to the floor, slowly bending the knees. Rise to the standing position again without allowing the heels to touch the floor. The object of placing your hands on the back of a chair is to help preserve your balance. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting. For your too large bust, try binding it with wide strip of rubber sheeting, wound firmly about the body and fastened tight with strips of adhesive tape. It will induce perspiration and this brings about reduction.

Huron, S. Dak.—Yes, peroxide and ammonia is an excellent treatment for superfluous hair. That you have already used depilatories makes no difference. Dampen the hair one day with peroxide, the next day with ammonia. If your skin should be very sensitive the ammonia may irritate it a little after a number of days.



YOUR BATH BAG SHOULD HOLD YOUR MANICURE IMPLEMENTS.

If it does, stop the treatment for a couple of days, then resume.

E. R.—Skin food will not make your skin white—it only helps to put it in good condition. Scrub the face every night with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush, afterward rinsing thoroughly many times. Then rub skin food or any other good cold cream into the face until it is practically absorbed. This will help your skin. If your face gets shiny after putting on cold cream and powder, it is probably because you do not rub the cold cream well into the face until the skin has absorbed all it will and then wipe the face thoroughly with a soft towel to get off any superfluous cold cream. Be careful about this in the future. Your red nose is probably due to poor circulation, but be careful that your bowels are in good condition, as they might be partly responsible. If your corsets, gowns, collars or sleeves were tight a red nose would result. Exercise a little night and morning to put the circulation in order. Try the exercise I prescribed for "Ignorance." Here is a formula for a good skin food:

Magnolia Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoa-nut oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, fluffing it with an egg beater until cold.

Mrs. C. A. A. and Mrs. E. D. L.—Here are the directions for the use of Epsom salts paste to reduce: Take half a pound of Epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shave fine one and a half bars of the best white kitchen soap and dissolve in a quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the Epsom salts solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into the fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight per week is two pounds. Twice a week, before taking above treatment, it would be a good idea to immerse body for a few minutes in a tubful of very hot water into which has been thrown half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. When you feel as if you were about to melt away, jump out of the tub and after drying yourself hastily, wrap up in a woolen blanket. When you cease perspiring, which may not be for half an hour, dry body and rub in the Epsom paste. For a dietary, absolutely refrain from eating between meals, cut out all sweets (which include using sugar on cereal or otherwise) and all fats (which means gravies, fat meats, and much butter); and the starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, macaroni. Eat very little white bread. Lean meat, green vegetables, and fresh fruit should be your standby. Exercise will go a long way toward reducing flesh. See answer to "Ignorance."

Rose.—Gentle massage with cocca-butter will help to develop the bust. Get a cake at the druggist and hold it over a lighted candle until it melts a little. Then rub on the bust and using the hands lightly massage with a rotary movement—that is around and around, following the contour of the bust. Remember the massage must be gentle. Here is a good exercise for developing the bust: Take a correct standing position. With arms outstretched, try to have every muscle in body tense. Then force the hands together, holding the arms rigid. Then throw the arms back as far as possible; then to the front again. Keep the hands at the shoulder level throughout. Inhale as the arms are brought back and exhale as they come together. For increasing the size of the calf of the leg, practise this, night and morning. Take the correct standing position, with hands on hips. Then rise on the toes. Continue this exercise until a strain is felt in the calves of the legs.

Mildred.—I imagine the face bleach you mean is as follows:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a 50-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

Margaret.—See answer to "Ignorance and Mrs. C. A. A." You can take internally the Vaucaire remedy but personaly I prefer the use of rubber sheeting and exercise to reduce the bust.

Vaucaire Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

The dose is two soupspoonfuls in water before every meal.

Miss G. S.—To gain flesh, a tablespoonful of olive oil either just before or just after each meal and before going to bed is excellent. Drink quantities of water, eight to ten glasses a day between meals—no liquids at table. Chew your food thoroughly, and exercise night and morning. Do not eat fried foods.

Spring Valley.—See answer to E. R. for formula for good skin food. If you are using Castile soap, that is all right but do not rub it on the face. Make a lather and scrub the face at night as per directions to E. R. During the day do not use soap. Make yourself some cheese-cloth bags or squares about three by three inches, and half fill with crushed oats. When washing dip lightly in the water and use as a washcloth. Pat the face dry afterwards instead of rubbing. Keep some bran water at hand for your hands, made by boiling bran in water, with a little scraped soap, until it has boiled down somewhat, then straining and using the liquid to wash the hands. Be careful to dry the hands thoroughly after every washing.

For a brown neck, use this neck bleach.

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; whites of two eggs; enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a satin whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in reach of children. I am sorry the rules of this department do not permit me to reply to letters by mail.

Agnes.—I'm glad you have been following my directions and getting good results. Hurrah for the Pretty Girls' Club. Here is a good freckle remover:

Horse-radish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, three drams.

Apply at night to freckles. If skin is sensitive, test the strength of this preparation on the arm before applying it to the face.

R. S.—I am sorry there is no way of staining gold teeth to resemble white teeth. The only remedy would be to have the offending tooth taken out and a porcelain tooth inserted, which of course can be done. I wish I could help you out.

Mrs. M. F. D.—I am sorry I cannot answer letters by mail. See answer to Mrs. C. A. A. for the Epsom salts reduction treatment.

Elsie.—You won't be shocked, will you, when I tell you that the blackheads most of us have are nothing but dirt! Very true! Use a complexion brush and hot soapy water every night. Get a comedone extractor for twenty-five cents (a little instrument with a hole in the end about as big as a blackhead) and press out the existing blackheads, after they have been scrubbed nightly for three nights, and rubbed afterward with cold cream. Then touch the empty pore with alcohol to keep it closed up and dash with very cold water. Never go outdoors after washing with hot water—first close the pores by dashing on cold water. Massage the face every night with a good cold cream, and in the daytime never apply powder without first rubbing in cold cream and then wiping the face vigorously with a towel.

E. S.—The Portugal Bust Food is made by boiling two whole oranges for four hours in nine ounces of olive oil in a double boiler. Each night a piece of the orange is used with which to lightly massage the breasts. See also answer to Rose and Miss G. S.

Mrs. B. F.—I expect you mean the Epsom Salts Reduction treatment. See answer to Mrs. C. A. A. Massage your brows nightly with olive oil if you want them to be thick and luxuriant. Be careful to massage against the fall of the hair.

Mrs. L. D.—For a good skin food see answer to E. R. For a fat nose, massage with a gentle but rapid pinching motion from the bridge of the nose to the tip, using thumb and forefinger. Spray two or three times daily with an astringent lotion.

Astringent Lotion

Rose-water, six ounces; elder-flower water, two ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, one half ounce; tannic acid, ten grains.

Mrs. J. C.—I am sorry not to be able to answer by mail. The hair darkener you refer to contained California claret, did it not? You can get that at any big grocery department store as they usually have a wine section. But perhaps you could use instead this restoration:

Herb Tea Lotion

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop, dried), two ounces. Put in an iron pot which can be closely covered, and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water—preferably soft; let simmer till reduced one third; then take off the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours; strain and bottle. Try massaging the scalp every night. Put the finger tips against the scalp and, without lifting them move the skin back and forth on the skull. Then changing the position of the fingers and repeat until the whole scalp has been gone over and it is all warm and glowing. Scalp massage alone, persisted in, will frequently restore hair which is not really gray from age.

Mrs. W. M. W.—Drink quantities of water to prevent deposits forming at the knuckles and be careful what you eat. Gently massage the knuckles every night with a little warm olive oil or cold cream. Be careful to dry the hands thoroughly after being in water. Use a dish mop when washing dishes, and keep the hands out of hot water as much as possible.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

"You will stand there and study your lesson 'till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget that you are now under tutors and governors and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God."

Grandma, your granddaughter's ideas about appealing being done in correctional homes I think she will find wrong if investigated. I was told by a girl that had lived in a Children's Home (not a correctional home either), that little time is spent appealing, and that frequently severe, and even cruel treatment was received. I agree with Grandma it would be much better to keep the girl at home and punish her there. If a child goes wrong the parents always are criticized regardless of their efforts to lead it aright. I believe if a child is taught from infancy to respect and obey its parents, it will require very little punishment at any age, but if one waits until children are sixteen years old and then attempts to control them I think they have waited fifteen years too long. Enough on this subject Grandma, I am on your side. I was reared thus and it never hurt me.

Another subject I want to say a few words on if allowed. So often I have read of people who have no children regarded as selfish and indifferent and being criticized for not opening their homes to the orphan child. I was talking with one of those selfish persons a short time ago, who said she would love to have a child in her home, if it were not for other people interfering and making the child dissatisfied and I know there are many homes that would gladly have children in them were it not for the interference of neighbors and outsiders. It seems whenever one takes a child into their home, the entire community consider themselves on the committee and they usually end by making the child dissatisfied and homeless. Now any sister who can give a child a home and has the love in her heart and is willing to mother a homeless waif ought to be helped instead of being meddled with and I hope this may be a warning to some at least to give a helping hand to the foster-parents instead of seeking to find a way to make the child unhappy and troublesome.

A few words about Washington. We moved to this state a short time ago and like it very much. This is a timber country. The soil is fine here, land very reasonable and everything put in the ground grows. We have considerable rain, but no extremely cold or hot weather and no crop failures here.

Love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

MRS. GEORGE BAIN.

CENTERVILLE, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let me join your circle?

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for years and don't see how I could do without it as I get so many helpful hints from its pages. Have long wanted to join this band of helpers but there are so many better writers than myself that I have hesitated. I have gotten most of my education from books and papers and my reading has been limited for I have always been a hard working woman.

I have been married twenty-seven years and have five children living. I lost one dear little boy at an early age. My children are all grown and scattered, except one girl and my baby, a boy of eight years, who is a great help and comfort to me for my husband is and has been for some time an invalid, caused from stomach and heart trouble and just now my daughter is away on a visit so little John is all the help I have.

Will now add my little mite, perhaps it may help someone.

To those, who, like myself, cannot have ice all summer, as soon as you get through milking, cool the milk put it in pitchers or some deep vessel; now get a large zinc tub, place churn and pitchers in tub and fill as full of fresh cool water as vessels will allow, changing water about three times a day and when you mold the butter, drop in pan of cool water and change same as for milk, the cakes will retain their shape and keep nice and fresh for several days.

When you have a nice dish of vegetables or anything you wish to keep over for tomorrow's dinner put it on the stove, or in, as the case may require, and heat to the boiling point at night; repeat same while preparing breakfast and it is all right for dinner.

For frost bite or chilblain; make a liniment of turpentine, coal oil, camphor and laudanum and bathe the affected parts; two or three applications cured me nearly thirty years ago, and I have not felt anything of it since.

Thanking you Mrs. Wilkinson for your patience, will just slip out the back way for I think I hear someone say, "how tiresome." Good wishes for you and all COMFORT sisters. From MRS. J. H. ANDERS.

OXFORD, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I hope for a space in your interesting corner? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a number of years, having taken it at different times since I was married; in fact, I remember Aunt Minerva and her owls, as a child.

I certainly enjoy reading the Sisters' Corner and was very much interested in the letter written by "Grandma," as I was reared along the same lines as she suggested in her letter and I now realize how thankful I should be that my parents were strict. I have three small boys of my own to care for. I find each one must be dealt with according to disposition, and when an appeal to their better nature fails I resort to corporal punishment. As children are growing up they may fall from grace, but eventually that good early training all comes back. A child's early surroundings are the foundation of its future, just "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Grandma writes that in her days there were no Reform Schools. Of course time alters everything and in these days of hurry, greed and pleasure the responsibility of parents seems to relax and that is why our industrial schools become a necessity. I, for one, do not think Grandma's ideas old-fashioned and how I should love to chat with her.

I have never seen any letters in COMFORT written by anyone I knew though almost everyone takes the paper. I have a request to make before I close: If anyone who knew me when a girl reads this will they please write, also I would like a letter shower on my birthday, March 3rd.

MRS. MAGGIE MCINERNEY FISHER.

ORLAND, CAL.

OUR COMFORT:

Trusting there is room for one more, I beg for admittance.

I think "Grandma's" letter awakened a desire in me to write my thoughts. One must admit the world and its people change every day and though I am only a young mother, I, like the multitude, can see vast room for improvement. It is hard to say mothers are seemingly negligent, yet how many mothers are companionable to their daughters, share their secrets, their pleasures, etc. I think mothers are reticent in drawing their children into their confidence.

Why, oh, why, can't parents, even if it is hard to go at times, just a night or two a week go out with their daughters instead of trusting girl chums, or a smooth-tongued man. To my knowledge I have never as yet seen a girl but of the sweetest character who had her mother for her chum.

Having lived in a big city all my life I have had ample time for observation. I also speak from experience. I have only one boy of five but he is indeed my chum. I think I have started him right.

I live on a small farm now, in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley. Have government irrigation, citrus and all other fruits, nuts and Alfalfa. Dairying is the chief industry here. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through here, also the new state highway. A thriving country, but takes finances to develop a place. Land sells at one hundred dollars up, and water from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per acre yearly until water debt is paid, after that we pay only a small maintenance fee.

Orland has a population of about two thousand and is growing rapidly. We have good educational advantages, good lodges, churches and a superior class of people.

With best wishes, I am, Sincerely,

MRS. R. F. BRANTLEY.

825 Dillard St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was a little girl and soon after my marriage I subscribed for it. That was nearly nine years ago and since then COMFORT has been a regular comfort in our home. My husband and I are both fond of reading and take quite a number of papers and magazines, but I like COMFORT best of all.

As I have never seen a letter from our city I suppose had best say something about it. We have about fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is quite a railroad center as well as being busy in industrial and manufacturing pursuits. Nearly all denominations are represented here and we have some costly and beautiful churches, also splendid graded schools. The State Normal and Industrial College is located here, where between five hundred and one thousand girls attend annually; also the famous old Greensboro College for Women, one of the oldest colleges for women in the South, the property of the M. E. church south. Here is also located the State A. and M. College and several other colleges for the colored race. About seven miles from the city is the historic old Guilford battle ground, it has been transformed into a beautiful park and there are to be seen there in the museum many relics of the Revolution. A few miles north of the city, and connected by trolley line, are the cotton mill villages. White Oak Mill is the largest of its kind in the world. We have many advantages as well as many disadvantages, cotton and tobacco as well as most all kinds of grain, fruits and vegetables are grown in this country. The past season we had quite a severe drouth, which cut off crops and prices for everything are high.

I am especially interested in all letters pertaining to the training of children as we have one bright litttle daughter, Annie Laura, who is the sunshine of our home, she is only four years old, but often asks daddy and mother many questions that would puzzle many older heads to answer.

I should be pleased to hear from sisters of the South, especially So. Carolina and Georgia, as my mother had many relatives in those states, her mother having been born and reared in Newbury County, S. C. Her name was Miss Joicie Sheppard and she married Rev. J. D. Schick, a minister of the Lutheran church.

With best regards to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

MRS. SUE LINEBERRY, nee CUMMINGS.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Ever since I read one sister's contribution as to how she made pin money I have been fired with the desire to add my own experience, but never had the courage to venture, but now the fire has struck into a flame (if it did take a year), and here goes.

Of course all know the old routes of keeping poultry, selling canned fruits, sewing, services as nurse, agency work *adfinitum*.

Here are some of my plans *for many long* years, and I have been very successful. As one friend remarked of my work, that I "could make money out of a wagon track."

First, as a school girl, I used my spare time making up fancy articles for Christmas, and had a good stock when the season came to sell. In those days the advertising cards were scarce and hard to get, I wrote every house who sent out an attractive card that I could place one hundred of their cards and when my supply reached required amount one card from each house went into a collection which I gave to every purchaser of my Christmas goods; result, plenty of dimes in my pocket. Let me remark, fancy cards then were not as common as today.

Again I was the candidate to receive all scraps and pieces left in two dressmaking shops. Evenings I sewed up all nice pieces into fancy quilts and smaller scraps I cut into inch wide and inch and a half long bits and stitched them in long chains on the machine, folding once lengthwise. Then sew these chains one half inch apart on burlap for floor mats or rugs and all these too found ready sale.

In time I married, but still I clung to my money-making schemes. I moved from Michigan to Florida. How very different were things here than North. I was not slow to see the openings, then was when I did get busy, the first thing that caught my eye was the beautiful long silver gray moss that swayed from the tree tops. I wrote of it in several Northern papers and offered it free to anyone who sent postage at a certain rate per pound. This was a philanthropic move. I learned lots in a short time and hired help and started business from a commercial standpoint, and for eighteen years was eminently a success, the details of which I will not mention, as it might smack of personal interests. But this is in the past; eleven years ago my health broke and it did a first-class job. I closed out, but cannot be quiet. Of late health has returned and I pass the days still making pretty things. I will give a few hints if you will not think I am grinding an axe. One very remunerative way to earn pin money these days is in making up draperies, fringes, portieres, air castles, baskets, etc., by crocheting seed, shells, beads, etc., or anything that can be crocheted into chains. A polish I use is composed of one part of white varnish to three or four parts turpentine, in it immerse what you wish to polish, lift out, spread on papers to dry, then drill. Some seeds need a hot water bath to soften. Throw in a handful of salt in water, so the color will hold. Any old beads, with ordinary seeds colored make pretty necklaces. Experience will teach you. For a portiere for an ordinary door I use the mercerized silk and have nine long chains on each side, and eighteen short ones in the middle, just long enough to clear the head. Sea shell hand bags are now quite a fad; they too find ready sale.

But let me return back to Michigan for a bit. One of the very best things that I did there for pin money was selling of toy animal patterns. I bought every toy animal pattern I could hear of and had patterns for some eighteen different things then sold the whole menagarie for so much. Again the coins poured in.

But back to Florida; another way is I visit the stores and bazaars at near Christmas and get them to save the tiny ribbon bands, that come around handkerchiefs and lawns; they are very nice in fancy work. I used to drill bivalve shells and tie them with these ribbons. But I better stop and sign my name. Of course I'll do that; a part of an address always impresses me as unreal, like some medicine recommendations I have seen. I may venture the second time, until then.

Au revoir, ALICE WARNER.

RAWSON, N. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for nearly ten years. My dear old grandfather sent in my subscription ten years ago this summer when I was staying with him and I have taken it ever since for I am lost without it. I have received a great deal of help from it so will try and help someone else.

When my oldest boy was twenty-six months old he had nervous spasms and again the next year the same; brought on both times by indigestion. For the benefit of those like myself who had never seen spasms will say the first time he jerked all over, first his arms then his legs and his head and this is what I did: I rubbed his abdomen with olive oil and when I found out what was the matter we gave him a good warm mustard water bath in a tub. Don't get the water too hot, just warm, and rub briskly with the hands. He usually had a high fever before an attack. The second time he had them, he frothed at the mouth. Our doctor told me to always keep his bowels open so when his fever begins to come I give him one or two enemas to clean the bowels. I use a coffee cup of water and a teaspoonful of salt each time. By this treatment I have kept him from having any more for three years and hope he may outgrow them.

I am one of the lucky ones who have a good, kind husband. We have four children, two boys and two girls. We have been married nearly nine years and have only had a doctor in the house five times as we do our own doctoring, mostly.

Here is my remedy for a sore throat: Six drops of carbolic acid in a half glass of water; use half at a time as a gargle.

I send best wishes to one and all and especially to the poor shut-ins.

MRS. MORAN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To keep silver that is seldom used from becoming brown or tarnished, put it in a box and cover with wheat flour.

MISS AGNES C. HALPIN, Scotia, Nebr.

To clean mica in stoves when smoked is easily done by taking it out and washing it with vinegar, a little diluted. Let it soak, if the black sticks.—Ed.

If difficulty is found in threading the needle, especially when the light is poor, hold a white card behind the needle, this will bring the eye into view. It is a splendid help in threading the machine needle.

CLARA LARSEN, 431 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

To prevent pump from freezing; take out the lower valve at the beginning of cold weather and drive a tack under it, projecting in such a way that it cannot quite close. The water will then leak back into the well or cistern.

Windows may be kept free from ice and polished by rubbing with a sponge dipped in alcohol.—Ed.

To avoid burns on the hands. Save the loops from stocking supporters and fasten one each to a pad of old cloth of any kind, and hang by the kitchen range for lifting hot handles to spiders, baking pans, etc. Put one in the right-hand pocket of your kitchen apron while you are working around the stove.

The United States Government at Washington, D. C., distributes *free* to farmers and their wives bulletins on canned and canning fruit, bread and bread making, butter making, bee keeping, eggs, the care of food in the home, and so forth. Write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a list of farmers' bulletins, send for those on the subjects which particularly interest you and study them. You can get a great deal of help from them.

MRS. ABBY SCHILLER, Browning Ave., Ignacia, Colo.

The best time to mend clothes is before you do the washing and then when the clothes are washed and ironed they are ready to be put away.

Put a pinch of salt in the kerosene if you wish a bright light.

Sprinkle a little salt on carpets before sweeping. This will help to brighten them and make them look like new. ELIZABETH DEFAULD, Sawyer, Minn.

To take spots off wall paper, take a teacup of bran and make it damp with gasoline and tie in a thin cloth, and rub the soiled spot.

Furniture polish. Equal parts of turpentine, boiled linseed oil and vinegar.

MRS. A. BRADSHAM, Jerseyville, Ont.

Remedies

How many of the sisters know that a raw egg taken immediately will carry down a fish bone that cannot be gotten up from the throat.

A mustard plaster mixed with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

The white of an egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon relieves hoarseness.

RETTA KERKPATRICK, Sumatra, Mont.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—Eat a buttered cracker, dusted over with cayenne pepper.

CAR SICKNESS.—Tie a wet cloth around the throat.

MRS. J. A. FAIRBANK, Helena, Mont.

Sweet cream and gunpowder is a sure cure for ringworm if applied freely and several times.

MRS. SLATON B. DENHAM, Sarah, Miss.

ERYSPELAS.—Boil white navy beans, mash and add corn-meal to make poultice. Apply hot and change often.

BAD BREATH.—One teaspoon each of powdered myrrh and camphor, put in pint of water; use as a wash for mouth.

FOR ACHING AND TENDER FEET.—Make a strong solution of white-oak bark, and soak the feet night and morning.

MRS. BULAH ZIEGLER, Junction City, Kans.

Requests

L. Mark, Redding, Cal., wants poems, "The Two Glasses," and "The Drunkard's Dream."

Mrs. Lena E. Knuth, Oxford, Nebr., would like to know how to dye a rain coat, rubber inside and seams glued.

Mrs. Agee Price, Ruleton, Kans., wants cure for Bright's disease.

Tested cure for use of alcohol.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of my father, Richard Johnson, or any of his relatives. They were raised in Tampa, Florida. Joe Johnson, Brashear, Texas.

Wanted—Information of my children, Oma, eleven; Cecil, ten; Dixie, six. Taken by father in September. Mrs. Myrtle Peterson, Caney, Box 192, Kansas.

Wanted—Information of James Albert Stanton, alive or dead, last heard from in Garfield, Washington, July, 1914. M. D. Stanton, Mansfield, Ga.

Comfort Postal Requests

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Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Christina Beaver, Mound City, Box 366, Ill. Miss Anna Banlius, 623 Knower St., Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Luen Wurtsbaugh, McMillan, Box 77, Mich. Miss Goldie Iverson, Vallejo, Box 146, Cal. John N. Ball, Spofford, N. H.

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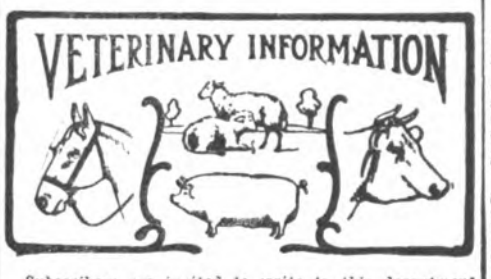
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No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

BLINDNESS.—I have a cow that gave birth to a calf in June. About four weeks ago I found her in the field apparently blind, sick at the stomach and as she walked reeled. E. C.

A.—We suspect that the cow has tetanus (lock jaw) from infection of a wound. The condition is hopeless and if so affected the cow no doubt has died since you wrote to the paper. It is barely possible that you mean that she has "pink eye" (contagious ophthalmia). If so that is curable if taken in time, the eyes being washed twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid and the eyeballs dusted every day with a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered calomel and boric acid.

INJURED JAW.—Two months ago, my colt, four months old, was hurt under the jaw, I think was kicked. At first it appeared to be in the flesh. As the swelling went down it left a knot on the bone, which appears to grow larger. It discharges pus. M. V.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the part, then inject a little tincture of iodine and swab with the tincture over the entire enlarged part. Inject every third day and once a day apply the tincture externally. If diseased or broken bone or a sliver is present it will have to come away before healing will take place.

CATARACT.—I have a mare fourteen years old. Her eyes look clear and bright, but she cannot see after sundown. Darken her eyes and they turn white. She can see a person or object fifty or seventy yards off, but cannot see anything on the ground near to her. She will stumble over a rail. M. J. J.

A.—The condition is incurable, cataract being present, and periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) was the probable cause. She should not be used for breeding.

FISTULA OF EAR.—I have a colt five months old that has a bad ear. There is a hole about half way up. It looks natural but I can't find it on other colts. There has been a discharge for two months, the hair coming off where the pus falls. It doesn't appear sore. MRS. J. H. MCM.

A.—The fistula connects with the bursa mucosa and the only hope of remedy will come from opening up of the fistubus tract, dissecting out the secreting sac and then cauterizing the part. It will be necessary to employ a graduate veterinarian. If you cannot have the operation performed inject into the fistula twice daily, after cleansing perfectly, a solution of one dram each of sugar of lead and powdered alum in four ounces of water.

ABSCESS.—I have a milk cow, apparently in good health, six years old. When her calf was five months old a yellow blister came on one of the teats, growing so sore the calf could not suckle. The sore burst and is running. Ought the milk to be used? R. L. F.

A.—Infection caused the condition described and led to an abscess and bursting of the quarter. Tuberculosis is not probably present, but the only way of finding out would be to have her tested with tuberculin. The condition is incurable and the cow will not prove profitable in the dairy. It would be best to sell her to the butcher.

ECLAMPSIA.—I have a sow that had a litter of seven pigs two months ago. A month ago she got down and could not get up unless I helped her. She eats heartily. E. B.

A.—The strain and drain of the pigs nursing brings on this form of paralysis in pampered sows from pampered stock. Stuffing, growing and breeding hogs on corn and restricting exercise is the pampering to which we allude. If she is in good flesh slaughter her for meat as chances of recovery are poor and treatment would taint the meat. The meat may be used without fear.

INDIGESTION.—I have a cow about five years old, with a calf four months old, that has run in a pasture all the year. About ten weeks ago she was milked in the morning apparently well and at night had her head down and walked like she was stiff all over. She was in this condition about ten days and ate very little during the time. After ten days she began to improve and seemed to be all right in a few days. She has a light attack every two or three weeks that lasts about three or four days. I did not do anything for her as I did not know what to do. She is in fine shape and has been all the time. MRS. J. J. J.

A.—Indigestion is the probable cause of stiffness in such a case, the cow having been foundered at some time or another. At time of attack give her a pound of epsom salts in three pints of warm water and when she ceases to physic give her a tablespoonful of powdered alum twice a day in water. Greatly reduce the rich feed at times of attack.

PINWORMS.—I have a mare six years old that has had little white pinworms for three years. I have tried every kind of treatment with no good results. J. O.

A.—Pinworms inhabit the rectum and are killed by injecting soapy warm water containing a cupful of tobacco decoction to the half gallon. Make the tobacco decoction by steeping tobacco stems or leaves in boiling water. Give the injection three nights a week. There is no certain way of preventing the horse from becoming infested with worms. They are taken in on old pasture, from feed and from contaminated watering places.

PINWORMS.—I have a horse that is subject to pinworms. Can you tell me how to exterminate and prevent them? C. R. G.

A.—See answer to J. O.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, and the first joint above the hoof is swollen. Some days she is unable to walk. Some say it is "grease heel." Am I doing right or wrong to use sugar of lead? MRS. M. K.

A.—Without an examination we are unable to say confidently what is wrong but the symptoms do not indicate grease heel. In that ailment there is a bad smelling discharge. In all probability the horse has interfered and caused a bruise which has become infected. Poultice the part with hot flaxseed meal for two or three days and then carefully open any soft spot that forms. After liberating the pus apply the sugar of lead lotion twice a day and every other day swab with tincture of iodine around the opening and on the enlargement.

EPILEPSY.—I have a cow six years old that has fits, she eats good until a short time before she goes into one. Then she puts her head up and commences to walk backwards in a circle, gradually walking faster until she falls on her side, then every muscle seems to quiver, her eyes roll and ears twitch, it lasts not more than half a minute then she is up eating again. She seems to be sound in every other way. She has had this trouble for about three years, first noticed it before her second calf came, which was dead, doesn't seem to make any difference whether she is with calf or not, she has them just the same. Is there any cure for it? If not, would her meat be fit for use, if butchered? E. P.

A.—There is no cure for the disease and if the cow is in good flesh and proved to be free from tuberculosis, by testing with tuberculin, the meat may be used.

CHOREA.—I have a Shepherd dog one and one half years old that is troubled with a jerking or trembling. At times he can hardly stand. He eats heartily, looks well and has never been sick. J. W. B.

A.—The disease is chorea (St. Vitus' dance) and it is practically incurable. Some improvement may take place if you make the dog live out of doors as much as possible and eat only plain feed.

WARTS.—I have a cow that was fresh last April. Just after the teats began to be covered with warts large and small and I have been unable to cure them. Will you advise me what to do? J. W. R.

A.—Snip off warts that have narrow necks and apply lunar caustic to the wounds, as soon as bleeding has ceased. Remove only a few at a time. If started as soon as warts are seen Castor oil usually proves effective, but it may fail after the parts have been irritated by strong medicine.

BLACK TEETH.—My pigs grow nicely until nearly two months old and then each pig has four black teeth appear and they stop growing. They are being fed ground hominy and water. MRS. D. K.

A.—The cause of these black teeth is not perfectly understood, but it is certain that they do no harm and are not the cause of lack of thrift. That no doubt is due to lack of feed or to worms. Feed mixed rations and if worms are seen in the manure mix copperas in the slop for five days in succession allowing one dram for every hundred pounds of body weight.

GRAVEL.—I have a cow seven years old in good flesh, giving a good mess of milk. After urinating a spoonful or two of blood follows, and once a couple of stones passed as large as peas. J. G.

A.—Gravel appears to be present in the bladder and could be removed by a skilled veterinarian. Acidulate the drinking water very slightly with dilute hydrochloric acid. Do not feed bran or Alfalfa hay.

TICKS.—I have a mare four years old that has ticks all of the time on her legs and in bunches on her body. I can't kill all of them. C. J. M.

A.—Soak infested parts with Beaumont crude oil and then use the currycomb. Afterward use the oil to keep the ticks off, adding flowers of sulphur freely if found necessary.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a horse three years old in good condition. About every three months his eyelids become swollen, the lower part of the eyeball becomes milky and inflamed and gradually it works up over the eyeball. He becomes partly blind, the eyes water and a white substance forms and comes from them. The attack lasts from one week to ten days. He has had three attacks. MRS. G. Y.

A.—The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and it is incurable and will end in blindness of one or both eyes from cataract. Bathe the eyes twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid to retard the progress of the disease.

HEAVES.—I have a mare eight years old. She has heaves. I know there is no cure, but could you tell me something to check them? How long does a horse live that has them?

A.—The disease may not greatly shorten life, but when badly affected a horse may die suddenly from heart failure. Feed wet oat straw in winter and green grass in summer instead of hay. Do not feed any bulky feed at noon if the mare has to work and do not work her soon after a meal. Give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until a quart has been used, then gradually discontinue the medicine unless little good has resulted from its use.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

undermine your chastity and make you the victim of their lust. These are not marrying days. Men if they marry at all marry later than they used to do, a very good thing for both the man and the woman, if the man is a real man, and a very dangerous thing when he is not. Women are confiding and trustful and most girls are romantic and emotional. The libertine who is stalking them down, they will believe nothing bad about, no matter how often they are warned. Only when the cruel awakening comes, and the wrong of it all is seared into their souls like a branding iron, do they realize the truth and see the terrible results of their folly. There are girls and girls. No two are alike—all differ in some minor degree. No human is wholly good, no human wholly bad. Nature is a queer proposition. In some the forces of evil, the urge to wrong, have to be constantly fought and frequently by those who have no power to fight. In others, nature is a placid stream instead of a torrent. No locks or dams are necessary to check the flood for there is none. In one, nature is all storm, in another, all is peace. Some need constant watching, others are able to take care of themselves under any and all circumstances. Latent in all of us are certain instincts, impulses, passions and appetites that have come down to us from ancestors who lived tens of thousands of years ago, and most of these inherited tendencies have to be fought and must be conquered no matter how fierce the struggle or hell and ruin are the result. Parents today are too ignorant to study the psychology of childhood, girlhood or boyhood. To most parents a girl is a girl, a boy a boy. Now every child needs careful individual study, and sound moral and physical training. If children were thoroughly trained, mentally, morally and physically, they in turn could train their children, but the only training that has been handed down to us from the past is the training of force and suppression, the meting out of punishment. We, parrot like, keep telling children not to do this or that without explaining why they should not do certain things. Tell children what they may do as well as what they may not do. Don't nag, don't scold. Reason, counsel, and guide. Children of a certain age should be instructed in the mysteries of sex and life, and taught to regard with respect and reverence that wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body which is the habitation of an immortal soul. Today children learn the most sacred and holy things of life from vicious associates, through a channel of filth, with the result that the whole structure of body and soul is undermined and defiled, wrecked and ruined before the human plant has had the ghost of a show for proper and wholesome development. The things we need most in the school and most in the home—moral and spiritual training are almost entirely absent. That is why our public life is so rotten, that and the quest of bread which has driven millions of women into the industrial inferno, is why the libertine finds so many easy victims, and that is partly why there are three hundred thousand of our fairest daughters being done to death in the damnable white slave hells of fair, free and beautiful America, and a million more on the fringe of society, are clandestinely and immorally engaged in self traffic, the traffic of souls. That is why we have a double standard of morals which condones sin in the male jackal, encouraging him in his villainies, and damns the girl, his innocent victim to eternal disgrace and a living death. One of the reasons I hope and pray we shall soon have universal woman suffrage is that this detestable habit of whitewashing the male wrong-doer shall forever be abolished. If one is to be branded, let both be branded; if one is to be disgraced let both be disgraced. If one is to be sent to a white slave den, send the other to a reformatory or a colony for moral lepers. Vice is rampant in our cities to a degree that beggars all description. Immorality and the social diseases cost the nation three billion dollars yearly, nearly twice as much as the drink curse. A decent woman can scarcely ride in the conveyances of our big cities without insult, and the adoption of the fashions of the lewd women of Paris and New York by the more daring spirits in various communities, has lowered women in the eyes of the opposite sex and inflame' to whiter heat the baser instincts of those male degenerates whose whole lives are devoted to the ruin and destruction of womanhood. Of the influence of low wages and the economic stress upon public morals I've no space here to touch. My one desire however is to warn every decent girl who has a home to stay in it as long as she possibly can, and keep away from those sinks of iniquity the big cities, especially such cesspools of vice as New York and Chicago. In the city a man can do as he likes and so can a woman. In the city, the moral restraints which hold the hot-headed young people of the country in check, are entirely lacking. A man always respects a girl who has a home for he knows that in that home are those who will swiftly avenge an insult proffered to its women. The girl who goes to the city and lives in a boarding house or a furnished room is regarded as a sure prey by the sidewalk wolf. Most girls get furious when their parents try to restrain their actions and are ready to leave home when they are told they must not go out with this man or that. Now you poor silly little geese, remember your parents love you (and that is more than the male hawk does) and are your best friends. They love you more than any man ever will. If sick they will nurse you, provide for you, pray for you and if need be, die for you. Your parents have had what you silly boob girls have not had, *experience.* Mother remembers how she fought her mother who by the narrowest squeak saved her from destruction and kept her safe under the family roof tree until your good, honest father came along and married her. What grandmother did for your mother, your mothere is trying to do for you. If you think your mother is wrong, remember girls that in ninety-nine cases it is she who is right and you who are wrong. Mother may not have had as good an education as you, she may not be able to wear a hobble skirt or tango as well as you, but she can glimpse human nature better than you can, and she can see through that flashy, disease spreading drummer who occasionally comes to your town and who has turned your silly, empty little head. They know the result of folly and wrong-doing, something you do not. They know how fast the blood is coursing through your veins, they know the wild exuberance of your uncurbed animal spirits, and they have watched the fate that is waiting for you overtake many a girl, and that is why they have put their foot down hard, and that is why you must obey. Society is full of wolves looking for prey. You girls are the lambs and the only safe protection from a wolf is the home fold where the shepherds mother and father are on guard. One word more to you parents: If your daughter makes a mistake take her to your heart and don't throw her out of doors. Remember what narrow escapes you had in your young days, and above all warn the girl that if she falls a victim to the wiles of the social wolf, not only disgrace awaits her, but in most cases disease as well. Disgrace may be lived down, disease cannot. Young women should be warned of the frightful ravages of those diseases which accompany wrong-doing. Even those who cannot be deterred from wrong by the fear of disgrace are often saved from destruction by the dread of torturing and disfiguring diseases from which too often death is the only release. Even to kiss some men means a life of agonizing torture.

WILLOW SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am so glad you are yet able to cheer and help us and hope our love and kind wishes help you to bear your hard lot. Yes, your straight way of going after wrong is the only right way, and this family look forward to each new paper with eagerness to see how Uncle Charlie will go after some other great wrong. Oh, how you have helped me to bear a hard, heavy burden you can never know and I can never express. When I lay all drawn with rheumatism and couldn't use my hands or limbs, your answers to the letters were my solace. Of a family of eight boys I have been called to bury four. I don't see how I could have stood up if dear Uncle Charlie had not been always ready to say something encouraging, and point to our Father above for help in time of sorrow. Yes, you have been lots of help to me and my family, and a dear old Swiss lady who is my neighbor says, "Tell Uncle Charlie no one can tell him how much he has been to me for the last two years." So now dear Uncle may you be greatly encouraged to go after all the wrongs you have strength to fight. I particularly like the stand you take for wronged and ill-treated women of this old world. You sure had a good old mother and she had a good son and when you are again with her, what joy she will feel to know you did all you could to lighten women's burden here. Oh, how I enjoyed your article on our homes being kept clean and made beautiful. That was needed and needed to come from Uncle Charlie and I could mention half-a-dozen back yards that were immediately cleaned up. Oh, dear Uncle take new heart and just feel how much we of COMFORT need you and remember if we only get a few lines in the paper each month it brings forth a roar of thanks to the kind Father that Uncle Charlie is still able to encourage us.

My love to Maria and Billy and dear Uncle Charlie.

MRS. T. J. FERGUSON.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

SPECIAL

Would You Accept This 30 Day Offer?

25-Year Gold Case

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Standard of the World. Endorsed by Government and Railway Officials. Harris-Goar's enlarged easy credit plan enables you to own one of these superb Elgin Watches now.

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Now, during this Special Sale, is the time to buy this elegant 17-Jewel Elgin. Thoroughly factory tested, fitted in a beautiful Gold Strata case, factory stamped and guaranteed 25 years, hand engraved, plain polished or with your own monogram, and our startling offer is to send you this celebrated 1914 Model free of charge for your inspection and approval.

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

WELL boys, here we are again at the beginning of another new year, and I trust it finds you well and happy and with bright prospects for the future. It is a universal and time-honored custom, at this season, to make good resolutions for the betterment of conduct and the up-building of character; but how few live up to them or try to, even through the first month! The few who do set a high standard for themselves and, keeping it constantly in mind, persist in making a daily effort to govern themselves accordingly, become the prominent and influential men and women in their respective communities and attain a measure of success far beyond that of the masses which have not the will power to act according to the best lights of their own consciences and reason.

Look back and take stock of your achievements and failures of the past year, not in the spirit of useless regret or discouragement over your shortcomings, but for the purpose of discovering your own faults and with a fixed determination to correct them. Thus, and thus only, you may profit by your more or less costly errors and lapses of the past. Although "Experience is a hard teacher," few there are that heed her lessons.

Don't be one who is always going to do better; do it now, and keep on doing it every day, and soon it will become a habit with you to do the right thing at the right time.

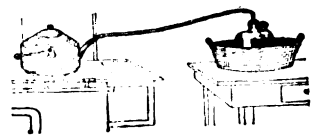
The past is beyond retrieve except so far as you profit by its lessons; the present is yours for action; you can act only in the present, and by your present acts is the only way in which you can influence your future. Look to the past for enlightenment, plan carefully for the future in order to act wisely today, but do not put off action to the future while dreaming away the present. If you neglect the work of today, of each day as it comes and becomes the present, you will drift down the river of life a victim of circumstances instead of steering your own course and shaping your own destiny.

For your mental, moral and physical development you will do well to apply the principles and rules of the Boy Scouts to your daily life. It will bring out the best there is in you, and you will *"Be Prepared,"* according to their motto, to make the best of every turn of fortune, to meet and overcome adversity, and to seize and make the most of opportunity. If you have read and kept in mind the Boy Scout articles that have appeared in this department during the past year you have a general idea of the movement and its teachings and purposes. But what COMFORT printed was only a brief outline, and I advise every boy that can to join the organization or, if he cannot do that, at least to obtain the "Hand Book for Boys" which tells all about the order and describes a large variety of interesting and healthful out-door sports and games. By writing to National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclosing thirty cents, you can obtain a copy, postage prepaid, by mail.

As the season now, in most parts of the country, is unfavorable to out-door sports I believe you will like to try your hands at making some of the things that I am telling you, this month, how to build for yourselves.

A Water Still

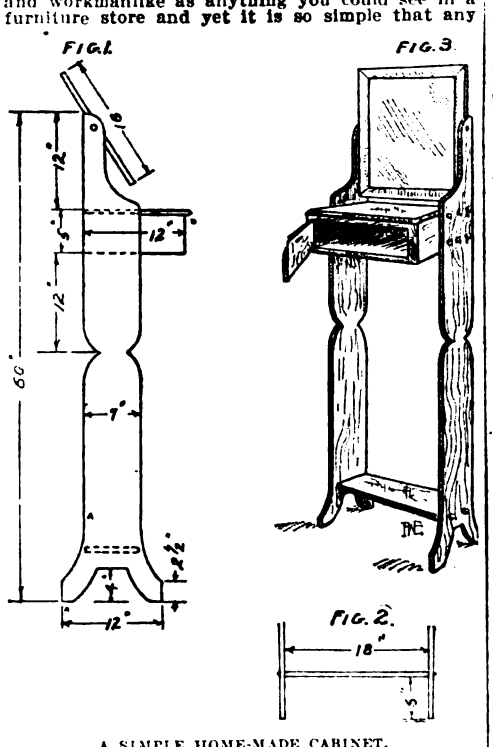
Throughout the whole country the word has been passed to beware of bad water. Your family doctor will tell you that the safest thing to do is to boil every drop of water that you drink. Herewith is shown a simple arrangement for distilling water. Slip one end of a hose over the kettle and let the other end pass down through a tightly fitting cork into an earthenware jug. The jug should be kept partly immersed in a vessel of cold water. The steam rising from the kettle spout passes through the hose to the interior of the jug and as the latter is cooled by the water outside the steam condenses or once more becomes water minus all impurities. Once the device is set up you will not need to pay much attention to it for the steam that usually goes to waste will be constantly forming into water. The water surrounding the jug need only be changed once a day. "A stitch in time saves nine," and this device may save some member of the family a spell of typhoid fever.



A WATER STILL.

A Simple Cabinet

The piece of furniture shown herewith makes a dandy shaving cabinet or it may be used by young lads for a dressing table. The drawer furnishes a place for the clothes brush, collars and ties and handkerchiefs, and the glass is just the right height for finishing the toilet. You will agree with me that the finished article looks as neat and workmanlike as anything you could see in a furniture store and yet it is so simple that any

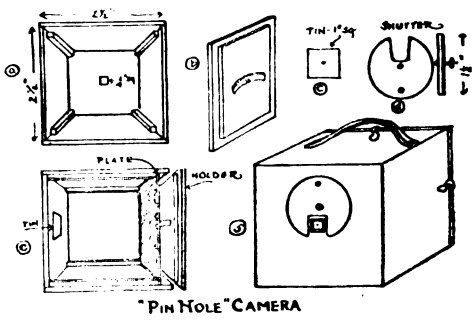


A SIMPLE HOME-MADE CABINET.

COMFORT lad can make it. The cutting of the side pieces is really all that need concern you. Too much care and pains cannot be expended in shaping them and the big trick is to get both alike. The shelf at the bottom and the box at the top are made of straight edged pieces. A glass of the right size should be purchased. Use oak or chestnut and finish with filler, stain and varnish. You can make this cabinet for about one quarter of what it would cost you at the furniture store.

A Boy Made Camera

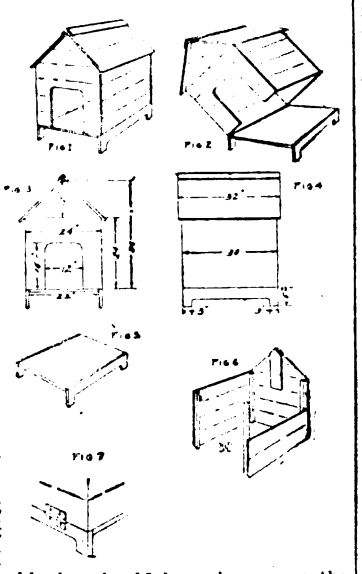
This camera, although a little more difficult than the ordinary plans of this Corner may be successfully made and operated by the average boy. The box part of it is made of one or more cigar boxes. The first thing to do is to make a little box two and one half inches square, leaving one of the ends open, as in "a." Cut a hole one quarter inch square in the end of the box opposite the open end. Blacken the interior of the box with paint or ink or by pasting black cloth on the inside. Take a piece of tin one inch square (c) and paste it over the quarter inch hole with glue. In the very center of the tin bore a hole



not larger than the point of a pin. This hole is to serve as the lens. The shutter "d" is a piece of tin fastened with a tiny screw and is operated as shown in "f" by simply swinging back or forth. The end or lid of the camera is made of two thicknesses of cigar box wood, and fits tightly enough to exclude light, see "b." Glue four small strips around the inside of the rear end of the camera to serve as a plate holder "e." Glass photographic plates placed in the camera in a dark room are used. The exposure is made by swinging the shutter to one side and letting the light come through the pinhole for about a half minute. If you do not have success at first in using this camera keep on trying. I know it will work for I have tried it. Amateurs with the very best and costliest cameras have many failures.

Doghouse

In this plan of a doghouse, sanitation and cleanliness are first considerations. By the scheme of putting hinges on the sides it becomes possible to lay back the whole upper part of the house in such manner that the sunlight and air can get at every corner. It is also much easier to scrub and clean the floor while in this position. The first thing to build is the raised platform Fig. 5. The sides Fig. 6 can be built separately and then nailed together. The roof is formed of boards that overlap a little. Roofing paper or shingles should be put on over the boards. The house is very simple but must be neatly made to look good. If you wish to cover crooked ends you can put upright strips on the outside of each corner. In painting you should paint those strips white and the rest green. Every question about measurements is answered by the drawings. I hope you will tell me how you like this plan.

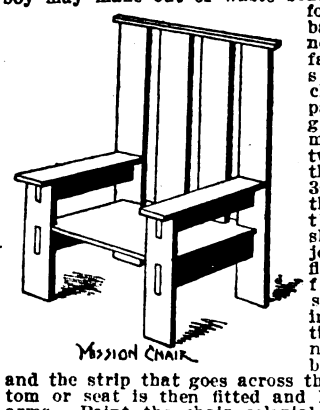


An Indoor Game

Here is a quiet little game that will add much to the pleasure of an evening indoors. For want of a better name we will call it "Pointing." The one who suggests the game should be given the first chance and he begins play by pointing at some object in the room. All the others present try to guess the object at which his finger is directed and though it may seem easy you will find it difficult enough if you try it. For instance we will say John, who is in the center of the room, points directly in front. Some player will be sure to say, "It's the stove." Beyond the stove is a table with a lamp on it. Someone says, "The table," someone else, "The lamp." John still shakes his head. Looking more sharply, such answers as "The door, the door knob, the panel, the crack, etc.," will be shouted. At last when all are in a state of vexation and reluctantly give up John will divulge that he was pointing at the wall paper. If anyone should happen to guess correctly it is his turn to point. Your mother will like this game boys, and I know you will be thoughtful enough to give her first chance.

A Mission Chair

The mission chair pictured below is one that a boy may make out of waste boards that may be found around the barn or fence corner of every farm. The cut shows pretty clearly how the parts are put together. First make the legs, two long ones for the rear and two 30-inch ones for the front. Cut the necessary slots in those and join them with flat pieces which fit into the slots. Next put in the two additional pieces needed for the back of the chair and the strip that goes across the top. The bottom or seat is then fitted and lastly comes the arms. Paint the chair colonial yellow, stain it with light oak graining compound mixed with turpentine and last of all put on two coats of good varnish. It will then look quite presentable enough for the house. A cushion should be made for the seat. As a first attempt at furniture building I recommend it to the small boy.



A Guessing Game

When time drags heavy much quiet enjoyment may be had by playing the game which we will call "Eatable, Drinkable and Wearable." Any number of persons may play it, the more the merrier, and the older members of the family will get as much fun out of it as the youngsters. The player who has the first chance will give the initial letter of something and tell whether it is something to eat, wear or drink. He may also divulge the number of letters in the word. All the other players then try to guess the word. If three minutes pass without anyone being successful the second letter is told and so on until someone guesses the given word, which must be written down secretly before the guessing starts. As an example the beginner writes down the word "hash," and says, "It is eatable and the first letter is 'h,'" Soon such guesses as "ham, hominy, halibut, horseradish, etc." will be forthcoming. As no one hit it right he will say, "You are all wrong, there are only four letters in it." Now the guessing is more difficult and after three minutes of vain attempts the starter will announce that the second letter of the word is "a." This will throw someone on the right scent and the first to call out the word "hash," will be privileged to write down the second word to be guessed. This game will cheer up the family circle on some dreary winter night.

Strange Tales of the Sea

Some of the voyages of old-time slave ships were horribly grewsome. In 1826 the slaver Gloria commanded by Captain Ruiz, left Africa with five hundred negroes between the decks, but the captain forgot to fill his fresh water casks. Can you imagine the suffering of those helpless human souls. Within a week the entire five hundred had died of thrist and suffocation, and the ship became a festering inferno. Ruiz and the crew drank and caroused while the poor wretches were dying but a disease took hold of them and most of them died in four hours. Around the plague stricken ship a heavy fog, like steam, arose. It was the death mist, at least the surgeon on board said so, and he with the three only survivors left in a little boat and were rescued. Another almost unbelievable tale is that of the French slave ship Rodeur in 1819. All on board were stricken blind except the helmsman. As they sailed along he sighted another ship with sails set. When they got close enough to her they frantically begged for help and what must have been their surprise and terror to learn that the strange ship was afflicted in the same horrible way and had not even one man aboard who could see. It was the Spanish slaver Leon and she was never heard of again.

About Fishing

In China the boys do not have to coax their parents to let them go fishing but on the contrary get a little more fishing than they really want. If the Oriental lad's parents happen to live near the water the boy is taught how to fish when he is three and a half years old and thereafter must put in three hundred days a year at it. He may not paddle around and waste his time either because if he comes home without a good string of fish he will very likely get a flogging. How would some of you American lads like to be a Chinese fisher boy on a day when the wind is wrong and the water rough and you don't even get a nibble from morning till night?

Now my dear young friends, make your good resolutions for the new years and make an earnest effort every day to keep them. Try hard and see if you can make good until we meet again in the Corner for Boys in February. I wish you happiness and success this year and through life, but more and above all I hope that you do your best to deserve these blessings, which is the surest way to attain them. UNCLE JOHN.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

socket which holds the ring for suspending the cage should be unscrewed, and the two disks of metal divided and cleaned, for that is generally where vermin congregate during the daytime. If the cage is covered by a cloth at night, burn it and put a clean one in use, and it won't hurt to put a little good insect powder on the birds themselves. Of course, this same treatment will banish the mites which trouble your own birds.

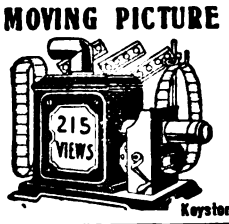
L. H.—Will you please give the points of a pure bred Bourbon Red turkey?

A.—The Bourbon Red turkey was originally found, I believe, in southern Iowa, southern Missouri, and northern Arkansas. They have been domesticated and bred in Kentucky for many years, and are often called Kentucky Reds. A large breeder describes them as follows: "They are dark red, the gobbler being much darker than the hen, bordering on brown, with white wings and tail. The body feathers should have two narrow black bars running across them. The tips of the feathers have a bronze or metallic sheen which resembles the bronze turkey. The under color runs from buff to almost white." As they are not included in the Standard of Perfection, I cannot give you any more accurate description or any scale of points.

A. W.—I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and would like to ask a few questions. I shall winter about one hundred hens, and I use scratch feed for their supper, which costs me at present two dollars and twenty cents a hundred. Would it be enough cheaper to mix my own grain? For one bushel oats, one bushel cracked corn, what and how much other grain should I use? I feed ground corn, oats and wheat middlings as a wet mash in the morning, and have decided to use beef scraps this winter, as I cannot get ground bone that is fresh. Should the beef scraps be put into hoppers where they can eat at will, or be fed in their mash? If so, how much should I use to every ten hens? I always have a dry mash before them in the winter, called "Lay or Bust." Could I mix a dry mash that would be as good? I do not like the smell or looks of these ground grains at times, and as I have had no sickness, I thought I would rather mix my own grains and avoid sickness if possible. What would you use as a dry mash? What is bone meal, and how used? I keep six or eight inches of litter in henhouse in winter, chaff, hay, and what comes from the hay as it is pitched over. I put a fresh basket in each pen every few days. Is this sufficient green food in this line, or should they have something steamed in their mash? I feed raw apples, cabbage, potatoes, some beets and turnips, put on nails, and cabbage hung by ropes. I hatched out three hundred chickens under hens this year, and the chick feed costing three cents a pound, I found was very expensive. For one bushel corn, please send word what and how much other grains to put with it to make a good chick feed. One of my henhouses has three pens eight feet by ten feet. Would it be advisable to put twenty hens in each of these pens, or would they do better to keep less in them? I have a matched-board little henhouse, seven feet long, five feet to gable, three and one half feet to eaves, three feet three inches across end. How could I have this fixed to use as a brooder for chickens hatched from the middle of March to first of May? I hatch out all my hens, and so far, for four years, I have had no warm place for the little chicks in early spring. Would you advise keeping the hens with the early chickens if I could fix this house warm enough? In this locality everyone has heat in their brooders, but as I have had no experience with incubators or brooders I will thank you for any information you can give me. I have raised chickens with and without hens, and I find I have much better chickens where they have a good mother than where they don't. My hens are thoroughbred Barred Plymouth Rocks.

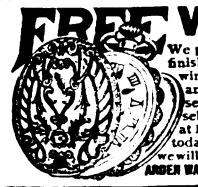
A.—During the cold weather I always use whole corn at supper-time, with one pint of small grain—usually a mixture of wheat and Kaffir corn to every two quarts of corn, and scatter it broadcast on the litter in the chicken-house. The birds are always so eager to get the whole corn that they rush about scattering the litter, so the small feed gets pushed down out of sight, and is there to attract the birds when they first get off in the morning; which means that they begin scratching and keep up a constant exercise as long as there is a kernel to be found. The exercise warms up their blood and gets them into good active condition early in the morning, when it is most necessary. But if you prefer to use scratch food, to one bushel of oats and corn add one bushel each of wheat, barley, Kaffir corn, half a bushel of golden millet, buckwheat and sunflower seed. When you first commence to use beef scraps, you must be careful not to give the birds too much, as it is apt to give them diarrhea until they get accustomed to it. Half a teaspoonful for each hen at noontime will be about right at first. After a week gradually increase the amount, until each bird is getting a tablespoonful, after which it will be safe to leave it before them all the time in a hopper. For dry mash, use equal parts of corn, oats, wheat middlings, old process oil meal, and wheat bran. Bone meal is composed of dried bones ground to a powder. It is sometimes used in mash mixtures. I don't care for it for laying hens, but think it especially good for growing stock. The hay which you use on the floor of the henhouse would not take the place of green food, but as you give vegetables at noon, it is all right. As you keep a dry mash before your hens all the time, the wet mash in the morning is a useless trouble but if you continue it, add one part of wheat bran and one part of ground clover or Alfalfa. Better cut it out altogether, and give about half a pint of small grain at noon to keep the birds busy scratching. For chick food, mix one bushel each of corn, hulled oats, barley, golden millet, and ten pounds of charcoal. All should be broken to the size of the golden millet seed for the first four weeks. For birds over four weeks of age, the oats need not be hulled, and the large grain need not be broken smaller than Kaffir corn, which is added to the mixture at this time. In winter, when hens even have to be confined to the house for days at a time, I think fifteen hens in each compartment would be more profitable than twenty. As you use hens to hatch the eggs, I certainly should let them do the brooding also. Try to set two or three hens at the same time, and then make one or two hens do all the brooding. A good-sized Plymouth Rock hen should be able to brood from fifteen to eighteen chickens, even in very cold weather, and as many as twenty when the weather moderates. If the small house you speak of faces south and has plenty of windows to let in the sunlight, artificial heat should not be necessary if the old hens are with the chickens to brood them. I should advise keeping the hens in small brood coops along the back of the house, or allow the chickens to run out on the floor, which should be covered with fine litter. If the water is extremely cold early in the season, you could use one or two lanterns or an oil heater early in the morning, or on dull days.

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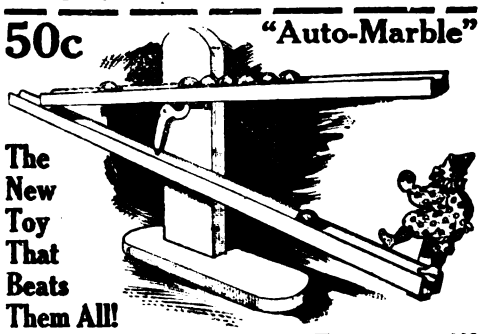
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

HAPPY New Year to you all and Happy New Year again, my dears! ! ! How many Happy New Years have I wished you and I wonder how many more I will wish? Anyway, I hope they have been all as happy as I wished them to be and that there will be very many more to us all and none any unhappier than those which are gone. Maybe they might have been better, and I know they might have been worse, so let us make an average and thank the good Lord for the many blessings He has conferred and the many afflictions He has not conferred. Now all I have to say by way of advice is that you try earnestly to have 1915 the very best year you have ever lived, and even if it isn't, the knowledge that you have done your best to make it so will make you glad in your hearts. After which I stop talking and go to work.

The first letter I open is from Laura of Ransom, Kans., who is worried because her friends say she should not marry the man she loves and who loves her, because they are both dark and both heavy-set. Now if there could be a sillier reason than that for not marrying, I don't know what it is. Still if Laura hasn't any better sense than to be influenced by such talk, perhaps it is just as well she marry somebody she doesn't love and who doesn't love her and be sure of being unhappy all the rest of her life.

Gray Eyes, Shawnee, Okla.—If you are engaged the caressing is permissible, but don't let the young man persuade you to have too much of it. Young men have a way of telling girls it will be all right if they are going to marry, but just the same, it isn't wise to believe all they tell you.

Peanut, Warrensburg, Va.—The best way to treat the young man is to give him snub for snub and by and by both of you will realize how silly you are and treat each other politely if not more so.

M. N., Lima, Ohio.—An eighteen-year-old girl weighing two hundred and ten pounds must expect more or less chafing from her friends and acquaintances, but what she should do is to make herself so attractive in every way to everybody that they will wish there was twice as much of her. You write and spell a lot better than a good many COMFORT cousins who aren't half as big as you are.

Sisters, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—As the man is elderly nd eligible and you are in only "modern circumstances," and he has money, why don't the older of you encourage him, as neither of you have anyone in view? He may not be the ideal knight you have been dreaming of, but these dream husbands I don't think are half as nice and dependable as a good, sensible, kindly man who knows how to make married life worth living.

Serious Trouble, Leesburg, Va.—No, my dear, age doesn't much matter when only love is concerned and if you two are satisfied with your ages, then it is nobody's affair but your own. As to talking to your fiance on subjects not ordinarily discussed by young men and young women, there are some subjects that you should talk about pertaining wholly to yourselves and there are others that are just as well left undiscussed. Tell him so and when he brings up those you think do not concern you two, tell him you don't like them and ask him to skip them. Young people of today are much more free in their talk than was the custom twenty years ago, and it is well that knowledge should be widened, but care must be taken to have only the proper knowledge. Girls should talk with the women who are talking and working these days for the betterment of men and women and they will learn much they should know. Much valuable matter is also written on the same subject in numerous periodicals and some of this may be read with advantage. The innocent-ignorant girl of the past is fortunately giving place to the innocent-educated girl of the present and the future.

J's Darling, Russellville, Tenn.—If he loves you as he tells you and as you believe, he will restrain his desire to "kiss every girl he can reach" and will reserve his kisses exclusively for you. There are many just such men as he is, who think it is no harm to tease and kiss the girls, and possibly they don't mean any harm, but it is a bad habit to get into and is not gentlemanly, besides being likely to cause trouble. Show him this answer to your question, and insist upon his change of manners.

Dimples, St. Johns, Oregon.—Juliet, long ago, so Shakespeare tells us, said to her Romeo: "What's in a name?" and I suppose it doesn't make any difference to you whether you know the young man's name or not, knowing that you love him. Still, my dear, if I were you I wouldn't waste my young love on a nameless party. Suppose you wait in suffering silence and see if he will try to learn your name. It might scare him off entirely if you should ask him what his was. Just the same, some of you girls are awfully silly about young men, whether they care a snap for you or not.

Lonely, Carthage, N. Y.—Don't be foolish and miss spending your evenings in cheerful company when you would otherwise be so lonely, simply because there is a young man in the house who brings you home and you are afraid he will think you go there just for him to walk home with you. If you like the people and they like you, keep on spending just as many evenings with them as you please. If the young man didn't want to take you home, he wouldn't, and why deprive him of the pleasure just because of a foolish notion?

Two Lassies, Elmhurst, Pa.—I can't possibly do anything to help two girls of high school age whose hearts are broken over the same young man who went away from them without a word and hasn't written. There is no help in such a case, but to study so hard you will forget it. But wasn't it cruel of him?

Black Eyes, Adamsville, Ala.—When a young man doesn't know definitely which of two girls he likes better, I think he is inclined to like that one who shows her jealousy. Most young men of inexperience seem to think jealousy is a compliment to their attractive qualities. They change their minds when they marry a jealous woman. (2) I have no opinion at all of a girl who will cry before her beau because he had gone out with another girl the evening before. If she had good sense and the right kind of spirit she would "jolly" him about it and go out with another young man the next evening.

Country Girl, Mansfield, Ohio.—I believe as you do that young people should get out and meet other young people and I may be thought wrong by some parents, but I do think that if girls who are self-supporting are deprived by parents of the harmless association that all youth demands by right, they are quite justified in leaving home and being independent. Not always, but very often, parents are more to blame for daughters going wrong than the daughters are. Home slavery sometimes is very nearly as bad as white slavery, but some parents will not understand.

Violet and Rose, Winston, Conn.—My dears, don't worry over Charley whom you both love, but worry over your spelling-book which neither of you seem to love very much. And in Connecticut, too! !

Troubled Blonde, Camilla, Ga.—If he loves you so much, as he says he does, and talks about you as his "very very own" and all that sort of thing so handy with men talking to girls, why doesn't he propose to you and have some right to insist upon your kissing him? I'm older than you are and not at all sentimental as you are and I wouldn't let him kiss me unless we were engaged. You may do as you please about it.

Mildred, Colson, Ky.—You cannot believe him when he comes back to you after you had sent him away and were so very sorry you had done so, I don't see anything you can do except to send him away again. If you doubt him so, why did you want him back again?

There, my dears, all your questions are answered or sent to other departments except where they were simply too silly to be noticed, and I know that for the New Year you will say I am being just too lovely. Anyway, I wish you all a Happy New Year and that we may meet again soon. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Thank you dear friend, for all the lovely and encouraging things you have to say about my humble efforts to fight the battles of the wronged and oppressed, through the medium of these columns. There is one thing in your letter that has tickled me immensely. You say as a result of my article "The Home Beautiful" in the March issue of last year that six families cleaned up their back yards. That's immense! A dirty back yard generally means a flowerless front garden, a sloppy kitchen and a dirty house. Every old tin can you scatter around the premises becomes at some time or other a receptacle for water and a breeding place for flies and mosquitoes. Once a year in New York (it ought to be once a week, or at least once a month) the police come around and deliver notices that all the junk in the cellar (and nearly all cellars are full of junk) and all the ossified bric-a-brac in the back yard, in the shape of bottles and tin cans, must be deposited in receptacles on the sidewalk where the street-cleaning department can remove them. Some of you folks in the country need a cleaning department and somebody to make you clean up those back and front yards, and if I had my way there would be somebody to make people clean the inside of their houses as well. We are far too uncivilized to be left to our own devices when it comes to sanitation and the health question. When I started to write my reply to Mrs. Ferguson, Maria went to our record department and brought out a stack of clippings which are all neatly pasted on big sheets of paper under the caption of "Health and Hygiene." If you were to study these papers it would upset a lot of your preconceived notions about things, and city people who go to the country for their health, if they read them, would be unpacking their trunks and staying at home, while country people who come to the city for pleasure would find that the greatest thing the city had to offer them, strange to relate, was health. In a Pennsylvania farmhouse, quite recently, nine people were found sleeping in one room and that room had scarcely any ventilation. Last summer my neighbors as usual went to the country for their "health." There were six in all, and in ten days four of the six were very ill. Three country doctors were called and not one knew what was the matter with them. The sick children were rushed home, and my physician who attended them, found them suffering from typhoid. The water they drank came from a well that had not been cleaned for many years. In the fall the New York hospitals are crowded with typhoid cases. The victims are people who have been to farmhouses in the country for their "health." Another family I know went to Long Island also for their "health." In two weeks scarlet fever developed among the children. When the fever ceased its ravages, the family disinfected the house. The country authorities took no steps to quarantine the family, disinfect the house, or prevent the spread of the disease. There is a tremendous amount of malaria in some sections of this country, and it is all caused by a malaria bearing mosquito, and vast numbers of mosquitoes breed in filthy back and front yards. Screen your houses and clean up your yards, and you who live in malaria districts should take quinine in five grain doses for adults, morning and evening on two consecutive days each week. Saturday morning and evening and Sunday morning and evening from May first to November or December the first. In highly malarious districts, three to five grains of quinine should be taken daily during the height of the malarial season. One hundred capsules of quinine, five grains, will only cost you fifteen cents. A single dose for a child should be one grain for each three years of age. A child of ten years should receive six grains a day or twelve grains a week. For less than a dollar you can keep free from malaria for a whole year. Quinine thus used is a good tonic and fine preventive. Before screening the house a family spent one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year, for medical attention, and after screening, less than twenty dollars a year. That family of nine members lives in Arkansas. Better to screen and save suffering and doctor's bills. Some people hoard rubbish as misers hoard gold. Have a clean-up day once a month outside and once a week inside the house. Don't take the junk out of the house and put it in the back yard—burn it. I have some facts before me about the little red schoolhouse, famous in song and story, not only for giving people a poor education, but also for giving them poor health. It would make your hair stand on end to study these facts. If you compare Orange Co., Va. school children with those in this hell hole of bricks, New York, you will find that in spite of all the wonderful country air that the Virginia children enjoy, there are nearly four out of every hundred children suffering from tuberculosis (that's consumption remember) to every one in a hundred here in New York. The country children, where food is produced, one third of them at least (31.2 per cent) have wretchedly nourished bodies, while only a little over three in a hundred in the city, are suffering from malnutrition. Where there is an effect there will always be a cause. The existence of the filthy back yard is due to the fact that inside the house are poorly nourished bodies. People whose bodies are poorly nourished have no strength, no energy, no ambition, and that is why the death rate is high and politics rotten, for unless you have a healthy body you're not likely to have a healthy mind, and it takes a healthy mind to develop an interest in state and national politics and all progressive measures. One of the reasons country children are badly nourished is that the mothers do not know how to prepare food when they get it. The American frying pan has put nearly as many people in their graves, as the American gin mill, and if all those women who are wild about wiping out the saloon will fire the frying pan and the whiskey bottle out of the window at the same time and broil the things they now fry, the country children will be nearly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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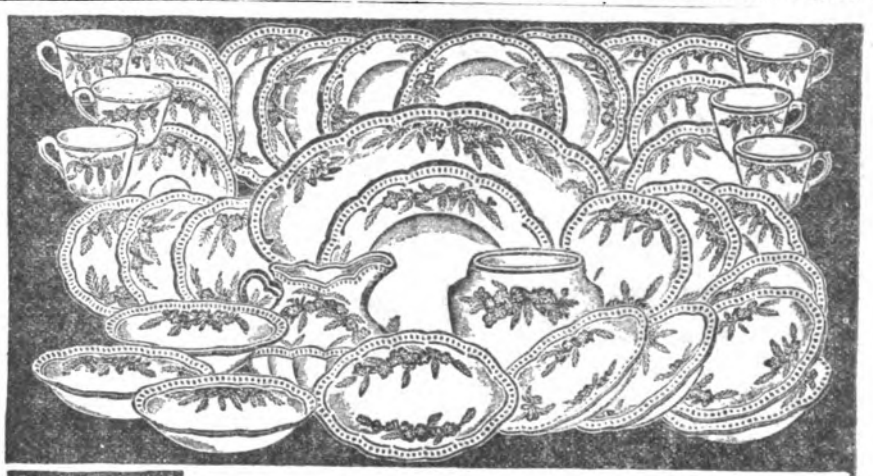


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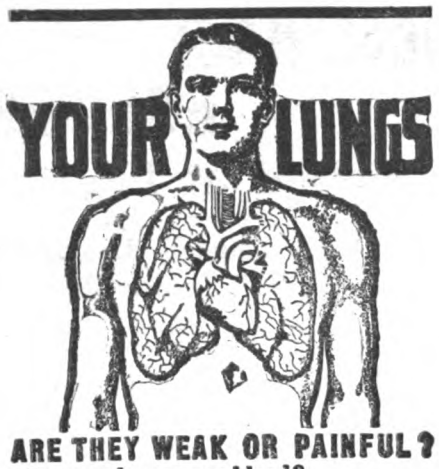


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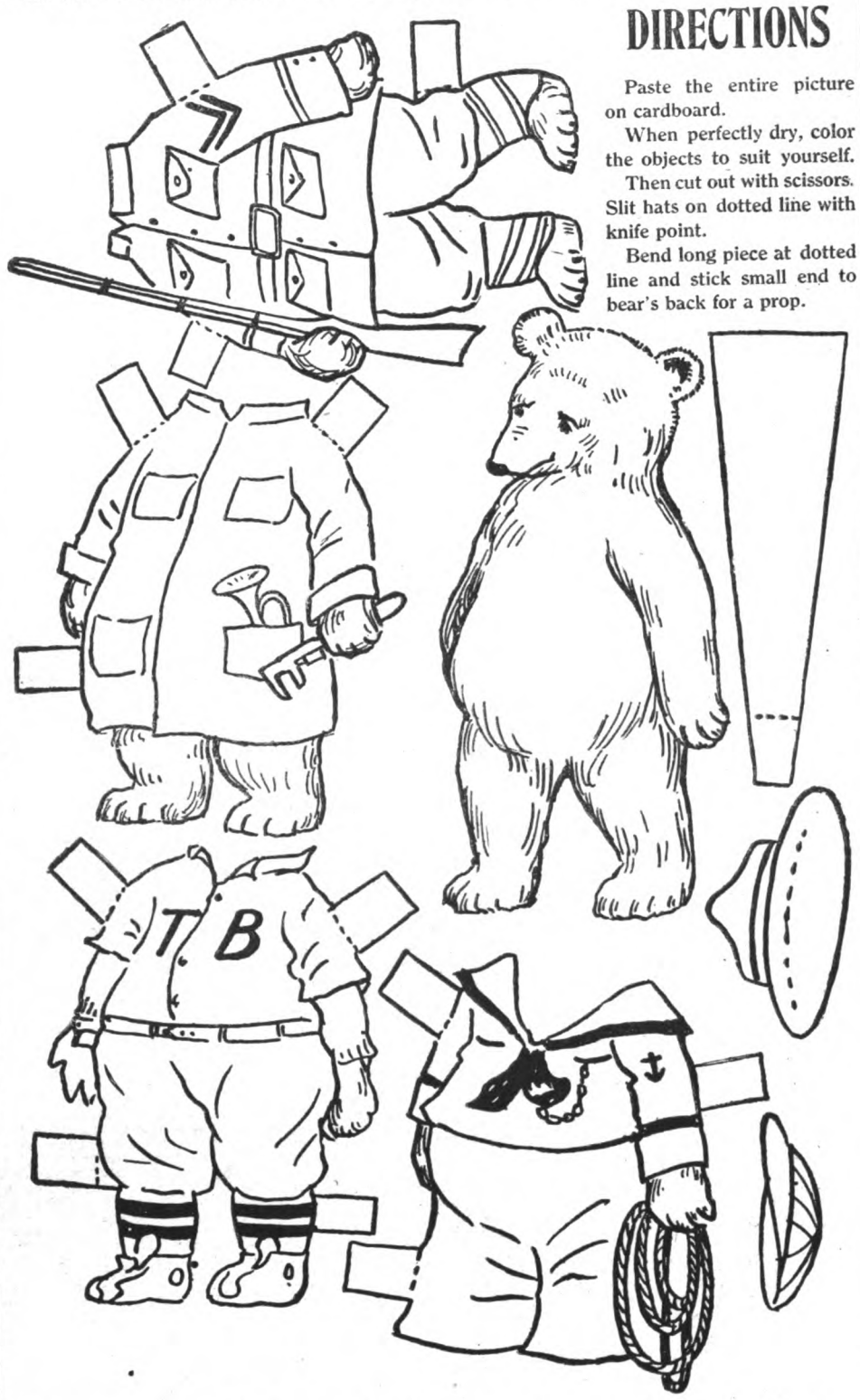
GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 725 Chicago

Dress Up Teddy Bear

WELL, dear little children, how are you in this cold and snowy weather? Some of you are so far South that perhaps you do not know what snow and cold are, but whether you are North or South, East or West, I hope you are feeling well and having a good time, and I wish you all a happy New Year. Are you acquainted with COMFORT'S cut-out dollies? It is great fun to cut out the different dresses and put them on the cute paper dolls. Children all over the world are doing it and surely you do not want to be behind the times. If you have a little box of water colors, or colored pencils or chalk you can tint the suits and make them look very pretty. For a penny you can get a box of colored chalk that will last you a long time. The best place to keep your dollies is in a box or large envelope. As we shall have some others for you now and then, you should start your collection now so it will be complete.

Of course you all know by this time that you must first paste the picture on cardboard and allow it to dry before cutting out the dolls and dresses. Spread the paste evenly with a rag or brush on the cardboard and press the COMFORT page down, smoothing flat from center to edges. It will dry nicely if placed in the center of a heavy book.

This month we have a Teddy bear for your collection, but listen sharp and I will tell you how the Teddy bear came to be.



DIRECTIONS

Paste the entire picture on cardboard.

When perfectly dry, color the objects to suit yourself.

Then cut out with scissors. Slit hats on dotted line with knife point.

Bend long piece at dotted line and stick small end to bear's back for a prop.

Story About the Teddy Bear

ALONG time ago there were no such things as Teddy bears for children to play with. Your mother or big sister will tell you that they never saw any when they were young. Of course there were dolls of every kind and size, some bigger than you are and some so little that they only cost a penny. But even the latter were too dear for some poor children to buy, for in this world there are many, many children so poor that they cannot have even one cheap plaything. Such a child was Ragsy Dimple, so named because she could never even get a new dress. She lived in a big city, too, and every day she could see dozens of fancy dressed children going by her house with great, big dolls. Ragsy wanted a doll so much that at last, one day, she decided to make one. All she could find for this purpose was a pair of old brown stockings, and with the utmost care she cut and shaped and stitched until she had her dolly complete. The legs and arms, she made separately and then sewed them on so they could move. She was very proud of it when it was finished and ventured out for a walk. Just then a wealthy child with a great big doll passed and looking at Ragsy Dimple's pet said: "My goodness, do you call that thing a doll? Why it looks like a bear!" Ragsy had named her doll Teddy and she replied: "This is my Teddy doll and I love it." "It's a Teddy bear not a Teddy doll," said the other sneeringly, as she walked away. But other children saw and liked Ragsy's pet and pretty soon nearly every child in the country had one like it and was petting and loving their Teddy dolls or must I say Teddy bears. So you see the old brown stocking baby became the most famous doll in all the world.

UNCLE JOHN.

The Sorrows of Cubby Bear

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY BEAR sat on the doorstone, his mouth drooping at the corners, his eyes fixed upon the ground at his feet.

Mamma Bruin laid a comforting paw on his head. "What makes my little Cubby Bear so sober?" she asked.

"If I tell, you will laugh at me."

"No, no, I would not do that!"

"Well, then, my little cousin, Bonniebelle Bear, has gone away. I have no one to play with, this forest is not a nice place to live in, I did not sleep well last night, my paws are cold, and my tooth aches!"

"That is hard," said Mamma Bruin, "but I think you will soon feel better. Perhaps you ate too much bees' honey. At any rate, you have looked down at that bit of brown earth long enough. Look up and see the bright sun shining, clap your paws to warm them, and take a little walk. Perhaps you will meet some of your friends."

"I will go," agreed Cubby Bear listlessly, "but I shall feel no better. You need not get any dinner ready for me, Mamma Bruin, for I cannot eat."

Cubby Bear walked slowly along the path. By and by he heard a little voice chattering sharply.

"That is Chirpy Chipmunk," he thought. "He is not feeling pleasant. I will see what ails him."

Chirpy was sitting on a log near his home, holding up one of his forepaws, which was carefully bandaged.

"Oh, is your paw sore?" asked Cubby. "I heard you scolding, and hurried to see what was the matter."

"Enough to make anyone scold, I should think," cried poor Chirpy. "A stone fell on my paw two days ago, and I cannot use it. It aches all the time! I would not mind that so much, but there was a beautiful frost last night, which opened the husks and let the nuts fall to the ground. Today I ought to be working hard, laying up beech and hazel nuts for the winter. The children will come after school and gather them all, and then when the winter days come and the snow covers everything, I shall starve."

"That will never do," said Cubby Bear. "I will help you. I can pick up the nuts, and you can show me where to pack them away in your winter home. It will be fun!"

He gathered the nuts and stowed them away, so many that Chirpy Chipmunk said. "I *never* had so many nuts before! I shall not be hungry now, thanks to you. You are a good, kind friend, Cubby Bear, and I will try to help you when you need me."

"I will come again tomorrow," said Cubby Bear, "and if you want me to, I will ask Squilly Porcupine, who is a good doctor, to come and cure your paw."

Then Cubby Bear walked on until he came to Bunny Rabbit's house. He could hear the Baby Bunnies crying, and went to ask if they were sick. Just as he came to the door, Woozie Weasel slipped out quickly, and ran past him into the woods.

"Bunny Rabbit is away from home," he thought, "and that bad Woozie Weasel has been teasing and frightening the Baby Bunnies—biting them, perhaps! They say he sucks the blood of Baby Bunnies and other young creatures and sometimes kills them. I will stay here until Bunny comes home."

So he stayed and played with the Baby Bunnies, who knew him and were not afraid, until Bunny Rabbit came hurrying home.

"How good you are," said Bunny, when he had heard about Woozie's visit. "The next time I have to be away, I shall lock the door, or get someone to stay with my babies."

As Cubby Bear was walking along toward the Big Brook, he met Wollie Woodchuck.

"Good morning, Wollie," he said, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"Good morning," answered Wollie, his small eyes blinking. "Oh, it is you, Cubby Bear! I have an errand to do, and was wishing I had someone to go with me. I should be *so* glad if you would go! Could you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Cubby, "if it is not *too* far, and you are sure you know the way. Mamma Bruin told me to take a walk."

They trotted along, talking of the pleasant weather and all the interesting things they saw along the way. The errand was soon done, and then they started for home. The bright sunshine had taken away the chill of last night's frost, the birds were singing cheerily, and they had a nice walk.

"See, see!" cried Cubby Bear, looking up into the sky. "There is Shinyblack Crow! He sees us, and is coming down!"

"Caw, caw! this is a fine day!" Shinyblack Crow greeted them. "I wish I could take you up into the sky with me, Cubby Bear! It is so good, so bright and beautiful—the free, pure air!"

"Yes," said little Cubby Bear, "but the earth is a good place, too, and there are many things to make us happy!"

When Cubby Bear reached home again, he was smiling and joyful.

"I am hungry, Mamma Bruin," he said. "I have had a nice morning."

"And how is your toothache?"

"Why, I had forgotten all about it!" he laughed. Then he told her all he had done.

"The surest way to be unhappy," said wise Mamma Bruin, as they were eating dinner together, "is to sit idly down, shut our eyes to all the pleasant and helpful things we might be doing, and think how many troubles we have!"

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Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

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Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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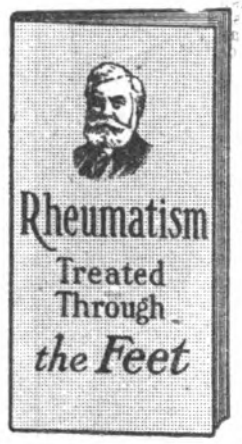
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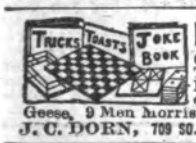
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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. M., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that an illegitimate child has no rights of inheritance from the father's estate, unless some provision is made by will, or unless such child has been legitimized by the subsequent marriage of the parents.

A. M. O., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man leaving no will, his estate, after payment of debts, would go one half to the widow and the remaining half in equal shares to the children, the descendants of a deceased child taking the parents' share; if no child or descendant, we think the whole estate, after payment of debts, would go to the widow.

Mrs. A. C., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving a widow and children the community property would go one half to the widow and the remaining half in equal shares to the children; we think that great care should be taken to distinguish community property, as under your laws we think that whenever any property is conveyed to a married woman by an instrument in writing, the presumption is that the title is thereby vested in her as her separate property; and property conveyed to a married woman and her husband or any other person is presumed to be held by her as tenant in common unless a different intention is expressed in the instrument.

Curiosity, Pa.—Under the laws of Pennsylvania, we are of the opinion that a widow may always refuse to accept the provision made for her by her husband's will and elect to take dower of a one third interest for life if there be also issue, and if no issue a one half interest for life in her husband's real estate, but that such election must be in writing signed, duly acknowledged, and delivered to the executor or administrator, and should be recorded; we think a testator can disinherit children living at the time of the execution of the will; we think that in case the widow rejects the terms of the will and elects to take dower, the balance of the estate would go according to the terms of the will, unless the will was invalid and set aside; we think the usual grounds for contesting a will are, lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will is not legally drawn or executed, or that the will does not express testator's true intent.

A. B., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a deed or will granting or conveying property to some person named therein his or her heirs forever, only gives title to the person named and does not grant or convey any title to the heirs, except in case such grantee dies without a will, and without having disposed of such property, in which event the same would go to decedent's heirs under the intestate laws of succession. Of course a slightly different wording in a will or deed may create an entirely different vesting, and it is therefore very important that all such instruments be drawn by competent persons.

Mrs. N. B., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and lineal descendants, his widow would receive from his estate, dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and an absolute interest in his personal property amounting to one half if decedant leaves only one child, if more than one child and not more than four, a child's part, and if more than four children a one fifth part; we think that the descendants of a deceased child count as one child and equally divide the parent's share; we think the children of a former wife have the same intestacy right from their father's estate as the children of the surviving widow; we think real estate in your state can be deeded to husband and wife in such a way that upon the death of one the whole property will go to the survivor, but that in taking property in that way some lawyer or other competent person should examine the deed to make sure it is properly drawn to accomplish such purpose.

May, Ohio.—We think the proper person to receive your complaint against the person who is annoying you, if the same amounts to disorderly conduct, is your nearest justice of the peace or petty magistrate having power to act in criminal matters.

M. C. S., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, (1) that action brought upon contracts express or implied must be commenced within six years from the time when the same accrued; (2) That it is not legally necessary, nor customary to record wills during the liftetime of the maker who can change or revoke same at any time during his lifetime, and it is optional with him as to whether he shall inform his family that he has drawn one.

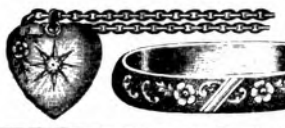
J. J., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your mother, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and five children surviving, her separate estate, after payment of debts, would go one third to her surviving husband and the balance in equal shares to the children, but if she left no separate property and the property you describe all stands in your father's name, we do not think you children have any interest in same during your father's lifetime and we think he can sell and dispose of same as he may see fit without the consent of any of his children, the only interest his children have in the same coming in case they survive him and in case he does not disinherit them by will. We do not think a parent can be compelled to support his children after they become able to support themselves; we think that in ordinary cases a child of eighteen years of age would be capable of self support.

E. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion (1) that papers to be recorded in the county clerk's office should be acknowledged; (2) that all actions of debt grounded on a contract in writing must be sued upon within four years after the cause of action accrues, action on verbal contracts must be sued in two years. Judgment and suits for specific performance of contracts to convey land are barred in ten years, but that no limitation runs against a claim during the period that the defendant is absent from the state; (3) that the holder of a properly assigned and legally assignable claim or instrument has the same rights of collection of the same against the debtor as the original creditor; (4) we think it important that text books on law subjects should be be up to date to be of much value.

M. S. F., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman cannot sell or convey her real estate and give good title to same without her husband joining in the deed, unless she is living apart from her husband for justifiable cause established by decree of court.

C. J., Kansas.—We do not think your brothers have any legal right to open your letters or in any way tamper with your mail, nor with the mail of anyone else.

Mrs. F. L. L., Oklahoma.—We are of the opinion, that the only way the endorser of the note you mention can enforce his claim for the payment of the same against the maker, is through an action brought for that purpose, and that if the maker has moved to another state it will be necessary to bring the action in the state where he resides unless he has property in your state or unless service of papers can be made upon him within your state.



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Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

Questions and Answers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

A.—These complaints are common in in-bred, pampered and under-exercised Belgian hares. These animals often are tuberculous and always they seem to be so delicate and liable to disease that we cannot advise anyone to waste time in keeping them for expected profit. All animals should have water. The abscess in the neck is a common form of tubercular gland or it may be a purulent goiter. The young will be likely to come alive if you let the doe have plenty of exercise every day and feed her lightly. The age of maturity differs acording to the condition and circumstances of the hares, but it is perhaps best to use yearling buck. See answer to preceding question regarding Belgian hares.

Corn Mixing in Field.—I have heard that corn mixes when different varieties are planted in the same or near-by fields through the pollen from the tassels of one variety being carried to the silk of the other variety and causing a crossed product. Is such a result likely to happen? For a number of years I have thrown away the tip ends of the seed ears, and this year my corn did not fill within an inch or two of the tips of the ears. Could it have been caused by my practise in selecting seed? A. T., Jeffersonville, N. Y.

A.—Corn hybridizes (crosses or mixes) in the way mentioned and all pure varieties should be planted separate and well away from other corn. The ears did not fill because there was a drouth, or lack of moisture, or lack of fertility to complete the growth. A big wind at flowering time also may help to prevent perfect fertilization of the plants. Discarding the butts and tips is the approved method and does not have the effect you suggest.

Foot-and-Mouth Disease.—Please tell us how foot-and-mouth disease got to this country and say whether it is prevalent abroad and what damage it does there. There is considerable interest at the present time as to these questions. G. W. A., Ill.

A.—The disease commonly is carried in hides from the Argentine Republic where the disease long has been present and is present now. The green hides are imported by tannery companies for tanning in this country. Such hides are supposed to have caused the initial outbreak of the disease in the Niles, Michigan district from which the disease has spread to some 14 or 15 states. We have had three previous outbreaks in this country and the one before the present outbreak was started by imported vaccine against human smallpox. That vaccine is prepared from calves inoculated with cowpox, the vaccine being taken from the vesicles. If perchance the vesicle is due to foot-and-mouth disease instead of cowpox it quickly infects the animal with foot-and-mouth disease. The disease may also be brought in with hair, wool, horns or hoofs and also by feed and forage. The disease has been known from time immemorial in Europe and never really becomes extinct. The present outbreak in America had cost $750,000 up to Nov. 17, for stamping out and preventive measures adopted by federal and state sanitary and veterinary officers. To give an idea of the cost of this disease to foreign countries it may be stated that in Germany in 1888-1892 the disease attacked 1,504,299 cattle, 2,193,187 sheep, 17,782, goats and 438,262 hogs. In Great Britain the losses from this disease in 1883 reached $5,000,000, in France those of 1871 were $7,500,000 and in Switzerland $2,500,000. In Germany over 7,000,000 animals were affected from 1889-94. It may be taken as about correct that the average economic loss is $10.00 a head in dairy and feeding cattle where slaughter is not compulsory.

How to Avoid Foot-and-Mouth Disease.—What precautionary measures should a farmer adopt against this disease? What animals does it attack? Should treatment be tried if stock becomes affected? Why do the authorities kill all affected and exposed animals? A. G., Mass.

A.—The federal and state authorities enforce strict quarantine when and wherever this disease is found to exist. All movement of cattle from infected areas is prohibited and milk from infected herds cannot be shipped. All milk has to be pasteurized. In infested districts the farmer should cease to visit other farms and should prevent others from visiting him. Cattle and other cloven-footed animals should be kept away from roadsides and running water. No feed should be brought in from neighboring farms. Skim-milk, buttermilk or whey should not be used, or at least should be pasteurized at the creamery before removal by farmers. Roving flocks of domestic pigeons should be shot. Vermin should be destroyed. Dogs should be kept chained. Tramps and pedlers should be kept off the farm and especially out of the feed lots. The infection may be carried on boots or clothing. The disease attacks cattle, sheep, swine, goats, deer and other cloven-footed animals. Man may become affected by drinking unboiled or nonpasteurized milk from infected cows, or butter or cheese made from such raw milk. Treatment cannot be given without consent of the federal and state authorities and the present policy is to kill both infected and exposed cloven-footed animals to stop the spread of the disease. This is done for the reason that it gives the greatest chance of quickly stamping out the contagion which otherwise would spread like wild fire. Instant stamping out was not done in Michigan when the outbreak was first detected, hence the general spread of the disease. There is a sensational rumor just now to the effect that the disease has purposely been spread by two foreigners to infect the food producing animals of this country and so lessen supplies of meat for the warring armies in Europe. Thus far we have seen nothing official to corroborate this rumor. England is the largest customer for the meats we ship abroad.

Who Pays for Slaughtered Animals?—When cattle or other animals have to be slaughtered on account of the foot-and-mouth disease now so prevalent in this country who foots the bill? Does it fall upon the owners of the stock or is the expense borne by the government? N. F. M., N. Y.

A.—The Federal government pays one half of the appraised value, on a commercial basis, and the state pays the other half. Cattle are appraised on ordinary market values; not on pedigree values. An exception has been made in favor of the fine dairy cattle now quarantined in the National Dairy Show buildings at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. These animals are so valuable, on account of pedigree and fine lines of blood, that their lives have been spared, it being thought possible to absolutely restrict the disease to the quarantined buildings. Being carefully treated by expert veterinarians the majority of these cattle will recover. Some 832 are under quarantine and the owners value them at not less than $500 a head. Some of the animals are worth many times that figure each. In some of the affected Western states no funds are available at the present time for reimbursement of owners and their bills will have to be presented to their Legislatures when they next meet. In the New England states animals killed by state inspectors to stay the spread of a contagious disease are paid for by the state.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Trouble, Mt. Alta, Pa.—If at nineteen you think you are too young to marry, as we think you are also, and your sweetheart threatens to go away and leave you if you do not marry him when he wants you to, we think you would be wiser than ever to wait a year or so and see if at the end of that time you were not very glad indeed you had not married such a man. You would better lose than win an exacting and selfish husband.

Blue Eyes, Allentown, Pa.—Your "lady friend" is quite right in not bothering about her brother and his friends and their affairs as long as they make her no part of them, and you have no right to interfere. If the lady is polite to you and encourages your attentions, that is all you can ask of her until you marry her and take her into your own house where you will have a right to say who shall or shall not come into it. Possibly the lady is not acting just as you would have her act, but as long as it is in her own house and her brother is with her, you cannot, or should not, expect to be boss. Make the best of it and be on friendly terms with the boys. They don't mean any harm. If we were the girl and a man with your disposition came around courting, we never would marry him.

Pony Pal, Fossil, Oregon.—When a girl is tired of being pestered by beaus and she is not old enough to marry, we don't know what else she can do except to be resigned to her sad lot and wait until she can condense all her troubles in one man. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

Blue Eyes, Nebraska City, Nebr.—A wedding breakfast or supper in January is about the same as it would be in any other month, less, perhaps, fruit in season. You may make it elaborate or simple according to your means, but the simpler is in better taste. Make your *menu* to suit yourself. You may also set your own time for the groom to cut the wedding cake, but after the breakfast or supper is the more appropriate time.

School Girl, Irma, S. C.—It is proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to call on her. It is also proper for a young lady of seventeen to go out with a nice young man if she does not go too often and she is through with her school duties. Girls of fifteen should not be corresponding with young men of any age.

Y. M. C., Attalla, Ala.—If you are engaged to the young man you should not only permit him to kiss you, but you should want him to do so and not object to it as you now do.

M. R., Fallsburg, Ky.—The fact that you and the man who married his first cousin have fallen in love with each other is hardly sufficient cause for him to get a divorce, but if he should get a divorce, for any cause, the law permits you to marry him, and etiquette has no rules against it, but a great many people will condemn the proceeding and you will not find your social life wholly without its troubles.

Worried, Cherokee, Iowa.—Your doctor may have saved your life when you were so ill, but if he did he is trying to destroy your character now and his own at the same time. As a sensible married woman you ought to know that his attentions are not proper. If he tells you they are, you tell him that you will ask his wife and get her opinion. We think that will straighten him out.

Troubled, Newton, Ga.—If you like the young man who comes to your church and he is good, it is quite proper for you to ask him to your house. (2) Do not accept presents from any young man if your parents object. Knowing their objections the young man has no right to offer them to you. A gentleman would not.

Blue Eyes, Rutledge, Tenn.—Because you do not live with your husband does not make you any the less his legal wife and until you are divorced you cannot properly accept the attention of other men, either in person or by correspondence. To avoid all gossip and slander you should make your conduct at all times most circumspect.

Troubled, Charlottesville, Va.—As your husband is so good to you, possibly if you told him that the presence of the wicked child he had taken to raise would drive you crazy or out of his home, he might arrange to have her sent to the Institute for Orphans. We think he would be a strange kind of a man if he would give up a wife he loved, rather than send a child away for whom he had no particular regard. Stop worrying in silence about it and go right to him with your trouble and talk it out with him. That's the only way to settle it properly.

J. H., Alden, Okla.—We are sorry for you, J. H., but handsome young men are always in trouble with the fair sex, but they don't usually begin at sixteen as you are doing. The Alden girls must be extraordinarily impulsive and emotional. However, restrain your impetuosity and do not make a slaughter-house of the battle-field, now that three beautiful sisters are on your trail. Take to the tall timber, John, and let a catamount scratch the beauty off of your face.

Hosfi, Mill Creek, Okla.—It is nothing unusual for young men of twenty-two to be desperately in love with one or more married women, but at that age it is always outgrown. Of course, in your case, it was cruel of your rival to report that you had been killed and then carry off the girl. But as you tell us she waited two years before marrying your rival, it is a hosfi on you, because if you made no sign in all that time that you were alive and loved her still, you quite deserve to have lost her. How long do you expect a lady to wait for a man who does nothing to prevent her waiting? Our advice to you is to forget it. If you don't, there may be a funeral on Mill Creek and you'll be riding in the front wagon, but you won't know it. Love is a dangerous proposition to fool with.

F. F., Lewisville, Ark.—A few old fogies remain who think that "friendship letters" should not be written on a typewriter, but the moderns do not. Of course, the writer of such letters should not dictate them to a stenographer, but he should write them with his own hand. In that case the typewriter is no more a machine than a pen is, because both are handworked. The pen and the typewriter are both writing implements, the only difference being that the typewriter is more complicated and writes legibly.

Y. T., Melrose, Texas.—Having accepted the gentleman's invitation to go to church with him, you were indiscreet in telling some other ladies that you didn't want to go and were sorry you had accepted and they were downright mean mischief-makers to have gone and told him what you said. But that was no excuse for him to drop you and go to church with another lady. You had a perfect right to think what you please, but he had no right to break an engagement because he happened to find out what you thought. You would be justified in declining to let him come back as he now wants to. And the next time, don't you say what you think. Anyhow, not to any ladies.

R., Des Plains, Ill.—Your parents have queer ideas of propriety if they have no objection to your walking on the street with a young man, but will not permit him to call on you at your home. If he is objectionable, do they want you to associate with him and advertise it to the whole town? The young man is quite right in declining to walk on the street with you. If you want to get him back you must first teach your parents the ordinary rules of propriety. You might ask the young man to teach them.

Anxious, Scranton, Pa.—The young man, who wanted your company and asked you if you cared for the one you were going with then and you said you did not and would let the other one know next day if you would change and he told the one you were going with what you said, showed himself to be a real sneak and you had better lose them both than go with him. (2) It is quite proper for a lady to receive a birthday, or Christmas present from an old beau and she may give him one in return if she pleases, though she need not do so.

Brown-eyed Beauty, Waynesville, Ohio.—You write "I have read Looks and Manners every month and am very much aposed to it and think it learns you a great deal." You also write, "I have never went in much company or have went to parties," and you still further write: "I would like to find out when the fellows bring you home or go buggy rideing what to talk about." An Ohio girl seventeen years old who writes like that, should not talk about anything except what to study in order to improve her spelling and grammar. You let the beaus and the parties alone until you have learned how to write. You have even failed to read the caption of this column correctly. We don't seem to have "learned" you a great deal.

R. E. B., Andrew, Iowa.—The "right side to write on stationery paper," is, if we may make a pun, the write side. In other words, as all sides are alike you may write on any side you please. The rule to be observed is not to write on both sides. The stationery that you like best is the best. We wish to congratulate you on spelling "stationery" correctly. Most COMFORT writers get it "stationary," which is something quite different.

E. G., Rochester, N. Y.—In meeting people, old or young, men or women, it is not necessary to be guided by strict rules of etiquette in speaking to them. The wise plan is to be sure before speaking that the person you are meeting wishes to be spoken to. Usually young persons should speak first to their elders, if they are much older, for older people sometimes are careless or forget and they are nearly always glad to have the young people speak to them. Make it a rule in meeting anybody who seems to show a wish not to be spoken to, not to thrust yourself upon them whether they want you to or not. Also don't be silly sensitive as many are, and resent not being spoken to by someone you think should have spoken to you. The sensible person can always tell when such a slight is intended. When that is the case you may resent it in any way you please.

Two Girls, Cochran, Ga.—Being engaged you should not receive presents or accept attentions from other young men unless with the knowledge and consent of your fiance. You shouldn't drop all your old friends because you are engaged to be married, but an engagement does impose certain obligations to the man which you must observe. (2) There is no impropriety in a gentleman kissing a lady's hand, but the courtly custom is almost obsolete now. (3) It is proper to call to see your sick friend confined to his bed, but you must not go alone. Any other friend, man or woman, with you will fulfill the requirements of propriety. (4) The same rules of etiquette apply to a widower as to a bachelor, and you may receive presents from either, provided they are not expensive presents of jewelry or things of that sort. Flowers, candy, books and so forth are all right, in moderation.

THIN FOR YEARS—"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.



Plump, well developed men and women attract attention at the beach as well as in the city.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

50c BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 12-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON

This Coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter today with coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

MAKE PILLOW TOPS FROM FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS

Ten assorted nations to package, size 5 1-2 x 8 1-2 and one large one, size 8 1-2 x 12, for 25c. 3 pcks for 60c. Eight million sold. C. STAR CO., 2109 WILLIAM STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial** of a **home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing: send stamp. Address **Art College.** LAPORTE, IND.

MONEY $25 per day certain, or money refunded. Send $1. bill. **J. Copeland, Wolfe City, Texas.**

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. **D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.**

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. **J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.**

12 LOVE LETTERS AND 48 HOT AIR CARDS 10c. **D.S.Sun Co.,** Harrison, Mich.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamps. Send 10c. For Price List Post **A. SCOTT, CONOES, N. Y.**

MOTHERS Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. **BOX FREE.** Zemeto Co. D 11 Milwaukee, Wis.

I WILL start you in the MAIL ORDER BUSINESS furnish everything if you will handle my goods. **CREST COMPANY, 66, Atlantic City, N. J.**

C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I handle is not Reprints of Confederate Money. Will send $80 for $1. **Frank S. Shilling,** Navarre, Ohio.

SILK REMNANTS beautiful colors, big Pkge. 10c, 3 for 25c, one pound 75c. **M. STEINBERG, Dep. C, 430 E. 141 St., N. Y.**

Old Coins WANTED, $1 to $600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1894. Send 10c for our Ill. Coin Value Book. It may mean your fortune. **OLD COIN CO.,** 902 EAST 63rd ST., CHICAGO

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.



Great Special Bargain
Beautiful birthstone ring for any month, guaranteed 6 years; send us the names and address of three friends with only 20c and we will send ring for your birth month. Order yours by mail today. State month and size. **Arden Watch Co., Dept. 532, Chicago**

FITS A sample of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. **Dr. F. Harvey Roof,** Dept. 1295, Station N., **New York**

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing The Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

DR. W. J. KNIGHT of East Sangus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten day's treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

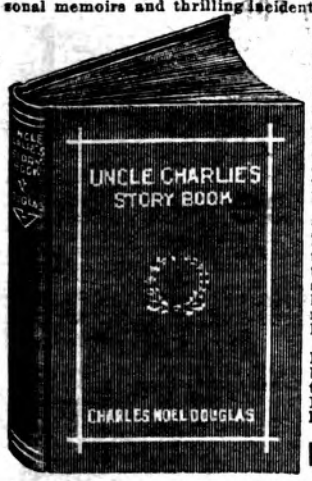
This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr W. H. Kiester of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few month's use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 501 Franklin, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW EDITION
Uncle Charlie's Story Book
51st Birthday Souvenir

A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 25th. This splendid book of 187 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie regardless of trouble and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.

Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.



The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this handsome new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it.

This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to obtain a copy. Every home should have one.

FREE Premium Offer

It is bound in two styles, both handsome and either good enough. One in heavy, fancy opal blue paper covers known as "cloth of gold paper," will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of two new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each, 50 cents in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and one 25-cent subscription, 55 cents in all.

The other, beautifully bound in lilac silk with stiff covers, will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of four subscriptions at 25 cents each, one dollar in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and three 25-cent subscriptions, $1.05 in all.

In either offer 2-year renewals at 30 cents each will count the same as 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each.

This offer holds good while the supply of books holds out.

Probably this is the last edition that will ever be printed.

BE QUICK and secure a copy while they last.

These are the best and most costly premiums that we give for such size clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Puzzled, Dallas, N. C.—Now that you are married and have a good husband, forget the old sweethearts you used to have and don't let any of them talk to you about the other times unless they do so jokingly. Your first duty is to your good husband who is no doubt much better than any of the others would have been.

L. V. B., Dora, Ala.—Your "Betrothed wife," hardly played fair with you by going to church with another "Boy" whom you had already called for and she was not at home. She might at least when she did come home have found out whether you wanted to go with her or not. She should apologize if she considers the betrothal any good at all. If she does not, you should unbetroth her at once.

Bab, Nevis, Minn.—Possibly a girl of seventeen doesn't know any better than to marry a man she does not love, but she ought to, and when she learns by marrying, the lesson is a bitter one. Now that you are so unhappy and your former sweetheart is still unmarried, and wants you, we do not feel that our services as mediator can do much good so we leave it to you to settle to suit yourself.

B. J. H., Wolfe City, Texas.—Some of the famous chefs—when they are famous you must not call them "cooks"—are now the proprietors or managers of famous hotels and restaurants and it would not be polite to mention names. We may tell you, though, that the salaries paid to high-class chefs, or cooks, are not small. In very plain side-street restaurants in the big cities they get from $1,500 to $2,500 a year and in the big hotels and restaurants salaries run from $5,000 to $15,000 a year. In several private families in New York they are paid from $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Rich men with incomes ranging from half to a million dollars a year find it as easy to pay amounts like that as you would to pay an ordinary hired girl two dollars a week. Nor do these chefs do all the cooking. They have a force of men or women or both, under them who have special departments, as meat cooks, pastry cooks, bread cooks and the rest of it. It may seem to you to be a snap to do the cooking at ten or fifteen thousand a year, but it is not, and the men who do it are born artists in their line and are as scarce as any other great artists. One man in New York who used to be a meat cook in a small restaurant had the ability to be something higher and today he has an income of over a hundred thousand a year from the restaurant business. Another as a manager of a big hotel has $25,000 a year and a percentage of the business. A third died not long ago leaving an estate of over a million. You see it isn't an ordinary man who can hit the top notch over a kitchen stove. We may add that while women seem to assume the kitchen as their own particular sphere in life, it isn't the women who make the big successes.

In response to our request for a good recipe to remove grass stains, Miss Wilsie Morris of Rutledge, Tenn., writes that if the stained spots are saturated with molasses and the garment let lie a while before washing the stains will disappear when washed.

M. D. C., West Medford, Mass.—We believe the late Cy Warman, poet and railroad man and author of "Sweet Marie," was buried at Chicago. "Sweet Marie" still survives him and will for a long time. Particulars may be had by writing to General Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. R. S., Coshocton, Ohio.—For copyright blanks and information write to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C. You do not have to pay regular publishers anything for publishing a book. They will pay you for the privilege of publishing if they think it is worth the risk. They will also secure copyright if they accept the manuscript. The cost for copyright is from fifty cents to a dollar. We advise you to submit your manuscript to publishers and let them have it copyrighted when accepted. Do not pay anything to have it published.

P. M. B., Ashland, Wis.—The U. S. senator, elected in Ohio at the November election, is Hon. W. G. Harding, Republican. (2) For all details regarding enlistment in the U. S. Army write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. Unless you have a good job, or have a family, we recommend that you enlist in the army and take its discipline and other advantages to a young man for three years. Or if you like the water better than the land, enlist in the navy. If a man has the real stuff in him, either the army or navy service will bring it out and put it in good shape for future use. If he elect to remain in the service until the age of retirement he will not be turned out on the world to shift for himself, but will be provided for in his old age. Of course, promotion is always in order for men of ability and character and the right kind may retire as commissioned officers.

M. F. G., Urich, Mo.—If you have been living in your neighborhood for any length of time and have not learned whether there is a school near you where civil engineering, or any other special branch, is taught and you write clear to Maine to find out, we don't believe you have the qualifications to become much of a civil engineer, even if the school is next door and is the best school on earth. You also want to know if it could be studied at home and would it cost very much, how long would it take to learn and if "these occupations is profitable." All of which indicate plainly that you are not fitted to become a civil engineer. There are other COMFORT inquirers just like you and we want to say to all of them, that before going so far from home to learn what is near them they try first to learn about things directly on the spot. School teachers are plenty everywhere and they are always glad to help ignorant inquirers to any needed knowledge to start with.

M. G. N., Briercrest, Sask.—To the best of our knowledge and belief a young lady is of age in Canada at twenty-one. Was there no one in Saskatchewan who could have told you and saved you a lot of time?

E. H., Moscow, Ida.—The artograph has been put out of commission by the snap-shot camera and other modern photographic applicances which do the same work much quicker, much better and at less expense. You might find one on a back shelf in a second-hand optician goods place, but we doubt it. You might write to the old New York address you had and see if you get an answer. Put your own address on the outside of your envelope for return if not delivered.

Miss C. R. B., Fremont, Mich.—The American Forestry Association was organized in 1882 and incorporated in 1897, its objects being the businesslike conservation and treatment of our forest resources with all the matters pertaining thereto. It wants members among all those who are interested and the fees are three dollars a year, including subscription to the magazine, American Forestry. Headquarters are at 1410 H. St., Washington, D. C., P. S. Ridsdale, Ex. Sec. We are glad to know you are interested in forest conservation and hope all COMFORT readers will wake up to the fact that our forests are a national asset which can never be replaced when they have been destroyed.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

as healthy as those in the city, where the women have a better knowledge of food values, are better cooks, and have a greater variety of food to choose from. The sanitation of country schools on the whole is scandalously neglected. Wash basins will be found stuck next to drinking pails, and at times covered by the hats and combs and soiled towels of the children. The poetic red schoolhouse, too, is drafty and over heated, and if the roof leaks, a chunk of lumber from an empty egg crate will often be used to patch the hole. The stoves are unjacketed, so the children are roasted one side and frozen the other. The water closets, which are unspeakably filthy, are as a rule put close to the water supply, and so with every rule of sanitation neglected, up goes the death rate. Any attempt to improve country life that is not based on the improvement of the health of the country children will be abortive and useless. There are 294,427 country school children in Pennsylvania, and three fourths of these need medical attention. Now do get busy and clean up the house and clean up the school. It is useless to clean up the home without cleaning up the school or vice-versa. Uncle Sam should take this matter in hand. State and county officials at the best are a mediocre, indifferent class of men. It is too bad that the people are too ignorant to see the necessity of cleaning up their bodies and their homes, but most human beings are like children. You have to stand over them with a club if you want to get anything done.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Frank Showers (60), Wayland, N. Y. Crippled with rheumatism. Hasn't walked for forty-four years. Aged mother takes care of him. Very needy and worthy. Highly recommended. Send him some cheer. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Wayne Co., Mo. Shut-in for twenty-six years. Needy and worthy. Send her something that will brighten the New Year for her. Elmer Dahlgren, 5019 Wadena Street, Duluth, Minn. Has both legs amputated. Lovely character. Aged mother his only support. Very worthy case. Send them some cheer. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Invalid for forty-four years. Tied in knots from rheumatism. Needy and worthy. It is two years since his name was listed in COMFORT. Send him some help. Cornelius Meek, White House, Ky. Sick and helpless with rheumatism. Unable to walk or do anything to support himself. Wife worn out waiting on him. Do something for them. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Confined to her bed. Poor, needy and lonely. Send her a dime shower, and so brighten the New Year for her. Lester Wesson, Florence, R. R. 4, Ala. Invalid. Send him some help. Well recommended. Mrs. Lizzie Ellison, 409 Gould St., Hillsboro, Texas. Helpless for three years. Well recommended. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Minnie Hillyard, Phillipsburg, Phillips Co., Box 184, Kans. Invalid for eleven years. Can only use one hand. Husband sick with tuberculosis. This is a sad case. Remember her. Wm. A. Barger, Uhrichsville, Ohio. Had to have his leg amputated below the knee on account of tubercular ankle joint. Needs money for an artificial limb. Mrs. Ellen Van Camp, Tionesta, Pa. Invalid for twenty-five years. Her daughter who is sickly her only support. They are needy and worthy. Send them some cheer. Nathan L. Tart, Benson, North Carolina. Invalid for over twenty years. Not able to even feed himself. No means of support. Send him some help. H. J. Snook, Beaver Springs, Pa. Invalid fifty-four years of age. Would like cheery letters, postal cards and reading matter, and if anyone could pass him on a talking machine would be grateful. Daisy R. Messeh, 336 Essex St., Bangor, Maine. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Alston G. Shaffer, Philippi, R. R. 3, Box 37, W. Va. Little crippled boy. Send him picture postal cards, toys or anything that will amuse a child. Mrs. M. A. Strickland, Box 767, Union City, Mich. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Mrs. John Towery, Spencerville, Okla. Shut-in. Would be grateful if someone could send her disk phonograph records. Laura Jones, Cambria, R. R. 2, Box 52, Va. Deformed from birth. Unable to do anything. Her aged mother (71), takes care of her. They are very poor. Have pity on these afflicted souls, and send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Well recommended.

The appeals for assistance from invalids in North Carolina are numerous and persistent, and a large number have accumulated, because of our policy not to list more than two appeals from the same state in one month. If we list more none receive help enough to be worth while. These are hard times for the well, but for the sick they are a tragedy. Do your best for our needy ones, and God will bless you. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

This Wife and Mother
Wishes to Tell You FREE
How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 602 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.



To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (*We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.*)

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Help You to Start the New Year Right!

No matter how gloomy the world is Uncle Charlie's Poems are sunnier than ever. They make you laugh, yell, scream and forget your troubles. They are the best medicine in the world. Uncle Charlie's Poems, a gorgeous lilac silk bound, gold top, autumn leaf lined, 100-page volume of riotous fun. No home can be complete without this excruciatingly funny book. You will yell with delight as you peruse its entrancing pages. Among the laughs you will find a few tears, and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, with some superb pictures equal to photographs which show Uncle Charlie and Maria preparing the monthly talks you enjoy so much. This superb volume free for four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. These subs count toward our grand cash prize contributions.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains 28 of the Dandiest Songs!

You can't beat Uncle Charlie's songs. Everyone is a hit and the book is a cracker jack of beauty, big and handsome, with full music for voice and piano. Worth a hundred dollar bill to anyone who loves real, classy melodious music; lovely melodies, entrancing words. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Both books free for a club of six. WORK FOR THEM TODAY.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



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Edna Earl, a poor orphan girl left alone after the death of her grandfather, seeks employment in a nearby city. The train is wrecked and she, severely hurt, is taken home by Mrs. Murray, St. Elmo's mother, who decides to give Edna a home and an education. St. Elmo has one of the very finest intellects but is dedicated to the work of scoffing at and blaspheming the truths of religion. He is feared by all his neighbors and servants, but his great wealth permits him to do as he wishes. The sincerely pious Edna can not bear his presence; and as the days go on, her detestation increases. When St. Elmo departs on an extended trip to the South Sea Islands she reluctantly accepts from him, for his mother's sake, the key to the small marble temple in his private sitting room which contains his will and other papers that he keeps secret, even from his mother. Edna promises not to tell anyone she has the key, or to open the vault unless he fails to return within four years. What St. Elmo's secret was, how Edna kept her promise and what resulted from always keeping about her a souvenir of the man she detested, is all told in this most interesting book.

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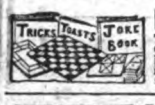
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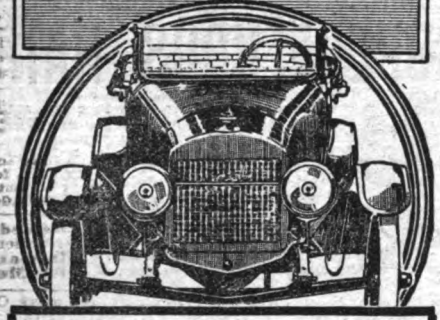
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We Have Given Away Twenty-Three Automobiles

During the past few years we have given away twenty-three automobiles, as many motorcycles and numbers of other prizes in our popular prize offering. We will send you the names and addresses of these winners and you can write them if you wish. One of our recent contests was won by a little boy at Nolan, Tex., named R. F. Oakley. He is only twelve years old and earned a Studebaker Automobile. You can do as well. Write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to us today. It won't cost you a cent and we will tell you all about our free offer.

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Gentlemen—Please send me full particulars of your free automobile offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

A. M., Cullman, Ala.—The breaking out on your hands as it is recurrent and you have had it for some time is probably some sort of eczema which is a skin disease and usually very stubborn. It is not curable by yourself, nor by any physician except one who can make a personal examination and determine its character. No doubt there are many COMFORT readers whose hands have the same breaking out as yours and who like you, go on suffering year after year trying to cure themselves instead of letting a doctor examine them and prescribe properly. Our only advice to all these is that they consult a physician at once.

A. C., McEwen, Tenn.—So-called wild hairs in the eyes are really turned-in eyelashes and they should be removed, not improperly by yourself or some other awkward and unskilled person, but by a physician who after removing the cause of the trouble will treat it properly so that the eye may regain its normal condition. You can't be too careful with your eyes. Other inquirers who ask our advice in eye troubles are respectfully and firmly advised that no proper treatment of the eyes may be given except by a physician who can examine them personally. We have no desire to injure or destroy anything so valuable as sight by guessing at conditions of the eye and prescribing treatment on guesswork.

A. B., Crosland, Ga.—Your catarrh has not only affected your ears, but your stomach as well and your digestion is all out of order which produces the various other ailments which are troubling you. If you live in a climate where catarrh prevails you should move away to the dry warm air of Arizona or the dry cold air of Colorado. As long as you live where the air is damp you will have catarrh. See a doctor and ask him to tell you what kind of diet you should have to establish your digestion. But whatever you eat chew every mouthful to a pulp before you swallow it. Drinking hot water is good for the stomach.

Peggy, Lesterville, S. Dak.—The swelling which you think is in the parotid gland may be there, or may be some simple swelling from other than glandular causes. As you have had it for so long we would suggest that you have an examination by a competent physician in personal attendance.

X. Y. Z., Vienna, S. Dak.—For your cold hands and feet massage thoroughly, always rubbing towards the body. Practise deep breathing in the open air, or before an open window, to get the blood properly oxygenized. You are probably anemic and should eat the most nourishing food you can get that is digestible. A homely remedy for cold feet is to sprinkle a little cayenne pepper in your shoes. It is simply a counter irritant. Before trying to strengthen your nerves you must know what weaknens them and remove the cause.

Subscriber, Yonkers, N. Y.—We think if instead of closing the window and preventing the fresh air from getting to your coughing boy, you should let him sleep out on the porch where he could get all the air there was, you would find that his coughing would soon be cured. If there is any consumption in the cough the open air is the best treatment known. Ask your doctor what he thinks of your boy sleeping out of doors, or with his head at the open window.

Mrs. E. B., Wood Lake, Nebr.—If you had been reading this column at all you would have seen repeated suggestions and advice on the subject of indigestion because more people suffer from that than any other known ailment. They do so, too, because they take no care of their eating so as to prevent it, but eat without any regard to health rules and then cry to be cured. Now if your children have it, you should begin at once to give them simple and nourishing food, making them chew every mouthful thoroughly before swallowing and see to it that they do not over-eat, nor eat at irregular hours. Maybe they won't like it, but it will not be half as painful to them as to suffer later for years with indigestion. Of all diseases indigestion is the easiest to prevent and less effort is made to prevent it. (2) Bunions are practically incurable, but they may be relieved by wearing shoes that fit and are easy, and a bunion plaster or salve will be found quieting if the pain is severe. Chilblains result from poor circulation generally induced by wearing tight garments or shoes. Care should be taken to prevent the beginning of the trouble. If the skin is not broken a liniment of equal parts of turpentine and copaiba may be applied night and morning. If the skin is very tender it may be painted with a mixture of collodion, two ounces; Castor oil, one half ounce, and turpentine, one ounce. The itching may be relieved by bathing in hot water with a little mustard in it.

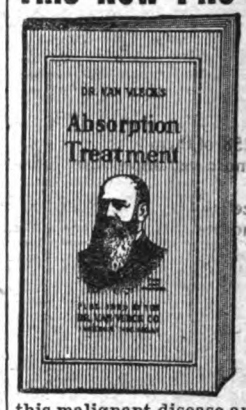
L. T., Ironton, Ohio.—You are like all the rest of the people who are ignorant of their needs and try to teach themselves. You say you had throat trouble so severely that you almost choked to death, but it got well and, to quote your own words, "since I have worried about the way I breathe. I think that I don't breathe deep enough and worry about it all the time and can never get it off of my mind. I think if I could get it off of my mind I would be all right. I worry so much that sometimes I think I can never get it off of my mind. Could you please tell me something? I would just be glad to get anybody's advice." Now consider yourself a minute. You are worrying yourself sick and would be glad to get anybody's advice, when by going to a doctor and getting his advice you would stop all the worry and learn what to do to be well and strong. What we would like to know is, why don't you go to a doctor instead of groping around for help and advice among those who are as ignorant as you are and don't know how to give it to you? You live in a city where good doctors are plenty and where you could easily get the right kind of advice and treatment if you would pay the small sum necessary.

Parnie Gallipolis, Ohio.—Simple sulphur ointment or ointment of mercury will be sufficient in ordinary cases of ringworm. It is a local skin disease and no internal treatment is required. (2) You cannot reduce the size of your ankles unless you reduce the size of your body generally. Standing on your feet so much you should wear the easiest kind of shoes, or if possible heavy felt slippers, or even go barefoot. The circulation is bad in your feet and then heat and cold result. Massage from your ankles up to your knees night and morning. Always massage towards the body. A strong mustard bath night and morning will help. Let your feet remain in it for several minutes.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

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PARCEL-POST PACKAGE OF $5,000,000.—An parcel-post shipment of gold coin was recently made from the mint at Philadelphia to Boston. The parcel contained $5,000,000. The use of the parcel-post system for the shipment of gold from government mints is gradually increasing. Formerly the express companies did this for the Government but they are being rapidly supplanted.

A SEVEN-TON CHEESE.—An enormous cheese was recently made at West Martinsburg, N. Y., for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific exposition to be held in California this year. It weighs nearly seven tons, measures more than four and a half feet in height, is over twenty-five feet in circumference and 106,000 pounds of milk were required in its manufacture.

ESTABLISHES BIRD REFUGE.—In order that another wild fowl refuge may be established on the northern shore of the gulf of Mexico, the Rockefeller Foundation has purchased an 85,000-acre tract of land in the parishes of Cameron and Vermillion, La., at a cost of approximately $225,000. The tract is intended as a feeding and nesting ground for the use of birds during the winter and as a preserve where they may be protected from hunters and other enemies all through the year.

Did You Win A Cash Prize?

THOSE of our readers who won a November Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the December Prizes. The names of the winners in our December Contest will be printed in February COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still four months of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the four remaining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. **Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes.** These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the January prizes. **It costs you nothing to try.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the January Prizes.

Here Are The Names Of Our November Prize Winners!

The 133 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following November Monthly Cash Prizes. Any of them who win a December Monthly Prize will be paid just twice the amount of the prize they win, whatever it may be.

Mrs. Ruth Crow, Ill.,	1st Prize,	$30.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	2nd Prize,	20.00
A. B. Nutting, Mass.,	3rd Prize,	10.00
Bacon A. Green, Tenn.,	4th Prize,	5.00
Sybil Paris, Kans.,	5th Prize,	5.00
Mrs. J. D. Oatts, Ky.,	6th Prize,	5.00
Byrda Evans, Missouri,	7th Prize,	3.00
Emma Jane Ward, Ohio,	8th Prize,	3.00
Mrs. J. Williams, Wash.,	9th Prize,	3.00
Ora B. Mohon, Ky.,	10th Prize,	3.00

The Next Eight Received $2.00 Each!

E. Wagoner, Ill.; Mrs. Ella Benham, Oregon; Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.; C. A. Brown, Mich.; Mrs. Ellen Fox, Idaho; Mrs. S. E. West, Wash.; C. T. Shelburne, Texas; Miss Ruby Ellison, S. Dak.

The Next 115 Received $1.00 Each!

Mrs. Leroy Hardin, S. C.; Mrs. Ella Baxter, Ohio; Susie Edward, N. C.; Mrs. Fred Hesbon, N. Y.; Chas. A. Hurst, Okla; Mrs. Sarah E. Williams, Ky.; Mrs. E. Corder, Missouri; Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.; Mrs. Grant Taintor, N. Y.; Pearl A. Young, Ohio; C. E. Jewell, Calif.; Miss Emma Magdeburg, Okla.; Mrs. P. M. Card, Mich.; Mrs. Lena T. Taylor, Texas; Mrs. Prentice Beach, Pa.; Miss Goldie May Todd, Wyo.; Miss H. Fondy Thornberry, W. Va.; Minnie Haynes, Texas; Miss Linda Troyer, Ohio; Odessel Sams, Ga.; Mrs. N. J. Conroy, N. Y.; Mrs. Lee Floyd, Texas; Hannah Dean, Ky.; Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.; W. W. Calverd, Ill.; Clarence Perry, Wash.; Mrs. Sue Cornelius, Ill.; Lulu Joyce, Texas; Mrs. J. E. Hawley, Missouri; Mrs. Hattie Ambler, Kans.; Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Wash.; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Gus Gibson, N. C.; Mrs. Roy Harvey, Ohio; R. C. Cox, Texas; Mrs. M. M. McClure, Ohio; Jeneva M. Smith, Conn.; Miss Nanny Anderson, N. Dak.; Carl Sjungberg, Wyo.; Mrs. Mae Halbrook, Iowa; Mrs. C. R. Greene, Tenn.; Mrs. W. C. Fite, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. Morris, Wis.; Mrs. E. M. De Coster, Fla.; Mrs. E. Finch, Miss.; Mrs. T. Morrie, Ill.; Mrs. Lillie F. Hall, Indiana; Mrs. M. M. O'Neil, N. Y.; Mrs Annie Pierce, Iowa; Mrs. L. W. Jarrett, Tenn.; Mrs. C. A. Purtle, W. Va.; Ethel B. Fletcher, W. Va.; Bryan Dildine, Ohio; Mrs. J. A. Groves, N. C.; Mrs. J. F Schottel, Missouri; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Mrs. Arthur Krueger, Wis.; Mrs. Clifford B. London, Ky.; Hazel Kussman, Wis.; Mrs. May Burke, Pa.; Miss Mary Ryan, Va.; Frank S. Mildram, Maine; Elizabeth Correll, Nebr.; Mrs. E. A. Knight, Mont.; Mrs. A. M. Corey, Ill.; Mrs. Elinor Birckhead, Va.; Miss Laura Balliett, Ohio; John Edwin Burke, Calif.; Mrs. Lucy Bowers, Ohio; Mrs. J. N. Bybee, Texas; F. R. Duvall, Wis.; Gertie Moorhead, Ala.; Mrs. Harry Giarth, Pa.; Miss Mattie Rooks, Ga.; Leonard L. Rust, Calif.; Mrs. Frederick Smith, N. Y.; Mrs. S. W. Gerow, Mich.; Mrs. Annie Inman, Missouri; Mrs. M. J. Blair, Okla.; Viva Weiles, Calif.; Mary Burges, Texas; Mrs. Flora Cookson, Maine; Miss Genevieve Malcuitt, Conn.; Mrs. J. G. Dandridge, Miss.; Mrs. Mary Paxton, Okla.; Mrs. Harry T, Brown, N. J.; Mrs. Minnie Copple, Indiana; Miss Mollie M. Elliott, Kans.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Lora Burcham, Ohio; Mrs. Lillie Craft, Calif.; Mrs. Sam Bolyard, Kans.; Mrs. Alva Copemen, Mich.; Mrs. Minnie F. Malone, Ohio.; Mrs. Zelma Boone, Indiana; Mrs. Frank Tabor, Wis.; Mrs. A. Hutson, Idaho; Mrs. S. A. Rucker, Ky.; Miss Ethel Emery, Missouri; Miss Vivia Bedard, Kans.; Mrs. Sebella Spillers, La.; Mazie Quackenbush, N. J.; Mrs. M. R. McIntosh, Oregon; Mrs. Alice Altic, Ohio; Mrs. R. L. Falls, N. C.; Lora Powell, N. C.; Mrs. L. J. Schoonover, Ohio; Mrs. S. M. Osborne, Iowa; Mrs. Anna Wade, Wis.; Mrs. M. M. Akens, Ark.; Mrs. Chas. Dilley, Pa.; A. J. Rathburn, M. D., Ohio; Hugh Bartle, N. Y.; Sadie Denham, Missouri; Miss Martha Swisher, W. Va.

We Paid Each Of These Women A $1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. John Lund, Nebr.; Emma Prothro, Ark.; Mrs. Ira Mecham, Missouri; Mrs. Effie Ruke, Texas; Mrs. Della Gardner, S. C.; Elsa Smith, W. Va.; Mrs. J. E. Dunn, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice Rivers, Mich.; Mildred Stevens, Ark.; Mrs. R. C. Stone, Pa.; May Palm, Minn.; Miss Fern Beavens, Indiana; Mrs. Wm. Franz, Missouri; Sallie Fuller, N. C.; Miss Mabel R. Royer, Pa.; Rosalie Whipple, Pa.; Mrs. Samuel J. Huntley, Maine; Fannie King, W. Va.; Lucy Alice Thuma, Ohio; Missouri Goudy, Ill.; Mrs. Allie Pagenhardt, Maryland; Nellie A. Clopper, Maryland; Mrs. G. H. Holt, Tenn.; Miss Margaret McAdam, Conn.; Mrs. G. W. Wheeler, Ga.; Mrs. J. G. Woemer, Ky.; Mrs. N. M. Lilley, Ill.; Miss Nettie Ray Wills, Ky.; Mrs. J. D. Oliver, Va.; Mina Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. George White, N. C.; Mrs. Ida Barton, Nebr.; Sallie Dean, N. Y.; Mrs. T. I. Macon, Ga.; Bessie Rankin, Indiana; Nellie Thompson, Ohio; Lillian Haessley, Wis.; Mrs. Eunice McManus, Ala.; Miss Jennie Smith, N. C.; Minnie Woolery, Okla.; Mrs. H. L. Asbury, S. Dak.; Mrs. I. M. Moore, Ill.; Mrs. Verna Sholl, Ill.; Margaret H. Kephart, Pa.; Jennie Martin, Wis.; Martha Pate, Texas; Mrs. C. V. Mitchell, Ohio; Mrs. Rose Robinson, W. Va.; Mrs. Lee L. Hefley, Ill.; Mrs. C. A. Mitchell, Tenn.; Miss Josephine Thibodeau, Mont.; Mrs. Frank Wiggins, Mich.; Mrs. John Neal, Mich.; Miss Mildred Hamilton, Wis.; Mrs. Edyth Fry, Iowa; Miss Gladys Hopkins, Pa.; Katie Potts, Texas; Florence Kline, Ill.; Ora Galloway, Indiana; Mrs. Ed. Kantop, Iowa; Mrs. Sadie Davenport, Ohio; Mrs. Iva Gipson, Colo.; Mrs. Amy Fox, Mich.; Mrs. Elsie Seat, Okla.; Mrs. David K. Henry, Kans.; Nellie Fulton, Kans.; Mrs. W. H. Moore, Ohio; Mrs. Bettie Harris, Ky.; Mrs. Bessie Price, W. Va.; Miss Annie Snider, Ky.; Mary S. Williams, N. J.; Emma Stephens, Okla.; Miss Daisy Martin, Missouri; Annie Fitzpatrick, Ky.; Clara Lee Pace, Ky.

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Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Three Wheel Chairs in December

258 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

This makes 41 wheel chairs that COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club has earned and I have sent during the past year to relieve the distress of that number of worthy, suffering shut-ins. 258 is the total number of wheel chairs that we have provided and distributed since the club started.

But thousands of other destitute cripples dependent on public charity, friends, relatives or neighbors for food and shelter are confined to the house or, worse still, to a single room or even to the bed, because they and their friends are too poor to buy a wheel chair. Hundreds of them have applied to COMFORT, and we have provided 258 of them with wheel chairs, but there are hundreds more yet unprovided on our waiting list.

A number of our wheel chairs have gone to inmates of county poorhouses. It is a disgrace that these public institutions are not furnished with wheel chairs which for a cripple's comfort are as necessary as a bed—even more so because the wheel chair, when extended in the horizontal position, is a very good substitute for a bed to sleep in, and being adjustable to any position is far more comfortable than a bed for other purposes, besides being the means of getting about both indoors and out.

When one of our wheel chairs goes to an inmate of a poorhouse I never mention that fact in announcing the name of the recipient, for it is bad enough for the poor unfortunate to be there without the added humiliation of having it published to the world.

It is a shame that in this country there should be any cripples without wheel chairs, for COMFORT'S wheel-chair department provides the means whereby they may be obtained free for any and all shut-ins whose friends will make a reasonable effort in their behalf.

I appeal to all COMFORT readers to make a New Year resolution to do something to help provide wheel chairs for the large army of poor shut-ins, and to begin at once to put your good resolution into action. If you know of any person that needs a wheel chair, begin getting subscriptions for him yourself and get others interested to do likewise.

There is a shut-in needing a wheel chair in nearly every community, but if none in yours, help the good work by getting the subscriptions for the benefit of those whom the Wheel-Chair Club is assisting. Bear in mind that every subscription you send to credit of our wheel-chair department helps to provide another shut-in with a necessary comfort.

The three December chairs go to the following named persons. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients sent in their behalf. In each case the Wheel-Chair Club has furnished the subscriptions to make up the difference between the respective numbers stated and the 200 requisite to provide a wheel chair.

Miss Odessa Rasure, Binger, Okla., 114; Mrs. Mattie Pemberton, Buffalo, Ill., 111; Mrs. Sarah Varner, Cross Rock, N. C., 111.

Poor little Odessa Rasure, though seventeen years of age, is no larger than a child of seven years should be. Ten years ago she was stricken with paralysis which almost completely crippled her and checked her growth and development. Although able to sit up only part of the time she is a very patient and uncomplaining sufferer. Hers is a sad case, with her youth made miserable by disease and no hope of betterment in future years. Although too weak to propel it herself, the wheel chair will add much to her comfort.

Mrs. Mattie Pemberton is nearly sixty-nine years old and badly paralyzed. Her wheel chair comes late, but better than never, to help cheer her declining years.

Mrs. Varner, seventy-seven years old, has been an invalid for twelve years since she was stricken with paralysis, as though that were not enough for human endurance she also suffers from rheumatism.

There are many equally sad cases on our long waiting list, and I beg all you who are well and strong to consider it your duty to do something toward providing them the one thing they most need and desire.

I have space for only one letter of thanks, but you will find the Roll of Honor interesting.

I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables Her to Go to the Table for Her Meals

RED BAY, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair, and I could never find words to tell you how delighted I am with it. I can now go to and from the table for my meals, something I was not able to do before I got my chair, and in so many other ways it is such a comfort and help to me. I want to thank you Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and all the good people who helped me get it. May God bless you all. Sincerely yours, LOUCINDA SMITH.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Miss Sybil Pharis, Kans., for Mrs. Mattie Pemberton, 111; Mrs. Mattye Russell, Okla., for Odessa Rasure, 50; E. A. Dame, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 48; S. J. Varner, N. C., for Sarah Varner, 35; Mrs. W. C. Harrison, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 34; J. P. Wellwine, Va., for Mrs. Woolwine, 26; Elmer Bell, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 23; Mrs. I. D. Sealey, S. C., for Sarah Varner, 16; Mrs. D. H. Gillis, N. C., for J. L. Brown, 13; O. J. Harrison, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 13; Sarah Martin, N. M., for N. M. Hogg, 12; Elizabeth and Doris Moore, Ill., for Edgar Corman, 11; Anna Whitman, Tex., for Miss N. M. Hogg, 10; Mrs. H. White, Cal., for Carmel Knorr, 10; Carrie Dampl, Ark., for Bama Leslie, 9; Mrs. Elijah Grisham, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 9; Mrs. Alma Campbell, Nebr., 6; Katye Saunders, Miss., for own wheel chair, 7; Mrs. S. A. Kurtz, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 7; Mrs. Alden B. Williams, Wash., 7; Mary Berry, Ga., for own wheel chair, 7; R. T. Pearson, N. M., 6; Mrs. S. E. Thomas, Ark., for Suda Catnam, 6; Ruby Wimberly, Tex., for Mrs. J. F. Wimberly, 6; Mrs. Henry Henken, N. Y., 6; Naomi Rell, Ind., for own wheel chair, 6; Emma Cheaney, Ill., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. Suda Catnam, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. Wilfred Boudex, Canada, 5; Mrs. W. W. Hodge, Tex., for J. C. Carter, 5; Mrs. Charles Odom, Fla., 5; Mrs. Mary F. Grothers, Ill., 5; Mrs. Homer Yeager, Okla., 5; Mrs. Florence Tuell, N. Y., for Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, 5; Mr. Willie Prewe, Wash., 5.

The Fox's Skin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

yesterday morning, Miss Heath. When I asked you for tea I did so because I was hungry."

The girl gasped. "Not eaten! What do you mean? Why haven't you eaten?" With trembling fingers she began to fill a cup.

"I haven't eaten because I haven't a cent, and because, except for this check that I have just received, I would not have a cent till tomorrow—Saturday night—when I would receive my munificent wages of twelve dollars a week."

"Wages? Twelve dollars a week? What do you mean? Your uncle——"

"My uncle and I have quarrelled, Miss Heath. He turned me adrift six months ago. * * * * * Thank you! * * * * * * Your tea is always delicious. And these crackers—more than once they have served me for lunch!"

"But—but—Good Heavens! You don't mean ——" Miss Heath was staring at Rutherford aghast, her pretty eyes filled with tears. "Why! That is terrible."

"It's delightful enough, now, in retrospect. It wasn't delightful when the old man turned me out with the customary avuncular curse."

"But——"

"He wasn't nasty about it you know. He had just paid a year's rent in advance for my studio and had bought me plenty of paints and brushes to play with, and he let me keep them. He let me keep everything he had given me. I don't know why he did let me. It isn't customary in the best melodramatic circles you know."

"Yes! Yes!" The girl seemed to understand.

"Well," Rutherford went on, "he did let me keep them and I saw a chance. I knew how to paint pictures that my friends said were 'really not half bad, don't you know,' and I had an idea I could win out. Don't misunderstand me. I never had any illusions about 'art.' I guessed that friends who gushed over the productions of the heir to a million wouldn't look at the productions of the heir to thirty cents. But I did have a knack for drawing, and I believed that in time—perhaps before the end of the eleven months the lease had to run—I might earn a living by illustrating, especially if I could conceal the fact that I needed the money—yes! thank you, I will have another cup.

"So I decided to bluff it out. Light and heat were included in the studio lease, and I had clothes in plenty. But I didn't have any money; that is, I had only twenty dollars, and I had made up my mind not to borrow. But I had to eat and I had to pay my club dues and I had to be always handing out tips, and I was reasonably sure that twenty dollars couldn't be made to last till I began to sell my stuff. Obviously I had to earn money in some other way for a time. But if I did so openly it would queer my chances at the art game. My only chance of getting the prices that would let me live as I wanted to was to live as if I had the prices already. The Columbian, for instance, wouldn't have paid me five hundred cents for those cover designs if it had thought I was starving for the money. That's why I became a night baggageman at twelve dollars a week.'"

"A night baggageman!" Miss Heath echoed the word poignantly. She seemed stricken with horror.

"Exactly. For five months I have been on duty from four in the afternoon till twelve at night. After which——"

"But—but—has no one recognized you?"

"Of course not? I met plenty of people that I knew, but none of them every really saw *me*. To them I was merely part of the machinery of existence. Besides, I painted a large and artistic birthmark close above my right eye and——"

The girl uttered a cry.

Rutherford nodded. "Yes! I did it very artistically. I'm really proud of that birthmark. I—er—— Oh! yes! At twelve, when I came off duty, I usually dropped in somewhere for a plate of beef stew. Beef stew tastes mighty good, you know, and they give you a lot of bread with it. And it only costs fifteen cents. Lately, I've been getting it at Alexander's!"

"Alexander's?" The girl's lips moved.

"Yes. Alexander's Lunchroom—a tremendous big place on the east side. Well! It's all over now. I can make a living by my painting. But I wanted to tell you all about it before—before I asked you to be my wife." For the first time Rutherford faltered. He flung out his hands and caught the girl's. "You—you will, won't you, girlie?" he pleaded. "I—I never could have stuck it out if it hadn't been for your being here. But I couldn't go away from this building so long as you were in it—not until I had to, dear, not until I had to."

Miss Heath's face became set in sudden resolution. Resolutely she withdrew her hand. "Did you ever meet anyone—anyone who—any girl in—in—Alexander's or anywhere——" she stammered.

Rutherford's eyes sparkled. "Yes!" he answered. "I met one. She was night cashier at Alexander's. She was a mighty nice girl. Being a girl cashier in a place like that isn't easy, you know. She's got to know how to handle fools and sneak-thieves and flim-flam-men and mashers and several dozen other sorts of alleged men, all without making them mad and losing their custom. It takes a clever head and a ready tongue. It——"

"What was she like?"

Rutherford looked at Miss Heath appraisingly. "She looks very much as you look today," he said. Trim and neat and clean cut. She had yellow hair, too——"

"Too!" Miss Heath sprang up, clutching at her head. Then she hurried to a mirror, looked at herself, and snatched off the yellow wig that hid the nut-brown hair that Rutherford knew so well.

"You knew?" she gasped.

Rutherford nodded. "Yes," he said. "I guessed that you were the cashier when I saw you in your working suit and your peroxide curls. But I wasn't sure at first. Later I was." Rutherford reached out and caught the girl's hands once more. "You will marry me, won't you, dear?" he pleaded.

The girl made no effort to draw away. But she stared at Rutherford strangely. "You would marry me?" she said. "You would marry a girl who works in a night cafe, a girl whom you found masquerading here?"

Rutherford laughed happily. "You bet I would," he declared.

"But—but I haven't told you all. Where do you think all this luxury comes from?" Her glance swept the perfectly appointed room. "Night cashiers can't afford this sort of thing."

Rutherford laughed again. "It comes honestly, I know," he declared. "Of course I don't know just how. Tell me if you like." His tone expressed interest but not the least disturbance.

"It comes from your uncle!" The girl gasped a little.

"My uncle!" Rutherford dropped the girl's hands. He was startled at last.

"Yes! * * * * * * Why did your uncle turn you out?"

"Why?" Rutherford laughed. "Oh! The usual reason," he answered. "He wanted me to marry a girl he had picked out for me, and I preferred to do my own picking, thank you. I told him I couldn't. He said I must. I said I wouldn't. He said he'd make me—that he'd made young fools do his bidding in the past and that he'd make me. * * * * * * Well, it ended with a break-up. But he hasn't made me yet, and he never will, now that I have met you?"

Helen smiled. "Don't be too sure," she cautioned. "Perhaps your uncle is nearer than you think to making you do what he wants. I—I am the girl."

"You?" Rutherford drew back a pace.

"Yes! I beg you to believe that I knew nothing of your uncle's plan. He appeared to put an absurdly high value on what I had done for him. He wanted to do things for me, but I refused to accept them. He said he'd make me accept. And in the end he did. Mother was ill; our home doctors said she couldn't live a year, and when Mr. Fox wrote to me to bring her to New York to see the great specialists and said that he would pay all expenses I couldn't refuse. When we got here he did so much for us that I was frightened. I was a working girl—I had to be after father died—and I guessed there might be a price to pay. But mother was getting better and I shut my eyes and went on. Then your uncle asked me to spend my days in this studio pretending to be an artist. Later he wanted me to spend the evenings in a yellow wig acting as cashier at Alexander's Lunchroom, and to get acquainted with a drayman who came in there every night—a drayman who had a birthmark over his right eye. I did this, too. Mother seemed almost well and happy and I would have done more than that to make and keep her so. Besides, it was not hard. I was cashier in a lunchroom in New Orleans when your uncle first saw me. I knew the work, and—oh, well, the first time I saw the drayman I thought I knew him and I was frightened. Later, I concluded that I was mistaken. But when you came in a few moments ago I knew that I had made no mistake."

"The old man's beaten us fairly," he said. "Let's go see him and own up." He held out his hands and after a while the girl took them.

Rutherford's eyes widened. "You knew that I was the drayman?" he asked. "How?"

The girl took his hand and led him to the mirror. "Look!" she ordered.

Rutherford looked. His face, reflected in the glass, bore a great purple birthmark over his right eye. He had painted it on preparatory to going to his work and had forgotten it.

Dismayed, he looked around to see Helen laughing; and after a moment he laughed, too.

HIS EXCESS WEIGHT GONE

Prominent Idaho Physician Says He Reduced 25 Pounds in 3 Months

Salmon, Idaho, Special.—Dr. W. C. Whitwell of this city, former candidate for Governor of this state, has let it become known that his remarkable experience in reducing 25 pounds in three months was due neither to dieting, medicine nor exercises. He says that a simple, invisible device weighing less than an ounce did it. This, when worn as directed, acts as an infallible flesh reducer and many prominent men and women have adopted this easy means of reducing superfluous flesh, and it is stated the inventor, D. O. Burns, of No. 17 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York, is sending these outfits on free trial to all who write him. Advertisement.

A Simple Inexpensive HOME REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM Send 2c for printed directions. Total cost of trial treatment need not exceed 50c. Frank W. Sebring, 1009 South Division Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.



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Loose, twisted, aching, painful teeth, sore, swollen, bleeding, tender, receding gums, bad taste and bad odor in the mouth and general sore mouth conditions are all symptoms of terrible **Pyorrhea** known for years as

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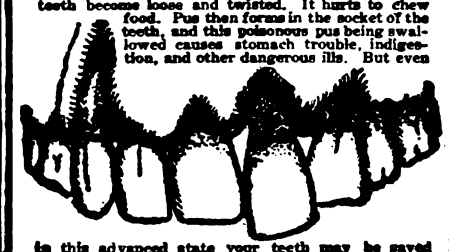
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Don't neglect early symptoms of Pyorrhea. They are not always troublesome. Sometimes it is only manifested by bleeding or tenderness of the gums and teeth, cankers and sore spots on the gums, which shrink away from the teeth. In time the teeth become loose and twisted. It hurts to chew food. Pus then forms in the socket of the teeth, and this poisonous pus being swallowed causes stomach trouble, indigestion, and other dangerous ills. But even



in this advanced state your teeth may be saved by my treatment and your mouth made healthy and normal again. Pulling the affected teeth won't save the other teeth. They are doomed once this dread disease attacks you, unless treated as I treat them with my painless home method. Don't hesitate; it costs you nothing to get this book. It will save you enormous expense, untold agony, perhaps your life.

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"My gums quit bleeding the second or third day. Apparently new gums growing up next to my teeth. If I had known you 10 years ago, no doubt I would have all my teeth today."
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"I am writing to tell you of the wonderful cure. My teeth are firm and feeling fine. I am so happy."
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BIG SURPRISE BOX Full of Presents FREE!

WE buy **thousands of dollars' worth** of premiums every year and carrying such a **large stock** at all times we naturally have a great many **odds and ends** left on our hands—not enough to make **special offers** on, yet a sufficient quantity to cause us a **big loss** unless disposed of in some manner. So, in order to close out **at a sacrifice** this large accumulation of premium merchandise which consists of **Jewelry of all kinds, Rings, Brooches, Hatpins, etc.,** different kinds of **Fancy Work, Crochet and Embroidery Outfits, German and Japanese Novelties and Musical Toys, Games,** and a host of other articles **too numerous to mention,** we will upon receipt of **Only One 15-Months Subscription** (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents send you a **Surprise Box** containing **not less than six different premium gifts** in one **nice box** by Parcel Post **prepaid.** We guarantee that you will be both pleased and delighted with what we send you, if not you have the privilege of sending everything back to us and we will send you by return mail your choice of any other premium offered for one subscription in our Premium List. Remember only **one** new 15-months subscription to **COMFORT** at 25 cents brings you this **Box of Surprise Gifts**—a variety of up-to-date, seasonable merchandise which might cost you quite a sum of money in any store. If you prefer you may send your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all). But whichever offer you accept you should send your order in **quick** because this is a great odd lot **bargain offer** of remnants and **our supply is limited.** Don't delay but send in your order **today.**

Address COMFORT, Dept. C. S. Augusta, Maine.

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Read all about our surprisingly liberal prize offer explained below and enter now for this month's prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium **sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, **if you request it.** It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is **extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is $30.00 to $120.00 for February, $30.00 to $150.00 for March and $30.00 to $180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1 00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date_____191

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Whether RENEWAL or for 15 Mo	2 Yrs.	SUB- 3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium_____

Name_____P. O._____St., Box or R.F.D._____State_____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription **25 Cents;** 3-years **50 Cents;** 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents. 50 Cents** a year in Canada.

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

Rules and Conditions

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you the premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a January prize and a Grand Prize too.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



THIS **Round Bracelet** with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and **wears like Solid Gold.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb** is **black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dress or Coat Collar



THE new style high hair dressing demands that the collars stand very high at the back to cover the long neck line and roll away in the front. We illustrate such a collar here and it is one of the most popular designs because it is so simple and requires very little time and labor to embroider. The material is **fine lawn** and there is enough of it so that it can be made **double** as it should be to lend the required stiffness. In making this collar you should use the solid and outline stitch. We include free a sufficient quantity of white embroidery cotton for working. You can secure this collar by accepting one of the following offers.

Offer No. 714 A. For one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this collar with embroidery cotton to work either free and postpaid.

Offer No. 714 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) you get this collar and embroidery cotton free and postpaid. **Premium No. 714.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have **loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

European War Stops Importation Of Dolls

And Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last Chance To Get A Dressed Doll FREE!

No More Dolls After This Lot Is Gone !!!!



Don't Put Off Getting Up Your Club. We Have Less Than Three Thousand Dolls On Hand.

WE feel that it is our duty to inform all COMFORT readers that owing to the great European conflict there is going to be a **doll famine** in this country within the next few weeks. No dolls have been imported into the United States since the European War began and no dolls **can** be imported until the war is over and no one knows when that will be. What few dolls there are in the stores in this country today will be sold for **high prices** that are beyond the reach of the ordinary wage earner. It is going to be a **doll-less Christmas** for thousands of little tots this year and realizing this fact we think it best to admit that we have on hand but a **limited quantity** of the big, beautiful talking and sleeping dolls which we imported from Germany before the war broke out and only those of our readers who send in their club orders **at once** will make sure of getting one of these dolls before our stock is completely exhausted. This is the same doll which has delighted thousands of little girls in homes where COMFORT goes—a handsome, fully dressed, life size, talking and sleeping doll, nearly a foot and a half tall with a beautiful picture hat of latest style, handsome lace-and-ribbon trimmed gown and complete wardrobe of pretty lace-trimmed underwear, elegant openwork stockings and dainty low shoes with bright, shiny buckles. She says "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be, closes her blue eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like red rosies, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she shows her pearly white teeth in one of the prettiest smiles you ever saw. She can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish and is so well made with **fine bisque head and strong body** that she cannot possibly become broken if you take good care of her. Remember we have only a limited quantity of these dolls on hand—less than three thousand in fact—and that while they last it is going to be a case of **first come, first served.** If you put this off you may have to buy a doll and pay **a war price** for it; indeed, the stock in the stores may be completely sold out before you get around to it, so to be **on the safe side** you had better send in your club right away. Following is our free offer. Read it and start getting up your club today.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid this beautiful fully dressed, talking and sleeping doll, carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. **Premium No. 621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies' and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are **genuine gold filled** so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with imt. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the **real gems** which would cost from $5.00 to $25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough **real gold** to give them **genuine wearing qualities,** and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift.



No. 52005

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful Imt. Sapphire and two sparkling Brilliants.



No. 51429

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful Imt. Amethyst.



No. 52028

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, handsomely engraved, set with finest cut Imt. Ruby.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.



No. 52137

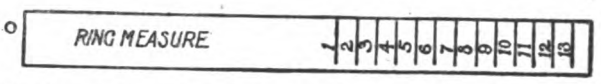
No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved.



No. 51726

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!



By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line O and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.



No. 51723

Free Offer! By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you **FREE AND POSTPAID** your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. **Remember our guarantee** that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify **by number** the ring or rings you want.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

NEARLY ONE YARD SQUARE



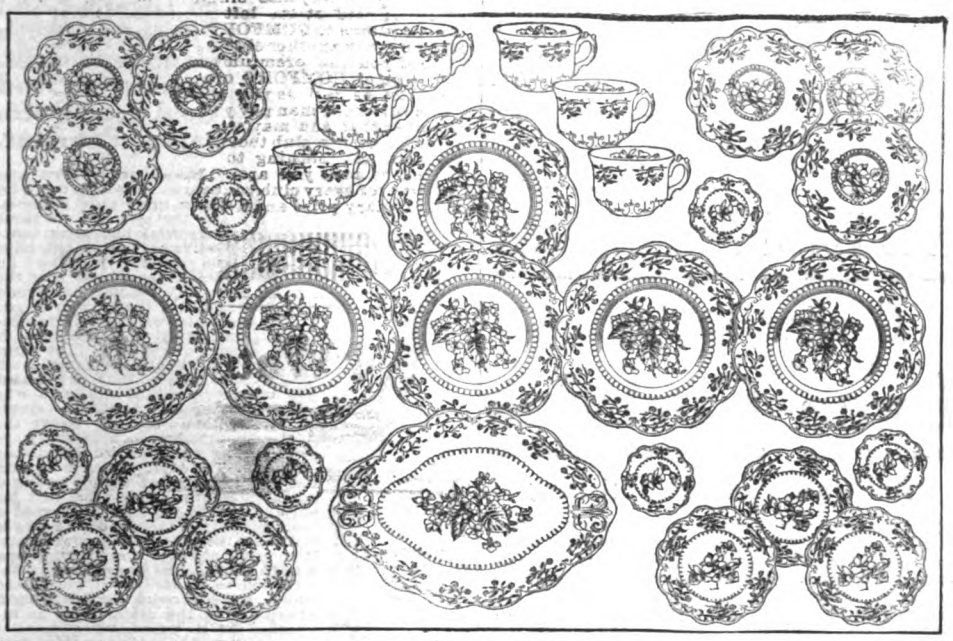
Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly **one yard square** which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in **different handsome colors** on an interwoven background which is of a color that **harmonizes** with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will **enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home.** They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cerial or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finish with a Havfland glaze which gives it that **smooth, velvety** appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of **purple, green and gold** which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio **by express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage.** If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of **owning the set complete** and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. **Premium No. 461.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMIUM No. 427.



Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are **72 inches long and 55 inches wide,** extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid foronly Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finished set.** A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and fine hand made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2½ wide, firmly set white **bristles,** with shield of Silverine **Mirror,** is eight and one half inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real $12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk



Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year **we can do more for you than ever before** because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these **rich goods** and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have **a whole room full** of these beautiful pieces of **silk and satin** which are of **good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** Remember these remnants are not the **small, insignificant, worthless pieces** that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but **large, well-shaped pieces** of fresh, new silk and satin **in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season** and we send you a **big package** containing from **one hundred to two hundred pieces** besides a **large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors.** If you order **at once** we will also send you, **in addition** to everything else, an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together **to get the best effect,** how to **cover up seams** with fancy stitches, how to **join the edges,** etc. This book illustrates over **one hundred and fifty** of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch** also directions for **Kensington painting.** Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. **Premium No. 556.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something **as good as a circus** for the children **the year round**—an indestructible, new style, **Stereoscope** made of **all metal** with powerful, magnifying **lens,** and with it we give you **free** a big collection of **100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes,** all kinds of **trained and wild animals, hunting scenes,** views from the **Arctic** and **tropical** countries, and **happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the most **delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful **entertainment** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the **fifty** beautiful **scenes of home life,** the **fifty** exciting **animal views** will furnish them with a **regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo,** and all kinds of **wild and savage animals** as well as **horses, dogs, cats** and other domestic animals standing out **real and life-like** when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price **low enough** to enable us to **give them away** on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only **one** new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or **your own** subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. **Premium No. 646.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them.

Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months

Premium No. 331.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine**

Chatelaine Watch

Given for a Club of Eight



THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl **it is the queen of all gifts.** The watch is about the size of illustration, a **thin model** with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a **guaranteed** timekeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fasten the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both Watch and pin will come to you in a **handsome black leatherette, satin lined case.** You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 359.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



Prem. No. 7202

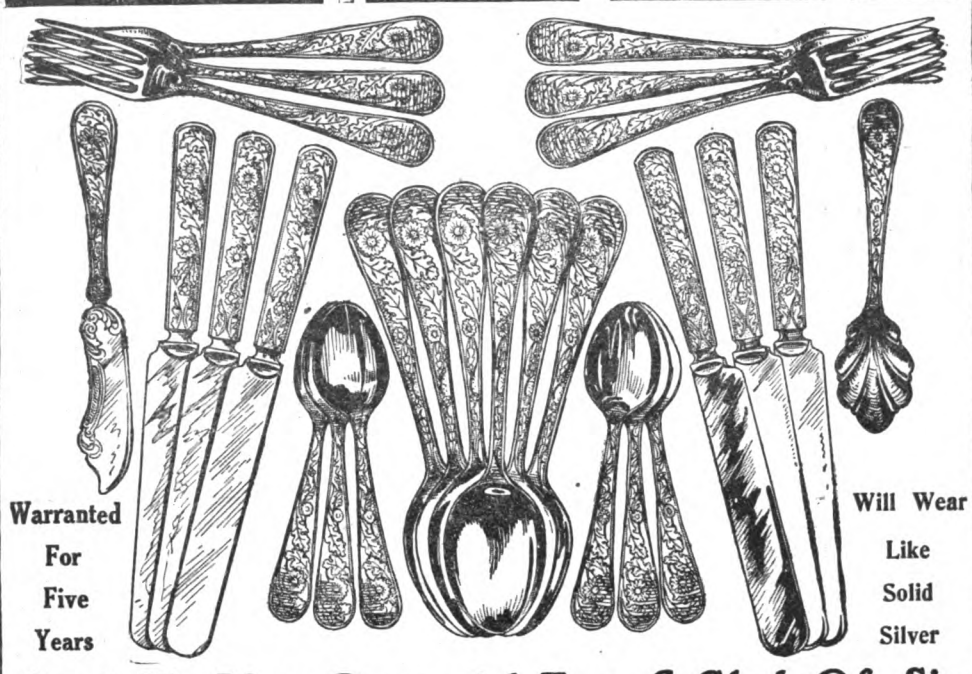
Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavallieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of **tiny French pearls** and set with either four **Emeralds** or four **Rubies** whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalliere free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.**

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

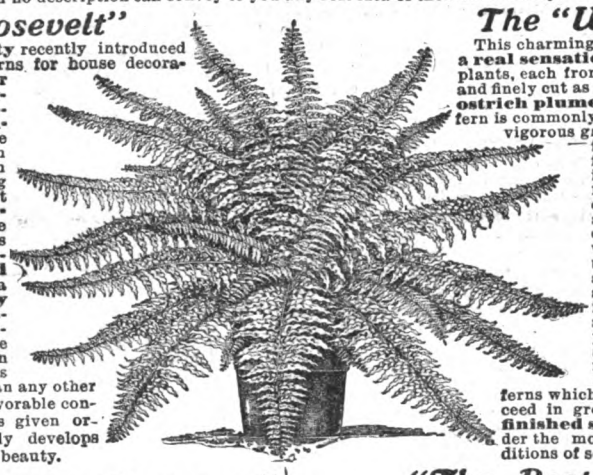
FREE Four Beautiful Ferns

EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home **more bright and cheerful** especially through the **long winter months to come** than beautiful charming **ferns** and the superb collection we offer you here comprises **four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture.** They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost **no attention** except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT'S **famous rose collections** are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be **absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type,** and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were **fresh from the greenhouse.** Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety. **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer** each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a **new variety** recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decorative purposes ever grown, of compact vigorous growing habit producing **in great numbers** wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot **hiding it completely from view.** The pinnæ, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively **undulated** giving the whole plant a most beautiful **wavy** appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.



The "Whitmani"

This charming creation has caused **a real sensation** among lovers of plants, each frond being as delicate and finely cut as **the most perfect ostrich plume** by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding **new fronds** from six to eight inches wide of **fine feathery foliage** entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of **from ten to twelve inches** and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. The "Whitmani" is one of the **few** feathery foliage ferns which **everyone** can succeed in growing to a **superb finished specimen** even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

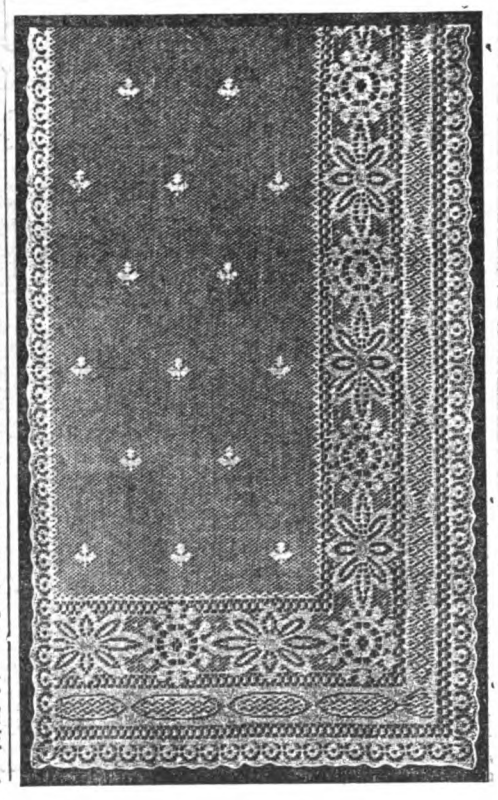
The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the **most beautiful lace** by reason of which it is sometimes given the name **"lace fern."** The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lacy foliage makes a plant of such **airy grace and value** as to be desired by everyone.

"The Boston"

This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worthy of a place in every home. It is known by some as the **"Fountain Fern"** which name is derived from its **graceful drooping habit of growth** and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring **from six to eight feet long** and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you **by Parcel Post prepaid** the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** each one of them a **strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot** and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. **Premium No. 611.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Free For 4 Subscriptions!

Genuine Nottingham

Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and **much more liberal** than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are **full width and three yards long** which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure **A 1 Brand** made by the famous **Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.**

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Pattern,** which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These **A 1 Rogers'** teaspoons are guaranteed to be **full standard extra plate** upon the finest quality of **18% nickel silver base,** and with ordinary care will last **ten years.** Some families **are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers'** manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT'S plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free** but the entire set of **table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife,** all in the **same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match,** without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of **six Rogers' teaspoons** by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire **set of Rogers' Silverware** to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons.

Prem. No. 386. **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

FIVE-PIECE MANICURE SET

French Ivory Finish

For A Club Of Six



Premium No. 7016

THIS complete manicure set comes in a handsome white box which does not show in illustration. It consists of **cuticle knife, nail file, cream jar, powder jar and buffer.** Each piece is full size and has the popular **Parisian Ivory** finish. While this set is not as large as some manicure sets yet it contains all the necessary articles for the proper treatment and care of the finger nails. We know that every woman or girl who receives one of these sets will be highly pleased with it. We are giving it away as a premium on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 5-piece Manicure Set in a dainty white box free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7016.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Austrian Bead Necklace

The Latest Imported Novelty In Necklaces



Hand Made From Strings Of Beautiful White Austrian Beads Woven Together And Finished With Handsome Imit. Amethyst And Gold Bead Decorated Pendant.

Bead necklaces are more fashionable than ever this season. For the last two or three years these handsome, inexpensive neck ornaments have been steadily growing in popular favor and now the style has become so firmly established that no lady or girl can really call herself "up-to-date" in dress unless she is wearing one of them. The most beautiful necklaces come from Austria where they are **hand made** by skilled workmen who first string the beads in single strand then cleverly weave the strands together in different ways producing many varied handsome effects. The style shown here was the prettiest one we found among a dozen different samples submitted for our approval so we have purchased a large quantity of them and are going to distribute them free among our readers. It consists of three strands of **pure white Austrian beads** woven together so as to form a single strand which fastens with **gold-plated clasp** and in the center there is attached **as a pendant** a smaller double strand of beads decorated with a beautiful large **imit. Amethyst,** an imit. **gold bead** and a large pear-shaped bead at the extreme end. This necklace when unclasped is 15 inches in length while the lower part, or pendant, is 2½ inches in length. The real beauty of this handsome new necklace does not appear in our illustration but we hereby **guarantee** that every lady or girl who receives one from us on this offer will be more than delighted with it. Be sure to read the following **free offer** then send in your order today.

This Is "THE" Style This Season. Don't Fail To Send For One.

For One Subscription!

Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or your own subscription, renewal or extension of present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and we will mail you **free and postpaid** this beautiful and stylish Austrian Bead Necklace exactly as above illustrated and described. **Premium No. 679.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide

Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl.** Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. **Girls going to school** do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much **better than a Rain Coat.** The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. **Boys** can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. **Girls** like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn **such a sensible premium** so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

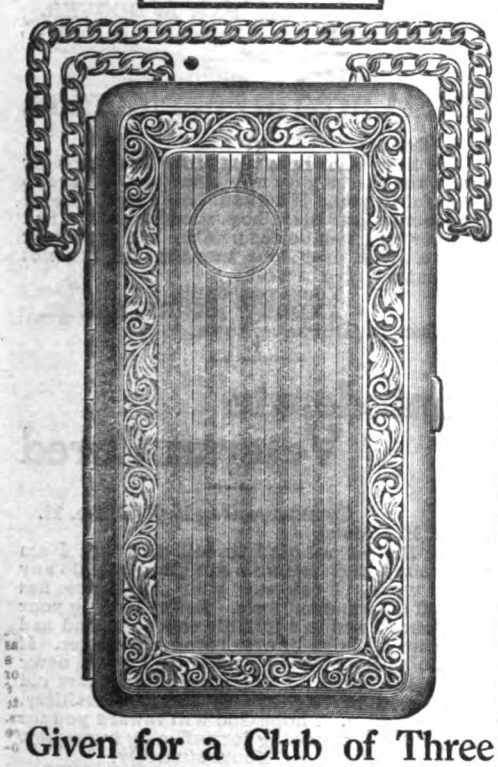
Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711



Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German Silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a **thin Model** case like that of a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully **Embossed** and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your **Monogram initials** in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4½ inches long and 2½ inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 711.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look At Me!

I Have Real Eye-Lashes!

I Go To Sleep Like a Real BABY!

MY ARMS and LEGS are JOINTED!



Whose Little Girl Wants ME?

I Am The Cutest Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland And You Can Have Me FREE!

YES, **this beautiful, curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small **as she looks** to be in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot and a quarter high.** She has a real **kid body** and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of **bisque.** You can make her **stand up or sit down** in a chair, or **bend over** or assume all sorts of **natural positions** because her arms are **jointed** at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she **closes her eyes** and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is **wide awake** again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has **real eyelashes**—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest** baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork **lace stockings** and cunning little **slippers with bow and buckle** she comes to you **undressed** so that you can make **your own dresses** for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR A club of only **six** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or **three** 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 466.**

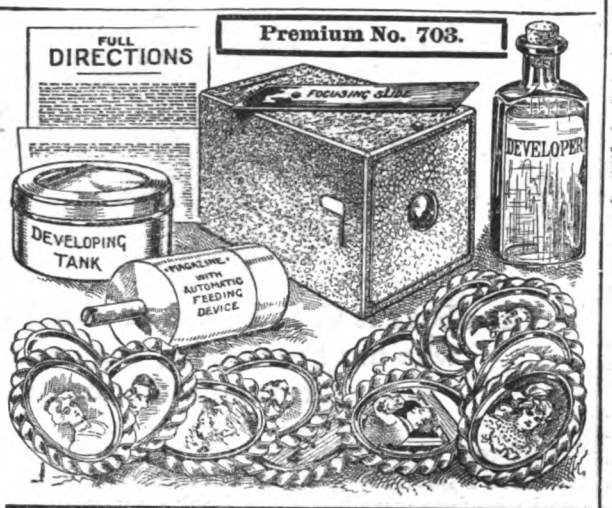
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE! This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Photo-Button Camera

Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes

Premium No. 703.



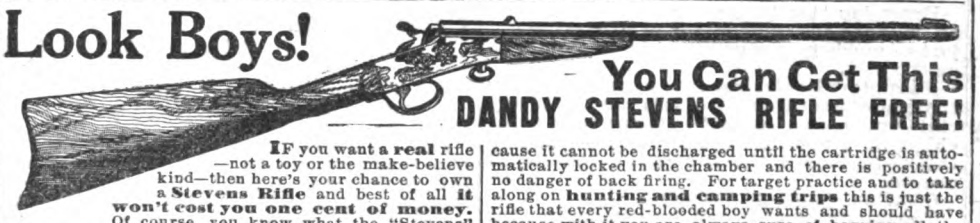
You Don't Have To Know Photography—You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light—Or Other Accessories—The Camera does it all!

JUST **think of it!** A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture **in just two minutes.** To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures **while they wait.** And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera **does all the work itself.** You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures **in broad daylight.** You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it for we also give you a **complete outfit** consisting of **One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, developing tank and complete instructions** how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, and you can mount the pictures in the **pretty Brooch Button frames** like those illustrated above. The pictures are perfectly round and of good size measuring **1¼ inches in diameter.** And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply as we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them **free** in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, **according to what you order and how much.** Or, if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., at a low price. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. **For only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 703.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

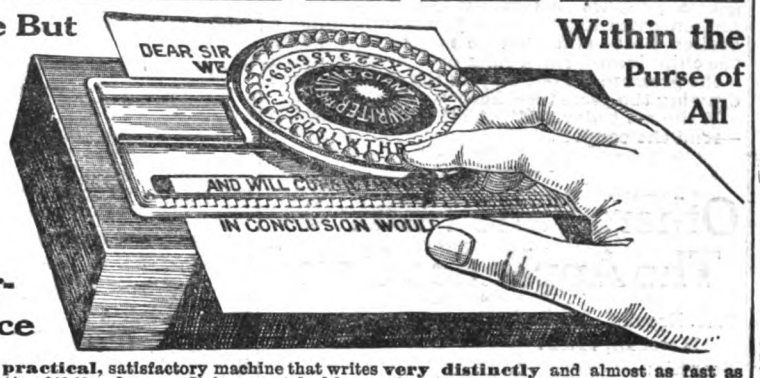
IF you want a **real** rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



Within the Purse of All

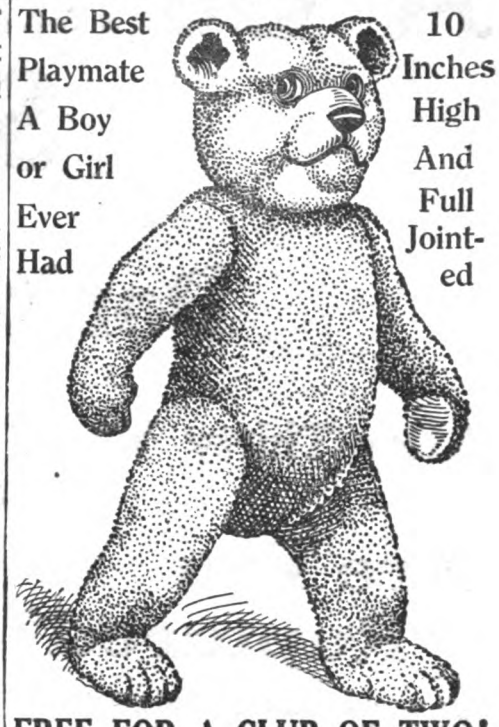
THIS is not a toy, but a **practical, satisfactory** machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost **as fast as** some typewriters costing **$10.00 and more.** It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



10 Inches High And Full Jointed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Wrist Bag

Given For Two Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002



ONE of the latest styles is this handsome **black moire silk wrist bag** with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7¼ inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following

Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7002.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf

67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide



Made of **PURE FLAX** woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear A Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

Are You Ruptured?

If so, the BROOKS APPLIANCE is made for You; You and all other Men, Women and Children who are sufferers from this annoying and dangerous trouble. That truss you have been wearing—one of many you have tried—chafed and irritated you and was worse than nothing. It had springs and pads and harness and straps and fixings galore and was continually getting out of shape—slipping down or working up and always needing attention. Then, there were salves and washes and ointments to make the case worse and harder to bear. I want to say that you will find none of these annoyances and vexations in the BROOKS APPLIANCE. At least they are reduced to a minimum. This APPLIANCE was made with a view to eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble. I would have been foolish to work half a lifetime, thinking out and perfecting a thing that had no advantage or was not better than scores of other inventions upon the market. In my APPLIANCE you will find the old objectionable features LEFT OUT. You will find it easy to wear. You will scarcely realize you are wearing it. There is no binding, drawing and slipping out of place. It does its work effectively and with comfort to the wearer. I want you to read my book, in which I have taken pains to give full particulars about it. Then, there are a few letters printed in it—selected at random from among hundreds written by men and women who have been cured. You can write these folks and see what they say. If I were you I would see to this matter without waiting. You can put off some things without running much risk, but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse. Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.

Don't Make The Child Wear a Truss Through Life

I Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country.

The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only As a Relic of Barbarity.

I want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.



The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture Now He Is As Sound And Whole As If He Had Never Been Ruptured.

My appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance. I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children.



The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the Inventor, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you may also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children. No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do not have an equal chance.

Common trusses do not help.

Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses.

But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like this but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better.

My Appliance is better and I want to prove it to you.

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

Others Failed But The Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks' Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 76.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

Child Cured In Four Months.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner, our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.

FREE Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS, 1702 C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

City .....

R. F. D. ..... State .....

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII NO. 4

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Crumbs of Comfort

God may delay, but He never forgets.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

A mule and a woman do best by fair means.

The husband must not see and the wife must be blind.

The wound that is never given is the easiest one cured.

A great deal is ill wasted and a little would do as well.

We weep when we are born and every day shows why.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

The good you do is not lost although you may forget it.

Away goes the devil when he finds the door fast against him.

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

When two friends have a common purse one sings and the other weeps.

Since you can bear with your own, bear with the failings of others as well.

If you get vexed or lose your temper you will have two troubles instead of one.

It is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are the readiest to do them.

Before you walk into the front door of a saloon, look at the bloat that went out at the back door.

Go not to your doctor for every ill, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your bottle for every thirst.

The Miracle of Love

By Mary Chapman Bennett

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"DON'T you think it will rain before night? The air seems so heavy," and Kathie raised her arms wearily above her head, and looked up at the cloudless sky streaked with the gold, and purple, and pink tints of the setting sun.

"Fred," said the invalid, half petulantly, "can't you put aside your paper and talk to me? I am so tired of this hot weather."

The young man at the other end of the veranda put down his paper and seated himself on the top step near the couch.

"What is the matter with my little sister to-night," he said, with caressing tones. "Has the heat upset your nerves?"

"I don't know," said Kathie. "I try not to be selfish and complaining, but I am so very tired of being sick," and a few tears welled up into the violet eyes of the girl who, day in and day out, was doomed to lie on her back.

This was too much for the tender-hearted brother who gathered the girl into his arms murmuring, "My precious sister."

For a long time they sat quietly watching the stars come out, one by one.

Kathie nestled in the shelter of his arms, her head pillowed against his breast, a grateful change from the position she was obliged to be in during the many hours of the day.

"Fred, are you going to marry Miss Jessie Lane?" the sick girl asked at length.

If Kathie had not been so wrapped up in her own thought, she would have felt the start of surprise, heard the rapid pounding of his blood through his veins, heard the quickened beat of his heart.

It was with a supreme effort that the young man replied, in a voice calm and gentle, "No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. But you remember last winter she sent me that beautiful basket of fruit, when everything was so high and scarce; and now today, those lovely roses from her own garden, and it made me think that perhaps she sent them because you were in love with her."

"Miss Lane is always trying to bring happiness to those who are suffering. She very likely does the same thing every day to some one. She never thought of me," quietly said the young man.

In his inmost soul he knew that he lied, and the knowledge that it was a lie brought a strange calm to his sad heart.

"Some way I should hate to have you marry her. I don't know what I should do. I think I should die," and Kathie nestled closer while her voice died away in a little trembling sob.

Now Kathie had absolutely no idea that she was selfish. Sick people rarely have the same view point as those who are well, and the thought that her words might help to deprive him of a joy, which was as necessary to his best happiness as his presence was essential to her very life, did not occur to her. Not for worlds would she have added a single drop more to the already full bucket the young man was bearing.

A fall from a hammock when she was a child had injured her spine so that her legs were paralyzed, and when, just entering her teens her mother had died, Fred took up the burden, not only of support, but tender care. Everything that heart and mind could invent was done for the sufferer. Some days she was able to be carried out to the shady lawn at the rear of the house, but usually the long hours were spent on the broad veranda, screened and shut in when necessary. Here, summer and winter, was her sun parlor.

It was here that she watched the autos speed by and saw the lights of the trolley a block away. It was here that she suffered and thought; here that she listened to the chatter and songs of the birds; here that she dreamed of the days when she would be well and strong; here that she received her friends and learned of the big world outside; and it was here that she fought her battles and won. At nineteen it is hard to acknowledge that death alone can made one well, and that life here on this beautiful earth must always be lived on one's back, and full of pain.

The house was on a quiet street far from the center of the city, and in the garden were old-fashioned flowers which Kathie's mother had planted and tended. But Kathie never seemed to care so much for them as for the flowers she could not see growing—some of the things that grew where the other girls lived—where she could never go. Oh, the pain of it!

Yet the doctors said that Kathie was an unusually happy invalid, and doctors learn to know the real character, not only of their patients, but of the other members of the family as well.

After the lights were out, Fred stood by his open window as he had done many a night before; stood with his head turned toward a distant home, straining his eyes to see when his mind told him he could not. Into his heart, as he stood, came a deep peace, and across the city, through the tree tops, via wireless, went the unspoken message. Perhaps it was a prayer, perhaps, the longing of a soul calling to its mate. Who shall say?

And Jessie Lane, in her sleep, dreamed that someone said to her, "Peace be with thee, Jessie, My love."

A few days later, Fred went out to spend the evening. Only once in many weeks did he call on Miss Lane. If anyone came in, he made only a formal visit, but if he chanced to find her alone, which was rare, he remained as long as he dared. Not being able to marry, he felt that he had no right in any way to compromise her, or place her in any position where their names would be linked. So his calls were few and far between.

On this evening Jessie was home and frankly glad to see him.

"You have not been to see me in many weeks, and I was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten my existence," she said playfully as she took up some light work.

Somehow Fred always found her busy with her needle and he often marveled over the piles and stacks of work that she must have accomplished. Men have the idea that nothing ever wears out, and, naturally, Fred deemed the work must of necessity by now be well nigh to the ceiling.

"I suppose Kathie needs you," she continued as she adjusted her needle. "How is she these warm days? Is she able to be out in the garden?"

"Not over strong this weather," Fred replied as he settled himself in the easy chair close by the table upon which rested the work basket of his hostess. "She is cheerful though and tries to make the best of her hard lot. She was deeply appreciative of your kindness in sending the roses the other day," he added after a pause in which he watched the fingers readjust a loop and thread a needle with the floss near at hand.

Then remembering his sister's remark and his own pain, he said in an apologetic tone, "But I would rather you do not do it again. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"But you most certainly do hurt my feelings when you speak in that way," quickly responded his hostess, cut to the heart by the cruel words, and thinking only of the selfish ways of mankind. "What possible reason can you give, because I cut a few of my roses and sent them to a suffering girl, for refusing her the right to receive and me the joy of giving. What right have you to dictate in a matter entirely outside of your domain?" concluded Jessie, by now thoroughly angered by his tactless and wholly unnecessary words.

For a moment the young man was staggered by the storm of protest and in a laughing way stammered some apology.

"But I—I didn't mean it in just the way you thought."

"Well, I should hope not!" exclaimed Jessie with the angry color still glowing in her cheeks.

Then the thought of what he really did mean gave Fred courage to say quietly, but sadly, "I am afraid I was extremely rude to you, Miss Jessie. For that I crave your pardon. My little sister, being ill and shut out from the social life of the world, looks at deeds in a somewhat different light from those of us who live in the glare of the day. When you have time to think it over, you will agree with me, that for her sake—as well as my own"—he added in a lower tone, "it is wisest not to disturb her peace."

As the full meaning of his tone, more than his words, penetrated her mind, a deep flush overspread her features, and with ready tact she turned the tide of speech in other channels.

But although the conversation flowed on smoothly enough, there was a little constraint felt by both. Jessie was conscious of the eyes of love bent upon her whenever her own were turned away, but she could not understand the strain of sadness, both in them, and in his voice.

And the man, knowing the ache in his own heart, grieved over the hurt he knew he had inflicted upon the girl who was to him the one woman in all the world. And he wondered why it was that over and over again we wound those we love the most, wound them when we would gladly protect them from all harm within the shelter of our love—wound them through that very love.

And the longing for her grew so insistent that he dare not linger over the good night, but hurried out into the street. And there, on the street, during that long walk home, a battle waged.

Why do we always think of a field and two large armies when we use the word battle?

The biggest battle ever fought is between a man and his own soul—between the force of right and the power of wrong in one human breast.

And the struggle caused the young man to cry out in his misery, "Oh, Jessie, my love, I need thee."

But his soul grew calm as, there in the darkness, he stretched out his hands to the one woman, whispering, "My love, I dare not ask thee to share my life. Fare—thee—well."

And in another part of the city a woman knelt by an open window. Gazing up at the stars she said softly, "He loves me, I am sure of it. And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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FOR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND THRIFT

Unattractive, untidy homes in which slovenly housekeeping and bad cooking prevail produce discontent, sickness, poverty and mental and moral degradation among the members of the family, especially the children that grow up under such blighting influences. Such conditions are too common and are largely due to mismanagement and not knowing how to do better, how to make the most of the means at hand. It is not a question of money but of what to do and how to do it.

The humblest home, especially in the country, can be made attractive, comfortable and sanitary by care, good management and a little effort by the family with little or no expense, and it will yield big returns, not only in happiness and contentment but also in health and prosperity.

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The Big March Number

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February, 1915.

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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FEBRUARY, the month of expiration, took its name from *februare*, which means to purify. Ordinarily it has twenty-eight days, but during leap-years is given an additional day. Originally among the Romans it had twenty-nine days, but when it was decreed that the eighth month should bear the name of Augustus Cæsar, a day was taken from the shortest month and given to August, which then had but thirty, that it might not be inferior to July, so named for Julius Cæsar. The name February was given because it was during this month that the Romans celebrated the festival of Februalia. The month was introduced into the calendar along with January when Numa Pomilius decided that the year should have twelve instead of ten months. The amethyst is the gem-stone symbolical of the month, and stands for deep and pure love. One of its supposed powers is that of preventing intoxication and the Greeks and Romans drank wine from amethyst cups. The flower which represents February is the primrose, representing youth and sadness, and its motto, "Believe me." The month was notable in having brought two of the greatest Presidents of the United States in the world—Washington and Lincoln—and in many of the states their birthdays are celebrated as legal holidays. Other notable events of the month are here given:

1st—Mary Shelley, novelist, died 1851.

2nd—Candlemas day.

"If Candlemas is fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year."

3rd—John of Gaunt, died 1399. Horace Greeley, born 1811. Mendelssohn, born 1809.

4th—Porta, inventor of the camera obscura, died 1615.

5th—Galvani, discoverer of galvanism, died 1799.

6th—Anne, Queen of England, born 1665. Charles II, King of England, died 1685.

7th—Charles Dickens, born 1812. M. Bourrienne, secretary to Napoleon, died in a madhouse 1834.

8th—Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded 1586. Napoleon in Battle of Eylau, 1807. Last earthquake of any consequence in England, 1750.

9th—Henry Lord Darnley, consort of Mary Queen of Scots, murdered 1567. Treaty of Luneville between Germany and France, signed 1801. President W. H. Harrison, born 1773.

10th—James Nares, composer, died 1783.

11th—Princess Elizabeth of York, born 1466. Elizabeth Plantagenet of York, died 1502. Battle of Montmirail, 1814.

12th—Abraham Lincoln, born 1809. Cotton Mather, born 1663. Lady Jane Gray, beheaded 1553.

13th—Cotton Mather, died 1728. Celebrated as St. Valentine's eve.

14th—St. Valentine's Day. Richard II, King of England, died 1400.

15th—Galileo, astronomer, born 1564. John Hadley, inventor of the sextant, died 1744.

16th—Lindley Murray, grammarian, died 1826.

17th—Michael Angelo, died 1563.

18th—Mary I, Queen of England, born 1517. Martin Luther, died 1546. Balzac, died 1654. In the Nile campaign, Gen. Gordon arrived at Khartoum, 1884.

19th—Copernicus, astronomer, born 1473. Poe, poet, born 1809.

20th—Voltaire, born 1694. David Garrick, born 1716. Andreas Hofer, shot by the French 1810.

21st—Agrippa, died 4 A. D.

22nd—President George Washington, born 1731. Charles, Duke of Richmond, born 1735. Rev. Sydney Smith, died 1845.

23rd—President J. Q. Adams, died 1872. John Keats, poet, died 1821. Handel, composer, born 1685. The Battle of the Alamo, in which Col. David Crockett was butchered by Santa Ana.

24th—Charles Lamb, essayist, born 1775.

25th—Robert, Earl of Essex, beheaded 1600.

26th—Victor Hugo, born 1802. Thomas Moore, poet, died 1852. Napoleon quitted Elba, 1815.

27th—Henry W. Longfellow, born at Portland, Maine 1812. The first Russian embassy arrived in London.

28th—Montaigne, essayist, born 1533. Susan Cromwell, last of the descendants bearing the name of the Lord Protector, died 1834. She was the daughter of Thomas Cromwell, the great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of Puritan England, under whose leadership King Charles I was defeated and beheaded.

29th—Rossini, composer, born 1792. Every year whose number is not divisible by four consists of 365 days; every year so divisible but not by 100, as 366 days; every year divisible by 100 but not by 400, 365 days; and every year divisible by 400, 366 days. Thus you may determine the leap-years as far in the future as you like.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Liquor Banished by a Nation of One Hundred and Seventy Million People

IT is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and out of the fearful conflict in Europe, war has brought about in a day a mighty reform, that peace might not have accomplished in a century. Russia has stopped the sale of vodka, France has banished absinthe, and the hours in which strong drink can be purchased in Great Britain have been so materially cut down that saloons find it hardly profitable to do business.

It is in Russia, however, that the most astounding change has taken place. Vodka, the national drink, a fiery liquor which had reduced the Russian peasantry to besotted apathy and chronic poverty, has been shut off by the government at its source. An altruistic, humane and self-sacrificing act, probably never before equalled by any government on earth, and the more remarkable from the fact that it is from the manufacture and sale of vodka, which is a government monopoly, that Russia largely realizes the enormous revenues which are needed for the upkeep of her military and imperial establishments. With every liquor den in Russia closed and sealed with the Czar's seal, which none dare break, the hundred and seventy million subjects of the Romanoff autocrat have of necessity become sober.

There is an old saying that you cannot make men good by an act of parliament, but it has been proved that you can at least make them sober, which is a ninety per cent step toward making men mentally, morally and physically sound, for it is temperance that builds character and intemperance that destroys it, and it is to character building that we must look for permanent racial uplift.

The improvement in the Russian people in the five months since vodka has been banned is astounding. Men who looked as though every worthy impulse had been crushed out of them, have been transformed as though by magic, from blear-eyed physical wrecks to upstanding, vigorous humans, rejoicing in a new outlook, conscious of new hope, inspired by new ambitions.

As to the evils of intemperance Europe did little more than talk in time of peace, but when the great nations became involved in a life-or-death conflict of arms, and keen eyes, strong arms, steady nerves, sound judgment and stout hearts were required for the game of war then the belligerent powers took drastic action to put their soldiers and their people in the best of trim, by putting alcohol, man's greatest enemy, beyond their reach.

We Need Nation-Wide Prohibition as Much as Russia Does

Cannot Congress learn the lesson to do for our people in time of peace what Russia has been moved by the exigency of war to do for her people?

State prohibition has done much, but its limitations are such that it falls far short of being an effective and thorough remedy for intemperance, as experience has painfully demonstrated.

Only nation-wide prohibition, with the Federal government taking upon itself the manufacture and sale of such alcoholic products as are necessary for mechanical and medicinal purposes, will rid this nation of the fearful curse which the drink demon has imposed upon it.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of men and women of high purpose who have devoted their lives to fighting this insidious evil, in spite of laws, regulations and preachments and vast expenditures of time and money, the consumption of alcoholic beverages steadily increases in the United States.

As a people we are the greatest law makers and law breakers on earth, and so long as some of the States permit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor and the Federal government allows its importation enormous quantities of strong drink will still find their way to every corner of the land despite local and State prohibitory laws. Not until the drink question is made a national instead of a State issue and Uncle Sam becomes the sole manufacturer and purveyor of alcoholic liquor in this country shall we see a similar condition here to that which today obtains in Russia.

The plea that prohibition interferes with personal liberty is very true; so do our laws against burglary, theft and murder and every other form of crime. Alcohol is a destructive poison and its effects, whether taken in large or small quantities, are disastrous and appalling.

Anything that strikes at the health and welfare of the individual and the nation (and alcoholic drink does this to an extent greater than any other evil) must be taken severely in hand, even to the extent of depriving the individual of the "liberty" of that means of self-destruction.

Decadent China has shown the courage and ability to grapple with the plague of opium, and has abolished it as thoroughly and completely as the Czar has abolished vodka in Russia. Who dares say that our government shall be less progressive and must not grapple with the demon alcohol?

If rum slew or injured only those who indulge in it, one might regard its use with complacent toleration, but drink is the promoter of vice and crime which inflicts the misery of poverty, disease and destruction on the innocent; it is the servant of the white slave traffic, the arch enemy of the human race.

No drunkard goes to his miserable grave until he has ruined the life and wrecked the hope of one or more heart-broken innocent victims of his vile appetite.

And the horror of it all is that this accursed appetite is handed on to generations yet unborn who must suffer from the sins of the fathers (and often the mothers), and suffer as acutely from cravings inherited from moderate drinkers as immoderate drinkers, until the third and fourth generations.

We want children *born* into the world, *now damned into the world.* Dr. L. Maus, Colonel of the U. S. Medical Corps, says: "Society must prevent its own ruin and degradation at any cost and defend the innocent members of the community against the ravages of the great destroyer, alcohol. When the general public learns that the diseases and evil traits we possess were transmitted by those who are mouldering in the grave, thousands of defective sons and daughters will curse the memory of their dead parents who fastened upon them the seeds of degeneracy.

Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, once a fiery advocate of personal "liberty" and a friend of the saloon, saw drink strike down his first-born. He says:

"At last I have felt its foul and stealthy blows. It turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me who had pleaded before the people for its very existence.

"If we had no sorrows liquor creates them; and if we have them it increases them and makes them harder to bear.

"It blights the young man as lightning does the trees, and leaves him stripped of his heritage.

"It is the thief of character.

"It invades the ballot box and corrupts it.

"It weakens the administration of justice.

"It is the polluted stream that mingles with the current of public affairs and poisons all it touches.

"Whenever it comes it brings a sorrow, and whenever it goes it leaves remorse.

"Liquor dulls the edge of endeavor; it dethrones the reason; it enters and stains the cloisters of spirituality and becomes the foul and stealthy murderer of human souls.

"I hate it for what it has done to others, to the State and to my country.

"I hate it with every fiber of my being—with every passion of my soul."

The evils of drunkenness are obvious and many drunkards, in their sober intervals, favor prohibition as their only means of deliverance. But it is the so-called "moderate drinker," the man who takes a social glass or two whenever occasion offers or takes his daily drinks with a regularity and measured accuracy which never exceed the bounds of sobriety, that is hardest to reach and convince. He is the worst stumbling block in the path to prohibition and temperance. Because he never gets drunk he parades as a man of "temperate" habits and a model of self control, one who can "use liquor without abusing it." He strenuously objects to any law that will abolish his supposedly innocent and innocuous use of liquor; and in this he manifests a selfish and contemptuous disregard for the consequences to his weaker brothers who cannot imbide without running the gamut of intoxication.

But his belief that he is not injured or endangered by liquor, as he uses it, is a delusion, for extensive scientific research and experimentation have proved beyond question that even a single drink of alcoholic liquor has a depressing effect on the brain and nerve centers which appreciably lowers the speed, accuracy and endurance of the working powers of mind and body, and that it requires a day or two for nature to recover and repair the damage; also that where the drink is taken habitually, even no oftener than once a day, the deleterious effect is cumulative, producing a weakening of the constitution and a permanent and progressive diminution of mental and physical capacity. Furthermore, moderate drinking weakens the power of resisting acute attacks of disease and is directly productive of chronic and fatal diseases of the arteries, liver, kidneys and other vital organs, and last, but not least, may doom the moderate drinker's child to an inherited propensity for liquor which may ruin him body and soul.

Thus we see that the word "moderate" does not properly apply to the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage under any conditions. We frequently hear the friends of the saloon draw a distinction between temperance and total abstinence, but in the drinking of liquor, which is poisonous and injurious even in small quantities, there is no such thing as temperance; every drink is an intemperate use, an abuse, and temperance consists only in total abstinence. Therefore the so-called "moderate" drinker has no right to complain of a law which deprives him of the "personal" liberty of slowly poisoning himself.

Appalling Growth and Magnitude of the Liquor Evil

The alarming extent to which drinking in the United States has grown is apparent in the Internal Revenue Department's figures which show that more than two billion gallons of intoxicating liquors were consumed by the people of this country in one year, 1913; that is more than two thousand million gallons (to be exact 2,128,452,226 gallons) which, if equally distributed, would be about ninety quarts to every man, woman and child in the United States. But of course it was not equally distributed, for most of the children, the larger part of the women and many of the men had no share in it, and therefore those who did drink it, constituting less than half the population, must have averaged near about two hundred quarts each. Imagine, if you can, its destructive effect on them and the calamity to their families, even though a considerable part of it consisted of wine, lager beer and ale.

Then the money spent for this drink was one billion seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars, enough to have ruined most any other nation, to say nothing the indirect loss occasioned by the drunkenness, idleness, sickness, pauperism and crime which it produced.

These figures prove conclusively that State prohibitory and local-option laws are ineffectual and that

A National Prohibitory Law is Necessary to Suppress Drunkenness

Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, introduced a resolution in Congress to amend the U. S. Constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the United States, except as made and distributed by the Federal government for necessary medicinal and mechanical purposes.

To adopt this amendment requires a favorable vote of two thirds of the members of both branches of Congress and the consent of the legislatures of three quarters of the States. It was acted on by Congress just before Christmas and received a favorable vote from a majority of the members in the House and Senate but fell short of the necessary two thirds.

This was so near a victory that it has greatly encouraged the promoters of the cause of nation-wide prohibition. They will make it an issue in the next Presidential and Congressional campaign in 1916 with strong hopes of success.

We appeal to COMFORT readers to support this movement as the most vitally important one before the country and we shall tell you more about it in our March issue.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

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Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

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Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes ink like magic. Sold as easily as bread in a famine. Sample 10c. Sells 35c. Offices buy 1 to 12. S. Mfg. Co., 20 W. Warren St., N. Y.

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Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents wanted to sell our granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good commissions. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

Agents—150% profit selling new Easy Wringer Mop. Every home buys. Martin sold 131 in 2 days. One man orders $2650 one month. Get details. U. S. Mop Co., 234 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—208% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

New Patented Articles. Different from the rest. Used in every Home. Big profits. Ed. Hutchison, Winsor Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

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I Need Branch Managers for my worldwide mail order business. Operate from your own home in spare time. No canvassing or peddling. Experience unnecessary. You should make $50 weekly. Butler, 209 Factories, Toledo, O.

Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make $4000 Yearly. Address, E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

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Young Man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 952, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

Agents Wanted to devote all or part of their time selling lubricating oils and paints direct to the consumers. Salary or Commission. The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 419, Cincinnati, Ohio.

20 Choice, Easter, Birthday, Greeting, Etc. Postcards 10c. Special offer to agents. Palmer Postcard Co., North Ferrisburg, Vt.

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Sells Like Hot Cakes; Laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting Violet perfume; outfit 5c; Perfume-Gloss, 13 Water St., N. Y.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Many making over $30.00 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

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Operate Profitable Mail Order Book Business, 700% profit each sale, everything furnished. Folders free. Rollins Co., Dept. B, Boston

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Agents—New Mighty Money Making marvel. World startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines—women astounded, wild over it, absolutely harmless, $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory, no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business, supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. T, 215-217 W. Superior, Chicago.

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WE learned in our youth that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and if I may be permitted to add to that worthy, if somewhat worn, axiom I would say "and to health."

With the chill breezes of February blowing about us this may seem an inopportune time to speak of housecleaning, but when the health is at stake I do not believe in waiting until the day prescribed and set forth in the annals of housewifely lore and as I am a firm believer in getting at the bottom of things and working up, the first step in the right direction is toward the cellar.

Much of the sickness families suffer can be traced to that necessary adjunct to a house but as we cannot for a moment entertain the thought of getting along without one, the only thing to do is to keep it in a state of such spick-and-span cleanliness that no germ, no matter how courageous, would dare venture therein. Usually the cellar opens into the kitchen, the kitchen is heated, the cellar is not; therefore, following natural laws, the colder air of the cellar will rush to take the place of the warmer and, of course, lighter air of the kitchen whenever the door is opened. Too often the air is laden with the odor of partly decayed vegetables and other germ-producing matter. Remove everything of that nature, brush down the cobwebs and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a coat of whitewash. If you do not possess a brush of the latest and most approved pattern, do not let that deter you from your good work for an old broom will answer the purpose quite as well only be sure and spread the whitewash on thick and strong. Let in all the sunlight possible for it is one of the greatest health producers and germ killers known and certainly the cheapest. Make sure of proper ventilation and drainage and then if after following these simple but effective rules, you are afflicted with fevers, diphtheria and kindred diseases, you may know that it is through no fault of yours and your cellars and can look elsewhere for the cause. —Ed.

GUY, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have wondered in all the many letters I have read in dear old COMFORT that someone has not written on the "working girl." I wonder how many of the sisters earn their living behind the counter, in the office or factory as the case may be.

The working girls to my mind, need more care and protection than any other class of people in public life. Especially the pure country girl, who has been reared in a Christian home, and longs for the pleasure of city life. If she has a beautiful face, fresh with the roses of youth, she needs more protection than the ordinary boarding house can give. After a day in the office or shop, weary of the tread wheels of life, we are often tempted by the five-cent theaters, or car rides, which are offered.

For six long years I have known what the life of the working girl means. I know what it means to be a saleslady; I know what it means to be a stenographer; I know what it means to be a dressmaker, in one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the United States, and I know what it means to accept the cross words of some, and reject the smiles of others, but to those who do not, I would say, bear it all silently. The place of difficulty is the place of power. Often the burning tears caused from ill-spoken words, rightly received will bring us at last to our goal.

The problem of so many working girls, is the cost of living, board, laundry and incidentals exceed the salary, nothing being left for clothing, much less, little luxuries which every girl longs for and needs. Twelve months ago, a girl friend of mine, being employed in the same house as myself, mentioned a better way of living, than in the public boarding houses. She stated how she and another girl had been successful in "light housekeeping." I soon became interested, and we quietly established ourselves in a home of our own. We rented two rooms and a hall (furnished). The front room faced the street; we used it as sitting-room and bedroom. The hall we used as storeroom for groceries. It also contained a refrigerator and wash-stand. The back room we used for dining-room and kitchen. The rooms were furnished with modern conveniences and were easily kept in order.

The landlady was a dear, good woman, and we used her parlor on Sundays. Every working girl knows what it means to try to receive company in a public parlor in a boarding-house. That is the reason so many accept invitations to places not approved of by mothers.

My roommate, as well as myself, were reared in good country homes, consequently we were taught economics and cooking. We did our cooking and housecleaning and had plenty of time for little home pleasures. During our summer vacation we canned our fruit and prepared other things for our comfort. By so doing our expenses were less than half our board bill, and our pleasure far exceeded our extra work. Our evenings were spent in reading or needlework, which we were deprived of, in the boarding house.

We feel we have the protection of home life, which is so dear to a home-loving girl.

To every girl having a good country home, I would say, try and make the most of every opportunity. While the city has many an opportunity it also has many an obstacle. It takes almost every cent one can make to "keep in style," and after all it is one ceaseless struggle.

To the girl who longs for city pleasures, think first of the pleasures of country life; the broad fields, meadows, hills and babbling brooks speak a language that brings more pleasure than you will ever find in a city. There is nothing in all the world so lonesome as being in a city without friends.

Would you like to know what this working girl is like? If you could see her in her country home, on a summer day, swimming, rowing, horseback riding or indulging in other outdoor sports, you would say: "A mere girl, full of life," but in the workroom you find, a quiet reserved character, with hazel eyes, fair complexion and a wealth of auburn hair.

With very best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,
I am sincerely,
LAURA CLARK.

Miss Clark. We are glad to make your acquaintance and almost envy you your cozy home. I knew of several girls who tried a plan similar to yours, only on a larger scale. Each girl turned in so much money every week and they took turns planning and serving the meals. Much good-natured rivalry existed as to which girl could do the best for the least amount of money. Not only were they able to enjoy the home privileges and shelter, but all learned much of practical value in household affairs. I hope this will meet the eye of some homesick country girl and enable her to do likewise.—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

CORNED BEEF SOUP.—When the liquid in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold, remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and boil half an hour, thus making an excellen tomato soup; or add to it rice or sago, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied; several varieties of soup may have this "stock" for a basis and be agreeable and nutritious.—Ed.

CELERY SOUP.—Five heads of celery, one pint of stock, three pints of water, one half pint of cream or good milk. Any ends of celery you may not care to use on table will do for soup. Cut them into inch pieces and cook till very tender, then press through a sieve. Add the stock and let it cook slowly half an hour; then stir in the cream and let it get very hot but not boil.—Ed.

FISH CHOWDER.—Take a small piece of pork, cut into squares, and put it into the bottom of the kettle. Then add the fish, cut into larger pieces than the pork (three pounds make a good-sized chowder), then a layer of potatoes, next a layer of crackers, onions if desired, and pepper and salt. Above this put a layer of pork and repeat; let the top layer be buttered crackers. Pour on boiling water until covered, cook for half an hour. Five minutes before serving add a pint of hot milk.—Ed.

ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.—Butter a baking dish. Arrange alternate layers of cold sliced chicken and boiled



ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.

macaroni or rice. Pour white sauce over this and cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake in a hot oven till crumbs are brown.

WHITE SAUCE.—Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk and one quarter teaspoon salt.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Take cold fish of any kind, separate it from the bones and mince fine; add a little seasoning, an egg, a very little milk and a teaspoon of flour; brush with an egg, roll in bread crumbs, shape and fry brown in hot lard.—Ed.

MINCED LIVER.—Cut liver into small pieces and fry with salt pork; cut both into square bits, nearly cover with water, add pepper and a little lemon juice; thicken the gravy with fine bread crumbs and serve.—Ed.

SPICED SALMON.—Place in the cooking dish the liquor from one can of salmon with two tablespoons of butter, two of lemon juice, four of water, a half dozen cloves. When it begins to boil add the salmon free from skin and bones. Season with cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Boil for several minutes and serve on crackers. This is a good chafing dish recipe.—Ed.

SALMON SAUSAGE.—One cup of salmon and mix with corn-meal until of proper consistency to mix into cakes. Fry in hot fat. Salt to taste.

MRS. CARRIE COOPRIDER, Herrin, R. R. 1, Ill.

SHEPHERD PIE.—Season well some cold mashed potatoes; chop and season well some cold meat, ham is excellent. Put in a well-greased earthern dish in layers until the dish is filled with a layer of potatoes on top. Place bits of butter on top and bake a delicate brown.—Ed.

ESCALLOPED ONIONS.—Boil till tender six large onions; afterward separate them with a large spoon; then place a layer of onions and a layer of grated bread crumbs alternately in a pudding dish; season with pepper and salt to taste; moisten with milk; put in oven to brown.—Ed.

BROILED TOMATOES.—Take large, round tomatoes, wash and wipe and put in gridiron over lively coals, stem side down. When brown, turn and let cook through. Place them on hot dish and send quickly to table where they may be seasoned to suit individual tastes.—Ed.

DUTCH CABBAGE.—Slice one small red cabbage, wash and put on to boil with six tart apples, pared and quartered, and one quarter pound of fat salt pork. Cover with boiling water, boil one and one half hours. Drain, remove pork and serve.—Ed.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Requested. When making bread, as you knead it the second time for the oven, take a quantity of the dough and roll it out on the cake board until about three quarters of an inch thick, spread over with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; roll up as for jelly roll and cut in slices about an inch thick; put in a well-greased pan and let rise until light, then bake in a hot oven. When done frost with a little powdered sugar moistened with milk.—Ed.

LEMON CRACKERS.—(Requested.) Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon oil of lemon, five cents' worth baker's ammonia. Warm milk a little and dissolve ammonia in it; mix all together. Add flour to roll, and pound hard for ten minutes with rolling pin before cutting out. Prick with a fork after putting in the pans to bake.

MRS. BERTHA STOVALL, Freeburg, Mo.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Beat two eggs with a cup of sugar, one cup butter or lard, two cups flour, one scant teaspoon soda, one scant teaspoon baking powder, two thirds cup sour milk, two cups oatmeal, one cup raisins, one teaspoon cloves and one of cinnamon. Drop from spoon in pan, couple of inches apart.

MRS. JOHN W. NOONAN, Leo Valley, Nebr.

CORN FRITTERS.—To a can of corn, add two eggs well-beaten, two tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of pepper; mix thoroughly; have the pan hot; put in two tablespoons of lard, and drop in the corn in large spoonfuls. Cook brown.—Ed.

TOMATO TOAST.—Rub tomatoes through the colander, and cook to taste; toast three slices of bread, butter and place on hot dish; just before serving add a cup of cream or milk and a pinch of soda to the tomatoes and pour over the toast.—Ed.

POTATO CHEESE PUFFS.—Take some grated cheese, some cold mashed potato and a beaten egg, with a little butter; mix well, adding salt and pepper; put into patty-pans and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot.—Ed.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, four eggs, one heaping tablespoon soda, one scant cup of hot water, one teaspoon ginger, five cups of flour.

YELLOW CAKE.—Yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and one half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with lemon.

MRS. LAURA B. GABBARD, Eversale, Ky.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon and use enough sifted flour to make the proper consistency and you will be surprised at the result.

POUND CAKE.—One pound flour, one pound butter, one pound sugar, eight eggs and three teaspoons rose water.

MRS. CLAUDE SELLARS, O'Neils, Cal.

BLACK GEORGE CAKE.—Yolks of two eggs, two cups of flour, one tablespoon of cloves and one of cinnamon, one cup of dark molasses and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water. Mix and bake in slow oven.

ICING.—Take the whites of eggs and beat until hard then stir them into a cup of sugar that has boiled until it threads; beat until cold and spread over cake.

MRS. CLARA VAN CLEVE, Houston, Ark.

SOFT CHOCOLATE FILLING.—Take six tablespoons of thick, sweet cream, thicken with powdered sugar, beating all the time. When sufficient chocolate to taste is melted, add to sugar and cream and add one half teaspoon vanilla; beat well and spread on while cake is hot.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs beaten separately, then beaten together, two cups sugar slowly beaten in, two cups flour, two tablespoons baking powder, a pinch of salt, last of all one cup boiling water and one teaspoon lemon; heat the pan.

ANNA BAILEY, McGregor, Texas.

COLONIAL GINGERBREAD.—Colonial gingerbread is the name of a delicious loaf cake which is served at certain well-known dining resorts in Southern California and which has done much to make the places known among epicures. To make this cake put a cup of New Orleans molasses in a mixing bowl with half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Over this pour a cup of boiling water, in which a dessertspoon of soda (just level) has already been dissolved. Stir well and let the mixture cool. Then add a cup of chopped walnuts and a cup of seeded raisins, a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, two and one half cups of flour and lastly two well-beaten eggs. Bake in a shallow pan and serve while still warm.

DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE.—First part. Half cup brown sugar, three quarters cup grated chocolate, one quarter cup sweet milk. Let come to a boil and cool. Second Part. Half cup brown sugar, and quarter cup butter creamed together. Add yolks of two small eggs and beat well with sugar and butter. Add half cup milk, a pinch of salt, vanilla to taste and the first mixture (thoroughly cooled), two cups flour, half teaspoon soda and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Put boiled frosting between layers.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, five eggs, leaving out the whites of three, four cups sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder, or one small teaspoon soda and two of cream of tartar in the flour. Bake in three layers in deep jelly tins. For icing take whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, one and one half cups of powdered sugar, six tablespoons grated chocolate, two teaspoons vanilla.

SPICE CAKE.—Take two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, two and two thirds cups of flour, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons ground cinnamon, one teaspoon ground cloves, one half nutmeg grated, white of one egg and yolks of two eggs. Use the other white of egg for icing. Bake either in layers or in a loaf.

CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE.—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, one quarter teaspoon allspice, one quarter teaspoon cloves, one quarter teaspoon nutmeg, one and one half cups flour, two eggs, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon cinnamon, four teaspoons ground chocolate. Put spices in flour. Cream sugar and butter, add yolks of eggs well-beaten. Sift together flour, baking powder and spice and add to mixture alternately with milk and white of eggs beaten stiff.

COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoon soda; a scant half teaspoon baking powder. Mix soft, roll thin, sift granulated sugar over them, and gently roll it in.

MRS. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerro St., San Francisco, Cal.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, two cups flour, one half cup raisins, one egg, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves; mix as for plain cake.

IDA NIEMANN, Washington, R. R. 2, Mo.

JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs, well-beaten, one cup of milk, one and one half cups sugar, two cups flour, three tablespoons of butter, and three even teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in thin layers, cover with jelly and roll.

NETTIE POWELL, Pearlington, Miss.

CHOCOLATE CRACKERS.—Melt half a cake of chocolate and sweeten with a scant half cup of sugar; spread on thin crackers. To vary this, mix chopped nuts in part of the melted chocolate.—Ed.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.—One cup molasses, one egg, one cup sour milk, one half cup sugar, two teaspoons butter or lard, one teaspoon soda, ginger and nutmeg, a little salt and flour to roll.—Ed.

MOCK MINCE MEAT.—One peck tomatoes, one half peck apples, five pounds brown sugar, one cup suet, one cup vinegar, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two pounds of raisins. Chop tomatoes and boil one and half hours, then chop the apples and add with all other ingredients and boil one half hour; then can. Try it sisters, it's fine.

MARY DEARDURFF, Newark, Ohio.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One egg, one half cup sugar, one half cup sweet milk, one cup flour, butter size of an egg, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one half teaspoon soda, one square melted chocolate; steam one hour. Serve with whipped cream.—Ed.

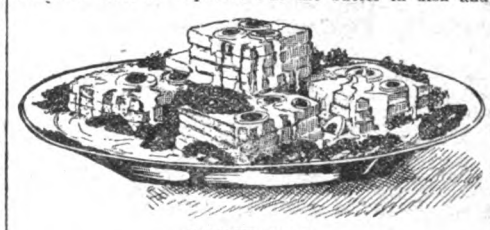
PORK PIE.—Line a deep dish with pastry, put in one layer of cut apples, two tablespoons of molasses, spice to taste, some sugar, a little salt and a slice of fat salt pork cut as thin as a knife, a layer of the pastry and so on until dish is full. Before covering the top put in three quarters cup of molasses and bake in a slow oven four hours. Serve with whipped cream. —Ed.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—(Requested.) Scrape clean two good-sized sweet potatoes; boil, when tender rub through the colander; beat the yolks of three eggs light; stir with a pint of sweet milk into the potato; add a small teacup of sugar, a pinch of salt; flavor with a little fresh lemon, or extract will do; bake as for a pumpkin pie; when done make a meringue top with the whites of eggs and powdered sugar; brown a moment in oven.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak three tablespoons of tapioca in one quart sweet milk over night. In the morning put the milk and tapioca to boil in double boiler, add salt to taste; beat the yolks of three eggs and one cup of sugar together and when the tapioca comes to a boil stir in eggs and sugar. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir in the hot mixture. Flavor with vanilla and serve cold.

MISS WILHELMIA STRAHL, Danville, Sta. A., Gen-Del., Ill.

CREAMED EGGS.—One tablespoon butter, one cup milke one tablespoon flour, three hard-boiled eggs, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon pepper, as many slices of toast as required. Put the butter in dish and



CREAMED EGGS.

when boiling, add the flour, salt, pepper and gradually the milk. Add the eggs, cut in thin slices. When hot, pour over toast and garnish with parsley.—Ed.

EMERGENCY DESSERT.—Warm the leftover biscuits in the oven, split them and cover with canned peaches or any fresh or canned fruit, cover with whipped cream and you have individual shortcake on short notice.

LEMON PIE HINT.—Instead of grating off the rind of the lemon, squeeze out juice and put the rind on to boil in water to be used for making the filling. When boiled, remove and strain and proceed to make the custard exactly as you would if you had grated the rinds. Think water is much better for lemon pie than milk.

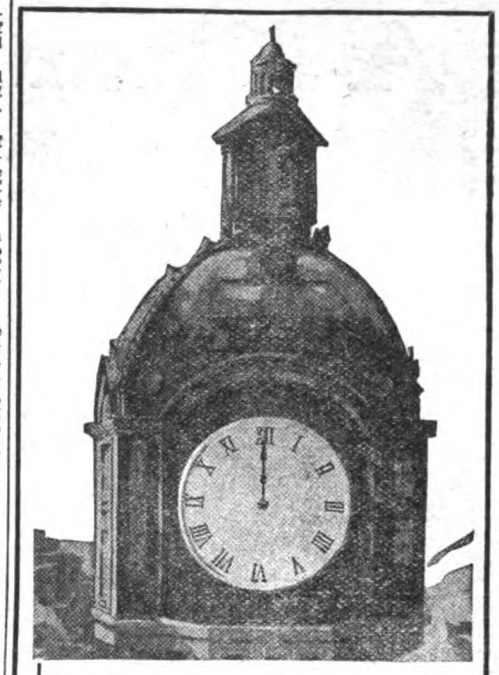
MRS. A. B. WEDGEWOOD, Dutch Flat, Cal.

SPICED APPLES.—Three pounds of apples, pared; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves; boil the sugar, vinegar and spices together, put in the apples when boiling and let remain until tender; take them out, put into a jar, boil down the syrup until it is thick, and pour over.—Ed.

SALAD CREAM DRESSING.—One cup fresh cream, one tablespoon fine flour, whites of two eggs beaten stiff, three tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons olive oil or melted butter, two tablespoons powdered sugar, one teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon made mustard. Heat cream almost to boiling, stir in flour previously wet with water, boil two minutes, stirring constantly; add sugar and take from fire; when half cold beat in whites of eggs; set aside to cool; when cold whip in the olive oil or butter, pepper, mustard and salt. Add vinegar about ten minutes afterwards.

FLORENCE RIEGLE, Lyons, Kans.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



At Noon Today

Countless thousands will lunch on Van Camp's Pork and Beans. All over America, in restaurants and homes, they will meet to enjoy this dish.

A few years ago it was old-style Baked Beans—the kind our mothers baked. Now it's the new-style—Beans mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken, with a zestful sauce baked in.

This new dish is our chefs' creation. They have spent 20 years in perfecting it. And nowhere today is a dish like Van Camp's baked outside these model kitchens.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

The time is past for home-baked beans. It took too long to prepare them. Some were hard, some crisp, some mushy. All were under-baked.

It is recognized now that modern steam ovens are essential to right baking. Even big hotels with their chefs and facilities buy baked beans from us.

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Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALICE IS VINDICATED.

ALICE met the look which her ladyship bent upon her with one as steadfast as her own.

Her face never wavered beneath that searching gaze, but there was an expression of pathetic despair within their blue depths and her sensitive lips quivered with suppressed agony.

"I am so glad to have found them before leaving the court," she said, unsteadily, "but, oh! what does it mean, and how came they here in my trunk?"

"It is certainly very strange," Lady Marchmont observed, with slow gravity, while her glance dropped and rested again upon the stolen articles, a perplexed expression sweeping over her face.

Will now sprang forward and caught both Alice's hands in his.

"My darling, don't look so wretched," he said, tenderly, "some enemy has done this, and we will sift the matter to the bottom; we will get at the truth—no shadow of suspicion shall rest upon you."

Alice flashed a look of loving gratitude up at him. She was inexpressibly relieved to find that there was no question of doubt in his mind.

"Grandmother, surely you do not believe that Alice could be guilty of such an act," the young man added, as he turned to her ladyship.

She was still gazing intently into the trunk, and appeared to be absorbed in thought.

Before replying to Will, she stooped and picked a short piece of narrow flat braid from a garment, and which had been partially concealed beneath the jewels.

She studied it thoughtfully for a moment.

Then she turned once more to Alice and gently laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"No, Will, I am sure she could not," she said, and there was a soothing note of conviction in her tone that was like balm to the girl's wounded heart.

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" she faltered, in a scarcely audible voice, and then, unable to maintain her self-possession a moment longer, she dropped her head weakly upon the woman's shoulder and a great sob burst from her overcharged heart, although she could not shed a tear to relieve her burning brain.

"Hush, dear; don't break down now—you have done a brave thing; be patient and everything will come all right. Will, take her out on the upper veranda until she becomes more calm," her ladyship said, as she softly smoothed the girl's shining hair with a caressing hand. "Meantime," she added, "I will take charge of these things and you may trust me to manage this affair for the best interests of all concerned."

She laid Alice's hand within her lover's, then, stooping, she gathered up the money and jewels and hastened from the room.

Going directly to her own chamber, she unlocked her jewel case, the key having been left in it—for it was seldom that anyone save herself or her maid entered that apartment—thrust the notes and jewels within it, and was about to close the cover and relock it when her eye lighted upon something that stayed her hand and caused a cry of surprise to break from her. With a peculiar gleam in her eye, she carefully detached two or three threads that had caught in one corner of the box where the wood had started a trifle, and which looked like strands of silken fringe that had broken away from some garment.

Lady Marchmont laid the small piece of flat braid which she had found in Alice's trunk beside them, and a cold, scornful smile curled her lips.

"The real thief was a bungler," she murmured, "and the girl is guiltless; but it must have tried her very soul to send for me, as she did, and show me where the money and jewels had been concealed. Under ordinary circumstances, suspicion must inevitably have fallen upon her—but for these strands of fringe the affair would have seemed inexplicable. That girl is one in a thousand. She need not have sent for me—knowing the house as well as she does, she could easily have slipped into my rooms and returned the stolen property, and no one would ever have been the wiser; but no—even at the risk of becoming implicated in the theft, she adopted a perfectly straightforward course. She is a sweet, noble girl—a gem of the first water and worthy in every way to be Will's wife; but—I wish she were better born," she concluded, with a sigh of regret, although there was a very tender light in her gray eyes.

She carefully straightened out the strands of fringe, folded them in a piece of paper and pinned it together, and then turned to leave the room.

She had almost reached the door when she caught sight of a tiny glittering object that had rolled under a chair.

She stopped to secure it and her face grew rigid and stern as she examined it.

"Now I am sure," she muttered as with a firm step and resolute air she passed out of the apartment.

She encountered Nellie in the hall, just outside her door, and she was still looking pale and anxious.

"I have found it, Nellie," said her mistress, in a kind, reassuring tone.

"The money; oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, looking inexpressibly relieved.

"Yes, both the money and the bill," said her ladyship, who thought it unnecessary to say anything about the jewels, "they are in my jewel case, very carefully locked away with my jewels." Then she inquired: "Have you spoken of the matter to anyone?"

"No, your ladyship."

"That is well, do not mention it—it has been an awkward blunder, and I do not care to have it talked of. And you need not have been so miserable over it, either, Nellie," her mistress added, kindly, "for you have been with me long enough to prove to me that you are above suspicion."

"Thank you," returned the girl, gratefully, her face at once breaking into smiles.

Her ladyship passed on her way, and upon reaching the library, explained the matter to the gentlemen in the same way that she had done to the maid.

It was not necessary to say anything about the jewels; the money was safely locked in her jewel box, and the real thief had made an awkward blunder in leaving traces behind which would not fail to result in detection.

Both the judge and Mr. Fletcher congratulated her upon the satisfactory result of her investigation, and never gave another thought to the matter.

Half an hour later the party were all assembled in the drawing-room and ready for their departure.

"Will," said Lady Marchmont, turning to him, as if with sudden thought, "while you are waiting for the carriage, suppose you take the young ladies into the conservatory and have the gardener cut whatever they would like. Send something nice to Mrs. Weston, and yesterday I heard Miss Fletcher admire the orchids—let them choose for themselves."

Will led the way to do her bidding, while Mr. Fletcher and the judge went out upon the veranda to wait for the appearance of the carriages and see that the luggage was properly disposed of.

When all were beyond hearing, Lady Marchmont turned gravely to Imogen, who alone had remained with her, and remarked:

"Mrs. Ingraham, I have here one of the little charms which I think I have seen you wear on a bangle—one of those you have on. Let me see—yes—there is one missing from the one on your left wrist, and I am sure this must be it," and she produced the tiny glittering object which she had found beneath the chair in her room.

"Yes, it is," said Imogen, innocently, as she took it, "and I am glad to get it, for the bangles were bought in Italy more than twenty years ago. But I had not missed the charm until this moment; where did you find it?"

"Under a chair in my chamber, less than an hour ago, Mrs. Ingraham," composedly replied her ladyship, "and," she continued, without appearing to observe the woman's flush and guilty start, "here is something else which perhaps may interest you; part of it I found in Miss Alice Weston's trunk, with my missing money and jewels, the rest was caught in the corner of my jewel box. They are some strands which exactly match the fringe on the dress you wore this morning, and which has been the means of solving what might have proved to be a very perplexing mystery."

While she was speaking, she had unfolded the paper in which she had wrapped the threads and quietly laid it, with its contents, upon her companion's lap.

The guilty woman had not a word to say in self-defense.

She sat white and dumb, overwhelmed with shame and despair, staring with a horror-smitten face down upon those evidences of her treachery, and feeling, for the moment, as if life were not worth the living.

"There is but one construction that I can put upon this exceedingly unfortunate occurrence," Lady Marchmont continued, her delicate nostrils dilated with scorn, as she emphasized the word, "and that is, that, for some reason best known to yourself, you were determined to ruin the lovely girl who, I trust, will some day become the wife of my grandson, and who has proved herself, in this instance, a veritable heroine; for, the instant she discovered what had been put into her trunk, she sent for me, and, regardless of the consequences, showed me what she had found. As I have told you, I found one strand of that broken fringe with the money and jewels and recognized reason to be very proud, as well as fond, of her girls. Good by, Miss May," she continued, with smiling cordiality, as she shook her warmly by the hand, "you will come again sometime and make us a longer visit."

Then the Fletcher carriage drove away, but Imogen and Olive had seen and heard enough to destroy their last hope and to prove to them that Alice Weston would some day reign as mistress at Marchmont Court.

Alice herself was very quiet during her homeward drive, but she was not unhappy, although she had been inexpressibly shocked to learn that some enemy had endeavored to ruin her in the estimation of Lady Marchmont and her lover.

Not a word had been said to explain how the matter regarding the stolen money and jewels had been settled, but she knew well enough from her ladyship's tenderness at parting with her and her frigidity toward Imogen, that it had been settled in a way to exonerate her completely; while she also, having recognized the bit of fringe found in her trunk, had drawn her own inferences regarding the identity of her enemy.

She knew, too, that Will understood, for when Lady Marchmont had bowed to Imogen without offering her hand, he had shot her a significant glance that spoke volumes.

It was nearly dark when the Marchmont carriage passed through Windsor and turned into the road leading to Beechcote.

Just as it swung slowly around this corner, it passed a rather shabby looking man, who appeared to be lounging there. His shrewd eyes scanned every face in it with a rapid, comprehensive glance, and then swept the vehicle with a look no less keen.

Hello! he suddenly ejaculated, in a tone of astonishment, and then he sprang forward and laid hold of the rack which held the luggage, walking swiftly to keep pace with the horses. "I'll be blamed if I don't believe I've seen that thing before."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALICE WINS A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

That thing was the perforated extension.

Keeping directly behind the carriage, to escape observation, he followed it as best he could until it turned into the yard at Beechcote, when he dropped back, concealed himself in a hedge by the wayside, and watched while the occupants alighted and the luggage was carried inside the house.

A few moments later the equipage returned and swept past him and away toward the town.

"Well, I swear!" muttered the man in ambush, as he crept forth from his hiding place, "that beats the record, and one of those girls must be that missing baby that I've been hunting for all these years!—and now we've got the whole business right here in a nutshell, so to speak."

Will spent the night at Castleview, although, after what had occurred at Leith, he shrank from meeting Imogen again; but he knew that both Mr. Fletcher and Judge Ashburton were ignorant of the circumstances attending the recovery of the stolen money and jewels, and he did not wish to wound them by remaining in Windsor at a hotel.

The next morning he returned to Leith, when he had a long and confidential chat with Lady Marchmont regarding the excitement of the previous day, and during which her ladyship had remarked that, if he was of the same mind, after completeing his law course, she would oppose no obstacle in the way of his marriage with Alice.

"She is a lovely girl, and will make a noble woman," she said. "I could not ask for one more worthy to be your wife; all the same, I should be better pleased if she had been better born, for people are so prone to gossip, you know," she concluded, with a regretful sigh, yet glad, from the depths of her heart, that the lovable maiden would ere long, come to Leith to brighten her declining years.

A few days later found Will on his way to America, and Alice once more at her desk in the office of Judge Ashburton. "It seems almost a loss of time for you to keep on with your readings," he remarked to her one day, as they sat down to their books.

"Why?" Alice inquired, with some surprise.

"Because, judging from the way the finger of fate is pointing, they will never be of any practical use to you. It will not be so very long, my dear, before you will be occupying a position, the duties of which will entirely preclude all thought of law practise. Nay, there is no need to blush," he continued, as she flushed vividly and turned away to hide her burning cheeks, "for surely you do not imagine that I have been blind during the last three years, even if I am an old man and supposed to have outgrown such youthful experiences. Besides," his kind eyes twinkling, "Will as good as told me, before he went away, that I should have the pleasure of drawing up the settlements before a certain event that is to occur next summer. Now, seriously, why do you not lay aside your books for this year? There really is no need for you to work so hard, and you will want to be bright and fresh when he returns."

"You are very thoughtful for me, my good friend," Alice returned, and lifting a shy but appreciative look at him, but I think I will make the most of my last year with you. I suppose, as you say, I shall not be able to test my knowledge of law in a practical way; still, no one can tell what may happen in a year, and I prefer to be prepared for any emergency. Besides, the twelve months of Will's absence will pass much more quickly if they are filled full of work."

"Very well, my dear, let it be just as you wish. I am sure it is only a pleasure to me to keep you as a student," her friend responded; but neither he nor Alice dreamed at that time how wise her decision would prove to be, nor how great was the fast approaching emergency for which she was preparing. Several months slipped quickly by, during which Alice studied and worked as faithfully as if all her future depended upon the examination which would come at the close of the year.

One morning, during the last of February, Judge Ashburton returned from the post-office, whither he had been to send a special delivery, and bearing in his hand an open letter, which evidently contained some interesting news.

"There is going to be quite an exciting event in New York, during the spring recess," he observed to Alice; "something unusually unique and interesting in our line."

"Ah!" the young girl observed, as she glanced up from her work, with an inquiring smile.

"Yes, it is no less than a legal contest for which an enterprising woman of the Empire State is arranging," the judge went on to explain. "This Mrs. Voss is prominent in society, and is quite a philanthropist, as well, and claims that sex makes no difference in the mental capacity of humanity; that woman is just as capable of excelling in the various professions as man. To prove this, she solicits application from both sexes to take part in a law debate which is to occur in New York City about the first of April. The points to be discussed involve some international questions; there are, of course, certain rules and conditions to be observed in the contest, and a prize of one thousand dollars will be awarded the winner in the debate."

"Really, this is decidedly interesting," Alice remarked, as she laid down her pen and turned with animation to her friend; "but what are the conditions and how will the affair be conducted?"

"In this way, my friend writes me: Applicants must send in their names and addresses at once; then, on a certain date, to be named later, they will present themselves before a committee, when each one's eligibility and knowledge of law will be thoroughly tested, and the four most promising candidates—two gentlemen and two ladies, who are preparing for the bar—selected for the contest, which will take the form of a mock trial, before an eminent judge and twelve smart lawyers to act as a jury."

"Oh! would not I like to be there to hear it all," exclaimed Alice, with gleaming eyes.

"Would you?" inquired the judge, as he earn-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

A HUMAN PLEA

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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Oh, the children! Oh, the children! don't you hear their bitter cry
From the mine and mill and factory, where the wheels of commerce fly?
Do you see their wan white faces, as they toil amidst the gloom,
Robbed of youth and joy and pleasure, swiftly hastening to their doom?
Ah, what have these frail innocents e'er done that they should be
Ground 'neath the heel of profit, sold into slavery,
Then hurried by disease and want to fill untimely graves?
Oh, for another Lincoln to free the poor child slaves.

Oh, our daughters! oh, our daughters! heed their cry of wild despair.
It seems to freeze the coursing blood, and pierce the startled air.
Unceasingly to heaven that anguished cry it rolls,
Up from the loathsome haunts of sin, the cities of lost souls.
And there our fairest daughters, like beasts in some vile pen,
Are sacrificed to satisfy the lusts of bestial men.
Ah, in their hour of torment, one thing the spirit craves,
That Heaven will send a Lincoln to free the poor white slaves.

Oh, the mothers! oh, the mothers! oh, listen as they plead,
For their eyes are wet with weeping, and their hearts with anguish bleed.
For drink, the evil monster, has robbed them of the ones
That best they loved in all the earth, their husbands and their sons.
And now in ruined homes they sit, grim pictures of despair,
And hear again the drunkard's step upon the creaking stair.
Somewhere there is a Lincoln,—God grant he soon may come,
And break the thrall, for once and all, of vile destroying rum.

List to the ceaseless murmur, now it breaks into a roar,
Like the wild waves of the ocean dashing madly on the shore.
'Tis the clamor of the masses, tired and weary of the strife,
With frenzied voices pleading for a larger, freer life.
They are tearing at the shackles which, through the ages long,
Have made them hapless victims of privilege and wrong.
On poverty's grim rack they lie, of greed and power the spoil,
Waiting for a Lincoln who will free the slaves of toil.

Oh, the tramping! oh, the tramping of the mighty hosts of war!
They are strewing death and ruin the smiling country o'er.
There are brothers, killing brothers, while the clash of battle rings,
And they're lying, bleeding, dying to make sport for wanton kings,
And the women and the children watch the flick'ring embers burn,
And murmur prayers for loved ones who will nevermore return.
O Heaven touch the hearts of men, and bid the slaughter cease,
And usher in God's kingdom of justice, love and peace.

O Providence, kind Providence, our supplication heed,
O send the healing balm of peace to wounded hearts that bleed.
Send men, strong men and noble, to end vile greed and strife,
And give mankind a vision of a nobler, purer life.
Slay ignorance, the beast that blights the mind and kills the soul,
Let truth and right illumine bright the path to heaven's goal.
Drive out vile superstition, the error and the sin,
Rend wide apart man's selfish heart and let the Christ come in.

How to Arrange for Spare Time

And What to Do With It, for Pleasure, for Profit and for Self Culture

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SPARE time is something we should earn if we hope to enjoy it. The best philosophy of living includes plenty of work of the right kind and some leisure in which to prepare for the work. Life itself means something limited and to get into its span all of the things that thoughtful people think they should, necessitates a careful arrangement of time.

In most lives, system is the secret of achievement, just as failure follows the haphazard and the disorderly. A definite working outline is just as essential for life as it is for a theme.

The baby no sooner arrives than it becomes, or should become subject to rule. Its schedule is carefully arranged and any attempt on its own part to interfere is conscientiously checkmated by the doctor, the nurse and the mother, who form themselves into a benevolent trust for the baby's welfare.

A wonderful free school system makes education possible to all of the boys and girls in the country. Every big business concern depends for success upon the wisdom and the efficiency of its methods.

It is the men and the women who control their own time and do it badly that make up the sum of the world's failures. Not only does the world's work suffer through their inefficiency, but they themselves do not attain personal happiness. Many of these have no desire to obey the most insistent law of life which is work, but some of them realize their own weakness, deplore their own waste of time and with help could acquit themselves more worthily. To this class belong those who through the easy circumstances of their lives have too much leisure with too little responsibility.

There are also the schoolboys and girls who need a summer of rest and recreation but not one of idle drifting. What to do with them, the boys, especially, during the summer holidays is a question that many anxious parents ask themselves and are not always able to answer satisfactorily.

How one mother met and solved this problem may prove helpful to others.

Of one thing she was quite determined from the beginning; they must leave the city. Although her means were small she put aside the temptation to let the half-grown boys take any of the little jobs that offered and promised what seemed to them good pay. Most of the money, she reasoned, would go for small pleasures like moving picture shows, ice cream, chewing gum and soda fountain drinks. Meanwhile their companions could not always be of her choosing, their habits would be more or less beyond her restriction and most dangerous of all, the possibilities that they might obtain glimpses of knowledge of the seamy side of life, from which at their age they should be altogether protected. To keep them out of doors and give them natural, healthful pleasures was her idea. To this end she rented a simple farmhouse in a quiet farming neighborhood on the bank of a small river. The property belonged to an estate and the tillable ground which consisted of some fifteen acres was rented to the owner of an adjoining farm. There was no furniture in the house and this wise woman made no effort to supply it with any but a camping outfit. Canvas cots, bedding and a box of kitchen and dining-room essentials and a roll of wire screening completed her list of household effects. The boys' tool chest was not forgotten and at the end of a few days the house was screened and various benches and chairs of odd shapes and sizes had made their appearance, testifying to the practical value of mechanical training for boys in the schools and the varied uses to which packing boxes may be put by ingenious and economical people. Comfort and order had been established in the little home and the next step was to arrange their time for the things they had planned to do.

For the boys, of course, the river was the greatest thing in their summer, and for that matter, the mother wanted it to be, but she had no idea of sitting at home all day wondering where the boys were and half of her time terrorized by the thought that they might have been drowned in one of the deep holes of the river. So it was agreed that the boys should go to the river only within certain hours, morning and evening. This plan worked out most happily as the boys became more expert at swimming and their mother acquired more confidence in their ability to take care of themselves in the water. There were enough small perch quarantined in the big holes to provide some fishing, and the numerous mussels in the river proved an unexpected source of profit to the boys before the summer was over. Two strange men appeared on the river bank one day and began to collect and open the mussel shells. The boys were curious and deeply interested when they discovered that fresh water pearls were the game the men had in view. To avoid the establishment of a rival business, the men employed the boys to work for them and after their departure, the boys continued to search for the little treasures for themselves, meeting with some success.

But this mother wished her children to get something more than strong muscles out of the long summer days. She felt that there was also time for a little self culture. To accomplish this without letting the boys feel any of the drudgery of work, she put into her trunk, with a few other books, a botany, a book on birds and a star map.

Every day they spent two hours in the woods. The rule was made that they should devote themselves to one thing at a time. For instance, for a week, they would have eyes only for flowers and it was a prideful family when a patient pursuit of some common variety ended in its proper analysis and safe landing, scientific name, included, in their herbarium. This, by the way, consisted of a simple blank book into which the carefully pressed specimens of flowers were pinned with a description of each written on the margin of the page.

Bird days were perhaps the most popular with the boys. The silent stalking of the little feathered things, the breathless waiting and watching to get close to the wilder ones to snapshot them with the camera, brought them nearer to the mystery of life in the woodland.

For a guide and text book, they used the wonderful article which appeared last summer in the Geographic Magazine where pictures of the birds in their natural colors were given, making it not only possible but exceedingly easy for the earnest student of birdlife to distinguish the various kinds and become acquainted with some which he never knew before. The article was a reprint of a government bulletin previously issued by the Department of Agriculture. A description of the nests and their eggs were a further aid in their classification and nothing pleased the boy hunters so much as an investigation of the actual dwelling places of the birds with their occasional store of dainty speckled eggs. In addition to the knowledge of the flowers and little feathered friends of the woods, the trees and underbrush soon yielded their names and identity to this diligent trio of nature students and to them a walk through the woods became more and more a pleasure as their acquaintanceship with growing things increased.

Their evenings were short for they all began their days very early. There were always books and magazines and at times an especially interesting article would tempt someone to read aloud.

It was on the clear nights that the star map came into use. By setting its revolving rim for nine o'clock on the current day of the month, the map would show the exact position of the stars at that time. And many were the constellations they were able to locate in the beautiful fields overhead. They came to have at least a speaking acquaintance with the more striking groups and it gave them a friendly feeling to sit on their front porch and recognize by name so many of the brilliant inhabitants of the skies. It was rather difficult at first to trace a big constellation by the tiny little pattern on the map, but frequent and careful inspection by lamplight of the one and the cultivation of an enlarged vision of the other, out of doors, eventually resulted in success.

New worlds arose gradually out of the east, to charm and delight them. By September, some of their first friends had disappeared and others had taken their places, but at all times the boys watched the wonderful procession of the stars with a growing interest that never flagged and which their mother hoped would some years later culminate in a special college course in astronomy.

With all of these new diversions added to their regular quota of games and sports, the end of the summer found the boys in splendid shape for their winter's work. Physically fit, they were mentally alert, their interest and ambition aroused in several new directions, yet everything in line with the study ahead of them. In addition to all that they had learned they had their treasured specimens and their collections of pictures to refresh their memories. Perhaps the most important of all the lessons they learned was that of the proper use of time.

The value of time is so great that it is astonishing how much of it we allow to slip away from us unmeasured and unappreciated. Most people use time as if they possessed it to an inexhaustible degree. To keep tab on it is perhaps the wisest method of learning not to waste it.

I once knew a girl who by reading Tennyson, Browning and Longfellow during roll-call at the school she attended, acquired an unusual knowledge of their works; also, I knew a woman who used her husband's dressing hour in the morning as a time to do the family mending and darning and to discuss with him the finances of their household. Rescuing such odds and ends of precious time from the general waste and putting them to some small practical use, sometimes bring in surprising results, in accomplishment and progress. It is much like dropping one's pennies into a saving's bank instead of spending them, and presently finding yourself the astonished possessor of a substantial sum of money.

But the systematizing of your work and planning for time in which to do it is no more important than a proper personal preparation for its performance. To find yourself with plenty of time and work but with no initiative or capacity with which to take hold of it is an unfortunate state of affairs. Investigation will doubtless reveal the fact that your habits are bad. That you impair your efficiency as a working machine either by not doing what you should or following practises which you should not. The trouble may be any one of several things all equally simple and easily remedied, if discovered in time. It may be a wrong system of diet. You may take a heavy breakfast, although you could do better work on a lighter meal or else you may perhaps, need an ample breakfast with which to begin your day's work and instead, endeavor to get along on a simple orange or roll or other equally light fare. Then again it may be a case of nerves, and you over stimulate your already highly sensitive, nervous system with those household drugs—tea and coffee. Still, possibly you may deny yourself the one little morning cup that seems to serve as a starter for your mental machinery.

The question of sleep is a vital one. On how many hours do you thrive best? At what time do you feel most inclined for work? How long can you work before the quality of your work begins to be impaired? And when should you stop in order that your general efficiency as a working machine shall not be affected?

All of these matters should be decided for one's self. No one else can possibly know so well as you must, or should know under what conditions the inspiration for work comes to you. Nor to what extent interruptions distract you or whether you most need the quiet silence of the night or the stimulus of the daylight and sunshine with the hum of life and traffic for your particular task. Or, more especially than anything else if you happen to be a good worker, no one can tell you when you ought to stop the work pressure and go off fishing or lie down on the sitting-room rug before the fire and read Conan Doyle, or even just have your breakfast in bed and doze away the hours, until that jaded weary feeling is gone and you can return to your duties realizing that work is your salvation as well as your burden.

But be sure to take this recreation when your nervous system warns you that it is needed. Beware of the iron rule. Do not go to pieces on something you, yourself created for your use and benefit, not your undoing. There is danger, of course, in making a rule and deliberately ignoring it, but whenever a plan of work ceases to meet your needs, it is much better to abandon it than to adhere to it as if it were a religious creed or a moral standard to be safeguarded against any possible change.

My husband opens his eyes early in the morning, while the stars are still bright, and before turning on his light to read or study, he carefully arranges in his own mind the program for his day's work. This is a good idea taken by itself. The mischief lies in the way it most frequently works out, for no matter how long the list happens to be, everything on it must be checked off by night. Unexpected interruptions unforeseen and important matters demanding immediate attention are not accepted as reason or excuse for leaving undone one single item on that schedule. The result is what even the stupidest person could have foretold a super-weary, overtaxed man every night in the year instead of one normally tired from a good day's work. The remedy, of course, is allowing the surplus to go over to the next day or the day after that. Mental order has an outward manifestation that is very attractive. It is no small virtue to have a definite place for everything, whether it be an important document or a tapeline. The woman who can find anything she has as easily in the dark as by day is a treasure to her family. This comfortable virtue may sometimes be pushed too far, as in the case of the housekeeper who always put the morning paper in the waste basket because she thought it made the house look disorderly to have newspapers laying about.

But it is doubtful if anything wastes more time in a household than chronic disorder. To need a thing and have to look for it all over the house means lost time and usually lost temper and frequently quarrels with the other members of the family, to whom you have probably appealed for help, in your wild search, and whom you have openly accused or at least strongly insinuated, are responsible for the disappearance of the hunted article.

I recall hearing years ago of a woman, who, instead of having a place for everything, changed the order of things and put everything in one place. This place was a large open umbrella suspended from the ceiling upside down. If this receptacle or catch-all failed to produce at the moment of need, father's sheep-shears, mother's thimble, the children's overshoes, and catechism or a serviceable dish-rag for the cook, the search was at once abandoned. At least, so the indictment of the woman's neighbors read. I always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

THERE had been a growing coolness between them for some time, but an open breach did not occur until the afternoon when Evelyn had busied herself preparing the list of guests to be invited to their fifth wedding anniversary celebration. She had completed the list, and, at Stephen's request, handed it to him. He scanned the names swiftly, and then, picking up a pencil, added one name and returned the paper to her.

Her face crimsoned to the neck as she read the name he had inscribed—Mildred Jocelyn. A period of silence followed—shamed silence on her part, defiant silence on his. Then, in a pained but determined voice, she said:

"I cannot invite that woman, Stephen!"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"You know her character; I cannot insult my guests by including her presence at our anniversary dinner. Besides, Stephen——" she paused irresolutely, then, deciding that the disagreeable duty had better be over and done with, she continued firmly:

"You are probably aware that people have been talking about you—and her—recently. You have been seen much together; do you want to give color to the rumors which have been floating about?"

"On the contrary, I want to put an end to those rumors; that is one reason why I want you to invite her. When people see that she is here as your guest, by your invitation, they will realize what they should have done long ago—that our friendship, is a matter of business aspiration on my part, more than anything else;—and on her part, an artistic interest in a man who possesses at least a small amount of genius in the field of architecture."

"Genius needs no patronage," replied Evelyn. "And you know her reputation, Stephen. She herself has been three times divorced, and has been the cause of the disruption of several homes. If I were a leader of society, perhaps I could afford to entertain a woman of her character; as it is, I cannot."

"There's gratitude for you!" said Stephen angrily. "It is due entirely to her influence, that I am now at work on the plans of the Waverly Club's new building; to her influence that I was selected to design the Spaulding Hotel; to her influence, that I am acquainted with some of the most prominent people in the city; and the least you might do, to express your gratitude, would be to invite her to our celebration, yet you sit there and talk to me about her character—her reputation!"

Evelyn looked at him calmly.

"Do you mean to say, Stephen, that you are really willing to progress in your work by means of this woman's direct influence? I admit that you have, through her, met wealthy and prominent people who might never have heard of you otherwise; but are they really the people whom it is desirable to associate with, these men of the Waverly Club, and the owner of the Spaulding? Do you want to look back, in after years, and say that all you have accomplished you owe to a woman of infamy—to Mildred Jocelyn?"

And as she spoke she slowly drew a blue pencil through the name.

The reproof stung, but Stephen Chappell was thoroughly angry now.

"At least she's done more for me than you ever have," he retorted. "What have you done to advance my interests? You might have worked your way into the swellest society in this city, if you had wanted to; you had the ability, but you left it to another woman to see that people worth knowing were made aware of my existence on earth. You could have made up that list of millionaries and their families, instead of the same old bunch we've always known, if you had a spark of ambition in you!"

"I am not a climber," she replied quietly. "Not a parvenu, Stephen. I am quite satisfied with the friends of our youth—yours and mine. I find them congenial—I doubt if I could say as much of the Spauldings, and the others whose patronage you so much desire."

He glared at her savagely. "A wife like you—you seem to be doing your best to hold me back! With a woman like Mildred, a woman who takes an interest in a man's work—what couldn't I accomplish? I'd be five times a millionaire in a few years, but as it is, I suppose I'll go on to the end of the chapter on a few beggarly thousands a year!"

She rose and faced him calmly, though inwardly she was trembling. Her face was very pale, but her eyes glowed feverishly.

"Do I understand you to say, Stephen, that I am in your way—that you would be happier or more successful, with Mildred Jocelyn as your wife?"

"If you want to put it that way, *yes!*"

She tore the long sheet of paper in half, and then tore it crossways again.

"Then there will be no celebration," she replied. "I had been expecting something like this for some time—I wondered how long it could be delayed. I shall go at once and supervise the packing of my trunks, and this evening I shall leave for an extended visit with my aunt, at Cranbrook. Unless you want me, I shall not return. You can attend to the legal side of the affair; willful desertion—there need be no scandal of any sort, you know."

She left the room quietly, and though she paused a moment at the doorway, before dropping the portieres, there was no softening of the grim, angry lines about his mouth—no paling of the smouldering fire in his eyes.

"You comprehend what I have just said, Stephen?" she queried, in the same even tones she had used throughout the entire scene.

"Yes. Let me alone, will you! Go on and pack your trunks, if you're going!"

Up-stairs, a few minutes later, he could hear her crossing and recrossing the floor—the opening and closing of dresser drawers, the clinking of silver and china, as she packed her toilet articles carefully away in their respective cases—and instead of sorrowing, he was glad. Mildred—what a different woman she was! Vivacious, if sometimes undignified; jolly, "prancy," as the members of the Waverly Club expressed it—not discreet in dress, either;—inclined to the wearing of much satin and heavy lace, and the conspicuous use of perfumes; but—she was interested in his work; she tried to advance his interests on every occasion; she never failed to speak of "my friend, Stephen Chappell, the brilliant architect." If she were the mistress of this house, it would not be so deadly dull. There would be lots of lively folk about—not the quiet, refined people in whose presence Evelyn delighted, but people who would make the house ring with loud laughter and singing—people with money to spend—people who were not strait-laced and narrow in their views, as Evelyn and her friends were inclined to be.

Mildred's character! What of it? If a woman was not happily married, wasn't a divorce the logical remedy? Wasn't Evelyn herself leaving him now for the purpose of giving him grounds for divorce? yet she dared to assail Mildred's character! Of course, the woman was not well-bred, but that was a trivial matter.

By and by he heard Evelyn descending the stairs, and was conscious that she had thrust the portieres aside, but he did not turn to look at her.

It was in her heart to speak to him—to tell him that she was sorry they had made such an unfortunate mess of things, and that she hoped he would win the success he craved, but realizing that it would be embarrassing to him, she turned away quietly and left the house. For a long time Chappell sat silent, after he heard the closing of the front door; then he rose and went to the telephone and called up Mildred Jocelyn's apartments, to inquire if she cared to attend the production of the Gay Girls of Gotham that evening.

* * * * * * * * * *

Many months had passed by, and Chappell had sued for divorce. The case would soon be heard in court, and then—then he would be free to marry Mildred. Strangely enough, he felt no great joy as he thought of it, sitting alone in the drawing-room tonight. True, he still felt that much of his success in a business way was due to her—but he sometimes wondered if he had not lost as much as he had gained.

His friends—the people who used to call and chat with him, give little dinner-parties to him and Evelyn, encouraged him in his work,—passed him now with the briefest salutations, and never invited him to their homes as they had formerly done; never stopped to inquire how he was getting along and to suggest that the next-door neighbor, who was intending to build a new house, might be interested in some of his plans of "Ideal Homes."

Even the men at the Waverly Club had not been of as much assistance to him as he had anticipated; true, they drank the wine and smoked the cigars that he paid for, and sometimes had him draw up plans for a bungalow or a town house; but these commissions had been far from numerous, and he observed that very few of his patrons cared to have him meet their wives and daughters. Mildred, too:—of late she had not seemed to be quite so enthusiastic about his career—so intensely interested in his ambitions as she had formerly been, and he wondered if she were growing tired of him, as rumor said that she had grown tired of her three husbands, married and divorced one after another.

He shook himself impatiently, as if to dismiss all the thoughts that perplexed him; then, touching the bell that stood on a stand near by, he summoned his man-servant.

"Joseph, will you go up-stairs, to the room next to my sleeping-chamber, and bring me down the box of blue-prints that you will find on a table there? It is a large oak box, with the key in the lock."

The servant returned a few minutes later, with the box in his arms.

"Place it on the table," directed Chappell. "Notify me when it is seven-thirty, as I shall be leaving for the theater. Thank you—that is all."

Joseph withdrew, and Chappell drew his chair close to the table and unlocked the oaken box. He lifted a paper, but instead of a blue-print it was—a valentine.

Yes, a valentine—a frivolous bit of a thing, covered with Cupids and doves and forget-me-nots,—the first valentine that he had ever sent to Evelyn. Of course it was the wrong box—it was the box which contained all the souvenirs of their courtship and their wedded life, until the last year—until he had met Mildred Jocelyn.

A wave of tenderness swept over him suddenly—regret, and loneliness, and reverence, as if he were touching the belongings of some beloved departed one. Instead of closing the box, and putting it away from his sight, he sat silent, gazing long at the little valentine, and the fond message that he had inscribed on it.

Then, laying it tenderly down, he drew forth, one after another, the other articles which the "Chest of Golden Memories," as they had called it, contained. There was a dance program—his name inscribed on it; the first dance he had ever had with Evelyn; there was a pressed rosebud—one of a bouquet he had given her long ago; there were more valentines, dainty bits of lace and satin, fashioned by skillful hands into sweet tokens of a lover's thoughtfulness and devotion; then came a pile of letters, worn from frequent handling, tied with a narrow bit of ribbon; several photographs, both of Evelyn and himself; little souvenirs of their marriage—a piece of the wedding-cake, and a remnant of the material of which Evelyn's gown had been made. Then, tenderly wrapped in an envelope of white silk, he found a little photograph—that of the tiny morsel of humanity that had been given into their keeping on the second Valentine's Day following their marriage, only to be taken from them, back to the Heavenly Father's keeping, a few months later. The wide eyes of the pictured face gazed into Chappell's own, and his face reddened with shame and remorse. The mother of this beloved little one—how had he treated her? Neglected her—discarded her—replaced her in his affection with a woman whose name was notorious throughout the continent!

Stephen could have wept, but he was a man to whom the luxury of tears was denied; so he sat, dry-eyed, his hands clenched tightly and his lips compressed, throughout the agony of the hour in which he realized for the first time the depths of his shame and degradation. Mentally he asked himself, was it too late? Would she return to him, if he begged her forgiveness and told her how much he missed her—how badly he needed her?

Raising his head, his eyes fell upon a calendar that hung on the wall; the thirteenth of February! And tomorrow was St. Valentine's Day!

Again he summoned the man-servant. "Joseph, I want you to go to the post-office, to register a letter for me. No! Wait! I will go myself! Bring me my hat and overcoat."

"It is seven-thirty, Mr. Chappell," reminded Joseph.

"No matter! I'm not going to the theater tonight. Should anyone call, tell them I'm out—I don't want to see anyone tonight."

But as he was leaving the house, a carriage drew up at the curb, and a woman, radiant with jewels, alighted. He needed no second glance to tell that it was Mildred Jocelyn.

"Good evening, Stephen," she said. "Going out? You can give me a few moments, though, can't you?"

He opened the door and followed her into the room he had just left. He placed a chair, for her, but stood impatiently himself, without removing his overcoat or gloves.

"In a hurry, are you?" she began. "Well, I won't detain you long. I just wanted to cancel our engagement for the theater this evening—though it looks very much as if you had canceled it yourself, without notice to me—or forgotten it, perhaps."

He made an attempt at a formal apology, but she interrupted him with an impulsive gesture.

"Never mind! It doesn't matter in the least. I'm not going anywhere tonight. Yes," as he looked significantly at her gorgeous apparel, "I had intended to go to the theater and then to dinner with you, but I changed my mind, and now I'm going home. I leave for Europe tomorrow, and I want to do some packing."

"To Europe?" he said in surprise.

She nodded, watching him narrowly. Amazement was written on his face—but no signs of a broken heart, such as she had anticipated—no anger, or dismay.

"I hope it doesn't interfere with any of your plans?" she said.

"Certainly not; not in the least." Then, after a moment of silence, he continued: "Then you were simply amusing yourself with me?"

"Yes," she admitted shamelessly. "I had heard people say that you were an iceberg—wrapped up in your home and your work, and didn't care for anybody outside of that. I wanted to see if I couldn't make you care for me. I thought the best way to do it was to assume interest in your work—and I guess I did it. But I'm getting tired of it. I want to see all the gay cities of Europe that I've heard so much about, so I'm going away."

"That is very nice," he commented. "I hope you will enjoy the tour."

Very nice! It was she who was amazed now. Actually, the man didn't seem to care whether she came or went! Had he, too, been simply amusing himself with her, without caring for her at all?

"People say I broke up your home," she said. "Shall I say I'm sorry?"

"Not at all. People are mistaken, Mrs. Chappell will be home in a few days. This," and he drew an envelope from his inner pocket, "is a valentine that I am sending her."

He fervently hoped that he was telling the truth when he said that Evelyn would soon be home.

"It is I who am sorry," he continued; "sorry that I gave people an opportunity to say the things they did about you—and me."

"Oh, never mind me!" she said bitterly.

"I have to thank you for your interest in me," he resumed. "The interest which led you to introduce me to many influential people—which was of much assistance to me in my work."

She laughed mirthlessly. "I told you what inspired that interest, didn't I? And I know just as well as you do that I've hurt you more than I've helped you. But I'm not sorry. I'm not sorry for anything! I admit I'm surprised to learn that you've been just amusing yourself, the same as I have—but I don't care! Good by, Stephen—run along and mail your valentine!"

"Good by, Miss Jocelyn."

He saw her safely into her carriage—then turned and walked briskly toward the post-office.

The next evening the papers were filled with an account of the latest scandal—the elopement to Europe of Robert Hilliard, a prominent member of the Waverly Club, and Mildred Jocelyn, the notorious breaker of hearts and homes.

* * * * * * * * * *

Evelyn Chappell carefully opened the registered letter that had arrived by the early morning mail, and drew forth its contents—a photograph, carefully wrapped, accompanied by a letter.



She gazed wonderingly upon the pictured features of the little child whom she had cared for so tenderly for the three short months that the little one had dwelt on earth. With tears in her eyes she unfolded the sheet of note-paper that lay beside the envelope.

"Evelyn my wife! St. Valentine memories have awakened me to a realization of what I have been—what I have done. No words can express my penitence, but—is my awakening too late?

"For the sake of this little one whom we both loved so well, will you grant me another chance? Unworthily, but faithfully, yours.

"STEPHEN."

* * * * * * * * * *

Stephen Chappell's hand trembled as he tore open the little envelope brought him by a messenger, and extracted the telegram that it contained. Had his awakening been too late? What would her answer be?

A cry of joy escaped his lips as he read the four short words inscribed on the sheet of yellow paper:

"I am coming home."

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TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER V.

BABY SQUIRRELS FOR PETS.

THE protracted dry spell was bringing satisfaction only to the children. The monotony of clear days was no hardship to them. While their elders anxiously discussed the chances for rain, they sat contentedly in the shade of big trees, ate watermelons in the creek bottom, and fashioned playhouses in the thicket behind the house, heedless of the fatal dryness that was putting furrows on the Manager's brow and making the cotton crop the shortest in the history of its production.

Out of the little forms thrown off by the exhausted cotton plants and now to be found in melancholy profusion in the field, the children made nests and doll beds.

It is true they shared in the general excitement when a promising wind blew up a rack of clouds that threatened to end the drought, and they were active in dragging their playthings from the creek bottom safe from the expected flood, but there was no sorrow behind their exclamations that "there never *was* going to be any more rain!"

Time and again the clouds would rally to the relief of the simmering fields and parching prairie, now showing long heat cracks, and time and again they were vanquished by the brazen might of the sun.

Papa talked scientifically about the non-precipitation of moisture, the Manager referred gloomily to noted droughts in the past, reasoning that their recurrence at stated intervals was certain, and that a record-breaker was now upon them, while old Uncle Isum openly blamed the children.

"Shoo as hit fixes toe rain, dem chilluns gyrants roun' and throws all de ole cans and trash what bin pilin' up, intoe de creek bottom, expectin' de watah to kerry hit off, and by de time dey gits everything ready, de rain is done skeert away."

And he would go off to his cabin grumbling about the way "white folks" *would* fly in the face of Providence itself.

But whatever the cause, one burning day after another continued to come until the fear that it would not rain changed into a dread of the rain when it did come. For the brazen skies, now so unhappily familiar, could hardly be replaced by gentler ones except through some mighty convulsion of nature, bringing with it a destruction equal to that of the drought itself.

Its growth effectually checked, the only hope for the cotton was in continued clear weather, which would permit the gathering of the crop, now almost dropping from the open bolls. A rain would knock it out, beat it into the ground, and make of it, where it could be recovered at all, hopeless "dogtail," a thing of scorn to the cotton buyer in the market, and a profitless crop to the planter.

One night the storm broke. It came up just after the children had gone to bed. A thick curtain of clouds spread over the sky from horizon to horizon, casting upon the earth a shadow of inky blackness. Now and then great sheets of lightning, without a note of thunder, would sweep over the entire heavens. An hour later the storm burst upon the Plantation with such a rage of wind and rain and hail, and such furious cannonading of thunder that even Mr. Deering wondered if the frail little house could live through it.

The children sat bolt upright on their pallet, with clasped hands and frightened faces, and then shuddered down under the blanket which the sudden cold made it necessary for their mother to spread over them, trying to shut out the terrifying voices outside. They lay awake for a long time as quiet as mice, and finally fell asleep exhausted by their own fears and lulled by the monotonous sound of the rain which subsided at last into a steady downpour.

Mamma did not disturb them when a new roar made itself heard and looking through the screened door she saw, in the glare of the lightning, a black, swirling flood racing through the creek bed. It was a fearful picture and her own heart quaked when she thought of the little girls playing day after day where now raced an irresistible torrent.

The next morning the children awoke to a world of magic. They did not see the torn and desolate cotton field, for between it and them lay a little stretch of prairie abloom with white lilies. These dainty, scented flowers are the children of the rain, springing up during the course of a storm and perishing at the touch of the sun. To the little girls they seemed the work of fairies, and before the early breakfast was ready bunches of the delicate blossoms were already fading in their hot little hands.

Another land of enchantment awaited them at the creek bottom, whither their eager pursuit of the lilies soon led them. The storm waters of the night had subsided, and in its place flowed a shallow, limped stream over the pebbly bed. Throwing aside their sandals they spent the rest of the day building dams and bridges, constructing lakes and canals, sailing boats and rafts.

Only when that evil Genius, Toughey, came to drag them away to their meals did they cease for a moment from their fascinating labors. The rubbers, which mamma insisted upon, were the single flaw in their day of perfect happiness.

By the following morning every trace of the brook had disappeared. Only holes and ditches remained to show where their lakes and canals had been. Their disappointment was great, but it led to an investigation of other storm products—fallen trees. In one, a big pecan, which had been completely uprooted, they discovered a squirrel nest, a warm, soft, bag-like affair constructed of twigs and leaves, and containing three blind, ugly young squirrels with bare, rat-like tails. Their immediate adoption followed, and in return for Toughey's assistance in arranging suitable quarters for them and taking charge of the difficult task of feeding them on milk, the children gave her one.

The box serving for a nest was placed in the children's room, where the little animals became the object of so much unwise attention that Toughey threatened to return them to the woods or abandon the care of them herself unless the children would promise to let them alone. Either suggestion was calamitous and the children struggled hard against their restless affection for the little creatures, but with such poor success that one of Toughey's direct predictions came to pass no later than that same afternoon when the smallest squirrel died!

"Of course, the squirrel that died was mine," said Toughey calmly, but with the kindling eye of a prophetess.

"Of course!" agreed the children with such callous injustice that Toughey could not find words with which to reply. At feeding time, Toughey was as usual called upon to perform the difficult duty.

"My squirrel don't need milk, he's dead," said Toughey, lowering her book for a moment and then quietly continuing to read.

The children looked blankly at each other.

"All right for you Miss!" they finally stammered.

"All right," echoed Toughey indifferently.

Then followed a howl from the children which was met on Toughey's part by such a frozen exterior that a compromise whose terms gave her an equal share with the children in the remaining squirrels, and made her absolute dictator in regard to their management, was quickly effected.

"We must name them," said Toughey, decidedly, when the children began to call them "squirel-ly;" "that sounds ridiculous, and besides it's too long and you couldn't tell them apart; they'd have the same name."

The children then suggested "Goldenrod" and "Sunflower."

"Why not call them 'Gum Drop' and 'Sugar Lump?'" asked Toughey in scornful amusement.

"Who ever heard of such names for squirrels! You must think of something suitable."

So the children tried again and again, but each name in turn was rejected by Toughey as quite out of place for just everyday, frisky little squirrels.

"Now, I've said that you may name them," said Toughey liberally, "but you *must* get something that fits them."

But it proved impossible for the children to please themselves and at the same time Toughey, too. They could not be won to her way of thinking the squirrels ordinary beings, nor from their own position that they were on the contrary the most extraordinary creatures that ever lived and entitled to the most romantic and beautiful names that could be thought of.

When it became evident that their differences were eternal, Toughey settled the matter in her most imperious fashion.

"They shall be called Tom, Dick and Harry," she said.

To the children's grieved protests, she answered uncompromisingly.

"I'm willing to let the dead one be Harry, I think," she added composedly, "it's a very nice name for him."

And so the question was settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Iron Cross Of Germany

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the pan-European war dispatches from Berlin conveyed the information, that Kaiser Wilhelm had revived the Order of the Iron Cross and was decorating certain officers and soldiers who had distinguished themselves on the French frontier with the insignia of the noble order. The militant crown prince was one of the first German officers to receive the coveted badge of honor. His father, who hitherto had tried to hold the crown prince's warlike tendencies in check, had deemed the son's activities around Metz, worthy of recognition.

To many the revival meant nothing, for it had never existed to their knowledge. There is little written about it. Nevertheless it is one of the oldest military honor legions in existence.

Although it is recorded that on March 10, 1813, Frederick William III founded the order of the Iron Cross, the origin of the legion dates back to the Crusades.

During the siege of Acre, in 1190, Barbarossa's army of crusaders was at a disadvantage in comparison with the Templers and the Hospitallers, as the English and French military orders were called. The latter had well organized corps for taking care of the wounded, sick or dead. The Germans did not. They fought without shelter, medicine, and with little food.

To relieve the situation, a company of ship captains, headed by a certain Walpot von Bassenheim, citizen of Bremen, was organized to render assistance as they could to the fighting Teutons.

They used canvas tents for hospitals and went first under the name of "Knights Hospitallers of Our Dear Lady of Mount Zion."

This cumbersome title was later changed to the "German Order of St. Mary" or "Teutsche Ritter von der Marie-Orden" and finally abbreviated to "Teusches Ritterthum."

The chivalric order then bound its members to fidelity and fortitude by a sacred vow. It became powerful through rich bequests until its main interests were no longer in Palestine but in Venice. Here its headquarters were transferred in A. D. 1210 by Herman von der Salza. The order was in great favor with the Pope at the time.

Sixteen years later the Crusaders, no longer having to prosecute their mission in the direction of Palestine, turned their attention to Prussia. Prussia was inviting the attention of the order by reason of the fact that it was anti-Christian. The bishop of Prussia was only titular; he dared not live in Prussia. He lived in Liefland, among the Bremen trading settlers.

The titular bishop, worrying over the anti-Christian state of Prussia, persuaded the order to come to Prussia and convert the Prussians by force. The work was carried out, the two races intermingled, and Prussia became thoroughly Christian.

Since the order had assumed the chivalry of chivalric orders, a symbolic emblem of a black cross was adopted for use on the white cloaks of the members. The black was supposed to represent the cross of iron, the metal which best represented the grim age in which they lived.

After a while the order acquired so much honor that the emperor allowed the members to add the imperial eagle to their arms, and St. Louis granted them the fleur-de-lis.

There was also a superior decoration of double size, called the grand cross. This was reserved for officers of high rank who had successfully carried out a campaign, won a decisive battle, or conducted a brave defense.

The insignia of the order as it now exists is a cross on the shape of a cross pattee, which is like a maltese cross or plus sign, except that the arms of the cross become wider as they extend further. The cross is made of iron with silver edgings and mountings. One side is entirely plain. The other has on its upper limb the initials "F. W.," which stand for Frederick William. Above the initials is the imperial crown. The center of the cross bears oak leaves, the meaning of which seems to be lost. On the bottom limb is the date of the founding of the order, 1813.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

GRAND SALINE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit a girl from this part of the world to join your merry circle? I am a very mischievous, noisy little country lass but I will promise to be quiet while I am with you married ladies and then I won't tarry long.

I have nut-brown hair, eyes of the same shade, a round face, a rosy complexion and everyone says I possess an amiable disposition.

My grandmother was of Irish nationality so I suppose I get my sense of humor and sunny disposition from her. I am the youngest of seven children, all married except me. I am very fond of small children.

I live almost a mile from town on a high hill. How many of the sisters have their homes named? Mine is named "Sunny Side," and I like and appreciate the place much more since I gave it a name. Try it and see.

I think girls should take an interest in church work. I attend church and Sunday school regularly and enjoy it.

We have six churches, no saloons and a population of three thousand five hundred. We have four salt plants, which employ a great number of hands and have an output of thousands of barrels of salt daily.

I like the idea of a person being cheerful in time of trials. "A person who faces the sun never sees his shadow." And then a sunny disposition will drive wrinkles from the brow.

Speaking of boys "sowing wild oats," I have known of the wildest boys making fine men. I believe a child reared under Christian influence will not depart from it when he is old even though he does "sow wild oats" in youth. But I will leave that subject for an older and more gifted writer. I do not approve of a girl being too much in love with the other sex. To accept a boy's attentions in a friendly manner, I deem enough for any girl. My mind runs to things of more importance than to get "ratty" about a boy, still there are some fine boys, and boys in general are as good as girls and some are much better than some girls.

I think COMFORT is just the grandest paper. I have had many helps from its pages and some of your good talks have brought out some of the best instincts of my nature and has developed many good morals within me that will never die. I enjoy reading and books, like friends, have an influence; therefore we should exercise as much care in the selection of reading matter, as in the choice of companions.

I pity those who live in great cities, shut off from the beauties of nature. I, for one, am a lover of nature and nothing is more pleasing to me than the swaying back and forth of the trees to the gentle breeze and the singing of the birds to greet me on arising in the morning.

Then to take a day off and go fishing! Isn't that grand? But hush, I fear someone will grow envious and think I am boasting and exaggerating on this topic.

Praying the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon each and everyone of you and thanking you for the kind attention and this space I will be going if Mrs. Wilkinson will hand me my rain coat.

Lovingly, MISS FANNIE LINDSEY.

Miss Fannie. There is no need for such marvelous self restraint as you are prepared to display, even if you are with us "married ladies" for I think you will find that we are quite human and able to appreciate good, wholesome fun. In a book I once read, the Irish heroine, in quoting her father said that "a sense of humor was like a shillaly,—an iligent thing to have round handy, especially when the joke's on you," and I hope your sense of humor will permit you to laugh even if you are the victim of a joke. I have but little use for these one-sided jokers.

It is well to remember that the inevitable result of sowing is a harvest and if young men will persist in sowing "wild oats," sooner or later they must reap, even as they have sown. Fannie dear, even if you did use slang, I can forgive you, since it so well expressed my own ideas. Boys as a rule, have twice the respect for a girl to whom they feel free to talk in a friendly, chumming way, than for the girl who expects a lot of sentimental mush. Keep right on being good friends with all and try to live each day so that you can feel that the world is a better place for your presence in it.—Ed.

BUSHYHEAD, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just been reading my October COMFORT and have been thinking for a long while I would write but have put it off. I think COMFORT is about as good as it can be. Mother and grandmother both took it and now that I am in my own home I take it. I get much good from the Sisters' Corner.

Nearly all describe themselves but as I am deformed with curvature of the spine, am neither tall nor nice looking, so will not describe myself.

I was married two years ago to a kind loving husband, and one year ago our home was blessed with a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog, together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Woolen Outfit for the Winter Girl

Consisting of Knitted Coat Sweater, Crocheted Hat with Rolling Brim in Tam-o'-Shanter Stitch, Crocheted Scarf and Knitted Gloves

THESE hand-made garments are light, warm and for every variety of open-air sport, whether skating or snow-shoeing, nothing could be more attractive, comfortable and sensible as they give entire freedom of movement. Any girl can knit this outfit in odd moments during the summer.

The Coat Sweater

Materials.—Two pounds of Germantown or Saxony fourfold yarn, one pair needles No. 5 and six button molds, size of half dollar. A "needle" means only working once across the work. Two needles or forward and back make one row.

The sweater is begun at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 86 stitches and knit 18 rows plain for the border. Then for the dice pattern which forms the body, knit as follows:

Dice Pattern—One Design

1st needle.—K. 3, p. 2, repeat this 4 times, * k. 16, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2. Repeat from * to end of needle.

2nd needle.—K. 2, p. 3, repeat 4 times, * k. 12, p. 1, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from *.

3rd needle.—K. 1, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, * p. 2, k. 16, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3. Repeat from * ending with k. 2.

4th needle.—P. 2, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, * k. 2, p. 1, k. 12, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from * ending with p. 1.

These 4 needles form 1 design. Knit 5 designs. Now decrease 1 st. at each end of needle, every 8th needle 5 times. Be sure to keep your pattern straight. Knit 22 designs to armhole. Now decrease 1 st. at each end of needle, every other needle for 5 times. Knit 32 needles to neck. Take 23 stitches from each end of needle for shoulder and bind off the center 20 sts. for neck.

Working on right front k. 2 designs on the 23 stitches for shoulder, then at neck increase 3 sts. each beginning of needle for 5 times. In neck beginning of needle at neck add 14 stitches for band down center front. The 14th stitch from edge is knit plain on the wrong side and purl on the right side of work, the other 13 sts. are always knit plain forward and back.

Knit 6 designs without increase, then at armhole increase 1 st. each beginning of needle for 10 times, in the next needle at armhole increase 10 sts. for under arm.

Knit 37 designs to lower edge of front. Knit 18 rows plain for border. Bind off loosely. Make other front to correspond. Sew up the under-arm seam.

For the Sleeve

Cast on 30 stitches and carrying out the design (k. 3, p. 2 to end of needle) increase 1 st. at each beginning of needle until you have 60 sts. K. 28 designs, or until sleeve is desired length. Next needle k. 30, k. 2 together 15 times. Knit last 30. Then knit forward and back 20 rows for cuff. Bind off loosely. Sew up sleeves and sew into coat.

The Pocket

Cast on 25 stitches, k. 8 designs, k. 5 rows plain for top pocket. Bind off. Sew in place.

The Belt

Cast on 2 stitches and knitting plain increase 1 st. at each end needle every other needle until you have 12 sts. Knit forward and back until belt is length desired, then make point to correspond with beginning. Tack to coat on under-arm seams.

Collar

Cast on 24 stitches.
1st row.—K. plain.
2nd row.—K. 8, turn, k. back.
3rd row.—K. 16, turn, k. back.
Now knit plain forward and back for 68 rows. Make end to correspond with beginning. Sew shaped edge to coat, so that the edge of collar is in center of plain knit band down front edge. Turn back to form revers and tack lightly if desired.

For the buttonholes, with medium hook make 1 s. c. in first 18 rows, * ch. 9, sk. 9 rows, make 1 s. c. each in next 12 rows.

Repeat from * until you have 5 buttonholes. With needle threaded with wool, buttonhole stitch over each ch. 9 or cover with s. c.

To cover buttons.—Make ch. 2, make 6 s. c. in first ch. made, next row using both loops at top of st. make 2 s. c. in each s. c., next row make 2 s. c. in every other s. c. with 1 s. c. between. Make 3 rows of 1 s. c. in each s. c., then sk. every 3rd s. c. until cover fits button mould.

Crocheted Scarf

Material.—Four skeins any kind of medium heavy yarn. Crochet hook No. 4 or 5. Begin by making ch. 10 inches long, without stretching.

1st row.—1 d. c. in third st. and 1 d. c. in each of the others to end of ch., ch. 2, turn.

2nd row.—Pick up loop in 1st st. of first row, wool over and hook up a loop in next st. Wool over and pull through all loops on needle and ch. 1. * Pick up loop in next st. of row, wool over needle and pick up a loop in next st. Wool over and pull through all and ch. 1. Repeat from * to end of row. Ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Two short double crochet (wool over needle, draw loop through next st., wool over needle and through all three loops) in each space between clusters in previous row. Finish row with 2 s. d. c., after the last cluster in previous row.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows and again repeat 2nd row. Then repeat from beginning of 1st row until the scarf is four and a half or five feet long.

Finish the ends with a heavy knotted-in fringe.

Jaunty Crocheted Hat

Material.—Four skeins Germantown or Saxony wool used double, No. 4 or 5 crochet hook. The hat is very easily made as Tam-o'-Shanter stitch is same as single crochet excepting that you put the hook *over* the yarn to draw up the loop instead of *under* the yarn, and always use both loops at top of stitch.

Chain 2. 1st row.—Make 10 Tam-o'-Shanter stitches in the first chain made.

2nd row.—Widen by making 2 stitches in every other stitch with one stitch between. The widening is always made in the second stitch of the widening in previous row.

3rd row.—Widen in every 3rd stitch.

4th row.—Widen in every 4th stitch.

Continue this, making 1 stitch more between the widenings in each successive row until there are 13 stitches between the widenings. For each size larger increase 1 row more. Make 15 rows, making 1 stitch in each stitch. Now, widen in every 10th stitch for 4 rows. Make 5 rows of 1 stitch in each stitch.

Finish with a slip stitch in each stitch.

For the cord, using yarn double, make a chain 1 1-4 yards long, turn, work back making a slip stitch in each chain stitch made.

Sew around crown and knot as desired.



KNITTED COAT SWEATER, SCARF AND GLOVES.

Knitted Glove with Fancy Back

Materials.—Four skeins threefold Saxony, 2 pair needles No. 14. These directions are for the right hand. Cast on 68 stitches and k. 2, p. 2 for 39 rounds. This forms wrist.

For the back of the hand knit on the first 25 stitches of the round as follows:
1st round.—P. 1, k. 2, repeat to end.
2nd round.—K. 2, p. 1, repeat to end.
Repeat first and second rounds.
5th round.—K. 1, p. 2, repeat to end.
6th round.—K. 2, p. 1, repeat to end.
Repeat fifth and sixth rounds.

Now repeat from the beginning of the first round.

On first round, after the pattern has been knit, work as follows: K. 5, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1. (The last 5 stitches are the beginning of the thumb gore and purled stitches are to be purled on every round.) Knit plain for the remainder of the round. Widen on the thumb gore—on the stitch inside of the purled sts. on every 5th round until there are 23 sts. in the gore. Knit 1 round, then take thumb sts. off on a cord and at end of the needle before them cast on 6 sts. Join the round and knit until there are 20 rounds below the thumb gore.

Hereafter the pattern will not be knitted at the back of the hand. Knit 3 rounds plain.

For first finger now take the last 9 sts. of the pattern for back of hand, then on second needle run next 15 sts., 24 sts. in all.

Put all the remaining sts. on a cord. At end of the 15 sts. cast on 6 sts., join and knit 2 rounds plain.

3rd round.—K. plain to the 6 sts. cast on. K. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2, tog.

4th round.—K. plain.

5th round.—K. plain to cast-on sts., k. 2, tog., k. 2 tog.

6th round.—K. plain to narrowed sts., k. 2 tog., knit 32 rounds plain.

Next round K. 2, k. 2 tog., repeat throughout round.

Next 32 rounds plain.

Next round K. 2, k. 2 tog. and repeat throughout round. Then k. 1, k. 2 tog. throughout the round, and draw the thread through sts. that remain, fastening on the wrong side.

For second finger, take 8 sts. from each end of the cord, pick up 8 sts. on the sts., cast on for the first finger, and at the other side. Next to the end of the cord, cast on 5 sts., join and knit 2 rounds plain.

3rd round.—On the 8 sts. picked up along the first finger work as follows, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2, tog. Knit plain to the cast-on sts., and there k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog.

Knit 1 round plain.

5th round.—Knit to the cast-on sts., k. 2, tog., k. plain for 39 rounds, then narrow same as in first finger.

For the third finger take 8 sts. from each end of the cord. Pick up 8 sts. on the sts. cast on for the second finger, then at the other side, next to the ends of the cord, cast on 4 sts, join and k. 2 rounds plain.

3rd round.—K. 2 tog. twice along the sts., picked up on the second finger and twice on the cast-on sts.

4th round.—K. plain.

5th round.—Narrow twice on the sts. picked up on the second finger. Remainder of round plain. Then knit plain for 33 rounds and narrow as the other fingers were narrowed.

For the fourth finger take the 15 sts. that remain on the cord and pick up 9 sts. on those cast on for the third finger. Knit 2 rounds plain.

3rd round.—On the cast-on stitches work as follows. K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog. Work remainder of round plain.

4th round.—K. plain.

5th round.—K. plain until the narrowings are reached, then k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog. and k. plain to end, k. plain for 23 rounds, then narrow as before.

Now take the thumb sts. on to the needles again and on the cast-on sts. pick up 9 sts., k. 2 rounds plain.

3rd round.—K. plain to the picked-up sts. Then k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. plain to end.

4th round.—K. plain.

5th round.—K. plain to the first narrowing, then k. 2 tog. twice.

6th round.—K. plain to narrowings, then k. 2 tog., k. plain for 23 rounds, then narrow for the tip.

The left hand is made to match, but for it the thumb gusset is begun on the sts., before the pattern for the back of the hand, instead of on the sts. after it.

Crocheted Edging

Cotton No. 30 or 40 and No. 12 steel hook will make an edging about three inches wide and which is most desirable for wearing qualities. This pattern is also very pretty for ends of scarfs or edging sofa pillows, if made of very coarse ecru crochet cotton or ordinary carpet warp which is so much used at present for bedspreads.

Begin with chain 40 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in fourth st., 1 d. c. in each of the next 4 sts., ch. 3, sk. 2 sts., 1 s. c. in next st., ch. 3, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in next st.; this forms 1 closed lacet. Make 5 more, finishing with 2 d. c. in last 2 sts., ch. 4, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on second d. c. in first row, ch. 5, 1 d. c. on next d. c.; this makes 1 open lacet. Make 5 open lacets over the 5 closed lacets, then 5 d. c. on the 5 d. c., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c. in fourth st., 1 d. c. in each of next 4 sts., 1 closed lacet over the 5 d. c., *6 more closed lacets, 2 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row, only making 7 open lacets; finish row same as second.

5th row.—Same as third row to star; then 1 more closed lacet, 5 d. c. under next ch. 5, d. c. on d. c., 5 d. c. under next ch. 5, d. c. on d. c., 5 d. c. under next ch. 5, d. c. on d. c., 3 closed lacets, 2 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

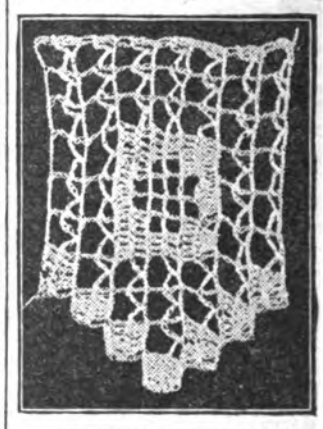
6th row.—Same as second, making 3 open lacets, then 7 d. c. on 7 d. c., ch. 3, sk. 2 d. c., 1 d. c. on next, ch. 3, sk. 2, 7 d. c. on 7 d. c., 2 open lacets, d. c. on d. c., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—Same as third row to star; 2 more closed lacets, 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., * ch. 3, sk. 2 d. c., 1 d. c. on next d. c., repeat from * making 3 more spaces, 4 d. c. on d. c., 3 closed lacets, 2 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

8th row.—Same as 7th, only making open lacets instead of closed. Finish this row by slip stitching back over group of doubles, then ch. 3.

9th row.—1 d. c. on each d. c., 2 closed lacets; finish same as 6th row.

10th row.—3 open lacets, 18 d. c., 2 open lacets, d. c. on d. c., sl. st., at back over doubles, ch. 3.



CROCHETED EDGING.

11th row.—1 d. c. on each d. c., 7 closed lacets, 2 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

12th row.—1 d. c., 7 open lacets, 1 d. c. on each d. c., sl. st. back over double, ch. 3.

13th row.—Same as 11th row, only making 1 less lacet.

14th row.—Same as 13th, making 6 open instead of closed lacets.

This completes the pattern; repeat from 3rd row.

Table Mat.

This is the largest of a set of coarse cotton table mats. The size is regulated by the number of chain stitches used in starting. For this large one make chain 52 stitches.

1st round.—The solid part is made with roll stitches, but simple double crochet stitches may be substituted. The roll stitches in this case are somewhat different from the ordinary ones. In this case they are made like this: Wind the cotton ten times over the needle and insert in the chain and bring up a loop through, cotton over needle and draw through the coil, (in the other you would now throw cotton over needle and draw through the loop on the needle.)

Keep on winding ten times and taking the cotton through coil, this keeps the string more on the back and can easily be done when the coil is not long.

Work 49 of these rolls in 49 chain stitches beginning on the 4th, now ch. 2, sk. 2, a scallop of 9 rolls in the end stitch; ch. 2, sk. 2 (going back on the same string), 49 rolls in base of 49 rolls, ch. 2, sk. 2, a scallop of 9 rolls in end, ch. 2 and fasten on top of roll.

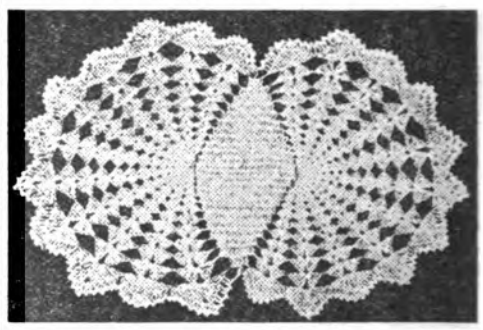


TABLE MAT.

2nd round.—Slip st. so you start between 2nd and 3rd roll; ch. 3 and 45 rolls, on 45 rolls; ch. 2, work 22 rolls around scallop, ch. 2, 45 rolls on 45, ch. 2, 22, rolls around scallop; ch. 2, and join on top of ch. 3, at beginning of round.

3rd round.—Slip st. to between 2nd and 3rd; ch. 3 and 41 rolls on 41, ch. 2, now start the shells, make 22 around scallop of 4 doubles with ch. 2 in centers, ch. 2 and 41 rolls on 41, ch. 2 and same shells again, ch. 2 and join on ch. 3.

The next nine rounds are on the same order, only the shells increase in doubles and are made looser the larger they get. In the 4th round the shells are 6 doubles with ch. 2, in center, the 5th round the same: the sixth and seventh has 8 doubles with ch. 2 in center; the eighth and ninth has 10 doubles with ch. 2 in center; the tenth and eleventh has 12 doubles and ch. 2 in center; the twelfth has 14 doubles and ch. 2 in center, The thirteenth which is the last is double with a ch. 3 picot between every 2 doubles.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Doily with Crocheted Border

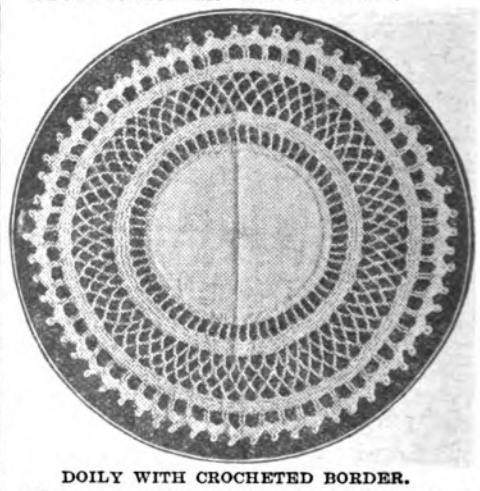
Cut from linen which has been shrunken a circle of any size, turn the edge in and either crochet or buttonhole over it.

1st round.—Ch. 4, sk. 2 sts., tr. in next st., ch. 1, repeat all around.

2nd round.—Ch. 7, sk. 1 tr. c., fasten in next tr., repeat all around.

3rd round.—Sl. st. to 4th st. of ch. 7, ch. 7, fasten in 4th st. of ch. 7, repeat all around.

4th and 5th rounds.—Like 3rd round.



DOILY WITH CROCHETED BORDER.

6th round.—Sl. st. to 4th st. of ch. 7, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 4th st. of ch. 7, repeat all around.

7th round.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in 2nd st. of ch. 5, ch. 1, tr. c. in 4th st. of ch. 5, ch. 1, 1 tr. c. in s. c., ch. 1, repeat all around, fasten last ch. 1 in 2nd st. of ch. 3.

8th round.—Ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in ch. 1, 1 tr. c. in tr. c., repeat all around, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 4.

9th round.—Ch. 7, sk. 2 tr. c., 1 s. c. in next tr., ch. 3, repeat all around, fasten last ch. 3 in 4th st. of ch. 7.

10th round.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c., ch. 2 and 3 tr. c. under ch. 3, ch. 2, sk. 1 space, shell of 3 tr. c., ch. 2 and 3 tr. c. under next ch. 3, ch. 2, repeat all around, fasten last ch. 2 in 2nd st. of ch. 3.

11th round.—Sl. st. to ch. 2, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. under ch. 2, ch. 5, fasten in 1st st. to form a picot, 2 tr. c. under same ch. 3 times, *2 tr. c. under ch. 2 of shell, ch. 5, fasten in 1st. st. to form a picot, repeat 3 times, 2 tr. c. under same ch., repeat from * for each shell, fasten in 2nd st. of ch. 2.

NIDA HOPE.



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WHEN a child is born instead of being born a citizen of the world, it is unfortunately born the citizen or the subject or the slave of some particular country, and from its earliest years is given drum, trumpet and toy soldiers to play with. Often it is put into some military uniform and straddling a piece of wood, which represents a battle charger, your embryo hero dashes wildly around cutting off the imaginary heads of the hereditary enemies of his race, with his little toy sword. Of course by this time if he is a German he has been taught to hate the French and the Russians; if of French parentage he has learned to loathe the Germans; if American he has been taught that he can whip creation; if British he has been taught that he rules the waves. Nearly every child that is born sucks militarism and racial hatred in with its mother's milk. Oh, the horror of it, oh, the pity of it. In school for five days a week, the child reads history, and such history! ! ! In history you read of scarcely anything but the doings of kings and high mucky mucks, and the blood of battle is spued over nearly every page you turn. Of how the masses of the people lived, of the simple annals of the poor, you learn nothing. Historians of the common people though are at last springing up, and when you read these works all the tinsel of military glory, all the sham and shoddy that cluster round the names of famous warriors and statesmen vanishes. The great and the near great become very ordinary people and those who have forced their way into the limelight of history, achieved their fame usually more by infamous than worthy acts. All the unpleasant facts are hidden from sight. Only one side of the story is ever shown. Our country is always right, the other fellow's country always wrong. If we shoot down Indians it's a great battle and a glorious victory, if the Indians round up our troops and wipe them out it's a "massacre." All American boys are taught to hate the British, for what the Britishers' grandfathers did, and especially for burning the Capitol at Washington, but they are not told as they should be, that this act was in retaliation for our twice pillaging the Canadian Capital of York, Ontario, now Toronto, and the destruction of its parliamentary buildings. We are not told that a century or two ago cruelty was the fashion and killing the chief business of men. The great truth that should be hammered into the head of every American child is, that the colonists English, Irish and Scotch, in fighting crazy King George, were fighting the cause of the British, their own people, who were not responsible for the trouble, and were possibly even greater gainers by the triumph of the colonists than were the colonists themselves. The crazy old half German King George the Third, got a lesson that a certain gentleman in shining armor might well take to heart, and British statesmen learned how colonies should be governed, with the result that the freest and most democratic commonwealths in the world today, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, came into existence.

The German people are very proud of Frederick the Great, but what did he think of them, and what do kings as a rule think of their subjects anyway? In royal eyes they are nothing but clowns and clodhoppers, flesh for cannon, meat for bayonets. A courtier once addressing Frederick the Great tried to impress on him that men were on the whole more good than bad, that the human race was improving, that the worst of individuals had some redeeming traits: "Ah," said the king with fine scorn, "my dear Muller, you don't know the damned breed." Now if all the people who are getting excited over this war in Europe, and maybe too some of those who get excited on the Fourth of July, would remember that hereditary kings, and too often industrial kings, still regard the masses of the people as the contemptible "d—— breed, "they would get less hot around the collar when discussing matters that are really more the concern of kings and a ruling class than any concern of their own. Before me lies a book entitled "The Workers in American History," and I would to heaven this and similar works could be read by the school children of every land, and the old drum and trumpet histories thrown out. Nations brag about the glories of the past, but as a matter of fact few nations have anything to brag about unless we elevate wholesale murder to a fine art and worship uniformed butchers. In what we call the glorious period of our history, white men were put on the block and auctioned off as though they were cattle. In one of these United States when a perjurer was released from the pillory, instead of removing the nails which had pierced his ears, they freed him by cutting off his ears. Half a century after the Declaration of Independence, which declared that all men are free and equal, the sale of white flesh still continued. But there, why quote history? In the memory of many of you black slavery lingers, and today we have white slavery in its most awful form and industrial slavery in more or less acute degree in nearly every land on earth. Let not the spirit of mortals be proud. Let not the German shriek about his Kaiser, the Britisher about his king, the Frenchman about his president, the American about his republic. Not one of us has anything to brag about, and all of us have so much to be ashamed of that we had better hold our tongues when racial matters are discussed. If I had my way I would hypnotize the whole world, and burn every history in existence. When humanity came out of its sleep it would have a future but no past. It would have no racial animosities seething in its veins, no knowledge of past wrongs, past hates, past differences. Its future would not be mortgaged with the crimes of fool kings who lived generations ago; and it is wicked to saddle present day humanity and force it into the battle arena to settle differences incurred by a people of a bygone era. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters these words: "What fools these mortals be." I wonder if those who stand in the water-soaked trenches of the old world ever repeat that remark to themselves. Nothing is too good for the soldier now, but when the fighting is over, those who have been lucky enough to survive the carnage will be treated with scant ceremony. Back they will go to mill, mine and factory, farm and workshop, to commence anew the old heart-breaking struggle with low wages, for a miserable existence. The Russian will return to his rye bread and hovel, the German to his occasional sausage, the Frenchman to his thin soup, the Englishman to his bloater. Each too with a new heritage of hate to hand on to generations now unborn. Once more, what fools these mortals be!

The masses of the people, no matter whether French, English, German, Russian, Austrian or Belgian have no quarrel with one another. Bernard Shaw suggests that the men in the warring ranks abroad shoot their officers and then they could all go home. Startling and repugnant though his suggestion is, the odds are if it were carried out the war would end abruptly, and the cannon fodder would go home and wonder why they ever left home, and what they had been fighting about. The great enemies of nations are hunger and want, privation and starvation and disease. These are the enemies that men should fight and not one another. Unfortunately for all humanity they turn their lives and their destinies over to a few men, and these men play with these precious human pawns as they play with pieces on a chess board, and with no more consideration than if they were chips of wood, and the poor boobs seem to revel in the glory of being slaughtered. Race hatred is kept alive and stirred up so that the ruling privileged class can saddle itself upon the backs of the masses of the people. Once more will the people never wake up!

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Now for the letters.

RUMBERTS, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of seventeen years. I am five feet eight inches tall. My weight is one hundred and twenty-three pounds. I live in the country with my auntie. This is my first letter to the cousins. I have a boy call and see me and the first time he saw me he wanted my ring, and he went home and wrote me a letter and told me how he loved me and asked me if I loved him. He is not my kind to go with. Must I answer his letter or not. (Certainly not. Uncle C.) He is not game enough to ask me to go to church with him, he sends someone else. I can keep house and do anything in the field. I will close hoping to see this letter in print.

Your loving niece, MARIE M. TRUESDALE.

Marie, your questions had better been addressed to "Cousin Marion" as she gets all the money this side of Wall street tipping off the love lorn, but Cousin Marion being a nice respectable lady (some would call her an old maid) can only talk theoretically of love, while I know from a basis of actual experience more about love than any old geezer living. I know so much about love that in a frivolous moment I compiled a book about it, but what can one book tell about love? It would take a chain of books that would girdle the earth a billion times to tell what even I know on that delightful but often painful and harrowing subject. That boy who called on you was some swift to want to appropriate a lady's entire collection of jewelry on his first visit. It's a wonder he didn't ask for the family organ, the cream separator, the porch rocker and the kitchen stove. If I were your parents Marie, I would not allow you to wear such expensive jewelry. You can hardly blame a fellow for getting envious when with only three cents in his pocket, a susceptible girl springs on him a diamond that looks like the flashing headlight of a freight locomotive. Of course if you go around with a diamond searchlight on your finger people may ask you for it for fear of getting blinded. In my youthful days I never bothered to ask for a lady's ring. I wanted her whole hand or nothing. I remember once asking for a girl's hand and she presented it to me right in the eye. A little later her father, a very kind old gentleman, gave me his foot. Honestly I didn't know what to do with it. I told the old gentleman he was too generous, and as I didn't want to start an anatomical museum, and already had a couple of my own, I had no possible use for his foot. It was useless discussing the question. I got the old man's foot and after being in the air for two or three hours, I came to the conclusion that I didn't want to be an aviator again. It's never safe to ask for a lady's hand unless father's foot is in the next county. You should have invited that impetuous boy to have called the following evening Marie, and had your brothers or father drop a few pre-historic eggs on his classic brow and introduced him to a few buckets of water. It would have been a real charity to have done that, especially if other boys could have seen him wandering home in a half drowned condition. The greatest pest in all the world is a fresh youth, and the only thing that will teach these pests a lesson, and make them respect the girls of the community is to humiliate them in a way that will make them feel like three and a half cents with a hole in it. Even from the trashiest love stories you girls can learn something, but you don't. The hero in the cheap novel can't make good even with the worst low brow unless he wooes the heroine of the story as a gentleman wooes a lady, and that is not by football or rush tactics. A woman isn't a citadel to be wooed and won by sudden and violent assaults. There are some women with enough of the primeval savage in them, the troglodyte cave dweller of old, to prefer being knocked down and dragged out, but they as a rule are not women of a high order of intelligence or any intelligence. Of course if a woman throws herself at a man's head, he may, if he wants her, grab her much as he grabs his dog, when he wants it to go back to its kennel, by the scruff of the neck. A man never thinks much of a woman who throws herself at him, because he knows mighty well that she doesn't think much of herself. She holds herself too cheap, and nobody thinks much of cheap goods, human or otherwise. It is in his wooing that a man betrays his true character, and it is in the way a woman accepts a man's attentions that she betrays her character. Many a foolish girl who has thrown herself at a man's head and been used as a toy and plaything for a few months and then discarded, has had her heart broken by watching the man who mauled her as though she were a rag doll the first time he met her, treat another girl as though she were a precious piece of Dresden china that would break in a million pieces if he looked at her. For months she watches with anguish the delicate and assiduous attentions that are paid to her rival and notes the anxious look on her erstwhile sweetheart's face because he is still uncertain as to whether he can win the object of his adoration or not. Whatever value girls, you place on yourselves, that same value men will place on you. If you act like thirty cents you will be treated like thirty cents, for most men are in the habit of handling thirty cent propositions and can get away with them. Now ticket yourself at fifty thousand dollars, and the first worth while man that comes along will add another fifty thousand to it, and though humanity does not care a rap for the cheap and shoddy, because that as a rule is all that it sees and has to be content with, it fairly prostrates itself at the feet of that which is classy and expensive. A woman does not need lands or gold to make her priceless in the eyes of the world for nature has endowed her with far more precious jewels, purity, sincerity, love, character and truth. It's the high-priced article that draws the crowd. Don't put yourself on a thirty-cent basis with a view to winning a three-cent man. If there is any leveling to be done, level up and not down.

BRIGHTON, R. R. 3, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live on a farm among the hills and hollows in Tennessee. I am fifteen years old, five feet tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I go to school which is about one quarter mile from where I live. I like to read the cousins' letters. My mother has taken the COMFORT several years. I think it just a fine paper. I like to read the advertisements and stories because COMFORT always has such fine ones. I like to read the letters and the answers for some of them seem very comical, others are quite sad. I think my home is in a very beautiful place. I can play the French harp and guitar, but I like to play hymns best. I like gardening but not farming. I live on a farm of fifty acres. We have two cows, two calves, three horses and hogs, and chickens. I have a pet dog, he is a Scotch collar. I am quite fond of flowers. I am peaceing me a silk and velvet quilt. I will ask some of the cousins to send me some silk and velvet peaces, if they be so kind.

Your niece, MARY E. DAVIS.

Mary, I am glad to hear you say you like gardening. Gardening as a business or rather a profession for women offers many attractions. Thousands of women in Europe make a good living by raising garden truck. Every plant received individual attention. Intensive or scientific gardening they call it. Plants have to hurry up and produce so that several crops can be raised in a year. Women can't afford to have expensive glass conservatories, but they have little individual conservatories, glass arrangements like bells which fit over one or two plants and which force and stimulate growth in a remarkable degree. Women working in these gardens are in their element. All creative work is interesting and inspiring and outdoor work with its freedom and health and the absence of the inevitable boss makes life worth while. The world must eat and there is always a market for food. Of course the middleman will steal all your profits if you give him a chance, but if you are near your market there are lots of ways of fooling the middle man. I advise women to look into this field of endeavor. Men can't marry today and the number of unmarried men and single women is going to increase steadily. Women have got to live and as men can't provide homes, women will have to provide their own homes, and they will have to earn a living either by individual or collective effort. Don't forget the possibilities of gardening, girls, when factory, store or domestic work palls, and the twelve-dollar-a-week man can't afford to marry because he wants half his income for beer and cigarettes. You say you have a pet dog and he is a Scotch "collar." A dog that is a Scotch "Collar!" For the land's sake, Mary, what do you mean? A dog can't be a dog and neckwear at the same time. I've seen a man collar a dog and put a collar round a dog, but I never saw a dog that was a collar, especially a Scotch collar. If you've a dog that's a fifty dollar bill you might send it on to me. That's the only shape in which a dog would prove acceptable by the way. The Goat and Maria both think that you have a dog that is a Scotch collie. I do hope the Goat's solution of the mystery is correct, though a Scotch "collar" has a good many advantages over a Scotch collie as it doesn't bite, bark, play in filth or have hydrophobia. As regards silk and velvet "peaces," Mary, there are no such things in existence, and if there were I should strongly advise that instead of being sent to you they be forwarded at once to Europe, for silk or velvet peace or any old peace is greatly needed over there. If you could only send a few square miles of velvet peaces to wrap round Billy Hohenzollern's mailed fist, maybe it won't hurt so much when he jabs it in our eye a little later on. Maybe too you might send that Scotch collar along with the velvet peace, and if he didn't accept the peace you could sic that new-fangled, dry-goods dog of yours on to him. He'd fix him, you bet.

PLOLA, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live in the southeastern part of Washington at the foot of the Blue mountains on a grain and stock ranch. I like to ride after and handle stock better than work on the grain ranch, but I do quite a bit of both, and would rather do either than live in the city. Uncle Charlie I have taken a homestead and am going to batch this summer and winter. My land is nearly all on a hillside but is good pasture. Just think, I'll stay there this winter in the snow and hunt coyotes and rabbits. Don't you think I'll have a good time? Well, everyone in this country is buying automobiles and there are some men that I think will have to scratch their heads when pay day comes. Uncle Charlie don't you think this is what ruins lots of people? It looks that way to me, all that I can do towards buying an automobile is forty-five dollars, and I spent that for a saddle. But of course I figured that I needed the saddle as I have lots of riding to do, but as far as automobiles are concerned I think a team is good enough for me. I don't care to get there as soon as I start.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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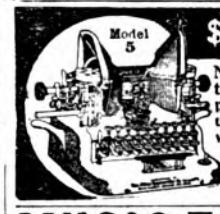
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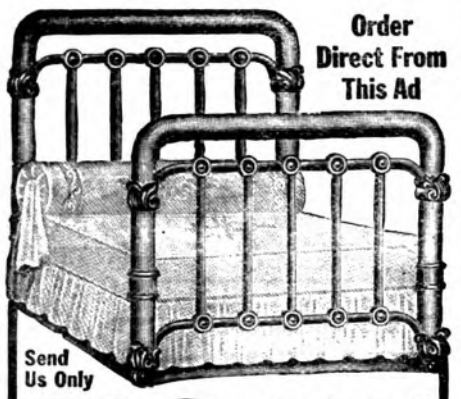


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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

dear baby girl and so now though we are "poor folks" and I, not very strong, we are a happy family.

Have not some of you wished you could make good pancakes sometimes when you had no sour milk? Well, I have many times, and a short while ago I run across a recipe in another paper and now we have cakes whenever we want them, milk or no milk.

One pint flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, and warm water enough to make a thin batter. Beat it up good and pour, do not dip it, into your hot griddle. I make mine up in a pitcher, take the spoon out and I can pour out handy what I want.

When cooking turnips or potatoes that have a strong or bitter taste, if a little sugar, about equal to your salt, is added they will be good.

Well, baby has woke up and here come my chickens for their supper so I must run.

God bless all of you and the COMFORT staff. Your sister, MRS. JAMES COLLINS.

RECTOR, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, but have never made any attempt to enter with the great staff of writers. I dearly love every page of COMFORT. It is always looked for with eagerness by all my family.

I have three dear children living and two gone to Heaven. I can sympathize with all who have lost loved ones. We know our little ones are with Jesus and why should we grieve? I try to live daily so that when I am called I will be ready. I am not very strong. During the months of August and September I was sick seven weeks with the dreaded typhoid fever which left me with a cough and throat trouble. I have been very hoarse for five weeks and can hardly speak above a whisper. Have tried several remedies and also doctors' treatments, but have received little benefit. If any of the COMFORT readers can tell me of anything that will cure my cough, I will greatly appreciate the favor.

There are so many people talking "hard times" and "what will we do if things don't change?" Just stop and think what would we do if we were in Europe, living among shot and mobs. Think of the daily death list and people left homeless and starving while we are living in a free country, the good old United States of America.

We are not blessed with a fortune, but with a happy little home. We have been married ten years and we are still sweethearts. We always tell each other our secrets. I have heard so many women say, "I never know what my husband is going to do until the last moment; he never tells me anything." It may be that the wife is to blame; there are so many that can't keep a secret. I heard a man say once, "I can't tell my wife anything I don't want told for she can't keep a secret," and she made the remark, "I can keep a secret from you." That made me feel badly, not for the man but his wife. I am thankful I can keep a secret not from my husband but from my neighbors. A tattler is always looked upon with scorn and forever having trouble with someone. I have lived in town seven years and never had any trouble with my neighbors. I never was quick to form acquaintance with strangers as I want to know them first. I always learn the ways of my neighbors before I visit. I may be wrong in my way but I was taught this while I was a child.

I am a dear lover of fancy work and have made several very pretty patterns of crocheting.

If the sisters who have the misfortune to scorch their clothes while ironing will keep a bottle of hydrogen peroxide near by and saturate a cloth spread over the scorched place and iron with a hot iron she will find the scorched spot will disappear.

I always keep mending tissue on hand to mend husband's coat and pants for I am a poor hand at mending pants with a needle and thread.

I don't want to wear your good patience out but perhaps I will come again, when the roses bloom.

MRS. MOLLIE WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Wincester. What you say in regard to secrets is largely true but there are occasions when I think it is perfectly right for a husband to have secrets from his wife, or vice versa. By this I mean secrets of a professional or business nature. The man who tells his wife things along that line lowers himself in my estimation, as does the woman who asks for or listens to what cannot concern her.

In defense of my own sex,—admitting that women are prone to talk more than is wise,—we are no worse than a great many men.—Ed.

LAMPASAS, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, and would like admittance into your happy circle. I enjoy the sisters' page, and think it grows brighter and better each year. Our dear Mrs. Wilkinson is kind, noble and helpful to all. I also enjoy Uncle Charlie's letters to the young people. We have only one child, a girl of fifteen. I have the COMFORT sent in her name. She reads a great deal, and looks forward to each issue of COMFORT with delight. She says Uncle Charlie is simply grand. He is indeed marvelous. Just to think how long he has been an invalid, and gives to the world so much that is joyous, hopeful and beneficial. His writings bring sunshine to our little home. They are not only informing on all important topics, but uplifting as well, and interwoven throughout with wholesome humor, enabling one who is capable of enjoying innocent fun to be lifted in spite of themselves out of despondency and gloom. Long may Uncle Charlie live to cheer and help saddened humanity.

I cannot close these remarks until I express some appreciation of our noble editor, Mr. Gannett. His "heart-to-heart" talk in November issue was fine; but "the halt is not told" for my belief is that eternity alone will reveal the good he and his staff of editors are doing, scattering seeds of kindness, love and hope in the hearts and homes of the millions of COMFORT readers. I take several magazines, but none are so welcome as COMFORT. Its pages are filled with things of interest to one and all alike. The contributions from the able pen of Mrs. Adele Steiner Burleson, afford me much pleasure, especially her recent article entitled, "The Farmer's Wife of Today." It proves to my mind so clearly the real blessings, as well as advantages of farm life. Dear sisters, you that once lived in the country and are living now in the city, or like myself in a little town, does it not make you homesick, and I might say "hungry," to move back to the dear old farm? It does me—and I believe such a beautiful and true portrayal of country life by one who knows and loves such a life, is calculated to arouse the desire to answer the call "back to the soil." We have lived mostly in the country, and I am looking forward to the time when we can once more live "where the birds sing, and the cow bells ring." There is where all poor people should be, but it is a blessing and luxury few are able to afford.

Well, sisters I haven't taken any special subject, but if Mrs. Wilkinson sees fit to print these scattering remarks, I hope to write again.

I enjoy the letters on subjects like poultry raising and farming, child training and education, but especially those on religion. Like Mrs. H. C. Crawford I haven't much of this world's goods, but I trust a "heart full of love and sympathy for all." I think those who will live Godly in this world, meet with trials and temptations, and the promise is, if we are faithful unto the end, will receive a crown of life. Sometimes the way looks dark, but as the sister said, "if we have Jesus for our friend and try to make others better and happier our lives will not have been in vain." I know how to sympathize with those who have given up loved ones. My oldest sister died Oct. 4, 1891. Just about one year after we came from Tennessee to Texas. It nearly broke our hearts as none of us were with her. She had married and remained in Tennessee. Then on March 10, 1910, our mother was taken. Sisters, you that have given up mother, know the sorrow and loneliness of such a separation. The sun has never shone so bright to me since my darling mother went away to be with God, but I am striving to follow the worthy examples of Christianity she left and have the consoling promise of meeting her pure soul in Heaven. My dear father is still living and lives with us part of the time.

My husband is afflicted with muscular rheumatism, also has stomach trouble. Will someone send remedies for same?

Miss Azubuh Lee might get the books wanted by writing to Postmaster at Wellington, Mo. Thomas Lockhart, the author, lived there, but is now dead.

If Mrs. Rosa Bryant of Baxter Springs, Kans., will send stamp I will send her the song requested, "The Ship That Never Returned."

Long may COMFORT's workers and readers live, and with love to each one of you, I beg to remain a

COMFORT sister, MRS. J. EDNA WHITE.

DIAMOND RANCH, DIAMOND, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come again but this time to answer the many inquiries about this country.

First I want to thank the many, many, kind people who wrote me about teaching a small child at home. My little girl is learning wonderfully, can write and spell her name, also several small words, and knows quite a few numbers. Again I thank you all and will try and answer all the letters I received.

To describe land, country and work! The homesteads around here that can be farmed have all been taken and all farming is dry farming. Crops were not very large this year on account of the drouth. Corn does not grow well here, as the seasons are too short. People are foolish to leave the East for a dry farm. Of course I don't say farming is all a failure in Wyoming, but it is not the best in the West either. A person who has not homesteaded before can take three hundred and twenty acres homestead land. As to work on ranches, I don't know much how it is on any other ranches but there are plenty of men here for the work on this place.

The weather in the summer is pleasant, winters are very severe, so many blizzards and lots of snow. We had a lovely fall, this year, and all are enjoying good health at present.

Now Mrs. Wilkinson, I want to ask your opinion on what some sisters have said of Christmas and Santa Claus. Do you think it a sin to tell children there is a Santa and do you believe in telling them the truth about everything when small. I, for one, think the happiest time in a child's life is when Santa comes. Why should we deprive them of that happiness? I know many children who were told there was a Santa, who have grown up good men and women. I don't call it lying or desceiving a child. Let us have some more sisters with their opinions.

For pneumonia in children take flaxseed, make a good hot poultice and spread it on flannel and change as often as it cools.

For rheumatism rub affected parts with common coal oil. This is a tried remedy.

I wonder if any of my girl friends around and in Salt Lake City will read this and remember Millie Rodgers. I'd like to hear from any of the girls or boys.

Wishing sucess to all with love to COMFORT's noble staff and all the sisters, MRS. S. F. FRIDELL.

Mrs. Fridell. Here is where we get the benefit of other mothers' ideas on the Santa Claus question. Personally, I agree with you for I know I experienced more real pleasure from Santa Claus' visits, anticipated and realized, than I have since from any source. In a way it is deceiving a child, but it is such a pleasant way to be deceived that I hardly think children will lose faith in their parents for it, provided they are told the truth in other respects and I insist on the necessity of that. With the others I am glad your little girl is progressing so well in her studies.—Ed.

DRY FORK, Box 50 B., R. R. 2, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If permitted by Mrs. Wilkinson, I will make a short call on you all in our dear and appreciated "corner." It is nearly two years since my last visit and much has happened to many of us since then. I wish I could send in as many helps as some do, but as I cannot I beg you to accept the good intentions for the deed.

I have been quite a shut-in for the last eight months or more, with that dread disease, cancer of the cheek. Have spent a large part of the time in the hospital. Have been operated on six times since January, 1914, twice for the cancer, and the other operations were to close the hole in my cheek (skin grafting) and dear sisters I sympathize with all the afflicted ones for I too have suffered. I am feeling better than I ever at one time expected to feel, although my jaws are clinched or locked and the doctors say I will have to be operated on again in the near future to have my jaws unlocked. But somehow or other I feel that they will be opened without an operation, and I think my faith will be rewarded, so all of you please remember me. Still if I have to undergo another operation I shall not give up or despair, for I see many that are in a worse condition than myself. I am of a cheerful disposition and can always see the funny side of every situation even on the most solemn occasions, and I believe there is a silver lining to every cloud. No matter how dark the cloud I know the sun is shining.

Now dear sisters, a word of praise for my dearly beloved state, dear old Virginia, the garden spot of the world to me. We have a delightful climate and no other state can raise a greater variety of things than Virginia and she can compete with any in scenery and natural beauties of nature. It has to be seen to be appreciated.

Grandma, your letter in September number was grand.

Mrs. Schiller. Like you I think it would be pleasant as well as profitable for the sisters to discuss their favorite books and those they take the most pleasure in. I am a great reader and take a lively interest in a variety of reading matter, though Rosa Nouchette Carey is my favorite author of fiction. I have read and have a great many of her books and have never read one but what had noble and grand ideals; yet told in a simple every-day style. Sisters, you who have never read any of her books have missed something good in life. I have quite a little library but will never be satisfied until I have all of my favorite author's books. You need never be afraid to let any of your children read her books as there is nothing in them but what is noble and uplifting.

Try steaming your lamp chimneys, instead of washing them and see how much longer they last and give a much clearer, brighter light.

For inflammation of the bladder use water as hot as can be borne, once or twice a day and drink water that has been boiled. I have tried this and found much relief.

Sisters, my birthday is Feb. 18, I would enjoy and appreciate a shower or an avalanche of the white-winged messengers. Will answer all who wish if a stamp is enclosed, as my pocketbook is limited.

I won't tell you how old I am, will leave you to guess. I am under fifty and over thirty, and have no children living. Will call again if I am welcome.

Yours for dear old COMFORT, MRS. E. J. STUTZ.

Mrs. Stutz.—Most assuredly you are welcome for we all admire courage and you seem to possess an abundance of that much-to-be-desired quality and I am positive that you will have the prayers of all readers for your recovery. Rest assured of mine. I, too, am an admirer of Rosa Nouchette Carey's works, though it would be hard to determine my favorite author. While I am deciding suppose we hear from other sisters as to their favorites and why.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

How to Arrange for Spare Time

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

thought this umbrella scheme evidenced an obscure sense of order in mother although, of course it might have been father's brilliant idea. System was at least more developed in her than in the college boy who shed his belongings from the front door to the attic, and when his mother complained, insisted that everything was just where he wanted it.

There is a favorite man-made rule that affects the girls of the house and as I look at it, is particularly injurious to them; but no man who ever made this law for the discipline of his daughters ever failed to consider it heaven born. Parents who look upon dancing as a legitimate pleasure and permit their daughters to indulge in it, should remember that it is a severe exercise and that extra sleep and rest should follow, yet many a devoted father will make his daughter pay a heavy penalty as the price of attending a ball, decreeing that she appear at breakfast the following morning, and perform every accustomed duty throughout the day. It would be cheaper for the girl to stay at home than to be deprived of the sleep needed for the repair of tired muscles. If the father does not consider it a waste of time for the daughter to attend late evening parties, he should grant her time in which to recover from them, for social pleasures produce just as much fatigue as digging in the garden and considerably more strain on the nervous system. The trouble is that father doubts the righteousness of the dance for his daughter or at least he thinks he should, and as a salve to his own conscience, or to avoid reproach for appearing to let mere pleasure take precedence of home duties, man's particular fetish, he sacrifices the poor young girl to his mistaken sense of duty. Most assuredly he has no idea of doing this and would be decidedly shocked at the suggestion that he had.

Notwithstanding the unquestionable benefits to be derived from sane and regular exercise, it is nevertheless a fact that exercise is one of the most popular of the present day idols, whose zealous worship frequently brings about undesirable consequences, so far as they stand for wasted time. Take, for instance, the young man, who is just starting out in his business career. If his occupation confines him to the indoors for the greater part of the day, he is keen for the relaxation which exercise in the open gives, when he gets out. He may join a baseball team a tennis club, a boat crew, or if he can afford it, a country club where he can play golf. Perhaps, in his enthusiasm for the particular sport which he chooses o follow, he exercises so long and so violently that he sleeps late in the mornings, and must ride to his place of business after rushing through or possibly entirely omitting even a scant breakfast, to avoid being late.

But if his vision is clear, this will not be likely to occur for he will look ahead and estimate to what extent he can indulge himself in the delights of this sort without endangering his success in life. Then too he thinks about the young man whose desk is next to his, and who walks to and from his work for exercise, spending the unspent carfare on the technical magazines bearing upon his particular line of business and the metropolitan newspapers needed to keep himself informed of the big world events.

In his deliberation of the question of exercise, he reminds himself of the young married man on his other side who took all of his exercise in his own garden, raising wonderful crops of tomatoes and sweetpeas, snap beans and roses. This young man had told him that finding himself necessarily away from home during most of his recreation hours, he abandoned golf and went in for gardening. The returns were far greater than he had dreamed that they could be and more than repaid for the personal sacrifice. For almost half the year there were no vegetable bills. During all of the year there were no doctor's bills for him and best of all there was a happy, contented wife, smiling at him from the garden bench and two little children learning to be comrades with their father.

Also, the young man who reflects, tells himself that the successful men he knows did not become so through self-indulgence even though its pursuit led them along healthful athletic paths.

The road that leads to the pinnacle of achievement which we term success does not often follow pleasant, easy places. More often each tiny step upward and forward is hardly won over many difficulties that prove the mettle of the man or boy.

There is, in fact a sane middle course between the people who must always be driven to work and those who must likewise be driven into rest and recreation, but this course does not suggest itself to the heedless or indifferent. Its advantages present themselves gradually to the careful, diligent and ambitious wayfarer about to embark upon his or her life work.

A wise investment of time, a careful conservation and expenditure of mental and physical force, are questions that every young person ambitious to do his best should consider above all others at the beginning of his career.

But they are important to all persons at all times, and to no one is the art or science of conserving time of greater value than to the man or woman who unexpectedly faces the necessity of earning a livelihood for herself or himself and perhaps a dependent family, close upon the heels of some financial disaster or domestic bereavement. It may be that the question of dollars and cents and their relation to bread, butter, shelter and clothes, has never before required the personal attention, but the outlook is not nearly so appalling nor the future so entirely devoid of the rainbow of promise if the afflicted one has the courage to look his condition squarely in the face, take the measure of his assets of education, brains and strength of purpose and then mark out a definite plan of daily life and labor. True it no doubt will be beset with hardships, since those unused to privations and self denials are not inured to the grind of poverty, but the bread of independence is very sweet and the consciousness that one is actually wresting, by the labor of one's own hands, from it the living that the world is supposed to owe each one of us, goes a long way in compensation for the comforts that may have been lost.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Bringing Down the Weight

THE fat girl! The girl who measures a little too much about the hips; who takes up her hand-mirror disconsolately to view the unpleasant cushion of fat just below the nape of the neck; whose gowns look too soft and shapeless across the bust, and who tips the scale at—but let's keep that a secret!

It is she to whom I mean to talk this month, for the burden of too much flesh is truly uncomfortable as well as unbecoming to one.

There are two royal roads to a slimmer, more graceful figure; one is diet; and the other, exercise.

I am quite aware that neither of these sound at all attractive to the girl who weighs too much, because if it had not been for her neglect of both she would not now be needing my advice. Yet I am going to assume that she is thoroughly in earnest in her desire to reduce her figure to normal size, and that she will therefore be willing to pay the price—which, in this case, means a little self-denial and some effort.

She must realize at the very beginning that certain foods make fat, and certain ones do not. Sugar, starch and fat produce fat in the body, and therefore should be eaten in very small quantities.

Under sugar come candies, cakes, rich sauces and puddings; under starches come bread, potatoes, rice; under fat come butter, cream, fat meat, gravies.

All of these that can be cut entirely out of our "fat girl's" diet, should be; and then others should be taken in minimum quantities.

It is easy to cut out all the articles I have named under sugar. "Easy to cut out candy!" cries Betty. Yes, easy, Betty dear, when you stop to think of what a graceful figure you mean to possess. But it is not as easy to omit sugar, itself, on oatmeal and fruits and in every other way. Try it, though dear girls, for this is the shortest road to reform!

Of course, fat meats and gravies you can cross off the list without a pang, but when it comes to potatoes—yes, I was sure Betty liked potatoes. How did I know? Why, the scale she weighed on told me! Nevertheless, Betty must stop eating potatoes for a time; eat only a very little butter; and if you can get along entirely without bread, so much the better. She can eat lean meats, green vegetables and fruit, but even here she must not gorge herself. If you were to put a big piece of meat on a plate, a saucer of string beans, and a helping of turnips, and some lettuce salad, and two dishes of berries, and a banana, and mix them all up, you would be appalled at asking any stomach to take them all at one time. Yet many Betties eat very much more than this, and don't think about it at all. Try to be moderate in the amount you eat, and eat only at the table. Do not drink while eating, but masticate every mouthful of food until it is practically liquid.

In the morning take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water on rising.

With these precautions as to diet, Betty will have taken the first step toward the goal of her desires.

The next thing for her to do is to exercise off some of those superfluous pounds which constitute her grievance.

The thing she must remember, here, is that perspiration is her most potent ally. The more she perspires, the sooner her pounds will flee away. Exercise will produce perspiration, and will help to burn up the superfluous tissue.

Almost any exercise will help Betty in her project, but the more arduous it is, the better will be the results. For this reason, the Beauty Crawl is perhaps the most effective. For this Betty should don bathing suit or pajamas—or even a union suit of underwear—and getting down upon her hands and knees crawl around her bedroom as fast as her plump little knees will take her. Many a



THE BEAUTY CRAWL.

fashionable society maid or matron has spent a strenuous fifteen minutes every morning for a month, doing just the same identical thing, so Betty will not be alone in her endeavors.

She should not weary of well-doing, but keep the exercise up until she is dripping from every pore. Then into the bathtub she should jump, if there is one at hand, and have a hot bath followed by a quick rub, a cool sponge, and another rub. If there is no bathtub, Betty must seize on some warm Turkish towels and give her body a good rubbing.

You think, perhaps, she should lie down and take a nap after this? No, indeed! What we want to do is to wear Betty's flesh away, not give her a chance to relax and grow fat; so on must go her clothes and she must set to work at whatever duty is awaiting her.

Some time during the day, she is to almost smother herself in warm underclothes, a warm dress, a sweater, and a heavy coat, and set out for a brisk walk, swinging her arms vigorously. She will be very warm—perhaps uncomfortably so—but we don't care, because the warmer she is the more she will perspire and that's what we want Betty to do.

Is some one particular part of Betty's body—such as hips or bust—over-fat, while the rest of her figure is normal, then Betty should practise an exercise which applies to that one portion of the body. Arm exercises reduce the bust; bending exercise and a great many leg exercises reduce the hips.

Betty can help these special exercises by buying some rubber sheeting at the store, and cutting a strip big enough to go around the part of the body she wishes to reduce, and wide enough to cover it. This strip she should bind about the offending part of the body very firmly, and fasten with strips of adhesive tape so that it may not slip or loosen. It will feel uncomfortably hot—let me whisper!—that is what we want; for soon the flesh beneath will begin to perspire, and with each little drop of water that oozes forth goes a tiny fraction of Betty's weight.

All these exercises and precautions will lessen Betty's present flesh, but only attention to diet will keep new flesh from coming. Here's hoping that Betty may have courage and perseverance to follow these directions, and that I may hear, soon, how many pounds she has lost.

Answers to Questions

Schoolmarm.—After bunions have once arrived, their best remedy must be found in different footwear. A too short shoe or too short stocking must be avoided, although the shoe should fit snugly in *width*. You will have to wear low flat heels and wide shoes for a long time to come. Gentle massage of the large joints with cold cream, and the wearing of a pad of cotton between the great toe and the next toe will help to get the toe gradually back into shape. Only the change of shoes you are wearing will do any real good. For fat feet, vigorous massage every night is essential and active exercise of the foot. Here is an exercise, for fat feet:

Stand with hands on hips, heels together. Then rise slowly, let the heels sink very gradually to the ground again. Rise slowly and continue until the legs and feet begin to feel tired.

C. R. P.—There is no objection to your using the formulas in COMFORT to put up creams, powders, etc., for sale.

A Southern Girl.—Yes, the constant use of a strong astringent is injurious to the skin. What are you using it for? If to close up open pores, it would be better to dash cold water on the face and to do this at intervals during the day. If you are using it to "reduce," it is not a desirable thing. Rather, cut down the amount of food you are eating, and omit fried foods and sweet things from your diet for a time. In answer to your question, the toilet vinegar is to be applied to the nose with a bit of absorbent cotton at night. If the skin is sensitive in the morning, rub in a little cold cream.

M. E. M.—You can buy toilet ammonia at your drug-store. Tell your druggist you wish to use it for toilet purposes.

Clarksville.—Aqua ammonia is obtainable at any drug-store and is diluted ammonia.

Blue Eyes.—You can remove hairs from the arms by anointing them with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. If the ammonia irritates the skin, stop for a couple of days and resume again. Peroxide will bleach the hair and the ammonia after some months will kill the root.

M. F. M.—See answer to Blue Eyes. I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion of proprietary articles such as you inquire about. Try the horseradish lotion for freckles.

Horseradish Lotion

Horseradish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, two drams.

Apply at night to freckles. If skin is sensitive, test the strength of this preparation on the arm before applying it to the face.

Bessie L.—See answer to Blue Eyes. Blackheads are the result of letting the pores become clogged with dirt. To get rid of them scrub the face nightly with hot soapy water and a complexion brush, rinsing many times. Rub a little cold cream on the blackheads after scrubbing and use a comedone extractor to press them out. You can buy one at your drug-store for twenty-five cents. Then touch the pore with alcohol to close it up. Perfect cleanliness is essential to get rid of blackheads. For pimples, drink plenty of water, eat only at meals, avoid fried foods, greasy foods and sweets.

C. F. M.—Massage your nose nightly with a light pinching motion, beginning at the bridge of the nose and extending to the tip—the fingers being anointed with cold cream. This will help to reduce it.

Little Dove.—If you will pay particular attention to your diet and to seeing that the bowels move freely daily, your brown spots may be improved. Drink, before breakfast, a glass of water in which has been squeezed the juice of one lemon without sugar. Eat fruits as much as possible—apples, stewed prunes, canned fruits (but the rich preserves), oranges, pineapple, etc. Pineapples either fresh or canned, would be good for you at least twice a week. It helps digest food. Take eight to ten glasses of water a day. Do you get plenty of exercise? You need it. Here is a good exercise to stimulate the liver:

Stand with your feet a little apart, arms extended above head. Then sweep forward with the body, extending the hands in which you may hold balls or dumb-bells as far back as possible between the calves. I would suggest that you take one or two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil once a month.

Just Twenty-six.—Your drawn skin and the fine wrinkles need some skin food and nightly massage. Use any good cold cream or the magnolia skin food (given below) and rub into the face thoroughly at night. Remember to rub the cheeks always away from, not toward the chin, to massage around and around the eyes with the tips of the fingers, using very light touches under the eyes. You can use a rotary movement on the cheek, also, and always finish by gently and rapidly slapping the cheeks with the tips of the fingers. Do this every night. Every morning rub on cold cream, after washing and rinsing the face, but be sure to wipe the face, afterward very thoroughly with a towel. Are you being careful to eat plenty of good nourishing food and drink lots of water?

Magnolia Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, fluffing it within an egg beater until cold.

Perplexed.—You will probably outgrow those freckles. If they are just under the eyes, I would not try to use a bleach on them, but just keep the skin well cared for with a complexion brush each night, and a good cold cream in the daytime. Then when summer comes again, be careful about wearing broad-brimmed hats or carrying a parasol.

For the oily hair try this: The night before shampooing use a medicine dropper or a small-mouthed bottle and drop olive oil all over your scalp. Spread it around the scalp gently with the finger, then put your hair up in a bath towel. In the morning, shampoo the hair thoroughly, and rinse many times. The olive oil will help get rid of the dandruff and in time help the oily condition of your hair. Shampoo regularly once in two weeks. Use a soap jelly instead of soap, made as follows:

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, boil until mixture jellies, then add two drops of geranium oil, put in covered jar and use as wanted.

Irene.—Yes, you weigh all together too much for your height. You need to lose at least fifty pounds. I expect you eat too many sweet things—now don't you? You've simply got to cut out all candies, cakes, sweet puddings, sugar, and for a little while eat only very sensible things. Especially you mustn't eat between meals and you mustn't drink anything at meals,—and, let me whisper, you should also reduce the amount you eat. All you need for breakfast is an orange, two soft-boiled eggs and some crisp dry toast. Of course you *ought* to eat it without butter, but, if you think you must have butter it should be the littlest bit. For lunch—let me see, tomato toast and a dish of peas and a baked apple without sugar or cream, and no bread and butter; or a lamb chop and some string beans and some stewed prunes; or some other lunch which hasn't creamed things or gravies or sweets as a part of it; and for dinner you can have some lean meat, roasted or broiled, but no potatoes, some spinach or onions or stewed celery or squash; and for dessert, some pineapple or other fruits, or—just none at all! ! You see you've really got to work quite hard to get rid of these extra pounds. And you ought to join a gymnasium or a basket ball club, or a walking club or something else where you get a lot of good healthy exercises! Tell me just what you find yourself brave enough to do.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Miracle of Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

I have learned to love him, but he is not going to tell me of it. I don't understand," and the thickly falling tears blurred out the stars and all thought of the beauty of the night, leaving only misery where there should have been light and peace.

The knowledge that two people love each other with all the intensity of their natures is as often the cause for tears as it is for radiant joy. And the woman who can understand the workings of a man's mind when she knows his love for her is strong as the "everlasting hills," has solved as large a problem, perhaps, as will ever be presented to her.

Jessie Lane could not understand and her days were full of questionings and her nights full of bitter weeping.

So the days slipped into the weeks and the weeks in turn became months.

Then one evening in the early winter he came to call.

Jessie was dressing to spend the evening with some friends, when his card was brought to her. Stepping at once to the telephone, she explained that she was detained and could not join the group at cards.

When she entered the room where her caller was impatiently awaiting her, she seemed to radiate warmth and light and cheer.

In thinking of it afterwards, Fred wondered how much of it was due to her dress of soft rose pink.

Throughout the evening he was conscious, as never before, of her radiant personality. The very air of the room was charged with it. Every word she spoke, every tone of her voice was alive with this new quality. Her voice was a caress, her laughter full of contagious warmth.

He yearned to take her into his arms and hold her close, but he must turn the lock upon his heart and stifle his desire.

And when he was gone, Jessie threw herself upon her bed in an agony of weeping. How long she lay there she never knew but after a while she grew more calm. When she finally fell asleep, it was the deep slumber of sheer exhaustion. No dreams to disturb, no visions of delightful happenings—only a deep and restful sleep.

Those who have been under great strain of mind often wonder how they could have slept on with no restless dreams. But nature supplies her own remedies in our hour of extreme need.

The yearning for the woman he loved grew with the passing days, and as Fred sat, evening after evening, with his crippled sister it seemed sometimes as though he could never stand it. And yet how could he ask that peerless woman to take up his burdens? Ah, no! He would call once more and then efface himself from her life.

But what he utterly forgot was that the little atom called love often frustrates our best laid plans. Even Cupid is better to us than we deserve.

When Fred therefore was ushered into the cheerful living-room, Jessie was busy tying up Christmas packages which by now was only two weeks away.

"You are just in time, Mr. Bettinger, to help me," Jessie said gayly as she greeted him. "I wanted a good strong hand for these express boxes."

So they went to work, sorting out and wrapping up, and joking and laughing between times, and it was not until the table was entirely cleared and all the packages placed in an immense pile in the hall, that the two workers sat down to rest.

Something had been said about a gift sent to a bride who was to be married on Christmas Day, and Fred stated soberly, "That is something I must cut entirely out of my life."

"What is," said Jessie, unconsciously aiding him in his determination to kill any interest in him which may have been awakened in his mind.

"Marriage," replied Fred.

"Marriage?" questioned Jessie in a dazed tone. Don't you ever expect to marry?" she asked a moment later with her heart beating wildly and her throat parched and dry with the effort she was making to keep her voice from betraying her emotion.

"No, I can never hope to marry," said Fred in a tone of sadness, "I cannot afford such a luxury. I should want to place the woman I loved in a home befitting her rare beauty. I would desire to take her on a wedding journey to some foreign land where she had never been, and my life is already full of burdens I could not ask her to share. Kathie needs all my spare time. Not since mother died have I had any vacation, but when Kathie needs me most I take a day or two off. My work is always planned ahead, so that if I am forced to stay at home, the business does not suffer in consequence. I am carrying a large life insurance, so if anything happens, my sister will never want for the comforts of life. My income is small and my expenses very large so I cannot get much ahead. I should desire to surround my loved one with every luxury and I cannot. No, the luxury of matrimony is not for me." Fred's tone had been growing stronger and his last words were uttered in a triumphant key. She knows everything now, he thought.

The fire had been burning low and Jessie arose to put on another log. No one ever touched the fire but Jessie. She loved to do it, she said, and others only made a bad matter worse.

So Fred sat still and watched her as she worked over the blaze, until the flames shot up and the room was again full of light.

He thought of course she had resumed her seat, and he was waiting to hear how she would receive his speech.

Suddenly he was conscious of a peculiar stillness. A stifled exclamation burst forth from his lips and he sprang to his feet.

Jessie was standing near his chair, though not touching it, and a wondrous beauty glowed in her features.

"You men seem to leave the woman entirely out of your reckoning," she began, in her sweet voice, "which is more than selfish, I think. You declare you will not marry or you will or will not do this or that, and you never seem to think the woman has any right to be heard. No, I am not a suffragette, only a woman who desires, as every true woman must, that in those things which make or mar her own happiness, she has a right to be heard. You say you will not marry. Yet you love me. I have known it for a long time. And I have learned to love you. How could I help it?"

Fred took an impulsive step forward but a gesture from her made him pause. He leaned his hand heavily on the table for he was still dazed by her opening words.

"And you very likely are aware that my greeting, when you call, is more than the mere cordiality of a hostess for her guest. Yet you calmly tell me that you will not marry, and forget that I have a right to be heard."

A little break in the sweet voice now and then, and a nervous pressure of the clasped fingers were the only outward signs of an intense inward emotion.

"You do not even ask whether or no I can put up with the conditions of your life. You deliberately and selfishly deny to yourself the home life you crave; you deny to your suffering sister another woman's love and devotion; and you deny to me, the right of choice. Oh, how blind and selfish you are!"

In her vehemence, she threw out her hands, and her voice grew firm, yet with the strain of an affable sweetness undiminished.

"You think of marble palaces and grand wedding trips and costly jewels and rare treasures. *They* are not the essentials of life! *They* do not make happiness!"

Still gazing into the glowing fire, as she had done ever since she began, she continued in a lower tone. "Happiness is within you. There is no man or woman living who, having known the real joys of life, would exchange them for palaces, jewels, or any of the many non-essentials of our existence."

Fred still stood by the table leaning heavily upon it. Although still dazed, his mind was alert to every word uttered by that sweet voice. His eyes never left her face made radiant by her own high ideals. Tall and straight with her head carried proudly, she needed no support save her own moral courage.

"Shall I tell you what a woman considers essential and from what conditions of life she draws her happiness? First the home life, whether it be in her father's house or in the home of the man she loves. The life of serving those she loves, kind deeds and merry laughter, cheery words to those who need comfort, the hands that help, the lips that smile, the voices of prattling little ones, the tender ministrations to those who suffer, and the loving care of the aged. Self-sacrifice, self-denial and duty. The faith that draws its supplies from the inexhaustible mines of the Infinite, and the love, mercy, justice, truth and character which are the natural results. These are the things which make for happiness; these are the essentials of life."

"There is a line of an old song which reads, 'Home is where the heart is,' and it is very true. It is for the home in all its deep and sacred meaning that we women plead, for it is there that our truest happiness is found."

The man could bear it no longer. With one step he was by her side, his face working with the intensity of his passion, and his whole soul awed by the revelation of the miracle of a woman's love.

"Jessie, my beloved!" he exclaimed, in a voice choking with emotion and with arms outstretched, "Will you love me like that?"

Slowly the girl turned her eyes from the glowing flame and looked long and steadily into the eyes pleading for her love.

A rich color came into her face and her own eyes drooped beneath the fire in his, until, with a little cry and "Yes" scarcely above a whisper, she sought the shelter of his arms.

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By Martha Lane Adams

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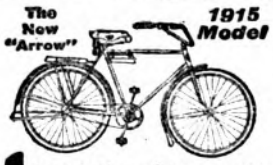
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



FULL and flaring as personal taste desires, or long or short, with straight lines are the winter coat models.

This season's modes are unusually smart in style. New surplice basques are shown, with plain or bishop sleeves. There is also a new redingote known as the "chemise" redingote, that is excellent for slender figures. It may be worn over a blouse of net and skirt of self or contrasting material. One sees sleeveless evening bodices, and some with just a touch of drapery at the armscye. With the snug-fitting evening basques, one sees in "quaint" style, full flounced skirts of lace, net and other soft fabrics.

. Princess effects are noticeable and there is a possibility of short-waisted styles in the near future.

Fur-trimmed waists, tunics and wraps are shown, and braid in abundance is used on gowns of every character.

Skirts are becoming shorter and fuller, with extra width gained by plaits, gathers or circular shaping. Then too there are other models in plaited effects flaring out in bell like forms. These plaited styles are usually hung from yokes.

Moyenage gowns are smart for young girls for evening wear.

Popular long-waisted dresses for little girls have gored or plaited skirts.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
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1164—Ladies' Coat. This design will look well in any of the many new coat weaves, in reversible plaids, cheviots, astrakhan cloth, caracul and similar cloakings. The coat is cut in redingote style, with flaring skirt sections. The sleeve is set in the armscye.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one half yards of 54-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9886—Ladies' House Dress in raised or normal waistline, with long or shorter sleeve. This design would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percale pattern.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 34-inch size.

1157—Ladies' Waist with or without chemisette, and with long or short sleeve. For a trim, neat and becoming style, nothing quite equals a smart tailored shirt-waist. It lends itself so well to most dress materials, and is ever comfortable and desirable. The sleeve in either length effect, is stylish, and the pattern provides a chemisette for high neck effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1169—A Simple Up-to-date Model. The lines of this attractive design are simple and it is easy to develop. The closing is in coat style. The model will be equally suitable for charmeuse, satin, velvet, lace, net, madras, linen or flannel.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1168-1117—A Simple Dress of Quiet Elegance. Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1117. This smart model is Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1168 and good for serge, velvet, corduroy, cashmere, crepe or voile. The waist is in simple shirt style with a new collar and coat closing. The skirt is trimmed with a tunic portion over the back, that forms a flounce at the sides and front.

The waist pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a medium size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1148—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit and Knickerbockers. This trim little suit is splendid for serge or flannel, and equally good for galatea, linene or gingham. The blouse is finished with a "Dickens" collar, and the sleeve is plaited at the wrist.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1144—Ladies' Apron with Princess Front. This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The model is good for gingham, sateen, cambric, lawn, percale or drill.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires four and seven-eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1166—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke. For broadcloth, cashmere, serge, satin, poplin, or crepe this model is equally desirable. The front and back portions are stitched in tuck effect over panel sections. A shaped yoke is added, that may be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one quarter yards of 4-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1145—A Practical Comfortable Apron. This attractive model is cut with raglan sleeve portions to which the back and front portions are joined. The pattern is good for percale, lawn, seersucker, gingham, drill, alpaca or sateen.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1167—Girls' Dress in high or square neck outline, and with long or short sleeve. This style is equally good for serge, cashmere, corduroy, messaline, plaid or checked suiting, challie, voile or wash materials. The back laps over the front at the shoulder, where it forms pointed tabs, that may be omitted. A deep plait in panel effect outlines the front and forms part of the skirt, which has plaits also at the sides and back.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1160—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid suiting, serge, voile, poplin, wool mixtures or neat Shepherd checks, are equally appropriate. The skirt, a three-piece model, has a lap tuck in front.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It reouires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1158—Ladies' Costume for Maternity or Invalid Wear. This design is graceful and effective. It is made with surplice fronts and yoke portions to which full sections are added. The large armscye is most comfortable, and a good style feature. The plaited tunic is joined to the waist, and the entire garment is so arranged as to give ease and comfort and also to admit of extending the waist size. The underskirt is a two-piece model.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for the waist and tunic, and two and one half yards for the skirt for a 36-inch size.

9881—Girls' One-piece Dress in Balkan Style. This design is effective for linen, chambrey, ratine, voile, crepe, seersucker or percale. The sailor collar and simple bishop sleeve are popular style features.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1146—A Comfortable Negligee or Lounging Robe. The shaped yoke is cut with the sleeve combined, and is joined to the body portions. Flannelette, silk, lawn or organdie are all suitable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in full length style, or two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in sack length.

9811—Ladies' Shirt-waist with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size.

1163—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two styles, and in raised or normal waistline. This garment is cut on simple lines, and



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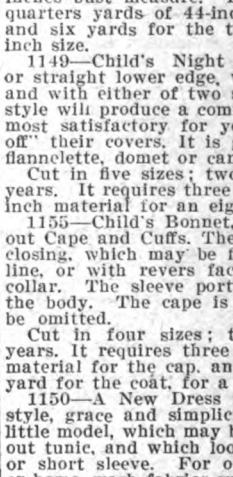


Have You Too Forgotten How to Play

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with a view to practical service and comfort. The pattern is good for gingham, seersucker, galatea, chambrey, linene, poplin, voile, serge or cashmere. The skirt is a simple three-piece model and the style is easy to develop.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1152—Girl's Blouse Dress with attached skirt. The yoke facings and shield may be omitted. The shield may be finished in round neck edge or with the standing collar. This model is easy to develop, and will look well in galatea, or gingham, poplin, crepe, linen, or linene. The skirt is a three-piece style, with a lap tuck at the center back.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1172—A Smart Afternoon Gown. The waist is cut on simple lines, and joins the tunic under the girdle. The skirt has plaited fullness at the side seams. There is a choice of sleeve finish, and a chemisette for high neck effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and six yards for the tunic and waist for a 36-inch size.

1149—Child's Night Drawers with gathered or straight lower edge, with long or short sleeve, and with either of two styles of neck finish. This style will produce a comfortable sleeping garment, most satisfactory for young children, who "kick off" their covers. It is good for cambric, muslin, flannelette, domet or canton flannel or linene.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1155—Child's Bonnet, and Coat with or without Cape and Cuffs. The fronts are lapped at the closing, which may be finished in high neck outline, or with revers facings, to meet the rolling collar. The sleeve portions are cut in one with the body. The cape is most becoming, but may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; two, three, four and six years. It requires three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the cap, and three and three eighths yard for the coat, for a four-year size.

1150—A New Dress for Mother's Girl.—Good style, grace and simplicity characterize this neat little model, which may be developed with or without tunic, and which looks equally well with long or short sleeve. For ordinary wear, for school, or home, wash fabrics such as galatea, gingham or percale are very desirable. If warmer material is liked, there are half wool suitings, in plaids and checks, also serges, repps, voiles and cashmeres.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1165—Dress for Misses and Small Women. The new basque lines, flaring tunic, and becoming vest, are atttractive features of this model. Its youthful and becoming lines will assure its popularity. The tunic is joined to the waist in redingote style, and so forms a separate garment, that may well be worn over any skirt. This dress is good for serge, cashmere or broadcloth, and may be effectively combined with satin, velvet, fraille, poplin, plaid or checked suiting.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and three and seven eighths yards for waist and tunic for a 14-year size.

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Jokes and Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln's Letter to a Little Girl

AMONG the stories that never fail to please the patriotic American boys and girls is one of the President of the United States carrying a trunk on his shoulder to the depot, for a little girl whom the cab driver had forgotten and who was about to miss her train.

Another equally pleasing is that of this same great statesman, Abraham Lincoln, letting his whiskers grow to please a child who wrote asking him to do so, suggesting that she thought that he would be better looking.

Recently visiting a friend in Delphos, a small town in central Kansas, I was very much interested when my hostess told me that Grace Bedell who wrote this letter, lived in Delphos, the wife of Mr. Billinger, the banker of that town, and that Mr. Lincoln's reply was still in her possession.

So, before leaving, I went to see this lady, hoping that she would show the letter to me, so that I could tell all the boys and girls about it who read the children's page.

Mrs. Billinger was very courteous and answered all my questions as politely as if I had been the first person that had visited her home on this mission, although I was told that hundreds of people call on her every year.

It was during Mr. Lincoln's first campaign she told me, that, when a child of twelve years, her father, a radical Republican, brought her a picture of his favorite candidate. It was a coarse exaggeration, of a type common at that time, and certainly anything but handsome.

Two Democratic brothers twitted her unmercifully on the homely face of her choice for the presidency.

"I was both grieved and annoyed," says Mrs. Billinger, "so I finally decided to write to Mr. Lincoln and tell him that I thought that he would be better looking if he would let his whiskers grow. Adding that if he would do so I would try to induce my two brothers to vote for him. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous?" laughed this lady pleasantly. "Then, thinking that he would have no time to bother with me, I told him to let his little girl answer my letter. My triumph, on receiving a reply in Mr. Lincoln's own hand, knew no bounds. But this was not all. When, as president-elect, he passed through our home town, on his way to the inauguration, he asked a man who accompanied him, whose home was also at Westfield, if he knew our family. He told of my letter and said it was so different from the multitude of letters that came to him daily—asking for office or threatening assassination—that it was a real pleasure to receive it.

"Mr. Lincoln made a short speech at Westfield and at its conclusion, he said that he had a little friend in the town and asked for me. Of course there was a great crowd present but kind friends helped me through the multitude and lifted me on to the platform.

"Mr. Lincoln, touching his whiskers, said: 'You see, I am wearing these for you Grace.' Then he shook my hand, heartily and kissed me."

Mrs. Billinger also told me that so many people had requested to see the letter that it was in danger of utter destruction. So she had had it framed and hung in the window of her husband's bank, in full view of the public, so that all who wished might see it.

"Did you succeed in inducing your brothers to vote for your candidate?" I asked as I was leaving.

Mrs. Billinger laughed pleasantly.

"No, I did not," she replied, "but you may be sure in after years they wished that they had. So I had my revenge after all."

We found the much sought souvenir, whither we had been directed, in the bank window. Of course I made a copy of the letter to show my boys and girls. Here it is:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 19, 1860.

"MISS GRACE BEDELL:

"My dear Little Miss:—Your very agreeable letter of the fifteenth is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn them, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin now?

"Your very sincere well-wisher,

"A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln and the Bible

His intimate friend, Judge Joshua Speed, who was skeptically inclined, says he once called on Lincoln and found him reading the Bible.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Speed, take all of this book on reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."



In replying to a delegation of colored people from Baltimore who had just presented him with a large, beautiful Bible, he said: "In regard to the great Book, I have only this to say, that it is the best gift that God has given to man. All the good from the Savior of the world is communicated through this Book."

A Beautiful Sentiment from Lincoln

In concluding his address at an agricultural fair in Milwaukee, September, 1859, Mr. Lincoln said: "It is said an eastern monarch once charged his wise men to invent him a sentence, to be ever in view, and which should be true and appropriate in all times and situations. They presented him the words, 'And this, too, shall pass away.' How much it expressed! How chastening in the hour of pride! How consoling in the depths of affliction! And yet, let us hope that it is not quite true. Let us hope, rather, that by the best cultivation of the physical world beneath and around us, and the intellectual and moral world within us, we shall secure an individual, social, and political prosperity and happiness whose course shall be upward and onward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away."

Lincoln and the Office-Seekers

On one occasion the friends of Governor Curtin waited on Mr. Lincoln to press the claims of the Governor for a foreign mission. The President expressed a willingness to favor them, but said their request reminded him of a story. Said he: "I am in the position of young Sheridan when his father told him he must cease his rakish life and take a wife. To which he answered, 'All right father, but whose wife shall I take?'"

He added that, as the missions were all full, he did not know whose "mission he should take."

Lincoln Coins a Word

Some gentlemen who had just returned from a trip through the West came to Washington and paid Mr. Lincoln a visit. During their visit one of the men spoke of a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name. "I cannot recall its name now," he said in a vexed tone, "but it signified 'weeping water.'"

President Lincoln instantly responded, "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minnebooboo.'"

Lincoln a Liberty Pole

At a levee at the White House, during President Lincoln's term, the Russian Ambassador stood talking to the President, when the President asked him this question: "Would you have taken me for an American if you had met me any where else than in this country?"



"No," said the distinguished Muscovite, who, like Abe, was a bit of a wag. "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full height, "and a liberty pole at that."

Lincoln and the Kittens

President Lincoln was as sensitive to external impressions as the test paper of the chemist. The results of a battle pained him as though he himself were among the wounded, or had lost a brave son. This sympathy, that is, this power of putting himself in another's place, extended even to animals.

The day on which Grant's army began the final advance, the President sat in a small telegraph office at City Point, receiving telegrams and examining a pocket chart. Three little kittens were running about the hut, in which was the office. The President of the nation whose fate was in the scales, picked up the kittens, placed them on the table, and said: "You poor, little, miserable creatures; what brought you into this camp of warriors? Where is your mother?"

"The mother is dead," answered the colonel in charge.

"Then she can't grieve for them," said the President with a sigh. "Many a poor mother is grieving for a son who has fallen in battle. Ah, kitties, thank God you are cats, and can't understand this terrible strife. There, now, go, my little friends," wiping the dirt from their eyes with a handkerchief; 'that is all I can do for you. Colonel, get them good milk, and don't let them starve; there is too much starving going on in this land, anyhow; let us mitigate it when we can."

The great President, even at such a crisis, could, as Admiral Porter said, "Find time to look at God's creatures, and be solicitous for their comfort."

Mother of Three Soldier Boys Blesses Lincoln

The following is an unfamiliar story that shows how human grief and human sympathy overleaped all the barriers of formality when Lincoln was really touched:

"Is that all?" Lincoln asked of Edward the usher, after the usual multitude of daily visitors had entered and presented their requests, petitions, or grievances.



"There is one poor woman there yet, Mr. President," replied Edward. "She has been here for several days, and hasn't had a chance to come in yet."

"Let her in," said Mr. Lincoln.

The woman told her story. She had a husband and three sons in the army, and she was left alone. At first her husband had sent her regularly a part of his pay, but now no more remittances came. Her boys had become scattered among the various armies, and she was without help. Would not the President discharge one of them that he might come home to her?

When the woman had ended, the President's lips opened, and he spoke as if he were in abstracted and unconscious self-communion:

"I have three and you have none."

That was all he said. Then, taking a blank card, he wrote upon it an order for the discharge of one of the sons; and upon another paper he wrote out in detail where she should present it.

A few days later Edward said, "That woman, Mr. President, is here again."

"Let her in," said Lincoln. "What can be the matter now?"

For the second time he heard her story. The President's card had been a magic passport. But she had arrived only in time to follow her son to the grave. His wounds, his death—the story came in eloquent fragments through her half-stifled sobs. And now would not the President give her the next one of the boys?

Once more Mr. Lincoln responded as if talking to himself, "I have two and you have none." Then he again walked to his little writing-table, sat down and took up his pen to write for the second time an order that would give the pleading woman one of her boys. And the woman, as if moved by an impulse she could not restrain, followed after him, stood by him, and with the fond familiarity of a mother, placed her hand upon the President's head, and smoothed his rumpled hair as she blessed him for his kindness.

The ruler of a great nation was truly the servant, friend and protector of this humble woman, clothed with the paramount dignity of loyal sacrifice.

Lincoln as a Prophet

General Daniel E. Sickles relates an affecting incident, demonstrating the intensely devout character of Lincoln, which, he says, has never before been told to any man:

"It was on the 5th day of July, 1863," says General Sickles, "that I was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival, President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked about the great battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said 'No.' Then he continued:

"'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt, as never before, my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. I went into my own room and locked the door. Then I knelt down and prayed, as I had never prayed before. I told God that He had called me to this position, and that I had done all that I could do, and that the result was now in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew that if the country was to be saved it was because He so willed it. When I went down from my room I felt that there could be no doubt about the issue. The burden seemed to have rolled from off my shoulders; my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great sense of trustfulness, and that is why I did not doubt the result at Gettysburg. And, what is more, Sickles,' he continued, 'I believe that we may hear at any moment of a great success by Grant, who has been pegging away at Vicksburg for so many months. By tomorrow you will hear that he has won a signal victory as important to us in the West as Gettysburg in the East.'

"Then, turning to me, he said, 'Sickles, I am in a prophetic mood today, and I know that you will get well.'

"The doctors do not give me that hope, Mr. President," I said; but he answered cheerily, 'I know you will get well, Sickles.'" And he did.

House Where Lincoln's Mother Was Born

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Your last February COMFORT speaks of Lincoln's love for his mother. I wonder if you know where she was born. I have seen the old house many a time. She was born at Hat Creek, Va., and lived there until she was twelve years old. The house was always called the old Hanks house. It was a small cabin of one room downstairs and one up. It was on the creek opposite old Hat Creek church where I went to church every Sunday until I was twenty-nine years old. She has a brother, Abraham Hanks buried in Hat Creek churchyard. Before her father moved away he took a soapstone and carved the child's name and dates of birth and death on it. As a child I have scraped the moss away and read it. I didn't know then that it was Lincoln's uncle, and it was so covered with moss last time I was there that I couldn't read anything. My father told me that his father knew the Hanks family well. He said they were respectable but very poor. I don't know that this will be of any interest to your readers but so little is known of his mother it seems a pity for anything to be lost.

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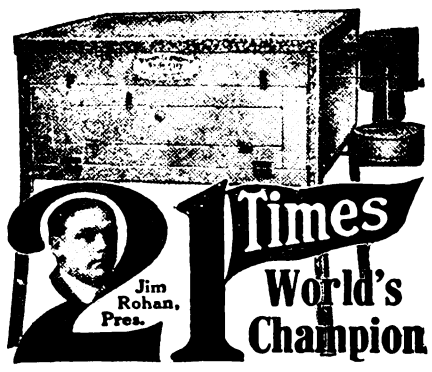
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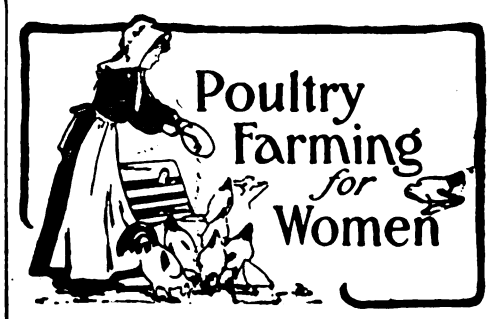
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Egg Formation

I AM asked so frequently why hens lay soft-shelled eggs, eggs with blood specks in them, odd-shaped eggs, etc., etc., that I am going to give our readers an explanation of the formation and process of producing eggs, and some of the causes of the abnormal results which surprise amateur poultry keepers from time to time.

Anyone, upon opening after death the body of a hen, will find a cluster of eggs in formation much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovarium. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pin's head to the full-sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and thus keeping up the supply which she lays.

These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight, or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading into a passage called the oviduct—this organ in the hen being from 22 to 26 inches long.

During the passage of this egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chalazes, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation.

It is during the passage of the egg through the lower part of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. This, in newly laid eggs, is a mere speck, and is that portion which shows the result of the evaporation previously referred to. This speck of air space becomes daily larger as the egg gets older, and is frequently equal to one quarter of the entire egg. This egg chamber, if perforated with the finest needle, will prevent the egg hatching.

When the egg has advanced more than half way down the oviduct, it is still destitute of a shell, which begins to be formed by a process of secretion, and when about completed, the various shades of brown and tinted coloring matter are imparted in those breeds in which colored eggs are peculiar. When the shell and coloring are complete the egg continues to advance along the oviduct till the hen goes to the nest and lays it.

Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and, if such is too stimulating, or given in excessive quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosities.

A further result of stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess of one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop in separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell-forming material, but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering.

Crooked eggs are no uncommon thing in the poultry-yard, and are attributable as follows: Twenty-four hours are usually sufficient for the formation of a perfect shell, but when by stimulation a second ovum falls close on its predecessor, reaching it before laid, the second egg, which is up to this time soft and is lying against the hard one, becomes covered with a shell, and when laid presents a flat or crooked side, the result of its position against the hard one.

To over feeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. Other abnormalties are occasionally seen, and particularly in the smaller poultry-yards. Sometimes when the ova are nearly exhausted by continuous laying, the secreting organs may be most active, which results in small marble-sized but perfect-looking eggs, which are merely a shell covering a portion of albumen. Such "eggs," when laid, have the peculiarity of never having been at any stage attached to the ovary, but are a product only of the oviduct.

To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new laid eggs, this being a not infrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an addled condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen which lays white or brown eggs, on rare occasions produces one almost black, and in most instances, the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated, or otherwise irregular. Then there are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and, again, possibly the effect of overfeeding.

Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

Correspondence

M. M. M.—I am writing you in regard to pheasants, as I am thinking of going into that business. Where can one obtain them, and what do they cost? Do you think it would be best to get eggs the first year or a pair of the birds? Would one have to keep them in a closed pen? What kind of feed do they require?

A.—The addresses of pheasant breeders were sent you last month. Unless you can get stock in your immediate neighborhood, it will be advisable to buy eggs the first year and hatch them under bantam or small hens, for shipping birds a long distance in the spring would unsettle them, and probably none of the eggs would be fertile. Both old and young birds will have to be kept in covered runs, but any rough shelter over the perches will do in place of real houses, as they can stand any amount of cold, and are healthier when they roost outdoors. Feed mature birds wheat and a mixture of small and broken grains, and every other day from the first of March until June give them a little mash made of ground oats, corn, wheat bran, and freshly ground green bone or finely chopped liver.

O. P.—I have taken COMFORT for over a year. I think it a grand paper. I have looked through its columns for a remedy for my chicks, but failed to find any, so am coming for advice. I have eighteen R. I. R., nine White Leghorns (eight hens, one rooster.) I have nine Highland geese, two Indian Runner ducks. They all run together. I have a nice, warm, roomy house. I clean my chicken-house every other day and spray kresodip once a week. I feed oats, corn, bran, and Kafir corn. I change their food so they don't get tired of one thing. Always plenty of water and grit. About three weeks ago my hens had white sores on their combs, wattles and gills, and then turned black. I caught one at a time, and gave one teaspoonful Castor oil, one drop turpentine, and greased their sores with vaseline, and fed a hot mash of bran with salts, and put pokeroot in their water. They seemed to be getting better—all but one white hen. She has a yellow, hard something in the roof of her mouth, and the left eye runs water all the time. I give her a dose of oil every morning, and grease her, but she doesn't seem to get any better. I gave three doses of salts about three days apart or between the doses. Is it bad for geese, ducks and chicks, to run together? I live in town, and give them all the garden ground, and never throw soapsuds of any kind in the yard. Two of my neighbor's chickens have the same.

A.—It is a decided mistake to have geese, ducks and chickens housed together. Ducks and geese should have a good range on sod ground to be healthy and profitable. I think your hens have a roupy cold. Your method of treating was good, but the vaseline should have been mixed with carbolic acid or flour of sulphur. For all such cases there should be some germ-killing quality in any grease which may be applied. Personally, I prefer using a solution of peroxide, or permanganate of potassium.

L. W.—Will you please tell me how to care for Indian Runner ducks. I have six females and eight males. They are brown and white. They have full range, and I feed corn and wheat bran mash. They mate but but don't lay. Please tell how they should be fed and housed to make them lay. I haven't running water, but plenty of gravel. How many males should I have for six females?

A.—Keep the duckhouse dry and heavily bedded with clean straw or coarse hay. Keep drinking water in vessels that they can only get their heads into. Feed very little corn; they do best on mash made of equal parts of ground oats, wheat bran, and cut clover hay. Steam for several hours and allow it to cool before feeding. Give them all the vegetables you can. One drake is sufficient for the six ducks. Get rid of all the other males at once.

N. P.—Kindly advise me how to preserve eggs for at least one year. A few years ago you published an article in your paper about a man who started to preserve eggs, and succeeded so well that he made a big business of it. I read it then, but have lost the paper. Would appreciate it very much if it were possible to have it reprinted.

A.—I can't remember the particular article to which you refer, but the following is a method of preserving eggs recommended by the Cornell College of Agriculture: Get three pints of water glass from a drug-store—the cost will be about thirty-five cents—and add it to about eighteen quarts of pure water. It is well to boil the water before mixing. Have two eight-gallon stone jars ready; fill with the solution, and carefully lay in the eggs, which must be strictly fresh and perfectly clean. The liquid should go a full two inches above the top layer of eggs. Keep in a cool, well-ventilated place. Eggs can be placed in the jars from day to day as they are collected. Have clean nesting material, so that the eggs are not soiled in any way, for it spoils them to wash them before placing them in the mixture of water glass. When the eggs are removed from the jars for use, they should be rinsed with fresh water, and used within two weeks. It is advisable to remove the roosters from the houses where the laying nests are kept, as infertile eggs keep very much better than fertile ones.

H. T.—There is something wrong with my turkeys. They have free range of stubble ground of either wheat, oats or barley, and plenty of pasture ground. I have not fed anything to them. They look healthy and are busy all the time. Then some morning when I open up the henhouse one of them stands around and droops his head some. They will keep on eating, but not so much. They will drink all the time. They keep on getting weaker all the time, till finally they die. I cut one open and his liver was spotted. Some were large spots and some were small. They get a diarrhea of a light yellow color. Their heads turn a lighter color and they soon become feverish. I gave some Castor oil but it did not do any good. Let me see this in print as soon as possible.

A.—As turkey raising has become very difficult, because they are so subject to disease of late years, the government is endeavoring to assist every one to a better understanding of the business, and I advise you to write to the president, J. H. Worst of the North Dakota Agricultural College, and ask him if he would accept the carcass of one of the affected birds for examination. By doing this you will get an expert diagnosis of the case. Please let me know if you follow this advice, and what report you have seen.

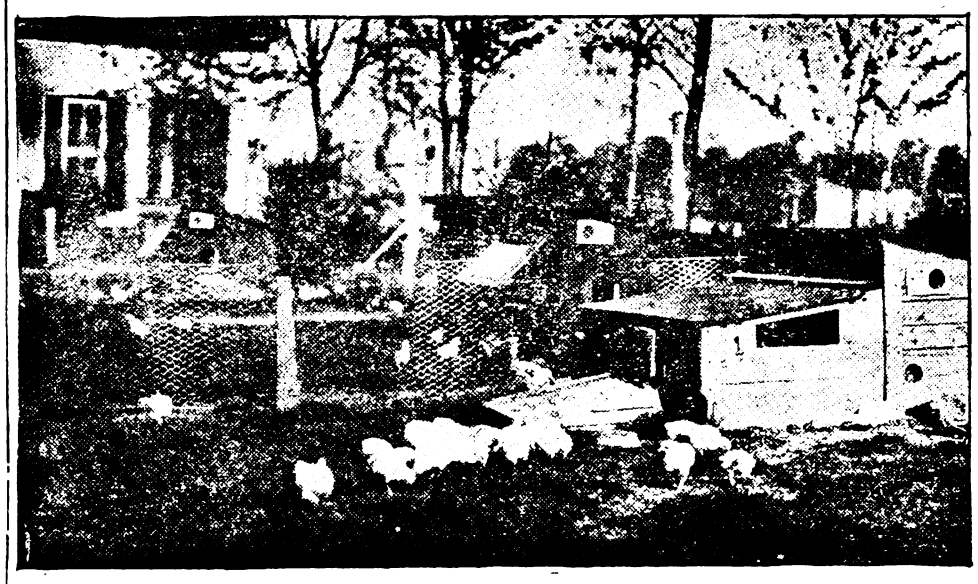
E. J. S.—I wrote you last spring, and now come to you again for information. How old should a capon be? Do the heavier kinds do as well as a small bird? Will they mother any after the first ones are given them? When should they be given to them, night or day? If given at, say, in early February, would they be apt to chill before he got attached to them? Will you please tell me what you can of this new but extremely interesting business. Now, may I, in return for your kindness in the past, send you a remedy for yellow diarrhea—the same I asked you about last April? I found this a cure, and harmless. This for a germ disease. Tablets of mercury bichloride, each one thousandth of a grain, drug strength. Dissolve twelve of these in each quart of spring water. Allow no other drink. Or, give the affected chicks one tablet night and morning (I didn't try this last way.) I also asked about little chicks that would scratch on each side of their necks. This I found to be indigestion. I gave a little cooking soda to each and cured it immediately.

A.—I have not had a very varied experience in using capons as brooders, but of the few I used, only one refused to play mother. Young males should be about three months old when operated on, which means that they will be about eight or nine months old when spring hatching commences. Accustom the capons to being confined in small brood coops without perches for a few days, then put the chickens under them at night. I should not care to try outside coops in your part of the country until the middle of March or first of April. Thank you for the prescriptions, which I am sure will be of use to some of our readers.

L. M.—I will be very glad if you would let me know in next month's COMFORT if a rooster two years is better than a one-year-old. My old one runs very light, but I have a young one growing up, and will be a year old next spring, very dark, and I would like to keep him if he would answer the purpose. I also want to know if this year's pullets will be as good to batch from next year as two-year-olds? Quite a few of my chicks this spring are short-sighted. I wondered if you could tell me why. P. S. The chickens are S. C. R. I. Reds.

A.—The cockerel will be quite old enough to use in breeding pens this year. Personally, I like eggs from two-year-old hens mated to cockerels, but many people consider pullets' eggs just as good for hatching, especially when they are mated to two-year-old cocks. I can't account for the chickens being near-sighted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Selecting Garden Seeds

HOW about the garden this year? Now is the time to plan it. When it is planned then order the seed so as to have it on hand. Select a reliable seedsman and order from him. But before you plant the garden test your seed. How many times have you been disappointed with a poor stand of vegetables because you planted poor seed? Many people argue that the way to insure a good crop is to plant the seeds too thick and thin the plants later. But even this plan does not insure a good stand. If old seeds are used every one of them may fail to grow; hence the wisdom of ordering early and testing seed. If orders are left till the last and the seeds are needed in a hurry, ten chances to one the seed will be purchased at the nearest grocery store. This may be all right, but even if you escape buying old seed you will have no time to test it. Buy early and test your seed before planting.

How to Test Garden Seeds

It is a very easy matter to test garden seeds and it takes very little time. Take blotting paper and cut it to fit the bottom of an ordinary dinner plate. If thin paper is used several sheets will be needed. Place this in the bottom of the plate and pour over it boiling water to kill the mold spores. When this has been cooled drain off the water and place the seed on the wet paper. Before wetting the paper, circles about an inch in diameter may be drawn on it and underneath these circles the words cabbage, turnip, cauliflower, etc., may be written to aid in the distinguishing of those seeds not easily recognizable.

When preparing the tests, ten or twelve of each kind of seed to be tested should be removed from the package and placed in the ring correspondingly labeled. When the plate is ready it should be covered with another plate of the same size turned up-side down over it and set where it will keep at living-room temperature for five or six days. If the room is very dry it may be necessary to dampen the paper once or twice with two or three teaspoonfuls of water. At the end of the time the cover should be removed and the results noted, for good seed ought to sprout in that time under proper conditions. If the tests show low vitality the seed should be discarded. But in making the test be sure to keep the paper moist and in a warm place.

This test, of course, only shows the vitality or sprouting power of the seed, indicating whether or not the seed will come up when planted in the garden. But there are other important qualities which cannot be tested in advance of planting, such, for instance, as whether or not the seed is pure-bred and from vigorous, hardy, prolific stock; if not, the crop grown from inferior seed is likely to be mongrel in character, poor in quality and small in quantity. Seed tends to run down and lose the valuable traits or qualities characteristic of the variety to which it belongs unless the utmost care is taken in propagating it from season to season, as is done by the reliable seed houses. It is of great importance to plant only pure-bred seed, and for this quality you must rely exclusively on the seedsman that produces it.

Time to Test Seed Corn

It is necessary for us again to remind the readers of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer that the time of seed-corn testing is at hand. Last year we pointed out in some detail the reasons for making seed-corn tests so that it will be unnecessary at this time for us to repeat them. We will briefly summarize them for our readers as follows:

1. Good seed means a good stand.
2. A good stand is the first essential to a good crop.
3. Good seed means among other things seed that will grow.
4. No one can tell by the appearance of a seed ear whether it will grow or not.
5. This can only be determined by test.

If you are going to have a good crop of corn get good seed and test it. Do it now.

The Hunter Nuisance

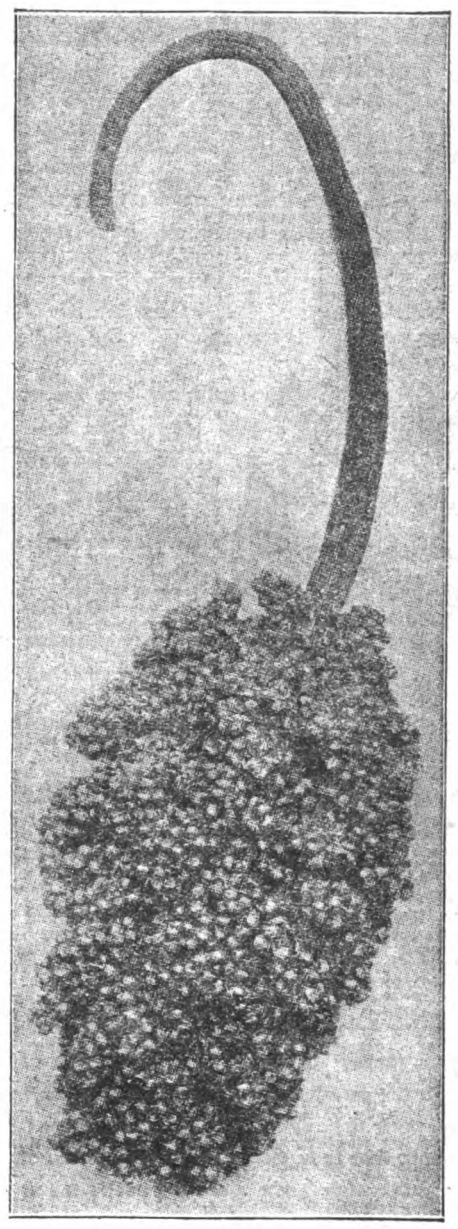
We continue to receive complaints of damage done by hunters. They still are leaving the gates open, pulling down wires, breaking top rails, building fires in the back wood lot, throwing empty bottles into the pasture, to say nothing of shooting turkeys, ducks, hens and cats, and "yesterday they got my pet squirrel." But there is no use of allowing this nuisance to go on. Every farmer should put up signs stating that trespassing is prohibited, or "hunters are not allowed on this farm." It would be best to organize a local farmers' protective association and register it with the secretary of state, then put up the signs and by law be able to arrest and prosecute offenders. A sign must be shown on each forty acres. It is a good plan to post a sign on each corner of the farm and another at the front gate and another at any place where hunters are most likely to enter the premises or start shooting. Now and then we hear of a cow or horse being killed by a rifle bullet, but not until this week have we received authentic information regarding damage done by shot-guns. A man told us that he had been talking to the superintendent of a big tannery and was informed by him that when hides are run through the splitting machine birdshot often are so numerous in the hide that the cutting knives are blunted by the lead. When the hide is stripped off a steer in the slaughter house the inspector rarely pays attention to little red spots seen dotting its fleshy surface, nor does he take much account of like red spots on the flesh. These spots indicate bird shot punctures and often are numerous. The superintendent is alleged to have asserted that one per cent of the value of the entire number of hides tanned each year in his work is destroyed by the birdshot and holes due to such shot. As five tanneries in his city use 5,000,000 hides a year the loss may be readily estimated and if that is true of this one city, in which there are other tanneries, what must be the aggregate loss in all the tanneries of the country? This deals only with the financial loss. Who shall estimate the misery and suffering of animals injured by gunshot wounds? Who shall estimate the loss to farmers in lack of thrift, loss of flesh, shrink in milk and failure to put on fat and flesh affecting animals they own and feed? We shall be glad to hear from readers who can tell of actual experiences in this connection. Besides all the damage the hunters do, they kill the quail and other birds that are the farmers' best friends. Until the birds were killed off to such a large extent we had much less trouble with insect pests. Protect the birds.

Milo Maize

Milo maize is one of the Kafir corns and is grown quite extensively in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas and other regions of the semi-arid Southwest. All the Kafirs are adapted to regions of light rainfall and under proper dry farming methods may be brought to maturity with very little rain.

The Kafir corn family is made up of three members,—Kafir, milo and feterita. They are very similar to sorghum or broom corn in appearance. The heads of the milo are crooked, the stalk bending over when ripe. This makes it impossible to harvest the seed with any machine yet perfected, hence the seed must be gathered by hand.

The dwarf milos mature in a short season and in Kansas are frequently grown on the wheat stubble after the wheat crop has been harvested. The seed is planted in rows three and one half feet apart with the seeds from five to eight inches apart in the row. In those sections where it can be grown it is a very profitable crop to raise,



RIPE MILO MAIZE HEAD CROOKED OVER.

yielding from 25 to 75 bushels of seed per acre worth from $1.50 to $2.00 per bushel. The Kansas milo crop this year averaged about 40 bushels per acre on the best farms and the seed is now selling for around $2.00 per bushel.

Its feeding value for horses and mules is about the same as that of corn. It takes a little more Kafir to make pork than it does of Indian corn. In a test made at the Kansas Experiment Station Kafir silage made 28 per cent more profit than did corn silage when fed to beef cattle, but was practically equal to corn silage for dairy purposes. Under ordinary farm conditions but one crop can be grown per season.

On account of its habit of bending over as soon as ripe and its uneven ripening it is a difficult crop to harvest for seed.

It is a dry weather crop and has been grown in seasons of as little as seven inches rainfall. For these reasons the crop has not been introduced outside of the regions mentioned above.

As to the Ewe Flock

See to it that the ewes are made to take abundant exercise every day. This is managed by spreading the clover hay for them along one side of a distant pasture and making the ewes walk there and back again each day. The exercise is absolutely necessary if the ewes are to have an easy time at lambing, strong lambs and plenty of milk for their reception. Note that we said clover hay. Timothy hay is poor stuff for pregnant ewes and swale hay, or marsh hay, is much worse. So, too, old, weathered corn stover and dry straw is unsuitable feed for such ewes. They need some succulent feed, or laxative feed. Give them roots or silage and some whole oats and wheat bran along with good clover or Alfalfa hay and they will do fine. Fed coarse, dry, bulky roughage, such as we have mentioned and confined to sheds or houses they will be sure to do badly at lambing time. Many ewes will die before that time, or if they live their lambs will be weak at birth, or die from lack of nourishment. It pays to feed and care for ewes well at this time of the year.

The Brood Sows.

Is it not a fact that they are confined to pens and being heavily fed on ear corn? That is all wrong. They need plenty of exercise every day and the way to manage that, if the ground is deeply covered with snow or mud, is to sprinkle whole oats on a big barn or shed floor, cover it with litter and then let the sows root for the grain. Shelled corn fed in this way will prove safe and suitable in cold weather, but oats is better feed for the sows. Feed no corn or oats unless the sow has to hustle for the grain in the way we have suggested. Very little grain is necessary or safe. Let the sows have plenty of Alfalfa or clover hay, or allow a pound or so of fine corn silage, or feed roots freely in winter. The bowels must be kept active and the muscles in good tone if the sows and the pigs she is to have are to do well. Loss of pigs and sows at farrowing time often comes from stuffing on corn or other rich, constipating feed while restricting exercise. The pig forceps may be thrown away if the sows are properly fed and exercised and remember too that the sows need not have any dope and will do far better without medicines, condition powders or stock feeds. Give them good shelter, kept clean and well ventilated. The sow that lives in the old stack bottom will not be likely to have a profitable litter.

The Brood Mares

The principles involved in what we have said about ewes and sows apply with equal force to the care of mares which are to work in spring and then bear foals. Make them muscular and robust by outdoor exercise. Feed mixed rations, rather than stuffing them on corn. Let them have bright oat straw, corn stover and mixed clover hay in winter and reduce the roughage as spring approaches. Oats and bran may then take the place of ear corn and the oat straw and fodder be dropped out of the ration. At all times, however, the bowels must be regulated by slightly laxative feed. Bran is good for that purpose, or feed carrots or parsnips, or rutabagas. The mares must not be made to scour, neither must they become constipated. Watch the manure and feed accordingly. It also is highly important to see that no moldy feed is given and no hay or grain that contains ergot. Anything irritating to the kidneys is dangerous. See also that the mares are worked light, if worked at all, and that they are not allowed to haul or wade through deep manure, soft mud, or deep snow drifts. Jerking or straining from any cause may prove disastrous. If the mares do not go on green grass in spring as soon as grass is ready, increase wheat bran, omit corn and feed whole oats to get the winter coat quickly and fully shed. The mare then should have little trouble at foaling time, but be careful to have the foal born on grass, or in a clean, fresh bedded whitewashed box stall.

Grubby Hides

We take it for granted that every farm reader of this paper has seen "warbles" or "wolves" in the skin of the backs of cattle at this time of the year; but not all of them know the cause or have thought of the amount of damage possible from these "grubs." The grubs are the larvæ of the ox warble fly *(hypodermis lineata)* and come from eggs deposited by the fly in summer. The fly is known as a gad fly or bot fly and is as large as a small bee. It causes cattle to run and kick, or even stampede, but it will not cross water, so cattle like to stand in streams or ponds for that reason as well as coolness. The fly was thought to deposit her eggs on or in the skin of the loins and it was for that reason that the Latin name *hypodermis* was given to the fly, for that means "under the skin." The new theory, put forth by scientists some years ago, is that the eggs are laid on the skin of the heels or breast of pastured cattle whence they are licked off and swallowed, hatch in the gullet (œsophagus), burrow through its wall, get into the connective tissue, under the skin, and thence burrow along until eventually they arrive under the skin of the loins or back. Farmers and stockmen do not take kindly to this theory. They still prefer to believe that the eggs are laid in or on the skin of the loins and they fail to understand how the grub possibly can burrow so far and always arrive only at the spot on the back where the animal can neither lick nor switch away the fly. The fact remains that the grubs get there somehow or another and are a source of terrible misery to the animal. Each grub has a number of segments or rings covered with short, sharp, stiff bristles. The grub wiggles these about, thus irritating the skin and this causes an outpouring of inflammatory lymph in which the grubs live and feed. When a grub infested animal is skinned big patches of inflamed tissue and jelly like substance are found at each grub or warble hole. Skinners call these "licked hides" and the holes greatly depreciate the value of the affected hide. The loss from these grubs amounts to millions of dollars a year. The leather is injured at the best parts of the hide and the buyers of "green" hides dock the price according to the number and position of the warble holes in each hide. We have seen forty or fifty holes in a single hide. The hole in the hide is made by the grub as it matures and is used for breathing purposes and then as an exit from the skin. The hole is quite small at first but enlarges greatly as the grub matures and pus and lymph form in the sac surrounding the grub. The animal must suffer torments from the wiggling bristles of the grubs and the misery may be so acute as to prevent the beast from thriving properly or giving the amount of milk it should yield from the ration fed. Humanity to animals demands that the grubs should be killed when forming and if that has not been done should be squeezed out and destroyed when that becomes possible. Fly repellants sprayed on the cows in summer, will help to keep off the flies and so lessen the number of warbles. Washing the backs of cattle with strong salt water or a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip in early winter and a few weeks later will help to kill the small grubs, then larger ones may be squeezed out whenever possible, the orifice in the skin being slightly opened for that purpose. It is a mistake to kill the large grubs in the skin. The dead grub remains to decompose and keep up the irritation. It should be removed. By killing the grub when squeezed out one fly is prevented from maturing and so the chance of warble trouble is lessened. Let every reader of this paper examine his cattle after reading this article and remove any grubs he may find.

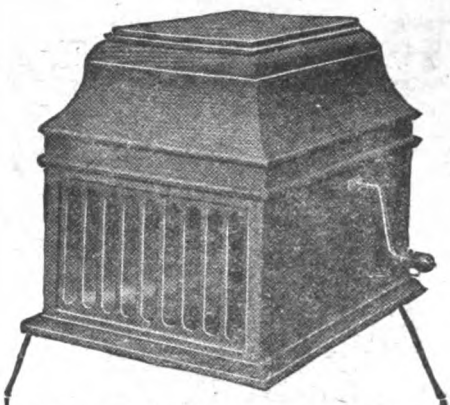
The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

MILO MAIZE.—Please tell me about Milo Maize. Would it be a profitable crop to raise in Michigan? What is the usual yield per acre? What effect does it have on the soil? When and how should it be planted to mature the grain? What its feeding, and what its market value? Does it withstand wet and dry weather well?
F. K. B., Freeport, Mich.

A.—Milo Maize is one of the Kafir crops adapted to Southern conditions and regions of low rainfall. It

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

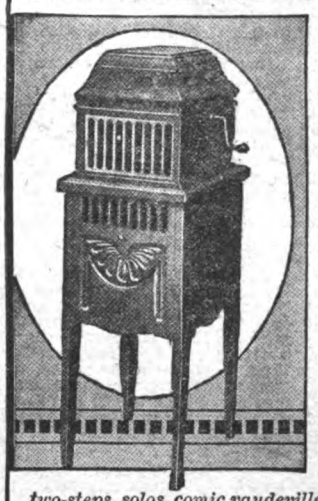


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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre.

CHAPTER III.

DINNER AT THE PENSION.

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IT is the dinner hour at the Pension Petre, and on either side of the long table the hungry boarders are awaiting their soup, some chattering, some silent, but all impatient.

At the head of the table sits madame herself, arrayed in a black bombazine—why do all keepers of boarding houses, English or foreign, run to bombazine?—and affably anxious.

Behind her and about her generally flit the six maidservants, and the one manservant, Adolphe the ubiquitous, also is here, there and everywhere, and is now ladling out the soup.

It is rather a motley crew—the long lines of men and women who have put up at the comfortable Swiss Pension, and not unworthy of some modern Leech; but attractive as their vain and humorous characteristics were, the eye of the person who should be fortunate enough to enter at the moment would have been drawn and rivetted to the face and figure of Edna Weston.

Pure and maidenly and beautiful as only a good-looking English girl can be, she sits at the center of the table facing the door, calmly sits listening to the babel around her, and at times turning her shapely head to speak to a white-haired, handsome old lady who sat at her side.

Swiftly and impartially the soup is served; Adolphe, hot and breathless, is prepared to stand at ease, at least for a moment, when the door opens and in walks—with that inimitable air of self-possessed nonchalance which is the birthright of the English aristocrat—no other than wicked Sir Cyril.

Madame Petre sees him and nods to Adolphe. "The gentleman, Adolphe—you have a place reserved? That is good!"

Adolphe whisks his napkin over his arm, makes an elaborate series of bows, and amidst a dead silence and under the direct and most inquisitive gaze of sixty pair of eyes, conducts the English gentleman to a seat next Miss Weston.

Edna looked up with a smile as he entered; she looks up at his face now with the same smile, full of calm, maidenly pleasure, nothing more. Instantly the soft eyes focus themselves upon her.

"You see," says Cyril, unfolding his napkin and taking up his spoon; "I have come."

"Yes," she says; "I hope you will be comfortable."

"There is no doubt of it," he responded; "I have seen my room, I have stood upon my balcony, and I am content."

Edna smiles again, then turns to the old lady by her side.

"This, aunt," she says, "is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you yesterday; he was not comfortable at his hotel, and has come to try the Pension Petre."

Aunt Martha peers at him amicably and nods.

"Very comfortable here, my dear Edna—yes, very comfortable. I hope Mr. ——"

There is a moment's pause, Cyril has his spoon to his mouth—both pair of eyes, the old and young, are turned to him. Why does he not answer? What is the matter with him? Has he forgotten his own name? It would almost seem so, for when he does speak in answer to the looked inquiry, he says:

"Mr. Harold—Harold Payne."

"I think you will be comfortable, Mr. Payne," says Aunt Martha; "have you been in Lucerne before?"

Mr. Harold—Mr. Harold Payne—replies that he has not, and a conversation, geographical and discursive, ensues between them, and Edna sits and listens, so, it must be added, do almost all the rest of the people. Presently Edna is conscious that Aunt Martha has relinquished him, and that he is speaking to herself.

"Now that I have come I hope you will play the cicerone, and throw the light on some of my fellow pensioners," he says.

Edna smiles.

"Oh, you must learn to know them for yourself; they are very well worth knowing—some of them."

"I don't doubt it," says Cyril, looking down the table. "Who is that stout gentleman at the end—by Jove! he is never asleep?"

"No, not quite, only almost," says Edna; "but pray be more reverent. That is a baron—a real, live German baron. Oh, we are very proud of him, and indeed, he is very wise, when he is awake, which is not often excepting at meal times."

"And the lady next him?"

"An authoress; she wrote 'The Tears of Hermione,' a volume of poetry—do you know it?"

"No," says Cyril. "Can't say I've read much poetry. Has she written anything else? I should like something more cheerful, 'The Groans of Clytemnestra,' or something of that sort, more in my line."

Edna represses a smile; she is not ill-natured, but is blessed, evidently, with a keen sense of the humorous.

"Please go on," says Cyril, and she runs through the *dramatis personae*, English, French, German.

"That is so-and-so, and those two young ladies are the Miss Robinsons; they are very nice, and so very clever. They paint, and sing, and play beautifully. I think you will like them."

"Indeed I shall," says Cyril, politely; "and who is that gentleman talking to one of them?" and he looks with an unmistakable commingling of horror and amusement at a specimen of the cockney swell; an over-dressed, dandified young man, with eyeglass in eye, is fascinating one of the Miss Robinsons, and "haw, hawing" for the benefit of the whole table at the same time.

"That is Mr. Howley Jones," replies Edna.

"Indeed," says Cyril, "and who and what is Mr. Howley Jones?"

"He is—he is. I don't quite know. I think he is connected with the aristocracy—he says so, and talks of so many great people who are friends of his."

Cyril looks across the table and strokes his mustache dubiously.

"There is scarcely anyone of any note whom he does not know, and he lives at—at Shooter's Hill—yes, Shooter's Hill."

Cyril sighs.

"Where is that?"

Edna laughs her soft, usual laugh.

"You ask me that! You, a Londoner; and I knowing nothing of it!"

"I forget," he says, "but upon my word I don't know where it is. Shall we ask him?"

"Not on my account," says Edna; and he fancies that there is a slight touch of color on her cheek, and the fancy makes his next glance across at the young donkey a more marked one. But Cyril hits upon the truth at once.

"That young idiot of a shop boy has been trying to make himself agreeable, and she has resented it. Serves him right."

The descriptive catalogue, however, is brought to a close; several other people have cut in and taken his conversational prize from him, and wicked Sir Cyril goes on with his dinner.

It is not a bad dinner, he is compelled to admit—it is more cheerful than the table d'hote at the Grand, with all its silver plate and solemn funeral waiters; there is a charm about it that he does not understand or account for, until the little maiden beside him rises, gives him a quiet, graceful little bow, and leaves with the rest of the ladies. Then he understands it, and although he has half a bottle of excellent Pontet Canet still left, the charm has gone. There remain behind to console him, however, the baron, two English clergymen, an Italian priest and Mr. Howley Jones. Babel, for a time silenced by the innumerable courses, is now arisen again; but above all the chatter—French, German, Swiss and English—rises Mr. Howley Jones' "Haw, haw! my guv'ner's place at Shooter's Hill, my friend Lord Bottleby, my gun, my horse, my dawgs!"

Cyril looks aross at him with quiet amusement and curiosity. He has seen this kind of young gentleman, the mock "swell," only at a distance hitherto, and he decides that at a nearer acquaintance he is entertaining—yes, decidedly entertaining—for a time.

Cyril finishes his bottle and strolls out, cigar in hand, into the garden.

It is a delightful spot, all green and shady, a series of beshrubbed terraces running down to the road that stretches along the hill above the lake, which lies beneath him, glittering in the sinking sun, with that peculiar greeny sheen which belongs to Lake Lucerne and no other.

Cyril lights his cigar, and strolls backward and forward. For the first time since he can remember, for, oh, a very long time back, he is not bored. What a charming, innocent little child-woman she is—what a pure, truthful—then, at reflection, he pulls up short. Yes, she is truthful enough, but what about himself? He is conscious, as he asks himself the question, of feeling uncomfortable. He has given them a false name. It was all very well to give the name of Harold Payne at the Grand; there was a fair reason for the concealment of his right one there. His name was too popular, was far too well known, to allow of his enjoying any immunity from tourist friends, if he had allowed it to be posted in the visitor's book at the Grand. It was only wise, perhaps, to give the porter at the Grand the name of Harold Payne, but why had he done so here?—what reason was there for such concealment? Surely there was none; he had no right to do it. And yet, he reflected, was it not the better course? He would be gone tomorrow, and there would be an end of it. Why should she ever know that she had poured out her confidence to "Wicked Sir Cyril?"

But, notwithstanding this specious argument, Cyril did not feel easy; his cigar wouldn't burn; he swore—I am obliged to be truthful—he swore at it, lit another, and walked down by the winding path, resolved to make a clean breast of it the next time he saw Aunt Martha and her niece. Alas for good resolutions! what a wide road that must be with which they are paved! He turned into the first arbor—the garden was as full of them as a hive is of cells—and there sat the two women of whom he was thinking; and where was his good resolution?

They are both busy with some kind of fancy-work, and Cyril pauses, compelled to gaze at the pretty picture the sweet, downbent head makes in its framework and background of green. It is a strange, really a remarkable faculty Edna possesses—that of looking enticing and picturesque anywhere and everywhere.

They look up suddenly; he is shutting out their light; and Aunt Martha smiles a welcome.

"Is that you, Mr. Payne?"

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. That beastly name!

"Yes, it is I, Miss Weston. I mayn't come in, I suppose?"

Aunt Martha smiles, and makes room for him; and he is about to fling his cigar away when she stops him.

"You are not used to continental ways, Mr. Payne; anybody may smoke anywhere in Switzerland."

"You do not mind—you are sure?" he says, and then sinks on to the seat, the picture of handsome contentment and—laziness. "You are both very busy," he says, watching, with a subtle kind of reverence, Edna's little pink fingers as they ply the needle.

"Playing at being busy," remarks Aunt Martha. "You see, we cannot smoke like you gentlemen, I sometimes think it is almost a pity."

"It's not too late to learn," says Cyril, and the speech does not sound impertinent, as it would coming from most men.

Edna looks up for the first time.

"The Polish countess who lived opposite us in Geneva smoked cigarettes all day."

"You have been living in Geneva?" says Cyril, curious and interested in anything pertaining to them.

"Yes," says Aunt Martha, with a little sigh; "we have been living in Geneva for years. I sometimes think that I have forgotten England."

"Aunt!" exclaims the girl, with the color in her cheeks and a soft, indignant light in her eyes.

"Well, that England has forgotten us; and yet we used to be well known, Mr. Payne. Perhaps you may have heard of the Westons?"

As she speaks, one of those odd flashes, indistinct and fleeting, cross his mind. The Westons, the Westons—where has he heard of them? The name seems familiar. But, after a moment's struggle, Cyril, whose memory is terribly bad, and whose eventful career has served to blot out his earlier years from his mind, gives it up as a bad job.

"I don't think I can remember, though I seem to have heard the name," he replies.

"Just so," says the old lady, with a resigned sigh; "we are forgotten. Yes, Mr. Payne, we have been living abroad for a very long time—as long as Edna can remember. Her father was a great student and a recluse, and shunned his fellow countrymen. Give him his books and leave him to his quiet, and always Edna, of course, and he was happy."

Cyril listened with an interest which was deeper than he had ever experienced before, with an interest that surprises him; he glances at the sweet, thoughtful face and feels quite uncomfortable at the sight of the one little tear that rolls slowly down her cheek. It may be safely asserted that it is the first woman's tear that has ever touched him.

"Edna," continues the old lady, "told you something of our mysterious return to England, I think——"

Cyril inclines his head respectfully.

"She is but a child in the ways of the world," resumes the old lady, who for all her years is quite childishly unsuspicious and ingenuous.

"I ought not to have wearied Mr. Payne—'bored'—that is the word, isn't it?"

"You did not bore me," says Cyril, earnestly, his brows as grave as a judge's. "Don't think that; if I could be of any service to you——"

"I thank you so much," says Aunt Martha, warmly, "but I do not think anyone can help us, excepting this Mr. Richard Burdon, and he will not do it—we cannot ask him until the first of September. My brother was a strange man, very reserved; he knew a great number of well-born people in England; we are not lowly-born ourselves, Mr. Payne——"

"My dear aunt," breaks in Edna, blushingly.

"My dear Edna, you are quite right. Mr. Payne need not be afraid I am going to give him the family pedigree. I merely say that there may be some strange history awaiting us concerning other persons as well as ourselves; well, well, I am an old gossip, Mr. Payne, with a legitimate secret to chatter about. Edna, have you any more cotton?—no, dear, I will fetch it myself; indeed, I have a letter or two to write."

Edna rises also, but glances at the lake below her wistfully. It is a shame to leave the open air—the grateful shade of the green arbor for the hot room. She looks at her aunt, and the old lady quite innocently says:

"Don't stay out after the tea bell has rung," and disappears.

Cyril, who has been stretched on wires for the last minute, heaves a sigh of relief and satisfaction as Edna sinks back into her seat. But Aunt Martha seems to have taken all the conversation with her, for there is a profound silence.

Now is the time, thinks Cyril, to make his confession, and, if possible, to gain forgiveness and condonement.

He looks up at her, it is scarcely necessary to say that he has got his long limbs into a comfortable position, almost reclining on the rustic seat. Cyril never sat upright in his life where it was at all possible to lie down. He looks at the pure face, so serene in its unsuspecting innocence, so full of that dignity which purity alone can give, and he hesitates.

He who hesitates is lost. Before he has time to form, another resolution to be broken, voices make themselves heard close at the back, in another arbor, in fact, and Cyril puts off the confession to a more convenient season.

The newcomers are of the male sex—that is evident, for if there had been a woman her voice would have been heard, and before a few minutes have passed, one voice, which Cyril recognizes as Mr. Howley Jones', is above the rest, and silences them.

"The garden seems a general rendezvous," says Cyril.

"Yes, it is pleasant here," replies Edna; "one can see the lake so plainly, and it is always beautiful. And it is shady; these arbors keep off the sun."

"Yes, they are sun-proof enough; it's a pity they are not sound-proof, also."

Edna looks up and smiles.

"Ah, yes, one can hear very plainly."

"That is Mr. Howley Jones' voice, if I am not mistaken?" says Cyril, interrogatively.

Edna listens a moment.

"Yes, that is Mr. Jones. He is rather fond of talking."

"So it seems," says Cyril. "I never could understand what fellows who are given to chattering have to talk about."

"Their experiences, perhaps," says Edna; "most people have some more or less varied. Mr. Jones is recounting some of his now."

"I don't doubt it," acquiesces Cyril. "May I light another cigar?"

Edna inclines her head, and he strikes a light. As he does so, Mr. Jones' voice, complacently confidential, comes distinctly through the leaves, and a word or name, falling on Cyril's ears, causes him to raise his head, and almost drop the match; not quite, however, for Cyril has admirable command over his emotions, and is seldom guilty of revealing them.

He lights his cigar, leans back into his old attitude of repose, and listens. Edna listens, too—there is nothing else to be done, and there is no eavesdropping in it, for Mr. Jones is only too grateful at all times for an attentive audience; and that he has an attentive audience now is only too palpable, his listeners are profoundly and interestedly silent.



CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED.

"Know Sir Cyril More!" Mr. Jones is saying, "I should rather think I did! Why, Cyril and I are old chums. We are never apart when I'm in town. I wish he was here now, dear old fellow!"

Cyril leans his head upon his arm and looks languidly toward the back of the arbor.

"Mr. Jones seems blessed with a very affectionate nature," he murmurs; "remembers his old friends even in distant climes."

Edna smiles, but does not make any remark, perhaps because she is interested in Mr. Jones' reminiscences. Cyril fancies that she is listening, if reluctantly, rather intently, as he leans back and watches her.

"Yes," continued Mr. Jones, "Cyril and I are great chums, poor fellow!"

"What's the matter with him?" asks one of the audience, with the true British curiosity and interest in a member of the aristocracy.

"What! don't you know?" retorts the admirable Howley, as if he were recounting the misfortunes of a brother. "I thought everybody knew about Cyril More; he's gone completely to the dogs! com—plete—ly run down! Why, it's the talk of the town; for, you see, Cyril More is as well known as—as—Nelson's Monument, and when a man like that goes to pieces there's a stir."

"Ah!" murmurs someone, with a puff at a cigar. "What was the cause of it?"

Oh, the usual thing," replies Mr. Jones. "No-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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The Dainty Maid A February Bargain Dress of striped Amoskeag Madras. Skirt has trim yoke-belt, piped in solid color. Flare skirt, V-neck and three-quarter length sleeves make this a most comfortable garment. The vestee of white Pique and collar and cuffs of solid color Gingham are embroidered with a scalloped washable edge. Front closing. Colors: Blue and white striped; black and white striped, and lavender and white striped. Sizes: 32 to 46 inches bust. State color and size.
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The Louise Of Voile, embroidered in dainty flowers. Two inserts of cobweb lace and the new-style, standing collar of Organdie, topped with a plaited frill, are style features you will not find elsewhere in a 49c waist. Elbow-length sleeves are finished with plaited frills. Front closing. In all white, or in white embroidered in pink or light blue. Sizes 32 to 46 inches bust. State color and size.
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Our Designer's Pride New-style waist made of Jap Silk and Crepe de Chine cleverly combined. Upper portion of soft Jap Silk, while the blouse, revers and lower part of the three-quarter length sleeves are of Crepe de Chine. Vestee of Jap Silk trimmed with Crepe de Chine covered buttons and Hemstitching. Stylish standing collar of exquisite Lace. Colors: White Jap Silk, combined with any of the following colors of Crepe de Chine: Maize, Flesh, Sand or White. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust. State color and size.
No. 24A2016. $3.00 Waist. Prepaid **98c**

"La Vision" This striped Crepe Ratine Blouse will be shown only in our February advertisements. Long sleeves, with embroidered Organdie cuffs. Organdie collar with a plaited frill. Vestee of embroidered Organdie. Front closing with crochet buttons. White, striped in light blue and black, or white, striped in pink and black. Sizes 32 to 46 inches bust. State color and size.
No. 24A2014, 85c Waist. Prepaid **49c**

The Sand Blouse Sand color is being used more and more. This waist is of Sand colored Voile with two rows of Filet Lace insertion at sides and embroidered vestee, edged with a ruffle of lace. Three-quarter length sleeves with cuffs of Organdie. Roll collar of embroidered Organdie. Front closing with fancy buttons. Sand color, also all white. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust. State color and size.
No. 24A2017. $2.00 Waist. Prepaid **98c**

The Dresden This Figured Silk Dress is our "February Special." The waist is designed with shoulder yoke and shirred at waistline over a broad girdle of Messaline Silk in contrasting color. Dainty vestee, boned collar and ruffles on elbow length sleeves of sheer hemstitched white Organdie. New shirred skirt finished with deep tuck, simulating fold. Copenhagen blue with Rose girdle; Navy Blue with American Beauty girdle; Putty with Copenhagen girdle. Sizes: Misses, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. State color and size.
No. 24A2013. $7.00 Dress. Prepaid **$3.98**

The Pierrette Decidedly new Collar and Cuff set of white Organdie, hemstitched in black. Both collar and cuffs are pleated. White only. Fits any size neck.
No. 21A2019. 35c Value. Prepaid **21c**

The Tommy Atkins Military Hat of Silk Braid with feather of curled Ostrich, surmounted by hair algrette. Two bands of pleated silk at left side, which do not show in illustration. Colors: Black with white pompon; Army Blue, Brown or Sand color, with pompon to match, or All Black. State color.
No. 16A2018. Prepaid **$1.48**

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GENERAL MARION

Who Made Good His Motto "LIBERTY OR DEATH"

Famous Night Rider and Dreaded Raider who was a Scourge to the British Invaders and Terror to the Tory Traitors in the Revolution

Copyright, 1915, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

Among those who earned a hero's name on the battle-fields of the Revolution there was no braver, truer or more devoted patriot than Brigadier-General Francis Marion.

He was a unique character, and his exploits have a tinge of romance and savor of daring that make them more interesting than those of most of the generals of that war.

His achievements were as important as those of some who attained higher rank and greater renown.

Because the troops that he commanded were rarely numerous enough to be called an army, historians have not given his name the prominence that it deserves on the scroll of fame.

He labored and fought under the most trying conditions and discouraging difficulties, and accomplished results that in proportion to the forces and means at his command are unsurpassed.

It is good to draw inspiration from his noble character and splendid career.

FRANCIS Marion was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. His grandfather was one of the French Protestants who, like the Pilgrims, fled to America to escape persecution for their religion. His father was a farmer, and Francis followed the same calling. Soon after coming of age he established himself on a plantation of his own in Bell Isle, near Eutaw Springs, S. C., and made it his home through life.

As a young man he served, like Washington, in the French and Indian wars in which he gained distinction for bravery and acquired the military experience which fitted him to cope successfully with the most skillful British officers in the Revolutionary War.

One of his earliest exploits, in which he displayed the conspicuous skill and gallantry that marked his career as a citizen soldier, was leading a small party of picked men in a forlorn-hope charge against a large body of hostile Indians. He was a young lieutenant when selected for this service so extremely perilous



that there was little expectation that he and his companions could come through alive. Keeping under cover he stealthily crept near to the savages unobserved, then he and his men rushed on them with such suddenness and fury that their enemies were thrown into confusion. This gave the rest of our army the desired opportunity for a successful attack which resulted in the defeat of the Indians.

As a member of the South Carolina legislature, after the battle of Lexington in 1775, he cast his vote in favor of the resolution for that colony to join the New England colonies in the war for liberty which they had started against the oppression of the mother country.

He helped recruit, and was commissioned captain in one of the first three regiments raised by South Carolina for the Revolutionary War.

His company composed a part of the gallant little garrison that successfully defended Fort Moultrie against the first attack of the British fleet and saved Charleston from capture at that time. And as the defeated ships were retiring after a fierce battle of eleven hours, with his own hands he fired a parting shot from a cannon so well aimed that it raked the British commander's ship killing two officers in the cabin and three sailors forward.

For some time after this battle he continued in command of Fort Moultrie, but saw no more of the enemy while he remained there.

His next service was under General Lincoln in the siege of Savannah which ended in the desperate, though unsuccessful attack of the American and French forces against the British army that held the city. In the fore front of the assaulting column Captain Marion bravely led his men and charged through a storm of shot and shell to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon, where, after a terrible sacrifice of life in the attempt, it was found that the fortifications were too strong to be taken by assault.

The French then sailed away in their ships, and General Lincoln, deprived of their support, had to abandon the siege. So he led his army to Charleston to defend that city against the second British attack. Marion went with him and but for a strange accident would have fallen into the hands of the enemy when Lincoln, after stubbornly resisting until his ammunition and provisions were exhausted, was compelled to surrender the city with his entire army to a largely superior British force.

His Aversion to Liquor Cost Him a Broken Leg but Saved Him from being Taken Prisoner

The curious incident, which providentially saved him for his country's service, illustrates Marion's abstemious habits and strength of character.

Soon after his arrival at Charleston Marion, with some of his brother officers, was being entertained by a convivial resident of that city who set out a plentiful supply of liquor and then locked the doors, refusing to permit any of his guests to leave the house until they had partaken liberally of his exhilarating refreshments. From principle Marion was a total abstainer from intoxicants and, to escape the unpleasant predicament of this occasion without offending his host, dropped quietly from a second story window, but in so doing broke his leg. This ended his usefulness for the time being, and so he was sent to a place of safety in the country before the British forces had completely surrounded the city. Thus he was in retirement, still suffering from the effect of this accident, when the surrender of Lincoln's army left Georgia and the Carolinas at the mercy of the British until the arrival of General Gates's army from Virginia. Meanwhile British detachments raided the southern country in every direction, and Marion barely escaped capture by taking refuge in a swamp until he recovered.

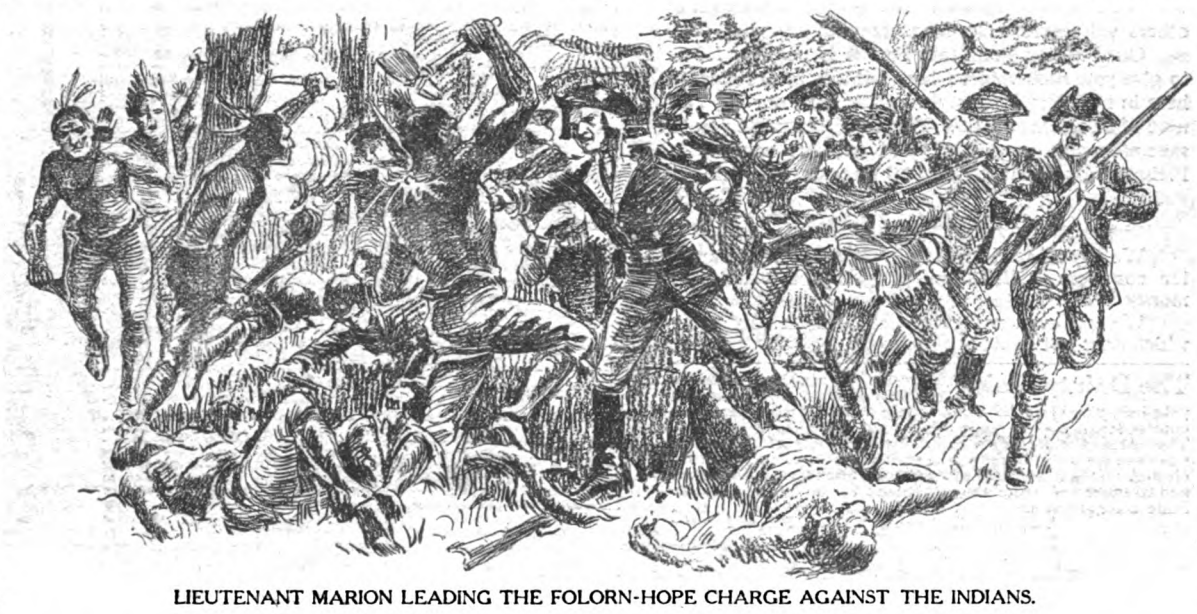
When able to get about again, he raised a volunteer troop of twenty horsemen, each man providing his own horse, arms and equipment, which latter was indeed pitifully scanty. With this squadron he set out to join General Gates's army which was on the march coming from Virginia. Marion and his men, with their rough clothes and irregular equipment, were ridiculed by the army and scoffed at by the vain and conceited Gates. Yet if the latter had kept Captain Marion with him as a guide and adviser he would have been spared the crushing defeat that soon befell him and nearly wiped out his army in the battle of Camden. But General Gates was so puffed up by his capture of Burgoyne's army in the north, the credit for which was due his subordinates, that he would not take counsel of his officers in this campaign and blundered into the trap the British had set for him. Marion, had he been there, undoubtedly would have given his life in battle, as did the brave DeKalb, fighting desperately to save the panic-stricken remnant of Gates's routed army from annihilation.

"LIBERTY OR DEATH" His Motto

Gates was a major-general commanding a Continental army by commission from Congress, while Marion served as captain of militia under a commission from his native State.

Marion's absence from this fatal field is due to the fact that shortly before the battle he had been promoted by the governor of South Carolina to the rank of brigadier-general of militia and given command of the volunteer cavalry which was being enlisted at Williamsburg. His personal popularity and military record were such that he easily enlisted the men to serve under his leadership although the State was unable to provide funds to arm and equip them. They wore no uniform but were clad in homespun shirts, buckskin breeches and leather caps, and each man brought from home his trusty hunting rifle, knife and powder horn, and many of them provided their own horses. They had no sabers except such as some of them made out of sawmill saws. They were destitute of blankets, tents and baggage but rode the faster on that account. They knew little of military drill or maneuvers but were expert woodsmen and sharpshooters, which were the best qualifications for the desultory kind of warfare required of them in that wild, rough region. Their medicine chest was scantily supplied and rarely was a surgeon with them; consequently in many cases their wounded died for lack of surgical treatment. They were hard riders, dashing and bold fighters. They volunteered for the defense of their State, their families and their homes which were threatened by merciless foreign invaders and by treacherous and more cruel Tory neighbors. By their valiant deeds they exemplified the famous motto "LIBERTY OR DEATH" which their commander wore inscribed on a silver crescent on the front of his leather hat. General Marion was clothed as coarsely as his men and wore little if any visible insignia of his rank.

To this band of heroes fell the responsibility and hopeless task of holding back the victorious British armies and suppressing the uprising of the Tories that threatened to conquer the Carolinas after the surrender of Gereral Lincoln, at Charleston, and the practical destruction of General Gates's army at Camden.



LIEUTENANT MARION LEADING THE FOLORN-HOPE CHARGE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

Our armies in the northern and middle States having all they could do to hold the enemy in check in those sections, the South was left practically defenseless, at this time, with all our southern coast cities in undisputed possession of British armies and no adequate American force at hand to oppose their march into the interior where the Tories were plotting and preparing to rise and join our foreign foes.

A Word about the Hated Tories

Not all the inhabitants of the united American colonies were loyal to the cause of liberty. More or less of the people in every section of our country sided with the British in the war for independence, and these were called Tories or royalists because they favored the King. The Tories were troublesome everywhere, but in the South they were so numerous and active as to be dangerous. In the North vigorous measures had suppressed their activities or, as in New England, had driven them to take refuge in Canada. The Tories assisted the British by every possible means, some enlisting in the King's armies; but these were less dangerous than those that remained at home to act as spies or where sufficiently numerous, as in the South, organized themselves into bands to ravage the country with fire and sword, pillaging and even murdering their patriotic neighbors. The Tories were more intensely hated than the British, and not without reason, for they were more cruel and wantonly destructive when opportunity offered.

Thus threatened by British invaders and by Tory traitors in their midst the southern



CAPTAIN MARION ESCAPES FROM BOOZY FRIENDS.

patriots were near to despair, and for a while Marion and his men were all they had to depend on.

His Bold and Skillful Strategy in Withstanding Superior Forces

In numbers, arms and equipment they were so fearfully overmatched by the veteran British armies fully provided with artillery and all the best war material of the day, that it would have been disastrous for them to encounter the full strength of their enemies on the open field of battle.

Knowing this full well, General Marion resorted to strategem to take the enemy at a disadvantage by sudden and unexpected raids, night attacks and skillfully laid ambuseades. His spies kept him informed of every movement of the British troops and every attempt of the Tories. When least expected, from ambush he would strike the British on the march, inflicting heavy loss and dashing away with prisoners before they could rally for resistance, or would charge into their camps at night like a whirlwind of destruction and do his deadly work before they could recover from their surprise, and if they dispatched a detachment from the main force to ravage the country or organize the Tories he was sure to waylay it and capture or drive it back in confusion. Thus he impeded the activities of the British and so awed the Tories that they dared not attempt much organized or open hostility when he was within striking distance.

The narration of his many gallant and almost incredible exploits would make this sketch too long so we must be content with the description of a few which will give our readers an idea of his untiring energy, hardihood, resourcefulness, quickness of action and courage.

"Ball," His Superb Horse Won from a Tory

His first mount was unsatisfactory, but he soon found a horse exactly to his liking and, being owned by a Tory, he appropriated it to his own use as spoil of war. This superb animal, strong, tough, spirited and swift as the wind,

was also daring and intelligent. When on night raids the horses of his troopers balked on a river bank and could not be urged into the deep, dark water. "Ball" (the Tory prize) would boldly dash in and swim across with his rider and then all the others would follow his lead.

Marion's first expedition was against a large camp of Tories enlisted in the British service at Butler's Neck; and on this occasion he gave his men a foretaste of the arduous kind of service he expected of them. Riding all night he came on the enemy in the early morning and charged with such suddenness and fury that the terrified Tories fled.

An incident of this attack illustrates the daring spirit that pervaded Marion's men. A trooper named James (later Major James), who rode a swift horse, made a dash at Major Gainey, the Tory commander, and chased him at such speed that he soon left his companions far behind and out of sight. He was gaining on the Major and at the end of half a mile had nearly overtaken him. Leaning forward with sword outstretched and eyes intently fixed on the object of his pursuit, he did not notice the company of Tories, that had rallied to the rescue of their commander in the road before him, until he was so close upon them that it was too late to turn back. Death or capture at their hands would have been his fate had he not succeeded in working a bold bluff which he had the presence of mind to attempt. Without slackening his impetuous outset, he brandished his sword in air and, casting a backward glance as though he was charging at the head of a whole troop, shouted: "Come on boys; here they are!" The Tories were deceived by the ruse and fled precipitately to escape the dreaded sabers of his imaginary followers.

In Marion's brigade were five James brothers, all gallant and sturdy patriots, and we wonder if some of our readers may have the honor of tracing their ancestry to one or other of them.

After resting his men and horses, Marion pushed on in search of another large body of Tories, but when he found them they were in too strong a position to be attacked successfully. So he concealed his troop in ambush until the unsuspecting enemy came out and marched by his hiding place when he attacked so unexpectedly that they became panic stricken and scattered in every direction. He delivered this blow without losing a man.

Desperate Situation after the Defeat of General Gates

Soon after this he heard of the calamitous defeat of Gates at Camden, and learned from his scouts that a British detachment bringing American prisoners from the battle-field was coming down the Santee River. By a hurried night march he reached a narrow defile through which they would pass and there, at daybreak, attacked in front and rear so hotly that the guard fled after firing but one volley. By this bold stroke he captured twenty-four British soldiers and liberated a hundred and fifty Americans.

Marion and his rough riders were the only force then remaining in that section of the South to resist the overwhelming power of the British; yet were they not dismayed but rather spurred to more strenuous exertions by the dangers and difficulties that beset them. Avoiding battle with the main army of the enemy which would have put a disastrous finish to his career, he so harassed the British and impeded their operations by attacking their outposts, ambushing their detachments on the march, cutting off their supplies, breaking up their recruiting and foraging parties and dispersing the Tories, that Lord Cornwallis, enraged at such interference with the execution of his designs, ordered General Tarleton with



TROOPER JAMES, SINGLE-HANDED, CHARGES A BUNCH OF TORIES.

his famous cavalry legion to pursue Marion and get him at all hazards. This compelled Marion, whose command had now dwindled to a hundred and fifty, to retreat into North Carolina. Tarleton followed with a largely superior force, burning the houses and devastating the country along his line of march. These cruelties, however, resulted in bringing out the country militia for the defense of their homes. At this Marion returned, and gathering recruits on the way resumed his night attacks on the Tory camps, in one instance defeating a force double the strength of his own, and in another riding into a camp at midnight and taking the party prisoners before the bewildered sleepers could rise. He played hide and seek with Tarleton, at times being hard pressed and having some narrow escapes, but always leading his pursuer a merry chase through swamps and thickets until the latter gave up in disgust and called off his men, saying, "Come boys, let us go back; the devil couldn't catch this damned swamp fox."

Marion's Camp at Snow's Island

At this time he established a permanent camp on Snow's Island in the Pedee River and fortified it as best he could. He destroyed all the boats on the river except those gathered at his island. His pickets guarded the approaches through the forest while his scouts and spies scoured the country and reported every move of the enemy. From this wilderness retreat he would dash forth on his raids like a lion from the jungle. Potatoes and hominy were the chief of his diet and water with vinegar his favorite drink. Sunset was his usual hour of setting out on a march and he sometimes led his men sixty miles before morning. Most always short of ammunition, he was fortunate if he had buckshot, and sometimes had nothing larger than swan-shot, and not enough even of that. Frequently he went into battle with only three rounds of ammunition to each man. His men always gathered what muskets and cartridges they could from their dead and wounded enemies on the field of battle.

At Snow's Island considerable reinforcements arriving raised the strength of his force to the proportions of a real brigade and enabled him to engage in larger operations.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS HANGING TORY TRAITORS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

His Nephew Murdered by the Tories

But about that time an event occurred that wrung his heart with grief. His nephew, Gabriel Marion, a promising young officer of his command, whom he loved dearly, was taken prisoner by the Tories and murdered in cold blood by them. Marion's men swore vengeance on the man who committed the dastardly crime, and afterwards, when he fell into their hands, squared the account by killing him before Marion could interfere.

Hanging Tory Prisoners of War

Another of the many painful episodes that illustrate the bitter feeling that existed between our soldiers and the Tories is Ferguson's raid in South Carolina ending in the battle of King's Mountain. Cornwallis had sent Colonel Ferguson with a mixed force of British and Tories on a raid nearly to the northern boundary of the State to organize and arm the Tory inhabitants and intimidate and punish the patriots. He burned the buildings and ravaged the country while his followers committed all manner of outrages against the defenceless inhabitants, the most of which were attributed to the Tories under his command. The mountaineers were furious and volunteered to wreak vengeance on the perpetrators of these atrocities. They organized under officers chosen by themselves and, mounted on their own horses, swiftly pursued Ferguson, overtaking and attacking him at King's Mountain where he put up a desperate defense, knowing that he would pay the forfeit with his life if captured. After Ferguson and many of his men had been killed in battle the rest surrendered. The mountaineers spared the British prisoners, but hung many of the Tories and left their bodies dangling from the trees as a warning of the punishment to be expected by those who committed robbery, arson, rape or murder in the name of war. This act of reprisal terrified the Tories and exercised a restraining influence over those inclined to acts of barbarism. The loss of Ferguson's entire force of eleven hundred men, killed, wounded or taken prisoners, was a damaging blow to the British. Events now began to shape themselves more favorably to the patriot cause in the South, much to Marion's relief. Two dashing and skillful young cavalry commanders, Colonel William A. Washington and Colonel Henry Lee, known as "Light-Horse Harry" (father of General Robert E. Lee of the Civil War) joined forces with Marion, which raised the strength of his little army sufficiently to enable him to begin an aggressive campaign. Soon after this Congress sent General Greene, the ablest of Washington's Generals, to take command in the South, and he led a Continental army into the Carolinas. Unlike General Gates, he appreciated Marion's services and immediately wrote him an encouraging letter.

Colonel Washington's Successful Bluff

An amusing incident of this campaign shows Colonel Washington to have been as resourceful as he was brave, resorting to fine strategem when victory could not be won by valorous attack. He set out with his cavalry to capture a British outpost commanded by Colonel Rugely, but on reconnoitering the position found it too strongly fortified to be attacked successfully without artillery. So he set his men to hew a pine log into the shape of a cannon and, mounting it on cart-wheels, had it dragged into position and aimed at the fort. Then he sent a demand for immediate surrender. The British commander was completely fooled by the trick and, judging it useless to defend against such a formidable appearing gun, yielded without firing a shot. Imagine his chagrin on discovering, after he and his men had laid down their arms and marched out as prisoners of war, that he was the victim of a huge joke. This brilliant exploit added to Colonel Washington's renown but prevented poor Rugely's promotion to the rank of brigadier-general which he was expecting.

A Patriotic Woman's Sacrifice for Liberty

The patriotic women of South Carolina were quite as willing as the men to make sacrifices for the cause of liberty, as instanced in the siege of Fort Mott. General Greene had sent Marion with his cavalry and one six pounder field piece to capture this fort which the British had constructed by surrounding the large and elegant mansion of Mrs. Mott with a ditch and an earth parapet. As these defenses were too strong to be taken by storm, Marion began regular siege operations against them. It was an important post and a large British force under Rawdon was hurrying to its relief while General Greene was marching as rapidly as possible to reinforce Marion, and sent him orders to capture it, if possible, before Rawdon arrived. While the fort was still holding out and General Greene was yet at a distance Rawdon's camp-fires were seen on the other side of the river. At the juncture Marion appealed to Mrs. Mott, who was stopping at a neighboring farmhouse after the British had taken possession of her home, for permission to burn her mansion as a means of forcing the enemy to surrender at once. This brave lady cheerfully consented and handed Marion an Indian bow and arrows to assist in executing the project. These arrows were wound about with inflammable material and shot blazing to the roof of the house within the fort; there they stuck and set the dry shingles afire. The British soldiers climbed to the roof and tried to extinguish the flames, but Marion drove them down by well-aimed shots from his one cannon, and the house burning furiously made the fort so hot that the garrison were driven out and compelled to surrender. That night General Greene arrived in camp and congratulated Marion on his success.

Later on Marion was with General Greene's army at the bloody battle of Eutaw and gallantly led his South Carolina militia into action.

We have mentioned only a few of General Marion's many daring and successful exploits which give him a high place among the heroes of the War for Independence.

Marion's Personality and Character

This sketch would not be complete without a brief description of Marion's personality which in some respects was remarkable. His personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was a very small man, not only short but extremely thin. His complexion was swarthy, his countenance solemn and determined with a poetic expression in his dark eyes that marked him as an idealist. Plain in dress and manners, reserved, silent and thoughtful, chary of conversation, he spoke his thoughts, when necessary, in few and simple words. While these peculiarities made an unfavorable impression on strangers, they added to the influence he held over his followers who knew his strength of character and force of mind, the uprightness of his motives. They admired his courage and resourcefulness, relied undoubtingly on his judgment, and stood by him unflinchingly in every emergency. He had no vices; apparently devoid of passion, his self-control was perfect and he was cool and collected on all occasions. He fought for principle with no feeling of hatred or revenge in victory or defeat. He was just to all and magnanimous to his conquered enemies. His conduct was always governed by a high sense of duty. Devoid of avarice he fought without pay, nor did he seek glory, and he had no ambition for power. The one thing he valued was honor. No general of the Revolution served more nobly than Marion, or accom-



GENERAL MARION IN ROUGH-AND-READY FIGHTING TRIM.

plished greater results in proportion to the small forces and scanty means at his command.

Marion's men were good, true and brave, for when he called for recruits it was the men of his own stamp that responded from farm and mountain-side to fill his ranks.

With an affectionate farewell he disbanded his faithful followers when peace with liberty had been won, and returned to his plantation to take up the work of repairing the desolation which the ravages of war had wrought.

The seven years of war had left him poor, and now, at the age of fifty, he bravely faced the problem of beginning again with nothing but his land.

But soon our sturdy hero who thus far had escaped unscathed was to yield to the blind little conqueror who shoots true to the heart and numbers in his train more captives than all the lords of war. A lady fair and wealthy, too, fell in love with him, though through modesty on her part he was a long time discovering it. But when he did, he proposed as gallantly as ever knight of old. They were married, and very happily they lived together on his plantation. The difference in their ages was not great, their tastes were similar and their companionship at all times most congenial. In the hot summer months he went camping in the mountains and she always accompanied him.

He died at the age of sixty-three, beloved and mourned by all. His honored memory is a glory to his State.

Paul Revere's night ride to call out the minutemen of Concord and Lexington to strike the first blow for American Liberty has been immortalized by Longfellow in those ringing verses that are familiar to every school child, and Bryant has sounded a no less worthy note of praise of the devoted services of the hero of many night rides in his

Song of Marion's Men

By William Cullen Bryant

Our band is few, but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery,
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlit plain:
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  Forever, from our shore.



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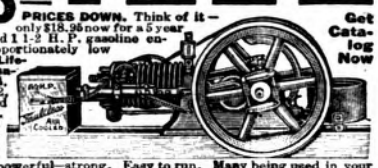
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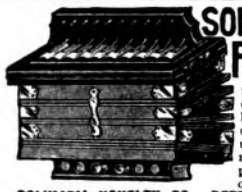
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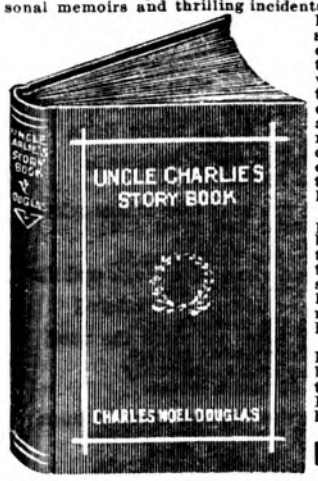
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Well cousins, I have belonged to the C. L. O. C. nearly a year now and like to read the letters of the cousins from different states. My League number is 38,639. I am five feet, eight inches tall, have dark hair, blue eyes and weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I am twenty-two years old.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and will answer all letters I can. Your cousin,

GUY WEATHERLY.

Guy, about that automobile question. Getting into debt is the easiest thing in the world, getting out of debt and being in debt are akin to what Sherman described war as being—hell. I'm mighty glad however to know you farmers are getting automobiles, for if there is anything that will relieve the monotony of country life, annihilate distance and make the farm thirty miles out, practically a suburb of the city, the automobile will do the job. An automobile under certain circumstances ought to get a man out of debt quicker than it gets him into it. Of course it all depends what kind of business you are in. Time and space though are great factors in nearly every business, for time is money and wasted time on a long road is mighty expensive. To be able to cover in two hours, the distance that would take a whole day ought to mean money to any man whose time is worth while. Automobiles too are getting cheaper and cheaper every day. One firm I note advertises a little car brand new for two hundred and ninety-five dollars. That car ought to bring pleasure, health and profit to many a man and some women, though the automobile has been a powerful factor in promoting vice as well as health. The girl who accepts an invitation from a strange man to take a ride in his car is whisked within an hour thirty miles or more away from her home, and the farther a girl gets from home and the protection it affords, the greater her danger. Our city streets are full of prowling fiends in expensive cars, who use their high power dragnets to scoop in the poor little boobs of girls who find the appeal of the beautiful car, male society, a dash into the country, irresistible. But they pay an awful price for the ride. These prowling debauchers should be boiled in oil. Keep away from the automobiles girls, unless you have known the men who drive them all your lives. And unless the chauffeur is a member of your own family, I would not advise you to go more than five inches away from your home with him. If a car ride is good for you it is also good for mother, so take mother along, even if she has to run behind or sit on the tires. People in the country want cars to get into the city, people in the city want cars to get into the country. The country people have all the advantage as regards the automobile as they usually have plenty of space in which to store it and have no garage expenses. What people living in rural communities need even more than pleasure automobiles is the big auto truck that will gather up their produce and rush it to market, if there is any market within a reasonable distance. Such trucks could be owned collectively. The auto truck has brought prosperity to many an isolated region. Everyone eventually will have an automobile. Why not when one firm alone can turn out a thousand a day? Better get to a place before you start than never get there at all, and don't forget that the man who contemplates buying an automobile should first see that his grocery bills are paid, his account at the general store settled and all other debts cleared up. The sight of a man rolling along the highway at fifty miles an hour with a car for which other people have paid, a man who is in debt up to his ears, a road hog who pushes the farmer's buggy into the hedge and carries away a couple of its wheels as souvenirs is a sight to make the gods weep. Better go on foot with your bills paid, than be flying around putting on a lot of lugs and owing everybody.

FLORENCE, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a young woman just past twenty and have been married four years to a good man, though we have had a hard time almost ever since we were married. A little over a year ago I became ill and we tried ten different doctors, one said one thing ailed me and one another and still I do not think one of them to this day knows what was the matter with me. On the fourth of July they took me to Omaha and placed me in a hospital. My ailment was in my right knee. They kept me there a while and hung an eight pound weight on my foot so as to draw my limb down, as it was drawn up to my body. Then they took me to the operating room and put a plaster cast on my limb from my hip to my ankle. Then they sent me home to my mother at Florence and in a week I was suffering so from the cast that we had to have it taken off. Then they took me to a lady doctor who adjusts the spine. I was there two weeks and she did me no good. Then they took me to the hospital and cut my leg off six inches below the hip joint and the doctors were promising me I would soon go home, when two weeks later they took me back to the operating room and cut off two more inches of bones and the good doctors had not understood their business or just wanted to graft a litle more and afterwards sent us their bill for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then it seems I had to have an artificial limb and that cost one hundred dollars, so you see Uncle Charlie, we have been put to plenty of expense. Our doctors' bills amounting to five hundred dollars in all with our hospital bills.

I know this world isn't right by any means, when people have to be robbed of everything, and we hope some day to see things different, perhaps they will never be so for us but maybe for our little son.

My husband is a good man and doesn't chew, smoke or use liquor.

Wishing you good luck and health. Your friend,

MRS. CHARLES ELIASSEN.

Poor Mrs. Eliassen, you certainly have had a hard time of it, and it is no joke to have to go through life, hard as life is today, with the loss of a limb. You are however a little hard on the surgeons who attended you. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money to pay for an operation, but there is another side to that matter. That operation saved your life, and if there were no good surgeons you would have had to die. Of course there are surgeons and surgeons, just as there are singers and singers. Some surgeons are inexperienced butchers and ought to be locked up for life where they can do no harm. There is positively no man on earth who is quite so dangerous as the man who attempts to perform a major operation (that means an important and risky operation) without the necessary skill, ability and experience, and this experience can only be acquired in our best medical schools and big hospitals. In the country a doctor has to do many things on account of the isolation of himself and patient, that he would not do if he were in the city. The country doctor has to be an all-round man, and it's hard to get men who are equally expert at surgery and medicine. The only men who are really competent to perform serious operations are those expert surgeons who are constantly operating from one year's end to the other in our big city hospitals. Constant practise gives skill and confidence. The skillful surgeon is to my mind almost, if not quite, the most important social asset we have. You didn't realize when the doctor was operating on you that he might have been up the best part of the previous night, operating without charge on two very urgent appendicitis cases, for every minute counts in appendicitis. The surgeon is at times intensely fatigued and one slip of his knife may mean a tiny wound on his finger with blood poison and death to follow; yet he must go on with his work for delay may mean the loss of a life. There were five operating surgeons in the big hospital in which I spent eighteen months, and two of them, men of great reputation, died from blood poisoning contracted while operating. Crippled and poor as you are, if you could live the life of one of these men for one day only, you would be glad to lay his cross down and take up your own. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money and is a lot of money, but there were four years when the doctor was working and studying, the four best years of his life, when he got nothing. Then again to every operation for which a doctor receives two hundred and fifty dollars, he usualy performs four or five for which he gets nothing, and at all times he is risking his life and always has to be at the public's beck and call. Surgeons are seldom rich men. The great specialists make comfortable fortunes, but their incomes are trifling compared to those of great lawyers and men who run our profit making business machines. The surgeon has to work for himself. The man who does his own work seldom makes much money. It is the man who sits back, does nothing and makes others work, who is the wealthy man, the Rockefeller, the Carnegie. Now as regards that second operation. That was hard on you, but it was done for your good. A surgeon always wants to save as much of the human body as he can, and to disfigure it as little as possible. If he could have saved that extra two inches of limb, it would have meant a great deal to you in the way of comfort and therefore health. After the operation they doubtless found that the limb would not heal properly, and there was still an infected portion that needed removing and so that there might be no diseased flesh or bone necrosis left to do its work of destruction, they operated again so as to be doubly sure that all was right. If you had lived in New York you could have been operated on in a number of big hospitals absolutely free of charge, and you would have been given just the same attention in the operating-room at least, as though you were a millionairess. Out of that two hundred and fifty dollars, the physician who gave the anesthetic would probably receive twenty-five dollars, so you were not so badly treated after all. Of course you were very foolish to allow anyone to manipulate your spine with the idea that it would heal a diseased knee. They might as well have manipulated your shoe. They however, did succeed in successfully manipulating your pocketbook, for they can all be trusted to do that. There are more charlatans and humbugs, fakirs and rascals in the medical or so-called medical business than in any other line of effort on earth. Of all professions in the world there is not one that is so necessary to remove from the sphere of tainted commercialism as that of medicine, surgery and all other healing arts. To commercialize the work of conserving health, preserving life and preventing suffering is a sin. The government will tell you how to cure a hog if it is sick, and send an expert to see you do the job properly, but if your baby is dying from pneumonia, Uncle Sam has nothing to suggest, no relief to offer you. This is not exactly your Uncle's fault. There are two warring medical factions in this country, as there are in all countries. One medical cult does not want the government to officially recognize the other cult. They would rather see everyone in the boneyard than admit alopathy was better than homeopathy or vice-versa. Outside these two great bodies are thousands who want to die or get well after their own fashion, either by manipulation, electricity, hypnotism, prayer, incantation or any other bug, that the individual bug happens to be obsessed by. I speak with some authority on this topic for in order to promote business, please sympathetic friends and complete the ruin of a depleted pocketbook, I've tried everything in the healing-line that science can invent, craft devise and greed suggest. We should all contribute something to a national health fund so that in time of sickness, as is done in Germany and England, we could have medical treatment free of charge and a weekly allowance in case of sickness, an allowance that is continued all one's life if one is chronically ill. In Great Britain if you are in the employing class and have a hired girl, every week she pays a few cents, the employer pays a few cents and the government pays a few cents. These payments entitle the employe to free medical attention. Drugs too are supplied free. At the birth of a child the mother receives quite a neat little sum as well as free medical attention. To have the masses of the people under skilled medical care means a vast improvement in the health and well being of the people as a whole. Prevention is better than cure. Soon we shall be sensible enough to allow only healthy people to get into the world and it is along the lines of preventive medicine and eugenics that the salvation of the race depends.

NORWAY, ———

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl nine years old. I live in Norway. I go to school. I like to read the column in the COMFORT very much. My sister and I had a bossie last summer. We named her Betty. She had a white face. We called her very pretty. First we broke her to the halter. Then we broke her to a harness. Then we broke her to one of papa's wagons. We drove her all over the fields and most everywhere. My sister and cousin was out riding in the field and they came to a clover patch and a bee stung Betty and she gave them a merry ride for a rod or two. We had two lambs last summer. One was my sister's, and the other was mine. We had lots of fun with them until one of them got ugly and we had to sell them. I like to slide very much and skate. I think that you made up a good rim about Texas. I would like to have you make a rim about Norway.

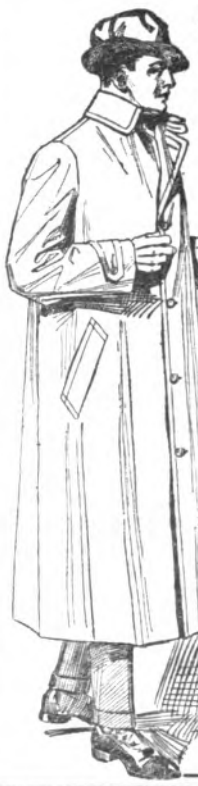
THELMA ROBBINS.

What a pity Thelma, you didn't tell us the name of the state you live in. There is a Norway in Europe, and nine Norways in the United States, so I'm afraid you'll be denied the pleasure of receiving any letters from the numerous admirers who will want to write to you. I could not deciper the postmark of your state, it was illegible as most postmarks are, so I cannot locate you. I have printed your letter just as it was written, and it is a very dandy letter for a little girl like you. You say you named your cow "Betty" and called her "Very Pretty." What was the good of naming her Betty if you were going to call her Very Pretty? I'm simply astonished at the way you treated poor Betty. I've heard of people breaking up housekeeping, but I never heard of anyone breaking up a cow, the way you broke up poor Betty. You have her go broke three times, and after you get her shattered all to pieces you make an automobile of her and chase her in all directions, and to add to the poor thing's misery, you let a bee sting her. It seems to me that Betty deserves a pension for all she has gone through. She must look like a pocket edition of Belgium, and that's going some. You say that Betty gave sister and cousin a merry ride for a rod or two. I wonder how much of a ride she'd have given them for an umbrella or two or for a dollar or two. I've a good deal of sympathy for anything that goes broke, even if it is only a cow. I've been broke so many times myself and I know how it feels. Even our china tea pot has gone broke. I'm glad you enjoyed my rhyme about Texas. So you want me to make a "rim" about Norway. Well, the sea has put a pretty good rim around Norway, I don't think I could improve on it. The Goat says that you want me to make a rhyme about Norway similar to the one I made about Texas. I suppose Thelma you think you have set me a very hard task, but you haven't got me this time. You will have to try again if you want to trip me up on the rhyming business so here goes:

There was a young man of Norway,
His health was in such a poor way,
That he got so thin he looked like a pin
As he used to slink through the doorway.

There dearie, I think that will hold you for a while.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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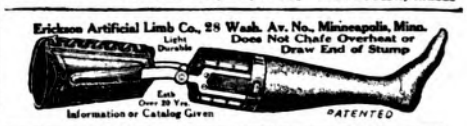


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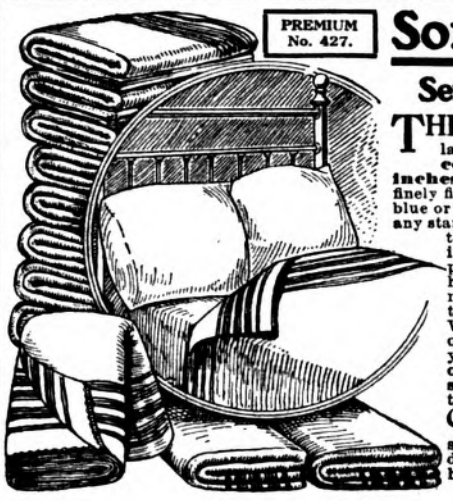
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Little Stories about George Washington

Washington Addressing His First Congress

AS President Wilson has, after these many years, and for the first time since the days of our Great Washington, gone back to the practise inaugurated by him, of reading his messages to Congress personally, it will be of interest to note the account given in an old record of the manner and dress of the first President addressing his Congress.

A spectator has left the following description of the scene and of how it impressed him.

"I stood before the door of the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia, when the carriage of the President drew up. It was a white coach, or, rather of a light cream color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups representing the four seasons. As Washington alighted, and ascending the steps, paused on the platform, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing large white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side. At that moment I stood so near I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with the deepest awe.

"It pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that even in his social hours, this feeling in those who shared them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward, but never with any other than the same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put a stamp of sacredness upon His instrument. The first sight of the man struck the eye with involuntary homage, and prepared everything to obey.

"At the time I speak of, he stood in profound silence and had the statue-like air which mental greatness can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase to the Congressional hall, I glided along unseen, almost under cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered into the lobby of the House, which was in session to receive him.

"At Washington's entrance there was a profound silence. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in deepest attention. And the souls of the entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes as the noble figure deliberately and unaffectedly advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing Senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the Speaker's chair.

"The President, having seated himself, remained in silence, and the members took their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with most scrupulous neatness; black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and waist, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose or black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and when seated, laid it on the table.

"At length thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript which he opened, and rising, read in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity as being the utterance of a mind conscious of the whole responsibility of its position, but not oppressed by it.

Washington's Laughter

The assertion that Washington never laughed arose from his habitual reserve.

"There," said John Adams, as he gazed for the first time on Stuart's portrait of Washington, "is a man who kept his lips shut—which this old fool never could."

On one occasion, however, Washington laughed immoderately. This was when his friend Van Horne tried to catch a pig. Van Horne was of uncommon size, very bulky and strong. One day he ordered a black boy to catch a pig that it might be roasted for dinner. The boy was chasing the pig as Van Horne came on the scene. The pig, not wishing to be roasted, refused to be caught. "Stand aside, you awkward boy," said Van Horne, at the same time throwing off his coat and hat; "I'll show you how to catch a pig." After many twistings and turnings, which amused the negroes, Van Horne caught the pig, and, holding it up in triumph while large drops of perspiration ran down his face, exclaimed in a voice that was heard above the squealing of the captive; "There, boy, that's the way to run down a pig!"



As he spoke, he turned around, and there was Washington, who, with his suite, had entered the yard. Van Horne, with a ludicrous expression of surprise and confusion, tried to speak to the General, but was thwarted by the kicking, squealing pig, while Washington's sides shook with laughter.

Washington's Love for His Slaves

One of the most touching anecdotes of Washington is told by Bishop Meade of Virginia. The smallpox broke out among the slaves. Word reached him from the plantation late at night. He started on horseback and rode until morning, stopping only at a church by the way. There he prayed to God for the lives of the poor creatures dependent on him.

Washington Exports a Slave

Observation and reflection gave Washington ideas on slavery far beyond his century in sagacity and morality. He owned slaves and was very kind to them. Nevertheless he exported one of them to the West Indies for sale because unmanageable in spite of good treatment, as shown by the following extract from a letter of Washington's:

"With this letter comes a negro, Tom, whom I beg you to sell in any of the (West India) islands, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him one hhd. of best molasses, one ditto of best rum * * * lymes * * * tamarinds * * * mixed sweetmeats, and the residue, much or little, in good old spirits * * * This fellow is a rogue and runaway."

He evidently never exported another negro, but held this up as a warning to his other slaves, who doubtless pushed to the extreme his consideration for them.

Washington's Religious Nature

Rev. Lee Massey, for many years a rector of Washington's parish and an intimate acquaintance of the latter, says: "I never knew so constant an attendant on church as Washington. His behaviour in the house of God is so deeply reverential that it produces the happiest effect on my congregation and greatly assists me in my moralizing labours. No company ever held him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon on the Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests. But to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For, instead of staying at home out of false compliance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

Washington's Veracity

Washington's truthfulness was a marked quality in his boyhood. There is a story told that is not apocryphal, illustrative of this. Among the plantation horses there was a span of grays of which Mrs. Washington was particularly proud. One of them had never been broken to the saddle. Some of George's young visitors proposed, one afternoon, to try the dappled gray on horseback. But the spirited animal set them at defiance, until at last, young Washington himself succeeded in mounting. The frightened animal dashed off at full speed, but George, who was a fearless rider, gave the gray full rein, and never stopped until the blooded beast fell beneath him in utter exhaustion.



He had conquered, but the valuable and highly-prized gray was severely, perhaps fatally, injured. He knew that his mother would be angered as well as grieved at the loss of her favorite; but, true to his nature, he immediately hastened to her, and told of the tragedy, just as it happened.

The mother's reply reveals to us the influences which formed the character of her son: "I forgive you, George," she said, after a moment's pause, "because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. If you had deceived me, I should have punished you."

Washington's Belief in Providence

The words of Washington when elected to the Presidency touch the greatest heights of sublimity. He said: "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution—in preparing us for the reception of a general government—and in conciliating the good will of the people of America towards one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence."

Upon his assumption of the Presidency we find these words, uttered by him: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes."

Washington Applying a Dream

One of the best anecdotes of Washington concerns the mysticism of the youthful George when his mother endeavored on one occasion to explain to him that it was God Almighty and not his earthly father whom he was to thank for blessings bestowed.

After Washington's success in reducing Ft. Duquesne and dispersing the savages, we find the mother of the young officer who had suddenly sprung into such prominence, recalling a remarkable dream which she had had years before. In it she saw George battling with the flames which were rapidly destroying a fine large house and reassuring his mother with, "Oh, ma! don't be afraid: God Almighty will help us, and we shall soon put it out."

Washington's Dislike for Profanity

In the summer of 1781, a man who was plowing in a field near the Fishkill road, became very impatient with some difficulty in his work, and began to pour forth violent oaths. Just then three horsemen in military undress, who were riding by, paused, and one of them asking for information concerning the road, thanked the plowman for his answer, and added: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of danger and difficulty, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me; but I have always found that it did no good to get angry, and that neither broken plows nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language." As he made a bow, the speaker rode on. It was Gen. Washington.

Washington's Advice to Louis Philippe

When Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, was an exile in this country, he was for a long time a guest of Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon. One morning the Frenchman arose earlier than usual, and found Gen. Washington riding over his estate. Louis Philippe said: "Why, general, you are an early riser." "Yes," replied Washington, "I rise early because I sleep well. I sleep well because I have never written anything which I care to recall. Young man, remember that."

Washington as a Schoolboy

When a boy at school he never fought with his companions, "for," said he, "a man should not conduct himself like an ill-conditioned dog."

At the age of thirteen he drew up for himself a set of rules, one of which was, "To labor to keep alive in my breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

When he was an officer in the army, he insulted a young man, one of his companions, who struck him in the face. Washington's language was, after the blow, "strong and offensive." The other officer waited that afternoon for a challenge; but, to his astonishment, Washington came himself the next morning to call upon him, and made a full apology, and frankly acknowledged that he was much to blame.

Washington the "Daddy of His Country"

Initials may be made to stand for a great many things for which they were never intended.

An old negro servant who had noticed "Washington, D. C." stamped upon envelopes received by his mistress, said one day: "I jess like to know, Miss Hannah, w'y dey allus put dem letters 'D. C.' arter de name ob Washington, on dem env'lopes?"

"What do you suppose they stand for?" inquired the mistress, who always enjoyed the old man's answers.

"W'y," said Sambo, after a moment's reflection, "I's been t'inkin' dey mos' likely stood fer 'Daddy of his Country;' but I wa'n't 'xackly shuah an' sartin' but w't dey might mean some udder t'ing; fer Wash'n'ton he was a great man, an' 'pears like dere's a mons'ous deal to be said about him."

Lafayette's Love for Washington

During the darkest period of the Revolution Washington had become unpopular, and Congress appointed a "Board of War," the object of which was to appoint General Gates, hero of Saratoga, as Commander-in-chief of the army. The plan of this "Board of War" was to meet at York, Pa., summon Lafayette to the banquet, and there offer him the command of the Army of the North, in a dramatic manner, that would signify that great honors should be assigned to him in return for his loyalty to them, rather than to Washington. As Commander-in-chief of the army, Washington had not been consulted, except indirectly, in regard to the plan of this great Northern campaign. The invitation was sent to Lafayette. The "Board of War" assembled, with Gates as president and as the head of the illustrious Company. Lights filled the hall, and the tables sparkled with wine. The American flag was there, and the lilies of France. The dark purpose of the banquet was not known to all. The American officers were not intemperate men. Baron de Kalb, who served the American cause, was a total abstainer. But in those days the wine cup if not the wine, went with the toast as an emblem of loyalty. They began to lift their glasses in honor of the heroes. The toastmaster named the name of Gates, the hero of Saratoga. The banquet hall rang with applause. Then he named the name of each hero of the war, one by one. The glasses gleamed, and the hall rang with cheers. At length the list of heroes was completed. The name of Washington had not been mentioned.

The tall, slender form of the young marquis arose. "Hear! hear!" said all. All hearts beat in expectancy. There was silence as he stood before them. Lafayette surveyed the Board, who awaited with breathless expectation for what he had to say. "There is one toast," he said firmly, "that you omitted." Hearts stood still. He continued: "I propose to toast the Commander-in-chief of the American army—George Washington."

He lifted the glass alone and in silence. The cabal saw that their plan had failed. The scheme of the "Board of War" to supersede Washington was thwarted. The son of France had been true. He seemed to have extinguished his own light. To Lafayette, standing there amid deserted hearts, that moment was one of those victories of the vanquished that rise like stars in the memory of mankind.

Items of Interest

The German village of Remborn has a linden tree which is more than 1,200 years old.

Nearly $1,000,000 is now on deposit in school savings banks in 1,149 schools throughout the United States.

Illiteracy is practically banished in Prussia. Out of 165,841 army recruits in 1911, all but 24 could read and write.

The government of Uruguay has engaged an agricultural expert from the United States to organize an agricultural school in the Republic.

A simple tool that twists two or more wires together as it is drawn along them has been invented by a Texan. This will come in very useful.

The extent of the reindeer industry in Alaska under the United States Bureau of Education is indicated by the fact that it covers a territory as long as from Maine to South Carolina. If a line were drawn through the 54 herds it would stretch more than 5,000 miles. There are over 38,000 reindeer in these herds, two thirds of them owned by natives. The value of the reindeer owned by the natives is estimated at $600,000, and from them during the past year was derived an income of $25,000 in addition to meat and hides consumed by the natives themselves.

PROMINENT JUDGE DWELLS ON EVILS OF DRINK.—Intoxicants and their evil effects were severely scored in a Georgia court. A son was charged with killing his father and injuring his mother while in an intoxicated condition. Of whiskey, Judge Hill said: "It is a hydra-headed and remorseless monster, which with a ceaseless and tireless energy, wastes the substance of the poor, manufactures the burdensome taxes for the public, monopolizes the time of the courts, fills the jails, penitentiaries and asylums, destroys manhood, terrorizes helpless women and innocent children and mocks the law. Answering its inexorable demands, each new morn new widows mourn, new orphans cry, new wrongs strike heaven in the face." Judge Hill is a very competent man and the people know it.

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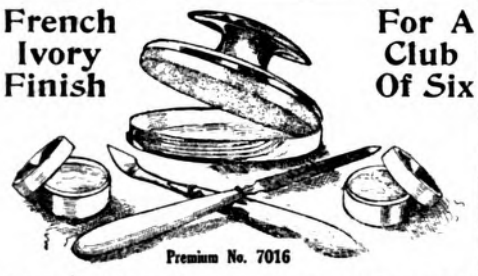
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

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DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please sit over and make room for a Colorado sister?

So many of the sisters seem to think they must neglect the home and family to vote that I will tell how I spent election day. In the forenoon I did my regular family washing, scrubbed my kitchen and prepared dinner, waiting on a sick husband the while. After dinner I tidied the entire house, five rooms, and at three o'clock was ready to cast my vote for prohibition. While at the City Hall I saw the saloon men bring in three weak-minded boys and, of course, they cast their votes for whiskey, for the ruin of your boys and girls as well as mine. I was gone from my home just one hour. Is that neglecting duty? Sisters, let us value ourselves above weak-minded men and drunkards and help to make the laws. You don't need to quarrel with hubby. Listen to his advice, then when the time comes to vote, vote as you please.

A few words about the training of children. Teach them to obey from babyhood. I have two little girls, Lola Alice, aged twelve and Anna Yvone, aged four; both dear, sweet little girls. Sometimes I have to punish, but oh, mothers, how much better that is than to hear them say in after years, "Mother neglected her duty, or I wouldn't have had to suffer so." Sisters, do you realize that there are now a hundred fallen girls to one in our grandmothers' time? Why? Because grandma taught her children to obey. My oldest girl has been reared in a small town, about the worst place on earth, and still she is a pure-minded girl. She is never allowed to play on the street but comes home from school, and never was out at night without mother. I never deny her anything without giving my reason and I believe in teaching nature. They learn it at school and it is much better for mother to tell them in a pure way. Teach your boys to be pure and half the evil of the world will cease.

Will some of the COMFORT sisters give my little girl Lola Fimple, a post-card shower March 14, her twelfth birthday?

Wishing all success, MRS. NELL FIMPLE.

EKALAKA, BOX 342, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Is the "corner" large enough, or can you make room for one more sister, and a young bachelor girl at that?

First I will describe myself and then you will have a faint idea of what kind of looking person is talking.

I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair, dark blue eyes, a complexion that varies with the seasons, and as to age, COMFORT is older than I am.

Now for my home. I live in Fallon County, which was just two years old the third of November, on a claim joining that of my parents. We are about three miles from Medicine Rocks, which was a favorite meeting place of the Indians to mix their medicines, etc. Many names from all parts of the country, as well as pictures, are engraved upon them. One may spend more than one day exploring the caves, running about, under and over them and then not see all the different isolated ones, some of which are called "Odd Fellows' Castle," "Devil's Saddle," etc.

Our nearest town is Ekalaka, which is fourteen miles from us, but when the county gets the new road completed, it will be only ten miles.

About twenty miles away, where we get wood, posts, poles and logs, are large government reserves of pine timber. The government gives the timber free to claim holders. It also gives the coal, all one has to do is dig and haul it. The mine where we go is only about four miles from here.

Mrs. Englerth. When I was a child my folks lived in Mecostar County, Michigan, just north of Lakeview, and found it much different than your description. It was pine stump land and very sandy. Dry weather was the usual thing. I am glad though that it is different around your town.

Mrs. H. F. of Nebraska. I certainly feel sorry for you, living in a thinly settled country, twenty miles from the railroad. Why my friend we live forty miles from the railroad and to hear the train even whistle would be a treat, and last winter we lived a month at a time without seeing a neighbor. As to narrow-minded people I believe we could have welcomed a "feeble-minded" person just for a change and called life exciting.

Most of the settlers in this section are married folks. I depend mostly upon letters for my pleasure as it sometimes is very lonesome.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and would be pleased to hear from them. I will answer all letters received. If anyone would like to hear more of this country I will be glad to answer any questions they care to ask.

The next time I write, if this is not refused space in the corner, I will try and describe my little home and some of the advantages and disadvantages of this part of Montana.

Your sincere friend and sister, RITA CROSSAN.

TOPEKA, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is certainly rightly named. As I have not written before, you'll all want to know what I look like. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, have blue eyes, dark hair, am twenty-three years old, have been married nearly three years, and have a dear little baby girl, Ethel Fern, eighteen months old. She is healthy and cheerful from morning till night. I have a good husband which means a good deal. What would a home mean without love and peace.

We live on a farm of one hundred and forty acres, which we have rented, and raise peppermint, corn, wheat and oats.

Maybe some of you do not know how peppermint is raised. It can be planted in the fall or spring. The first year it is planted in rows and cut with the scythe and distilled and the produce is oil, the next year it is plowed under and when it grows up it is cut with the mower and distilled again; the oil is worth from one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents a pound.

Hope to hear from some of the sisters. My maiden name was Beulah Hershberger.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,
MRS. AMOS I. SCHROCK.

CLIFTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

Just keep your seats everybody, as I haven't time to stay very long. I want to ask a favor. Will the sisters who live in Oregon and Washington, who know of homestead land near them, please write to me and describe it and tell me of the climate there and also what crops are raised in that locality? I will return the favor any way that I can. We want to take a homestead this spring if we can find one.

I am twenty-five years old. Have been married six years to a dear good "Tom." We have one sweet little girlie who is five years old. In regards to punishing a child. I do not believe in continually "pounding" them. But I *do* think that a healthy spanking when they deserve it, will "work wonders." Don't punish them when they tell the truth. Tell them it will be all right this time "but don't do it any more."

At bedtime every evening my little girl tells me everything she does during the day. I tell her where she does wrong and that she must not "do that any more." She very seldom repeats the same offence.

Best wishes to COMFORT sisters, Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie.

Would be glad to hear from old schoolmates if they see this in print, MRS. DELLA (HADDIX) CHAPMAN.

O'NEALS, CAL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit a California sister to join your happy circle? I am one of the many readers of dear COMFORT and think it a grand old paper.

I am the mother of a dear little baby girl seven months old and I find COMFORT Sisters' Corner helpful in many ways, especially on rearing children.

My husband and I have a homestead in the foothills on which we raise grain and some stock. We are surrounded by rolling hills, timber and plenty of rocks. The timber is mostly of white oak, live oak and the bull pine. The pine trees bear lots of pine nuts every year which are grand eating, although they are hard to get as you have to climb the trees which are full of pitch. Have any of you sisters eaten any? They grow in large cones about the size of a five pound lard bucket. The oaks also have lots of acorns which are fine for fattening hogs.

We raise our own meat to kill every winter, which is a big help.

Wishing all COMFORT sisters God's blessing,
MRS. CLAUDE SELLARS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove paint from hands or wearing apparel, wet in kerosene and wash at once.

MRS. H. R. GODLEY, McKettuck, Mo.

When washing glasses, a bit of bluing in the water will add to the brilliancy.

INA MAY CROOK, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Glycerine will remove iodine stains.

Use your accumulation of common white wrapping twine to crochet table mats on which to place hot dishes.

Fasten a clothes pin to a stick and place cloth in the clothes pin, for use in water too hot to place the hands in.

A cloth book cover to your cook book gives two excellent pockets in which to place recipes cut from COMFORT magazine, where they will be handy for you to refer to them.

A horseshoe covered with cloth makes a good thing to keep the door open, as it stops the door from blowing either way. Sometimes the door is high enough from the floor to require two horseshoes bound together.

MRS. ABBIE SCHILLER, Browning Ave., Ignacia, Colo.

It is well to remember that a bottle of pennyroyal left uncorked in baby's sleeping room will keep mosquitoes away.

For removing rust or iron stains from any wash fabric, wet spot well with juice of an onion and sprinkle with salt. Place goods on warm (not hot) flatiron and pat gently. The spot will disappear.

Oil of sassafras sprinkled on shelves, etc., will drive away ants, cockroaches and flies.

You can make your old silver look like new if you will apply the following: One half ounce salt, one half ounce alum, one half ounce cream of tartar and two quarts of water. Stir frequently until dissolved, bottle and shake well before using. Apply with soft cloth, let dry for about ten minutes, then polish with chamois skin.

If the kettle in which syrup is being boiled is greased with butter two inches down from top, it will not boil over.

MRS. F. J. SCHULY, Melrose, Mont.

Remedies

Used in water as a daily gargle, borax keeps the throat healthy and is good for cleaning the teeth. It disinfects and prevents decay.

MISS CLARA HODGES, 115 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR WORMS.—Give children twenty to thirty pumpkin seeds once a week for two months. This cured my children when other things failed.

MRS. CHLOE SHONK, Spencer, Ind.

STINGS OF INSECTS.—Apply Hartshorn or water of ammonia to part.

MRS. BENTON ZIEGLAR, Junction City, Kans.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Take equal parts of honey, sweet oil and vinegar; simmer together over the fire a few minutes, then bottle for use. Dose, teaspoon as often as necessary.

For kidney trouble make a tea of mullen leaves, strain and add a tablespoon of whiskey to keep it from souring. Dose a wineglass three times a day.

MRS. A. BRADSHAM, Jerseyville, Ont.

RHEUMATISM.—Cook Irish potatoes till soft, leaving peelings on. Mash and bind to affected parts. Renew when cold. R. A. CLARK, Stephenville, Texas.

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO.—Rub the painful part with very warm, green or yellow sweet oil (olive oil.) Rub it with hand in the skin, a downward stroke. Sit before an open fire and let it burn in, so to say while you are rubbing it on and in, until the skin is dry.

MRS. PETER C. JACOBSON, Palestine, R. R. 5, Box 94, Texas.

COUGH REMEDY.—Get a quart of good whiskey, and take Indian turnip root about size of an egg, cut in small pieces, and put it in the whiskey, let stand a day, and when you have a cough take a good sup three or four times a day. If cough is very bad, take oftener, every two or three hours. It is believed to cure consumption if taken in time. Ten cents' worth of Rock candy may be added, it sweetens the whiskey and is good for cough.

MRS. MAUDE CRAFT, Thaxton, Va.

Requests

Mrs. R. Wells, Bridgeville, Cal., wants poems, "When the Sunshine Comes Again," and "If You Love Them, Tell Them So."

Ethel Hamm, Quincy, R. R. 1, Ind., wants poem, "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Rules the World," and song, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

How to make lemon cake, banana cake and how to pickle pig's feet.

How to make hog's-headcheese.

Will the lady who said to drink tar water for asthma, kindly tell how to prepare it and how much to take, and if the oil of tar would be all right to use.

MRS. B. HAMPSTEAD, Scotia, 124 Glen Ave., N. Y.

Will any reader of COMFORT inform me where I could obtain the book entitled, "The Old Vicarage."

MRS. G. W. FORREST, Moberly, R. R. 5, Mo.

Cure for neuralgia.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of George Loyd Baker and family, last heard of in Jersey City, N. J. in 1912. Notify his mother, Mrs. Ann Ellen Baker, Staunton, R. R. 1, Box 75, care P. T. Swortzel, Virginia.

Wanted—Information of Jame Lamper, last heard from in Portland, Oregon, eight years ago. Miss Helena Moll, Garfield, 11 Palisade Ave., N. J.

Wanted—Information of William J. Bennett, whether married or single, a blacksmith who once worked at Cony Ferry, Montana. Notify James L. Taylor, 353 North Davis St., Helena, Montana.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Florence Combert, 3216 Ave. P., Galveston, Texas. Elmer Preston, Mingo, Box 85, Ky. Mrs. Nellie M. Shoemaker, Lock Haven, R. R. 1, Box 88, Pa. Mr. Stanley Shoffer, Hooper, Box 66, Nebr. John A. Stillwell, Fairacres, Alberta, Canada. Mrs. Mary C. Smith, 110 Oxford St., Syracuse, N. Y.



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FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavallieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of **tiny French pearls** and set with either four **Emeralds** or four **Rubies** whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalliere free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Club-Raisers Please Read This

IT IS easy to get up clubs for COMFORT and easy to get your orders filled. The rules given here may help. Please read them over carefully. Then send in your club.

1. Send us your FULL name and COMPLETE address and the FULL names and COMPLETE addresses of your subscribers. (We can't send premiums until we get complete names and addresses).

2. Write clearly (or print) names of subscribers and towns, as they are often hard to make out unless written VERY CAREFULLY.

3. Please give both name and number of the premium you want.

4. Go carefully over our offers and be sure that you send the number of subscriptions called for and the correct amount of money.

5. Married women should use their husband's initials.

6. Don't send **your own** subscription alone and expect to get a premium. If you send your own subscription and want a one-subscription premium you must send the extra amount called for, generally 10c.

7. Don't send us the name of a new subscriber and ask us to send the premium to this person, as well as the magazine. This we cannot do, under any circumstances. We must send the premium to you, the club-raiser.

8. A renewal or an extension counts the same toward a premium as a subscription.

9. A 50-cent, 3-year subscription counts as 2 subscriptions toward a premium.

10. Our Canadian subscription price is 50c a year, 2-year renewals 75c.

11. Read the suggestions for getting up clubs on the front page of our premium catalogue. It will help you to get subscriptions more easily.

12. Send your remittance by money order, registered letter or stamps. The money order is the best and safest way and costs but a few cents.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

E, McC.—I am taking the privilege of asking you a few questions. I was one of COMFORT's subscribers who took advantage of COMFORT's offer of Plymouth Rock eggs as a premium. I received the eggs in fine shape: not one broken. Hatched eleven chicks. They took white diarrhea. Having never had the disease among my chickens, I knew nothing about the trouble, but have raised four fine pullets and two cockerels. Now, it is about those cockerels I want your advice. The one is a long-bodied, long-legged, long-necked bird, feathered out first, crowed first, has smaller comb and wattles. His legs are strong and thick. The other is a beautiful bird, with shorter and broader back and fuller breast; good stocky legs and lovely neck and saddle feathers; larger comb and wattles than the other; in fact, he is beautiful. Which bird is better to keep for breeding? If you will kindly inform me I will be very grateful.

A.—I should keep the heavier cockerel, as he seems much the better bird. Am glad you had such a good hatch from the eggs COMFORT sent you, and I hope that this spring you will be able to raise a good flock from the pullets.

A. G. M.—Please tell me in the next issue of COMFORT, are White Leghorn chickens champion egg producers? (2) How do the White Wyandottes compare with the Leghorns in egg production?

A.—Leghorns are generally supposed to be the greatest egg producers. I prefer the White Wyandottes, especially in parts of the country where the winters are severe.

M. J. C.—I always look for your articles in poultry and enjoy following them. I enjoyed the article on caponizing, and had a good laugh about how clever you were to escape the instruction. Now *I* should have been right on the job—as the boys say—for I graduated from a training school and then worked fifteen years, and I say to my friends when they wonder how I can draw squabs, that is nothing in comparison to seeing a person sick or suffering. I have pigeons, and *try* to raise chickens, and *try* to get my hens to lay, but they seem more content to just sing. I have thought I would try caponizing sometime, if I ever got a start. Can you give me some pointers on dry picking broilers? I have the most trouble with the two and two and a half pound size. I am so slow about it, and the skin does tear so easily. I can hardly pick four in an hour. I tie the legs and hang on a nail, then slip a salt bag up on the body, over the heads. That prevents them from breaking the wings, which I did have a great deal of trouble with when I locked the wings. I can pick squabs quite rapidly, but the broilers get me. I am simply a rag when I get one dozen picked. I still have about 100 broilers to sell—have sold over 100. If you can help me I shall appreciate it very much. I winter about 150 hens, am trying turkeys; have only five—my first trial. Have a pair of white guineas, and about 600 pigeons. I wish that I might know you personally.

A.—I am afraid I can't teach you how to dry pick, on paper. It is one of the cases where practise makes perfect. Thanks for saying you would like to know me personally. I have had the pleasure of meeting many of our COMFORT readers at poultry and agricultural shows throughout the country, and it is like meeting an old friend. I enjoy it thoroughly.

F. C.—There are a few questions I'd like to ask concerning my chickens. It was through your columns I decided to keep some. I got one dozen hens and a cock from a friend (Brown Leghorns) last summer (1913). I set two hens a man down the street loaned me, and got 17 pullets. They started to lay Nov. 23rd; hatched June 21st, so they did well. I crossed these this spring with a full-blooded R. I. cockerel (Nutley's strain), and now my troubles begin. I had one with a sore eye came out of the house one morning, closed up tight. I washed it with peroxide, swabbed out the mouth, and kept her in a small run. There was a small canker sore on one side of her mouth. I kept her two days and then killed her. I was afraid it might spread. Three days after, there was another, sister to the other; I treated her the same way. She recovered, and has just laid her first egg. I gave all of them some roup remedy for a week, so there is no sign of any more; all doing well and starting to lay. The reason I ask you about this, I saw an article in the October number relating to sore eyes. You answered the party and said it was caused by improper feeding. Now I have thirty-two and one cock and a young cockerel hatched in May. I want him for next season. He is of a different strain from the cock (also Nutley's.) I killed off all the old hens I had at first, also the B. L. cock. I have the seventeen B. L. from last year; six pullets of the crossed breed; nine pullets R. I. R. of eggs I got from the party I got the cockerel from. I had nineteen cockerels, but fattened them for the table and killed them. Now my house is eight by ten. I have three roost sticks, two windows. One I have covered with muslin. Attached to this on the south and west side I have an extension of glass. West side ten feet, south eight feet, and six feet deep. The glass slants so the sun shines in all day. I put in a litter of straw and hay sweepings from November 1 until March. After that I feed in the dirt and take out glass. I whitewash every two months until Nov., and then I spray with disinfectant. The litter is changed every two weeks. I keep tobacco stems in the nests under the hay in winter, and use sand all summer. The dropping board I clean every morning, while they eat, so I can tell if they clean up all the feed. While the weather is good they go out on range. I have six acres of weeds and sod. (It will be a building site some day, as I am just caretaker for a real estate company.) There is lots of clover and when it freezes over, I feed cabbage, beets, and any other vegetable I can get. My method of feeding (summer): One quart scratch in dirt, 5 A. M., one quart bran, cornmeal, middlings, meat scrap, dampened because they can't scratch it out, noon; one half to two quarts scratch or cracked corn, 5.30. Winter: One quart scratch in litter, 6.30 A. M., according to light; one quart bran, corn-meal, middlings. Alfalfa meal and one pound fresh ground green bone, noon; one head of cabbage or other vegetable. 2 P. M. I feed in a two-inch wire mesh doubled over and nailed on wall, and the hens pick it out between the wires. Two quarts whole corn at 4 P. M. Now, what I want to know is, whether to feed meat when giving the bone. The party I got the eggs from said not to feed both, and do I give enough or too much, and did the sore eyes come from the feed, or is it roup?

A.—Your method of feeding and care for your chickens is all good. I think the trouble was due to cold only. Examine the house: there may be some knothole or crack which causes a draft which strikes the birds when they are on the perch. You checked the trouble so soon that I hope you have avoided all serious difficulty. Green bone and meat scraps should not be used at the same time. I use green bone in winter, when it is easy to keep, and dried meat scraps in summer.

Mrs. J. M.—Will you please tell me why my hens do not lay? I have ten from last year, and twenty that were hatched the first of April this year. I only got one or two eggs a day from old hens and none from young ones. I keep houses and yards clean, plenty of fresh water. I feed warm mash of bran and meal mornings, cracked poultry food at dinner, and corn and oats at night. They have plenty of green feed, such as grass, cabbage and sprouted oats. They are in a quarter acre lot and have plenty of grit. They seem to be perfectly healthy and are not lazy. I have fifteen pullets that were hatched first of June. They are large as hens. When ought they to begin laying? My chickens are S. C. Rhode Island Reds. They took the prize at the county fair this fall.

A.—From your description I fancy the old hens and the twenty pullets hatched the first of April commenced laying soon after you wrote me. The others, hatched in June, should have commenced laying in December. Unless forced from babyhood, Rhode Island Reds rarely commence to lay before they are seven months old.

R. R.—Will you please tell me through your paper how old a Dark Brahma pullet has to be to breed from?

A.—Brahma and Cochin, and all such heavy breeds, should be over nine months old when used in breeding pens.

M. B.—I want to know if any of the sisters can tell me a remedy for sore head in poultry, and what causes it. My poultry are bad with it now; what can I do to prevent it?

A.—I fear your birds have roup, or at least a severe cold bordering on the roupy condition. It is safe to treat all bad colds which show no swelling at the head or eyes as roup, for, if neglected, a cold is liable to develop into that dread disease, and it is safer to take immediate steps to prevent such a calamity. Remove all such birds from the flock and confine them in small, dry coops, which may be kept in a shed, or some dry place, far removed from the general roosting place. Dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in one pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with two of water. Moisten a small piece of cotton in the lotion and bathe the bird's face and eyes with it. Then, if you have a medicine dropper, fill it, and squeeze ten or twelve drops of the lotion down the bird's throat, and two or three drops into each eye and nostril. If you have no medicine dropper, use a clean wing feather. Feed lightly on mash food. Repeat the treatment twice a day for a week, and unless the bird shows unmistakable signs of improvement at the end of that time, kill it and burn the carcases.

H. O S.—Something is the matter with my hens and pullets. One side of their head swells and eye swells shut and is that way for about two weeks or longer. It is very hard and yellow, but gradually goes away. It must be catching, for it has affected four now. They just droop around, but I have lost none with it. Their quarters are clean, dry and well ventilated.

A.—The condition you describe suggests a tumorous growth, but, as four birds are affected, I think it must be the result of cold. Open the bird's beak, and notice if there is any disagreeable odor to the breath. If so, the case has developed into roup. But if there is no odor, it may be only a case of canker, which is only mildly contagious. In either case, I advise you to disinfect the chicken-house, feed and water dishes. For method of treating birds, please read answer to M. B.

No Name or Initials.—I keep my chickens in a pen about fifty by one hundred feet. The young chickens get to be nearly grown, and then their wings drop down, and their feathers all fluff up, and they sit around and die. Sometimes they will eat good, and sometimes they won't eat at all, and they just seem to sleep till they die. I thought at first it was the hot weather, but now it is cold, and they die just the same. I feed them oats and wheat in a litter, and then I feed mash with Prussian tonic. Nearly all that die are roosters—some pullets. I hatched nearly three hundred and I have lost nearly all. I have the Plymouth Rocks, mostly. I give them carrots and Alfalfa meal to eat also, and oyster shell. I have tried nearly everything, and I can't find anything that will stop it. Can you tell me? Sometimes their heads turn dark before they die.

A.—The hens must be constitutionally weak, or else the ground of the henyard has become foul and the birds are infected with intestinal worms. As soon as the weather will permit, scatter freshly slaked lime over the ground and after twelve hours have it plowed, harrowed and sown to oats, or to some quick growing crop. This will kill infection, and sweeten the earth before the birds are let out on it in spring. Try not to keep old and young stock together. Go through the flock and try to clean it up now, before the breeding season starts. Remove a few birds at a time to a small coop, the bottom of which should be made of slats one inch apart, and the coop should rest on short legs, so that the droppings can fall through out of the imprisoned birds' reach. Withhold supper after the birds are put into the small coop, and early the next morning give them a small quantity of mash, made by moistening ground grain with Castor oil—about half a teaspoonful for each bird. Feed so that you can be sure that each bird gets a fair portion. Clean up all the droppings about every two hours and burn. About midday the birds can have another light feed. Keep them on short rations for two days, and then repeat the oil mash once more. When the whole flock has been dosed in this way, add a little nux vomica and tincture of iron to the drinking water, to tone up their systems.

W. J. D.—Will you tell me what was the matter with my ducks, and at what age do they begin to lay? I have ten; five hatched off the 14th of June, and five more the 26th of June. When they were about two months old they got something wrong with them; couldn't walk; would fall over on their backs and some of them would crawl along. It seemed to affect their throats, as some of them can hardly quack. I gave them Pratt's Poultry Food, and rubbed their joints with a liniment. They eat hearty all the time. Will it affect them in breeding, and how can you tell the drakes from the ducks? My ducks are Indian Runners.

A.—Indian Runner ducks should commence to lay when from five to six months old. Leg-weakness is usually caused by overfeeding of grain. Mash for young ducks should be made of equal parts of ground oats, corn, and double the quantity of wheat bran. You can distinguish the drakes from the ducks by the two small feathers that curl up on the tail of the drake.

E. W. S.—I noticed in the Poultry Dept. an item about turkeys. I, too, raise turkeys, and I think if G. K. and J. L. J. will try giving their turkeys raw linseed oil, they will find it a great benefit in their trouble. I have always had trouble with turkeys dying at the time when they "shoot the red." G. K. described my trouble with turkeys as well as I could myself, and this treatment is all we ever found to do any good. I give a very young poult one tablespoonful of the oil, and a poult after it is two months old and on up until it is grown two tablespoonfuls. If they are not better by a day or two, I repeat the dose. I have also found this the only cure for limberneck in chickens. I give a young chick a tablespoonful, and an older or a grown chick two tablespoonfuls. I think it safe to say this will cure nine out of every ten cases if given at the start. I have not lost a sick turkey since I was told of this remedy. I hope this will be of value to others in trouble.

A.—The above is a letter from a subscriber, which I am sure will be appreciated by many of our readers. I have never tried raw linseed oil, but as Castor oil is a very useful remedy in many poultry ailments, I can understand that the linseed oil may be just as serviceable.

P. R.—Please tell me how old pigeons have to be before they commence laying and nesting? I read in COMFORT that a pair of pigeons require a box two feet long, one foot high, and the same wide, with a partition through the center. Please tell me what the partition is for.

A.—Young pigeons pair and commence to lay when about five months old. You ask, why put up a partition through the nest box. It is done to divide the two nests necessary for each pair of breeders. The female pigeon lays a second clutch of eggs and commences to set when the squabs in the first nest are about two weeks old, and as this double family goes on all through the breeding season, the two nests are nearly always occupied. If there was no partition through the center of the box, the young squabs would bother the mother bird while she was sitting. The male pigeon feeds and takes care of the half-grown squab, and often feeds the female while she is sitting.

H. H. Y.—I have read several times different articles about using artificial light in henhouses for the purpose of making hens lay more eggs by giving them more hours of light for working. I supposed the articles were true, but some of my neighbors say not. As you are an authority on chickens, will you please answer through your columns in COMFORT and oblige.

A.—It is quite true that some of the larger poultry plants have installed electric lights in chicken-houses, and use them for a few hours during the short and dark days to enable birds to feed from 5.30 until 6 o'clock, as they do in summer. When artificial light is used, it is turned off gradually, so that the house becomes slightly dusk, which drives the birds to the roosts as naturally as the sun sinking drives them to bed during the summer.

O. B.—Will you please tell me what ails my chickens? I am almost worried to death about them. The disease is going through the country, and several neighbors have lost nearly all their birds. Nothing we do seems to do any good. They look perfectly healthy when the disease strikes them, and eat heartily till they get so blind they can't find anything. The first signs are small knots or bumps coming around the eye, and just keeps coming until the entire head is covered with a mass of feverish corruption, and seem feverish all over, but some are red till they are almost dead; then turn yellow. They run on range, and eat mostly rice in hull. Feed some corn once in a while. Never had any trouble before. I am sending a stamped and addressed envelope, so if you can tell me what to do, please answer by return mail if possible. Have only lost one so far, and one more sick. They get plenty of good fresh water, and have a good house, but lots of mites. I am an old subscriber.

A.—The birds have what is known as chicken or bird pox, which is a contagious disease, so remove them from the rest of the flock, clean and disinfect house, water dishes and feed troughs. Rub vaseline or some pure grease over the head and face to soften the hard skin, and after allowing it to sink in for half an hour, bathe with warm, soapy water. Dry on a soft, clean rag, and then anoint with carbolic vaseline or a solution of boric acid. Repeat once a day until a cure is effected. I am sorry, but it is against our rules to answer letters by mail.

Help From One of Our Readers

I find the following prescription a good preventive and cure for little chicken cholera or white diarrhea. I also keep it out for my old birds and have no trouble with cholera.

One gill of *diluted* sulphuric acid and one half pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon rain-water. Dose: one tablespoonful in each quart of drinking water. This prescription costs fifteen cents. MRS. W. G.

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Watch the Woman!

Do you think she is really working? Not a bit of it! Yet she is doing a big week's washing. The **real work** is done by the 1900 Gravity Washer, which makes most of its own motion. The thing that helps to make it go is under the tub.

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Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife. Mr. Gannett himself says that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiate from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her.

Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,

Writes that She Would Not Take $1,000 for Her 1900 Washer

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Nov. 9, 1908.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly, (Signed) MRS. W. H GANNETT

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We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or notes. You get the Gravity Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it (four weekly washings) FREE. This free trial will tell you more than we could in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and arm-ache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin off your fingers. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first—at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it sell itself. Send for the beautiful free book, **"Washing a Tubful in 6 Minutes."** This story of the 1900 Washer is of fascinating interest. You should read it. Address, The 1900 Washer Co., 1436 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, send to The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



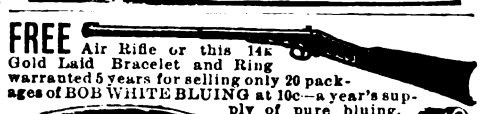
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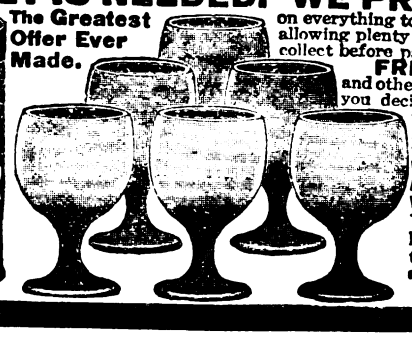
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N. M. Ruthstein—Steel Shoe Man—Dept. 135, Racine, Wis.

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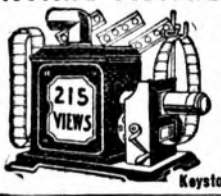
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THIS is the month in which we do well to celebrate the birthdays of the two greatest and best men that America has produced,—and it is difficult to find their equal in all history. At this time when more than half the world is engaged in the most horrible and destructive war that ever was we should study with especial care the deeds, the character and the teachings of these two men who, though they abhorred war, shrank not, each in his time, from conducting our country through a great war because it was necessary to the establishment and perpetuation of national liberty, unity and peace.

The whole world honors them because they were men of peace yet preferred war to dishonorable peace, who made war as a last resort and effective means of abolishing intolerable conditions inevitably productive of strife and under which no honorable or lasting peace could be reasonably expected.

While I enthusiastically support the movement in favor of universal peace and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration I realize that that this object cannot be obtained through treaties so long as the spirit of militarism and the ambition for conquest permeates the people and dominates the policy of certain great European nations. And I feel it a patriotic duty, under these conditions, to point out the danger of following the lead of those who are urging that the United States should set the example of disarming now, and relying solely on an appeal to humanity's sense of justice for the protection of our national power and rights when threatened with attack by an envious and aggressive foreign power.

While robbers, thieves and murderers exist we must have police for the protection of the lives and property of peaceable citizens, and so long as there are robber nations that maintain immense military establishments with a view to taking what they want by force we, as a nation, must maintain an army and navy strong enough, not only to protect our land, our resources, our wealth and our commerce, all which they covet, but also to make them afraid to attack us.

It is costly to maintain a well-equipped and efficient army and navy in time of peace in order to avoid war, but this is far cheaper and immensely preferable to having war forced on us because of our unpreparedness.

If unprepared our advocacy of peace may be disclaimed and misjudged as due to our sense of weakness, while if known to be prepared for war our appeal for peace and arbitration will command due attention and respect.

The lesson of the present war, in which Belgium has been destroyed and a large part of France ruined because they were not prepared for effective defence when suddenly attacked, should teach us to act on Washington's advice to avoid war, but in time of peace prepare for war as the best and surest means of maintaining peace.

I hope you will all read the interesting story, in this issue, of the exploits of General Marion, the South Carolina hero, whose motto was *"Liberty or Death,"* which he wore inscribed on a silver crescent on the front of his hat.

This month I am telling you how to make some more things to occupy your spare time indoors this cold weather.

A Table Trick

Sometimes at a party or any social event when conversation lags you can make yourself agreeable by introducing a trick. Place four glasses in in the form of a square and just far enough apart to make it impossible to place a knife so that its handle will rest on one glass and the end of the blade on another. Then propose to the company that you can so arrange the knives, without moving the glasses, that they will rest upon them, each handle touching only one glass. Some of the guests will say that you cannot others will want to try it themselves. After they have all given it up you can accomplish the trick by arranging them as shown in the picture.



A TABLE TRICK.

Peculiar Gloves

Doctors who perform operations or work in hospitals where they attend persons afflicted with poisonous wounds must be very careful not to get any poisonous fluid on their own hands or they in turn would become patients. Rubber gloves are usually used as a protection against such dangers but they are quite clumsy for the very delicate work the surgeons are expected to do. A new glove for doctors is put on by dipping the hands in a solution of gutta percha which might be called "liquid rubber." The doctor's hands appear to be covered with ink or some thin stain when he removes them but in truth they are coated with a very thin film of rubber which resists the poison should he happen to come in contact with it. When he is through working the gloves are washed off with another solution.

Can You Do This?

Stand in an upright position without leaning against or touching your hand to any object and raise the left hand and left foot or the right hand and right foot, it matters not, to the position shown in the picture. Now try to turn or revolve each in opposite directions. I think you will find it quite impossible to do this but trying it will yield you much amusement and many a hearty laugh. Look at the drawing and the direction the arrows are pointing.



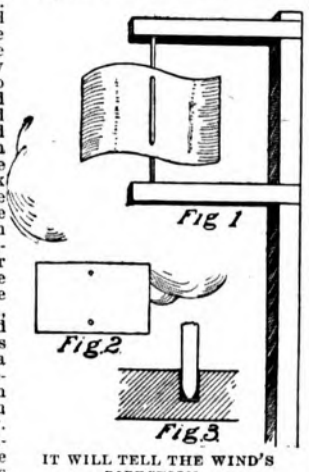
IT WILL AFFORD FUN.

Deep Sea Monsters

At the bottom of the sea there exist many terrible monsters that never leave their dark abiding places. One of these called the "black swallower," devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then the other. Another species is nearly all mouth and having no power of motion, lives half buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its awful mouth alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into it. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a large eel. All of the monsters are black as ink. Some are totally blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces their dwelling places. Each species is gobbled by the next in size for there is no vegetable life to feed on.

Windmill

Here is about the simplest windmill possible and I publish it for beginners with whom I wish to get acquainted. For the wheel you need a piece of tin shaped like Fig. 2 and of any size. Punch two holes in it and put a metal rod or hard wood stick through them. Next make the framework shown in the picture and bore a hole one inch deep in the bottom or lower horizontal piece for the end of the shaft to turn in, under the pointed lower end of this shaft place a piece of tin to reduce the friction and make it turn more easily. Stick the windmill up any place and if there is any wind it will buzz around at a merry clip. You are privileged to write me on any subject you are interested in and if you take the trouble to inclose a stamp I will certainly reply.



IT WILL TELL THE WIND'S DIRECTION.

A Puzzling Experiment

Here is one of those baffling tricks which we are willing to swear we can do until we have tried and failed. Extend the right hand at full length and bend the thumb into the position shown in the lower drawing. Be sure that the top of the thumb is pressed firmly into the palm of the hand. Now, retaining the thumb in the position explained raise the hand and press it as far under the arm as you possiby can, as illustrated in the upper sketch. While the hand is still under the arm straighten the thumb out and try to replace it. I believe you will find it quite impossible to replace the thumb in its original position. If there be any reason for this it is up to some skilled surgeon to explain it.



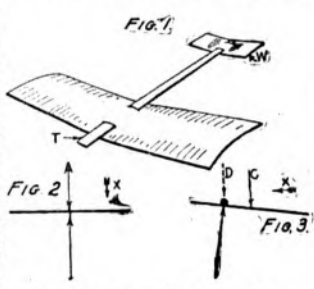
PUZZLE FOR THE BOYS.

African Waterfalls

Americans like to think that Niagara is the largest waterfall in the world but such is not the case. There are several African cataracts which surpass our great wonder both in grandeur and magnitude. Niagara Falls has a sheer drop of 168 feet but the Zambesi river plunges 400 feet. The crest of the Victoria Falls is a little more than five times as long as the American Falls at Niagara. One fact must be mentioned however, the crest of our falls is unbroken while the Victoria is broken up by small islands the largest of which is about 600 feet across. To go back to the Zambesi, just before it takes its plunge it is joined by the Kwando river and spreads out into a vertiable lake. Strange to say the surface of this lake is very smooth and its banks are perpendicular and straight. Beside it our great Niagara would look small for it is a whole lake and not merely a river that sweeps over the precipice.

Aeroplane

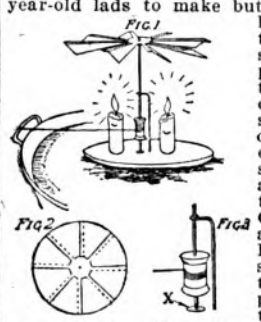
Here is a little paper flyer that you can make yourself. First you want a thin stick like a sliver of an old basket or butter-dish, or a piece of cardboard will do. It should be six inches long and one half inch wide. Get a piece of stiff letter paper or thin cardboard and pierce it with the stick in the center like "T," then a smaller piece for the tail like "W." Now you hold it flat as high as you can read an let go. Instead of dropping right to the ground it will float across the room. Notice the way the paper parts are curved and make yours accordingly.



IF MADE RIGHT IT WILL FLOAT.

A Candle Power Boat

In olden times lads were content to make little models of boats merely for the looks of the thing but nowadays boys are fond of toys that will move. It keeps me busy getting those moving models down to a simple enough basis for ten-year-old lads to make but even the dullest will have no trouble with this boat. A piece of shingle whittled to a pumpkin-seed shape is the beginning. In the center force a piece of stiff wire and bend it over at the top with an eye or loop in it as shown in Fig. 3. Mark a piece of cardboard or tin as shown in Fig. 2. Cut on the solid lines and bend on the dotted lines. For an upright shaft use a hatpin with the ball at top. The point is threaded through the loop in the wire and through a spool. It rests upon a small piece of tin so it will not sink into the wood. The spool is fastened tightly to the pin. Light the candles and the heat waves rising up will cause the wheel at the top to turn. The spool will also turn thus winding up the thread and causing the boat to be drawn back to shore.



FUN FOR THE SMALL BOY.

In March I shall have something more to tell you about the Boy Scouts that should be very interesting as well as instructive, for it will describe how to take care of yourselves and make strong, healthy active boys of you. Till then be good boys. Good by.

UNCLE JOHN.



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IN COMMEMORATION OF EXPOSITION.—The senate has authorized the coinage of ten, five, two-and-a-half and one half gold pieces to be commemorative of the Panama-Pacific exposition to be held in California in 1915. The coinage of some 50-cent pieces is also provided for.

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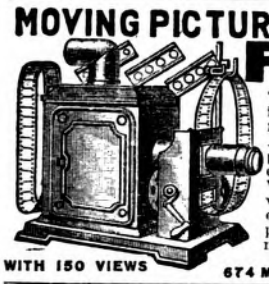
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

CHOREA.—A distemper left my pup—six months old, lame in his right hind leg. It jerks all the time and he does not seem to have any use of that leg when he runs. MRS. J. R. C.

A.—This apparently is chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which often follows distemper and is practically incurable. Let her live out of doors as much as possible. Feed well. Give twenty drops of elixir of calisaya, iron and strychnine twice daily in soup or milk until the trouble is relieved or treatment seems to be useless. Keep her free from worms, as fits from that cause have similar symptoms but are curable.

CHOREA.—I have a French poodle, two years old, that has fits, or what seems to be cramps. When she has an attack she tries to answer to her name, but cannot control her legs. The legs draw crooked and then stretch rigid. MISS L. C.

A.—See answer above on this subject this month.

INDIGESTION.—Sometime ago I noticed that my dog had long white worms. What shall I do to rid him of them? L. M. P.

A.—You are overfeeding the dog and allowing too little exercise. Allow one small meal a day and make the dog live out-doors as much as possible. Do not feed sweets, cake or dainties. As worms may be present give half a teaspoonful of freshly powdered Kamala in soup or cream after starving the dog for twenty-four hours. Repeat the dose in ten days.

SCOURS.—About two months ago I had the teeth of my horse filed and since then he hasn't eaten very well and is falling away. He scours when driven. B. R. C.

A.—Only the sharp points of the molar teeth next to the cheeks and to the tongue should be filed. If the tables of the grinding teeth are filed smooth the horse cannot masticate feed properly and will suffer from indigestion. In time the ill-effects of unintelligent dentistry may pass off. Meanwhile feed ground oats, cut hay and wheat bran. If scouring continues do not give drinking water before starting a drive. In the feed twice daily mix a pint of browned wheat flour and a teaspoonful of powdered alum.

COUGH.—I have a three-year-old heifer. She came in last spring and is giving a good flow of milk. She appears to have a good appetite. She began coughing last summer as though something caught in her throat. It is not caused by dust. D. M.

A.—Tuberculosis is the probable cause of cough and to make sure you should have the heifer tested with tuberculin. There is no cure for the disease. If lung worms are the cause they will be thrown off after a time and no treatment is necessary in a three-year-old. Worms or their eggs may be found by microscopic examination of the nasal discharge of an affected animal.

THIN MARE.—I have a mare seven years old. She raised her first colt last spring, working all the summer. This fall I took the colt from her, and she does not pick up. I feed corn and cane, hay and fodder. A yearling mule in same pasture nursed her. W. E. C.

A.—The mare has been reduced by suckling. Feed whole oats, wheat bran, ear corn and mixed clover or Alfalfa hay. Omit the cane hay. She should then pick up. It would be well to have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian.

ABSCESS.—About sixteen months ago a small lump appeared in the right side of the udder half way between the two teats, of one of my cows. It has been growing and is about the size of a hen's egg. It has broken with a bloody looking discharge. Is the milk from the other side fit to use? MRS. M. B.

A.—The lump may have come from a bruise or it may contain a sliver or thorn which should be removed. Open it up and swab with tincture of iodine daily, on the lump and inside the cavity. Without an examination we are unable to decide the character of the puff. If it is a rupture the bowel may be returned to the abdominal cavity by manipulation with the fingers. The milk may be used if the cow is known to be free from tuberculosis, by testing with tuberculin.

SCOURS.—I have a calf seven months old with too frequent movement of the bowels. When it lies down appears weak in its hind parts and can't get up. MRS. A. S.

A.—Feed a mixture of corn-meal, oatmeal, bran and flaxseed meal and also allow whole oats and clover hay. To check scours, should it continue, mix a heaping teaspoonful of a mixture of one quart of salol and two parts of subnitrate of bismuth in the feed twice daily.

LAMPAS.—I have a pair of two-year-old mules. Both of them have lampas. O. W.

A.—Give them some ears of old corn to chew on daily and twice a day swab the parts with a solution of one ounce of powdered alum in a quart of water. Do not cut or burn the swollen palate.

CONGESTED UDDER.—I have a Jersey cow which brought a calf. I was unable to get her up and milk her until the calf was two days old. Her udder appears to be caked and is hard; her teats are soft. She gives a little milk out of her back teats and none from the front ones. T. B. B.

A.—We fear it will be too late to succeed with this cow. Give her a pound of epsom salts in three pints of warm water at one dose. After scouring subsides give a tablespoonful of saltpeter once daily in water and feed generously. Massage the udder three times a day and go through the motions of milking. At night rub the udder with brandy. Warm drinks of flaxseed tea well-sweetened with blackstrap molasses would be good for her.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

Questions and Answers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

cannot be raised as a profitable crop in the latitude of Michigan, hence specific answers to the rest of your questions are unnecessary here. Since you, as well as other readers of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer, are interested in this crop it is fully discussed in another column of this paper. See article on Milo Maize in this department, this issue.

DISEASED HARES AND RABBITS.—We have the Belgian Hare and New Zealand stock. They are kept in large hutches about two feet off the ground. These are warm and clean. We feed them dry Alfalfa and rolled barley, also green stuff such as kale, rape and carrots. They are fed twice a day and plenty of it. But many of them die and when examined their livers are found to be twice the natural size and full of white spots. What is the matter? Is it a disease or wrong feeding? I enjoy reading your fine paper, and especially COMFORT'S farm department. MRS. R. E. S., San Diego, Cal.

A.—This is a common experience in the keeping of rabbits and hares. The disease may be either tuberculosis (common) or a parasitic disease, or a form of pus absorption. There is no cure in either case. All affected stock should be destroyed and burned and the hutches and yards cleaned, disinfected and whitewashed. Then start with new, strong stock, if you must continue the business, but we have no hesitation in advising that it will prove disappointing and unprofitable. Read the two questions and answers on diseases of Belgian hares in this department in January COMFORT.

CABBAGE BUGS.—Please tell me what kind of bugs these are that I am enclosing, and how to rid our gardens of these destructive pests. They killed turnips and radishes but did the most damage to cabbage. Though they did not eat holes in the leaves, the plants they got on would wilt and die in a short time. I used a spray of kerosene and water, but without any effect. They will kill a cabbage even after it is headed.

MRS. H. D. S., Bellview, New Mexico.

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A.—The specimens that you enclosed were the "Harlequin" or the Cabbage-bug," otherwise known as the "Calicoback," the "Firebug" or the "Terrapin-bug." The latter name is derived from its fancied resemblance to a turtle. It is called the firebug because it withers the plants on which it feeds as if struck by fire. The adult insect rests over winter in cabbage stumps and under leaves and emerges in the spring and lays its eggs on wild mustard and kale. The larvæ take about two weeks to reach the adult stage and during this time suck the sap of plants on which they feed. The best means of control is to plant trap crops of kale among the cabbage at different times. The bugs prefer the kale to cabbage and may be destroyed with the trap crop by the use of pure kerosene spray. But this spray must not be used on cabbage as it will kill the plants. Whale oil soap spray, two pounds to the gallon of water, will kill every bug it touches without injury to the cabbage, but must cover the bug to be effective, hence cannot be depended upon.

THE SILO QUESTION.—WHAT BREED OF HOGS?—Is a silo a good thing for the farm? What breed of hogs is best to raise if you intend to kill and market them at eight months old? G. A., Hillview, Ill.

A.—In our opinion no farmer who can raise corn and keeps live stock, especially dairy cows, can afford to be without a silo. The day is coming when every farm will have such a storage place for corn. Silos are being put in on practically every up-to-date farm in the corn belt. (2) This is not so much a matter of breed as of feed and care. Either the Poland-China or the Jersey Red breed will supply pigs that can be marketed early and the degree of development will depend upon the care given the hogs. Berkshires also are suitable, but less of the lard-hog type.

SEASONING HOME-GROWN TOBACCO.—I would like to know how to season home-grown tobacco for chewing. I raise it and get it dried and cured well enough, but don't know what to put in it for seasoning. L. L. S., Martins Ferry.

A.—Licorice and molasses are used to flavor or sweeten chewing tobacco, and honey is sometimes used in the same way. You will have to do some experimenting to get the right proportions. Much licorice taken right along tends to upset the stomach (indigestion.)

GARDEN HUCKLEBERRY.—Do you know of a kind of berry called the "garden huckleberry?" If so, please tell me where I can get the seed or plants. (2) Where is the Ohio State Agricultural Experiment Station located? (3) I am a widow and own a small place in the country. What would you advise me to raise on it to yield me a living? I take COMFORT and think it a fine paper. MRS. I. M. L., Montville, Ohio.

A.—The garden huckleberry is the wild species brought under cultivation. Since the bushes are easily transplanted and do well under this treatment they have been given special attention especially in the eastern states. Any reliable horticulturist or concern that raises or deals in nursery stock should be able to supply the young bushes. (2) Your experiment station is located at Wooster, Ohio, C. E. Thorne, Director. (3) Poultry and gardening is a good occupation for a woman on a small piece of land, provided you are located near a satisfactory market. Consult the Extension Service of your Agricultural College, Columbus, Ohio.

WHERE TO GET BOOKS ON HOG RAISING.—Please tell me what paper or book will give me the best information on raising hogs and on the best kinds of feed for them. G. C. I., Experiment, Ga.

A.—Take this matter up with the animal husbandry department of the agricultural experiment station of your state as they no doubt can send you free bulletins giving you the special information you require for successful hog raising in your district and state. Also write Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for bulletins on this subject published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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Elders' Sanitarium, located at 504 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

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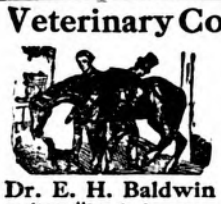
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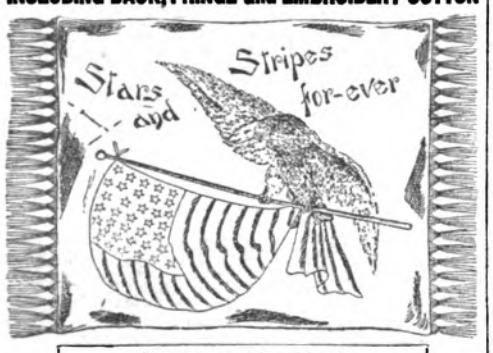
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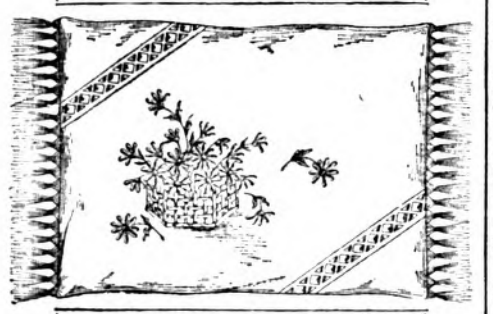
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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

estly scanned her animated face. "How would you like to become an applicant and try for the prize?"

"Why Judge Ashburton, surely you are laughing at me, or you would never propose such a thing!" said Alice, flushing. "New York is three thousand miles away, and the trip would be out of the question, even if I were competent to undertake such a debate."

"I am not afraid to have you take your stand with the brightest of them," said her friend, with an air of mingled pride and confidence. "I am very proud of my pupil, and as for the trip—that could be easily managed."

Alice answered him with a skeptical little laugh, but her cheeks were scarlet, and she was saying to herself, with a feeling of intense yearning:

"Oh! if I could have an opportunity to try my wings, just once!"

"But I mean it, Alice," said the judge, earnestly. "To tell you the truth, my friend, who has written me of this—I've made my boasts about you to him a number of times—dares me to bring you to the front, and show him what you can do, and he is to be one of the jury. So you perceive that I am especially interested in this matter. Now, I have a proposition to make you. We will spend the next few days in studying up the questions involved in this coming contest; it will be capital practise for you, even though you should not succeed in being selected as one of the favored four. Then we will go over to America, taking May along to be company for you, and show my skeptical friend what Judge Ashburton's student is capable of in the way of argument, and in meeting and sustaining points of law. If you will do this for me, Alice, I will bear all the expense of the journey and promise you two girls a good time, besides."

"Oh, Judge Ashburton, you are too kind to me," Alice began, tears starting to her eyes in view of the enchanting project held out to her by her good friend.

"Tut! tut! Just put it the other way, and you will come nearer the truth," interposed the old gentleman. "To be perfectly frank with you, as soon as I read this letter from my friend, Judge Allen, and the papers relating to the contest which he sent with it, I at once set my heart upon having you try for this prize. Of course, I don't claim that you are going to win it, for I know that there are other smart folks in the world besides Miss Alice Weston, but I do claim that, if you will enter the list, you will give the others some hot work to win it away from you, and the fun I shall get out of the affair will more than repay me for the small matter of the expense of the trip. What do you say, will you go?"

"I shall have to think it over and consult mamma," Alice thoughtfully responded.

"Of course, that is right. Put up your work, take a holiday and go do your consulting at once," said the judge, smiling, "and be sure you tell your mother that I make it a condition that May is to go along too. I know it will be a little hard on her to take both her treasures away at once, but I believe she will take a sensible view of the matter and make the best of it. Now, get your things on and be off, for I am as eager as a boy to have this affair settled."

Alice was thankful that he gave her the day, for this proposition had so excited her that she was wholly unfitted for work, and she readily obeyed him, donned her hat and wraps and started at once for home.

Mrs. Weston was no less amazed than herself at the project, and, at first, was inclined to oppose it; but May was almost wild over the prospect of crossing the ocean and seeing the sights on the other side of the world, and would not listen to a word of objection from anyone.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is such a wonderful opportunity, we would be crazy not to make the most of it, and then, just think! if Alice should win the prize, what a feather in our caps."

They all laughed at her eagerness, and the possessive case she had used, but it was finally agreed that the "wonderful opportunity" was one that must not be ignored, and Mrs. Weston gave her consent to the project, although somewhat reluctantly.

The judge was well pleased with her decision, and immediately set about coaching Alice for the approaching contest with all the enthusiasm which he had been wont to manifest in his more youthful days when preparing himself to defend a difficult case.

Alice was no less ambitious to do him credit, as well as herself, and threw her whole heart into the work, and before the day of sailing arrived, she was as eager for the fray as the veriest old war horse that scents the battle from afar.

Judge Ashburton told no one save Mr. Fletcher of his plans, for he did not wish to arouse any gossip over the matter.

In speaking of his contemplated journey to America to the other members of the family and to Lady Marchmont, he merely explained that business which necessitated taking his amanuensis with him called him to America, and, out of consideration for Miss Weston, he had invited her sister to accompany her.

Thus the middle of March found our friends on their way across the Atlantic.

The voyage was a somewhat tempestuous one, but they arrived safe and well in New York, where they were met and warmly greeted by Will, who had come on from New Haven to meet them.

They took apartments at the Metropole, and, while awaiting the day set for the examination of applicants for the contest, Judge Ashburton managed to give his young charges a pretty good idea of the geography and topography of the great metropolis.

Finally the great day of examination dawned, and out of the two hundred aspiring barristers who applied to enter the arena, only twenty-five were ladies, Alice being the only one among these who was not American born.

This examination proved to be exceedingly interesting, and revealed the fact that most of the aspirants were brilliant and talented, the ladies especially so, and for some time it was doubtful if the number of contestants for the prize could be reduced to four. But, finally, one after another went down before the broadside of legal points and technicalities, until a Mr. Rockwell, from the Harvard law school in Boston, Mass., and a Mr. Vilbert of New York, alone stood their ground out of the hundred and seventy-five gentlemen; and a Miss Van Kirk, from Chicago, and Alice, out of the twenty-five ladies.

Then the day was appointed for the great contest and the mock trial, and other arrangements completed.

The two champion gentlemen were appointed as counsel for the prosecution, and the two ladies for the defense; while the case, as already intimated, involved many points of international law, A commodious place had been secured for the occasion, and this, on the day set for the fray, was filled at an early hour, not only by judges and lawyers, but by many distinguished society people who were fortunate enough to secure tickets for the unique affair.

When Judge Ashburton conducted Alice to her place, many curious as well as admiring glances followed her, for it had already been whispered abroad that she was a remarkably promising student and destined to shine a brilliant light in the legal firmament.

She was quietly clad in a costume of golden brown cloth, severely plain, but of exquisite fit, and she wore a small hat to match, with a dash here and there of pale pink that was vastly becoming to her.

She appeared perfectly at ease and without a vestige of self-consciousness, facts which added greatly to the charm of her presence.

The case was ably opened by Mr. Rockwell, one of the counsel for the prosecution, and as it proceeded, both young men proved themselves to be opponents of more than ordinary ability.

The prisoner was a well-known lawyer, and the witnesses on both sides were s in the profession; and, as they all got warmed up to their work, the skill manifested in both attack and defense aroused the audience to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, until the scene became intensely realistic.

We cannot follow the case point by point, but both ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves brilliantly in the gathering of evidence and in the examination of prisoner and witnesses.

The speeches of Messrs. Rockwell and Vilbert were keen, comprehensive and eloquent, and won many a nod of commendation from old-time judges and lawyers.

Miss Van Kirk made the first plea for the defendant, and her arguments were forcible, intelligent and to the point.

Then Alice took the floor, and the moment her clear, flexible voice sounded on the ear a hush of expectation fell over the audience.

She used no notes; she had studied the case so thoroughly and had made herself so conversant with every point and detail that it was outlined in her mind like a picture, which only needed the power of description to make it as clear and vivid to her hearers as it was to herself.

And she abundantly possessed that power.

We have previously alluded to her remarkable fluency of speech and this, added to the natural refinement of her manner and elegance of diction, together with here and there vivid and subtle flashes of wit, her utter lack of self-consciousness, her beauty and her great earnestness, which betrayed that she had thrown her whole soul into her work, all served to hold her listeners spellbound and made them eager to catch every word that fell from her eloquent lips.

Judge Ashburton actually trembled as he listened.

"It surely must have been born in her," he said to himself, "for this is something more than talent—it is a gift. But I am glad the girl isn't going to pursue her profession, for no one—man or woman—could last very long to throw so much of vital force into their work. I never heard stronger nor more eloquent arguments in my life, while her delicate touches of sympathy and womanliness have lent them a charm that is irresistible."

When at last she sat down the hush remained unbroken for a full minute, after which there came a burst of applause so ardent and so prolonged as to be a veritable ovation, and was only checked when the court was sharply called to order.

Then came the summing up and the charge to the jury, whereupon those twelve august individuals—after conferring together for a moment or two—declared themselves ready with their verdict without retiring for discussion.

It was a unanimous acquittal for the prisoner.

After this there was a little delay while the committee on award made up their report, which was at length voiced to the impatient audience by their chairman—a prominent judge.

While all the contestants were highly complimented upon their work, which, he said, had been of a very high order and promised a brilliant future, it became his pleasant duty to declare that the prize had been awarded Miss Alice Weston of Windsor, England, whom he most heartily congratulated for the signal triumph which she had won, not only for herself, but for her sex, in proving the point taken by Mrs. Voss, that woman is as capable of excelling in the various professions as man.

In closing, he handed her a beautiful purse containing the check for one thousand dollars, after which the court was dismissed and the audience dispersed.

Alice was immediately surrounded by a crowd of admirers, among whom were the young men who had been her opponents and who cordially admitted that she had bravely won the victory, and that they were proud to have been associated with her in the contest.

But she shrank from so much flattery, and, having espied Will, signaled to the judge that she wanted to go, and gathering his party together, he led them from the room, and they were soon on their way back to their hotel.

But a startling surprise awaited them there.

It was a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher to Judge Ashburton, and read thus:

"Serious law complications have arisen; I need your immediate advice."

That was all, but it was sufficient to make the judge anxious to return at once to England, and he immediately hurried away to engage staterooms for his party on the next outgoing steamer.

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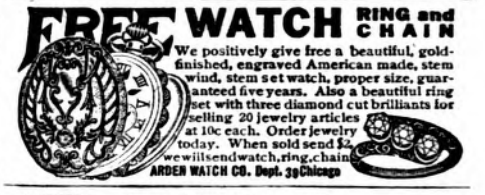
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Reader, Pegram, Tenn.—As nothing else is the matter with you, your redness of face, or blushing, when in company is due to self-consciousness. If you have not sufficient mental control to forget yourself and think about the company you are in, you never will be cured. Expression teachers are of no value in such a case. It must be self-taught and if you cannot teach yourself, you might as well retire from society.

Dickey, Waterloo, Ia.—Etiquette provides no rule of action in the case of a gentleman declining to return a lady's letters, or *vice versa,* when they have quarreled and quit writing. Most people are willing to give them up, if not you must get them any way you can or let them remain as tokens of your folly.

Blue Eyes, Dresden, Mo.—If there is no objection to him except his nationality, whatever that may be, wait until you are twenty-one years of age and tell your father that you will marry the man of your choice, with or without his consent, as he pleases. Don't keep company with other young men until this matter is settled, unless your best young man is willing.

Sisters, Sherbrooke, N. Dak.—Don't marry your first cousin whether the civil law is against it or not. Natural law is stronger than the civil law. A girl should receive an engagement ring when the engagement is made, unless they wish to keep it secret. It is not proper according to etiquette for a girl to slap the face of a man who tries to kiss her against her will, but morally it is all right and should be done, unless the girl can take a club to him. It is right enough for a young girl to take the advice of a youth of twenty, if some older person says the advice is good. Unless the girl is chaperoned she should not be out with the young man after midnight. The lady should not ask the gentleman for the engagement ring, unless he doesn't know enough to give it to her without being asked.

Tempest and Sunshine, Westbrooke, Minn.—The lady should say good by to the gentleman who kisses her without her permission and make it permanent. The lady may take the arm of the gentleman who is carrying her wraps, but it is just as well not to overload him. It is not proper for the gentleman to put his arms around the lady when they are out walking, but it frequently happens.

Brown and Gray, Cutler, N. M.—The lady should decline to dance with the gentleman who holds her too tight in spite of her protests. A lady has some rights a gentleman is bound to respect. Having broken your engagement with the young man and you do not want him around, you should not dance with him and permit him to call on you as if nothing had happened. You are to blame, not he.

Anxious, Tuskeega, Ia.—As the gentleman was the first to become angry and fall out, it is his place to speak first in the restoration of previous relations.

Lassie Lily, Donipham, Nebr.—The usual evening call should end not later than eleven, and earlier if the caller has to get up early to go to work. Ten o'clock is the best hour to go. Unless you are engaged to the young man a locket with his picture in it is scarcely an appropriate present. Return it to him with a little talk on the proprieties. He needs information.

Sue, Marticville, Pa.—It is quite proper to thank the gentleman for bringing you home in his buggy. Indeed, it would be rude not to, and you may thank him in any pleasant words that you think of. Don't do it as though you were reading it to him out of an etiquette book. Do it naturally.

Troubled, Des Moines, Ia.—When a gentleman says to a lady: "Let me hold your hand till the car comes," it means that he hasn't anything better to say to her and has to quote somebody else. When the gentleman caller says it is time for him to be going, the lady should not detain him, especially if it is time he was going. On the contrary if he will not go when he should, she should tell him it was time for him to go, and she should insist upon his going. Some men have no manners whatever in this regard.

C. W., Velva, N. Dak.—Your child is second cousin to your first cousin and the children of first cousins are second cousins, possibly first cousins one remove, if the parents are first cousins.

Brown Eyes, Peak, Va.—A woman five feet, five inches tall, may weigh as low as one hundred and nineteen pounds or as high as one hundred and sixty, the average being one hundred and forty, so you are only seven pounds above minimum. A girl of sixteen should be beyond the seventh grade. You ask: "Is my grammar and spelling as good as it should be?" and we ask you to ask your teacher if it is.

Puzzled, Appleton, Wis.—Etiquette hasn't much to do with happiness, but we should say there would be a big risk in a widow with one child marrying a widower with four children. Still, it might turn out well and there's no way to settle it except by trial.

H. D., Trumansburg, N. Y.—Your mother is right as girls' mothers usually are and you should wait for the man to write first. But you should have more confidence in your mother.

Lilly, Alum Bridge, W. Va.—The only good reason we know why a fifteen-year-old girl should not walk home from a party with a gentleman is that she should ride home in a baby-wagon. Girls of fifteen are children.

Brown Eyes, Yale, Mich.—It was bad manners for the gentleman to make an engagement with you and fail to keep it and worse to wait until he met you by chance some time later and apologized. He should have apologized at once. That he did not shows he did not care whether he ever did or not. If you wish to make other engagements with that kind of a man you may do as you please about it.

Beauty, Freehold, N. J.—A lady might under extraordinary circumstances forget herself so far as to call another a liar, but if she is a real lady she will apologize. For her to say deliberately she never has apologized or never will for anything she does makes her altogether impossible for any polite society.

Shorty, Orwell, O.—It is not a matter of etiquette, so much as it is personal for you to go to places with your girl and her gentleman friends. If agreeable to her and you and them, it is proper enough, but it is not customary.

Sincerity, Glencoe, N. Dak.—You did right to sit in the back seat of the auto with your escort's sister rather than on the front seat with him. The hospitable way on receiving a box of candy is to open it at once and pass it around. You may use your first name on your cards, but as you are the only one, or if you were the oldest of others, it would be correct to omit your first name and have it "Miss B." Written or even printed cards will answer, but engraved cards are the real thing and they are not very expensive, as such things go. The gentleman lets the lady order what she wants at lunch. Or she may tell him and he can order. You will have to ask somebody else about what you must do as bridesmaid at the wedding, because we don't know any of the conditions and can't guess at what you ought to do or say.

Lonely, Elgin, N. Dak.—There is no limit by etiquette rules on the number of times the lady should write weekly to the gentleman with whom she has been keeping company. Only one rule is to be observed and that is not to write except in reply to letters from him. (2) One hundred and fifty-three pounds is about right for a lady five feet six inches tall. The minimum is one hundred and twenty-one, the maximum, one hundred and sixty-five; average one hundred and forty-three. You could wear a brown and white shepherd plaid.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

body has gone such a pace as Cyril More—everybody knew how it would end. No fortune could stand it, however big, and his was almost as large as any man's. I always knew how it would be, I could see from the first. Why, I remember two years ago, when we were yachting together in the Mediterranean——"

Cyril shifts his position, and remarks that it is very warm; but Edna does not reply.

"I said to him as we were walking up and down the deck one night after supper: 'Cyril, old boy! take my advice and put the curb on, stop the running a bit, do, there's a dear fellow, for my sake! And he promised he would. Oh, yes, he was always good at promising, but I knew how it would be. He'd have pulled up short to please me if he'd do it for anyone for I flatter myself I've got more influence with him than any other creature on the face of the earth; but you see it wasn't in him. He must go while he could keep on his legs."

There is a sapient murmur of concurrence, and Mr. Jones, thus encouraged, runs on glibly.

"Yes, it was a complete smash, and everything has gone! It wouldn't have been so bad, but Glitters——"

"Who is Glitters?" asked the same anxious inquirer into the manners and customs of the aristocracy.

"Oh, come!" exclaims Mr. Jones, banteringly. "Not know Glitters! Why, she's the best known personage in London, and has ruined more good fellows than you can count on your ten fingers. Not know Glitters, by Jove!"

"And this Glitters, she helped to ruin your friend?"

"Yes," says Mr. Jones, with a regretful sigh; "she was at the bottom of it. I've known him give her ten thousand pounds worth of diamonds in one week——"

Cyril raises his hand, knocks the ash off his cigar, and looks at Edna with a curious scrutiny. He need have no fear—she is innocence itself, and Mr. Jones' story, Glitters, diamonds and all, conveys no adequate meaning to her; she is simply puzzled, and looks out dreamily toward the lake.

"Yes, diamonds, carriages, horses, everything she could secure she got," continues Mr. Jones, "and poor old Cyril is left without a cent in the world."

"But," says the interested listener, "surely his friends did——"

"Oh," says Mr. Jones, modestly, "we did what we could, and set him on his legs a little, of course, but——" and he shrugs his shoulders significantly.

"And where is he now?" asks some one.

"At Hamburg," replies Mr. Jones, with the unhesitating confidence of truth itself, "gambling away his few last coins as fast as he can—poor old Cyril!"

"Poor old Cyril" has not moved a muscle, has lain back with the serenest and most placid of faces through it all, and now, calm and passive, pushes his hat from his brow, and half closes his eyes, perhaps to enjoy and meditate upon his sad fate as depicted by the truthful and graphic Mr. Jones.

The soft voice of the girl beside him roused him.

"Do you think—do you believe—do you know this Sir Cyril More, of whom he has been speaking?" asks Edna.

"Do I know him?" echoes Cyril, quietly, and wondering why there should be that little shadow of a shadow on the pure young face. "I have heard of him—yes."

"And—and," she asks, looking at him with what he fancies is something like anxiety—"Is it true? Is he so utterly ruined?"

Cyril looks out gravely at the lake.

"Yes, I am afraid there is no mistake about that, Miss Weston."

"And is it all his own fault? Surely it cannot be all his own fault?"

"Yes, I'm afraid, from all I've heard, that he has only himself to blame," answers Cyril, quite placidly. "I don't think there is any doubt that he is of no account—an utterly worthless, idiotic sort of fellow."

Edna looks at him with, yes, certainly, a deeper sadness in her clear young eyes.

"I am so sorry," she says.

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. As it is, he takes the cigar out of his mouth with the air of one who does not quite understand.

"Sorry!" he says. "Why should you be—you do not know him?"

"No-o," says Edna, crossing her hands in her lap, "I do not know him, although I have a dim kind of recollection of the name. I cannot think where I heard it," she muses; "perhaps my father——"

"Your father! I never knew your father," says Cyril, off his guard for the moment, but hastening on, as Edna turns her calm, questioning gaze on him, "I mean I did not know that your father went into society at all—not the sort of society which such a good-for-nothing fellow as this Cyril More is likely to have frequented, you know."

"It could not have been my father from whom I have heard the name," says Edna. "Yes, I am sorry; for he could not have been altogether wicked—no one is that. Poor Sir Cyril More!"

Cyril flushes for a moment. Now is the time; it would be dishonest, nay, dishonorable, to allow her to remain in ignorance. And yet, if he does reveal himself, it must be to say farewell, to throw away the chance of ever speaking one word to her again. It is hard, but he will do it.

He rises slowly—under the most poignant emotion it is scarcely likely that Cyril would be anything but deliberately and carelessly graceful—and is about to speak, when once more Mr. Jones' voice breaks in:

"Going to Hamburg, are you? Perhaps you'll meet old Cyril. If you do, tell him you've seen me, and give him my fondest regards. Don't forget Howley Jones, you know—always calls me Howley. What's he like? Oh, you can't mistake; a dark, thickset man, with rather long hair; not a good-looking man, by any means; and that's what makes it so unaccountable, you know!"

Cyril can stand no more. With a laugh too low and subdued to make itself heard in the next arbor, he takes out his watch.

"We've heard enough of Mr. Jones' reminiscences, haven't we?" he says. "I'm afraid you are rather bored with his unfortunate friend, and—there's the tea bell."

Edna looked up with a laughing face.

"Confess now that you are hungry——"

"No, only thirsty, on my honor," says Cyril, laughing too. "It's Mr. Jones' fault; he was too dry!"

Two hours later and the lake is on fire, the town of Lucerene itself, basking in the reflection of the setting sun which casts a glow on land, lake and sky, tinging the clouds and pouring a warm flood of crimson on the quay, now all alive with promenaders, boatmen and flower sellers.

In front of the Grand knots of English tourists, dressed in the grotesque style which the traveling youths of our favored isle delight in, are lounging about on balustrade and terrace listening to the band, and staring at the gayly, richly and much overdressed young lady who leans back with the air of an empress in one of the pair-horse flies for which Lucerne is celebrated. This lady, though young, is possessed of undoubted confidence, and sits as unmoved by the direct stare of our youths and the glances of the passers-by as if she were a statue—a painted statue. Now and then she turns her eyes—fine orbs, well shown up with pencilled lashes and tinted eyebrows—toward the entrance of the hotel, and beats a tattoo with her gloved hand—she wears her rings outside her gloves, by the way; what is the use of possessing handsome diamond rings if you can't show them?—on the edge of the fly door, as if impatiently awaiting for the egress of someone therefrom. Meanwhile she returns the stares and glances with contemptuous indifference and compound interest, and is altogether a very grand and scornful young mademoiselle.

But suddenly her wandering eye sees someone

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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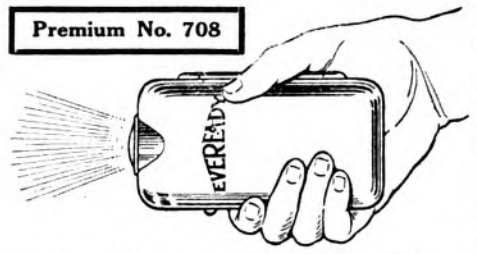
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek; through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Subscriber, Bangor, Ala.—A good way for a Southern farmer to get a Northern buyer for his farm is to write to the E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 West 34th Street, New York City, and the American Investment Association, 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., and M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agt., Southern Railway, Room 19, Washington, D. C., and F. H. LaBaume, Agril. Agt., Norfolk & Western Railway, Room 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va., and engage the services of one or more of these concerns to find him a customer, as that is their business.

Mrs. C. L. S., Mt. Vernon, S. Dak.—Gold fish raising may be remunerative if you have fine facilities, fine breeds and are close to your market. You should be able to get instructions from the persons who sell you the fish, and if you will write to Hon. Hugh Smith, Commissioner, Fish Commission, Washington, D. C. you may get additional details.

T. J. N., Mohrland, Utah.—The electric light burns in a vacuum. If you do not believe this, break the glass of the ordinary incandescent bulb and see how quickly you are in the dark.

Kiddie, Owensboro, Ky.—The national headquarters of the Salvation Army are in New York City and Mrs. Evangeline Booth is in charge with Col. William Peart as Chief Secretary. The Department of the West has its headquarters in Chicago. The total membership in this country is 27,315 with 2,934 ministers and 872 churches. The Salvation Army has done and is doing great religious work among those needing it most and its efforts should be encouraged by all classes.

A. P. M., Minden, Iowa.—Send a full description with drawings of your invention to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. and you will be informed if you can get a patent on it. A patent will cost you sixty-five dollars; and a caveat, good for a year, will cost five dollars.

H. R. M., Coulterville, Ill.—You are mistaken when you tell us you think you have something in you better than being a farmer. Of course, if you mean the old-time farmer who farmed as his grandfather did, you are right, but in these days of modern farming, there is no occupation calling for all the best there is in a man equal to farming. It requires not only knowledge of the earth and its fullness, but chemistry, machinery, stock, architecture, home-making, business and about all there is worth knowing. The new-time farmer will be the best man there is in this country, or any country, as soon as he has thoroughly waked up and knows how good a thing he has. You ask us for something to read that will inform you on subjects better than farming. There is none. What you should read are the best magazines devoted to farming, the best books written on the subject, and the reports of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, these latter costing you no more than the postage to write to your Congressman to have them sent to you, or write direct for them to the Secretary of Agriculture. Being married should not prevent your taking a course at your nearest Agricultural College. We are glad of the opportunity to say these things to you, even though briefly, for we want all the young farmers who read COMFORT to realize their opportunity and put themselves strong to the work of getting out of their farms all the value that is certainly in them by the new methods of farming. It is not an easy job and the lame and the lazy will plod along carrying mortgages as they always have, but the live ones will get there and that in the most independent condition of any of the world's workers. Put that down as a sure thing and go to it, all of you young men who think there is nothing in farming.

Lawyer's Wife, Cannelton, Ind.—Mrs. Russell Sage was born at Syracuse, N. Y. in 1828 and her maiden name was Margaret Olivia Slocum. She has given to various institutions about $15,000,000. To settle the dispute as to whether she lives in California or somewhere in the East, we wish to state that the latter location is correct.

Mrs. S. U., Manvel, Texas.—For information concerning the weather or other weather observers than the national, write to Hon. Charles F. Marvin, Chief of Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. Devoe was at one time quite a well-known observer.

J. F. W., Riverside, Wash.—Again and again and again we have told COMFORT readers in this column that the violins they have with the Stradivarius and other inscriptions purporting to be of famous old makers were fakes and calculated to deceive the most ignorant and we suppose we must go on telling them the same old truth. Your violin is worth somewhere from three dollars up to seven dollars maybe.

Mrs. L. B., Ackerman, Miss.—You might get three dollars for your three hundred dollars of Confederate money, if it is genuine, as it probably is, though as little as it is worth there have been numerous counterfeits to catch collectors. Write to the coin firms advertising in COMFORT and find out what they will give you. They are reliable. Dealers, however, never pay as well as collectors, but collectors are hard to find. Write to W. R. Benjamin, Editor The Collector, No. 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

Mrs. J. J. B., Merced, Cal.—Your inquiry for a button with the words "Please do not touch me," to pin on a baby suggests to button makers that such a button should be placed on the market as a protection to babies from the numerous silly people who can't keep their hands off of any baby they see. We don't know of any manufacturer making such a button, but we do know that many manufacturers should be making them and all the mothers in the land should be pining them on their babies. Suppose you write to the Western Badge and Novelty Co., St. Paul, Minn., asking if it has them and if not, that now is the time to get busy.

Mrs. C. A. Taylor, Harold, S. Dakota, would like to have some COMFORT reader in the southwestern United States or Mexico send to her some amole roots, or tell her what the price would be. For the information of other COMFORT readers we may explain that amole is known as the soap-plant, its roots being used in Mexico and the Southwest as a substitute for soap.

A. R. I., Indianapolis, Ind.—You will stand a better chance to sell your manuscript if you have it typewritten, however good your hand-write may be.

Mrs. S. W., Hooker, Okla.—There are about 250,000 miles of railway in the U. S. with a total capitalization of from eighteen to twenty billion dollars, doing a business of about three billion dollars a year. The value of the roads and equipment is between twelve and fourteen billion dollars. It is not possible for us to give exact figures, though you might get them from the Interstate Commerce Committee, Washington, D. C., if you want details. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, for list of books on government ownership. There's a lot of them.

Mrs. R. H. B., Florence, Kans.—To clean white furs, first remove the lining and lay them out as flat as possible. Give them a good rubbing with a stiff clothes brush, then rub with bran moistened with warm water. Rub until thoroughly dry and then rub with dry bran. Put the moist bran on with flannel and the dry with book-muslin. The furs may be next rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of muslin may be used. Rub against the fur. We do not guarantee that you will make a good job of it, or get them as white as they were at first, or as a skilled cleaner would make them. Better take them to a cleaner if you want a good job.

W. C., Nichols, N. Y.—You say you are a young jeweler just starting in business and you want us to tell you where you can get tools and material. Now, let us give you a bit of advice which will also be worth listening to by every person who reads COMFORT who is making a start. You are starting a business in which you hope to be successful, yet you are so ignorant of it that you don't even know where to get tools and material. Do you think ignorance of that sort is valuable capital to start with? You seek information from a source which at best can only be slight and superficial. Now why don't you invest a few dollars in a trip to New York or other nearby city where in a week's visit you can go about among jewelry shops, studying their insides and their outsides, looking at their displays on shelves, in cases and windows, posting yourself on the latest and best things in the jewelry line, learning prices in the fashionable and unfashionable shops and then with some intelligence go to a dealer and buy in person what you need in tools and material? The trip might cost you as much as twenty-five dollars, possibly more, possibly less, but whatever it cost it would be worth a hundred times the amount to you in the very thing you need most to start business with. There are hundreds of persons starting business as ignorantly as you propose doing and is it any wonder that so many fail? Knowledge is power and you've got to have knowledge or you are no good. After looking into the business, as I have advised, if you decide you like it, then get a chance to work as clerk in a jewelry store for a year or two and really learn the business before you start in for yourself.

Mrs. W. E. B., Kimberley, Minn.—Maine is in the wrong direction to secure local information about Montana. Go West, Madam, go West. For school information about that state write to Superintendent of Public Instruction, Helena, Mont. Every state has its own local school laws.

J. R. P., Lake, Wis.—Again we call the attention of COMFORT readers to the fact that all those magic dip needles and other finders of hidden treasure under the earth or elsewhere have been pronounced fraudulent by the government and dealers in them, if known, are refused the use of the mails. Waste your money some other way, if you must waste it. But you had better read COMFORT and get wise.

Mrs. F. W., Miles City, Mont.—The number of old ladies' homes in each of the states is not recorded, except in the states. Write to the Secretary of State in any state where you wish information. Officials are nearly always glad to give information about the advantages their states offer. Entrance fees vary, going from nothing to several hundred dollars. Your only chance to get into a free home will be in your own state.

Mrs. G. H. B., Big Creek, Va.—The average artist does not make much money painting magazine covers, but the superior artists do exceedingly well, cover designs costing all the way from twenty-five dollars to ten times as much and more. Magazine illustrating usually pays better than short story writing, counting by pages, and neither pays unless the work is high class. There are more artists than there is work for them to do, which means that only those who can give the editors just what they want get very much to do.

E. E. O., Ottawa, Ill.—Special training, which includes a wide knowledge of books, is required of a head librarian. Subordinate positions may be filled by persons of good, general education. The best training for the high positions is to be had in the libraries themselves, beginning low down and working up as one's knowledge and adaptability to the work develop. In most large libraries now, examinations are held and subordinates are graded accordingly. It is not easy work and requires special ability.

Subscriber, Nixon, Texas. A Woman's Exchange is nothing more than a place where articles made and sent in by women of the local community are sold on commission. Pies, cakes, bread, needlework and other articles made by women may be offered, also butter, eggs and other farm products that the women produce. It is a good thing for the women, provided the woman who manages it must be reliable, well known and has good business ability. Indeed, her profits depend upon the amount of goods she can secure and sell. An Exchange may be conducted in a private house if it is in a good street and conveniently located. Or it might be opened in a country store in a thriving community, with sales, say, three times a week. In town it should be open every week day, the same hours that the stores are open.

WE INVITE

EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

Every Reader of This Magazine to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast" Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-B. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about **Sargol** and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-B. Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

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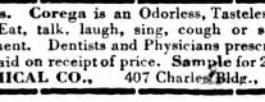
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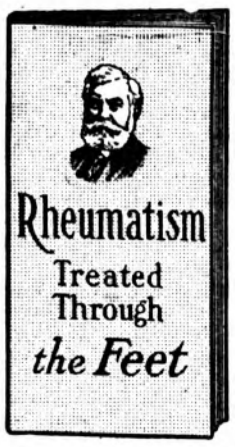
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DR. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten day's treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr W. H. Kiester of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, well, this is the last month of winter and I wonder if the resolutions you made at New Year's are still good enough to last till spring. I hope they are, for some that I made I fear are getting awfully weak and I don't know whether they will last or not. But, I guess we needn't bother very much, because it won't be very long till next New Year's and then we can begin all over again and make some more just as we have been doing every year for ever so long. It's nice, though, to be so far through the winter, isn't it? Still we hadn't better take off our warm clothes till after the March winds have quit blowing. And I hadn't better be talking so much, either, so here I go to work.

The first letter is from Cousin Lolo of Diamond, Mo., and Lolo is quite a business girl. She says she has gone with a boy three times and is an love with him, but she is a working-girl and can't waste her time, so she wants to know if she should ask him if he cares for her, and wait a month or two before asking him. Now isn't that real business? And she is only seventeen, too. I don't know, but it seems to me that she might wait and give him a chance to say something first. Still, if she's in such a hurry and has no time to waste, she might do the proposing herself. She's funny, though, isn't she?

Sad Heart, Newport, Pa.—As you kept one man waiting four years and another one year and now have two between whom you cannot decide, I think you should keep yourself waiting for about seven years or until you really know what you want in the husband line. Truly, my dear, vacillating girls like you should never marry except to make themselves and their husbands unhappy. There is nothing like it for that.

Sunbonnet, Elkins, W. Va.—If a young man wants a girl to write to him he should write the first letter asking her to write and giving his address. If on the other hand, he says he can't write because he is in camp and cannot find a place to write, you may set it down as a fact that while he is quite ready to receive letters, he doesn't care enough for them to write for them. In other words he wants somebody else to do the work and he have all the fun. If you want to write to that kind of a man, go ahead, I don't care.

Jane, Jeannette, Pa.—There are some questions, my dear, which are so nearly one's own heart and mind and body that no one can answer them except the one to whom they apply. Yours is of that kind and you must answer it in your own way to suit your own belief in what is right. I'm sure I can't answer it for you.

Gray Eyes, Burtonsville, N. Y.—Your fiance is quite right in not wanting you to play kissing games to be kissed by any young man who may catch you. Kissing games are vulgar at best, and that any church in Burtonsville should permit them at its social affairs shows that a revival of religion is needed in that church.

Babe, Springfield, Tenn.—When a young man tells a girl if he didn't love her he wouldn't ask her to let him kiss her, you may set it down as a fact that he says the same thing to every girl he wants to kiss. Every sensible person knows this and why some girls will continue to let themselves be kissed on such an argument passes my comprehension. Of course, no matter what I say, you will do as you please, but for goodness sake whatever you do, don't believe he is telling you the truth.

Curly Lox, Fonda, N. Y.—I don't know the custom in Fonda, but if the young man hasn't money enough to go on a wedding trip with you to England, where you are so anxious to go, I don't think it would be very nice to go alone and leave him in Fonda till you return. Anyway don't go until the war is over. They have trouble enough there already.

B. B., Littles, Ind.—If you think you would be happier leaving a respectable home to go with a young man of bad character whose family are no better, I suppose you ought to be let go. Still, it does seem to me that you would prefer to remain at home. As you are of age you may choose for yourself.

Worried, Phœnix, Ariz.—I may be wrong, Cousin, but I really believe that when any man who makes love to a girl, who doesn't want him to, by threatening to kill himself if she will not marry him, the girl ought to do all she could to have him carry out his threat. It is nothing more than a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Sad Heart, Oak Cliffs, Texas.—As he gets drunk occasionally but is otherwise "a perfect gentleman," I think you will be wise to continue the break now that you have broken with him. You are lonesome now in your new place as you just want somebody around. Wait a little while and a better somebody who is a perfect gentleman without the drinking will claim you as his own.

Golden Rod, Losantiville, Ind.—I think you had better wait till you get over your lonesome spell before looking up the thirty-year-old man you let go carelessly when a younger man appeared and then got married to some other girl. When a girl gets real lonesome she is almost ready to do any desperate deed.

Worried, New York, N. Y.—I am rather glad the young man you thought was such a gentleman you gave him your photograph has turned out to be a "loafer" and won't return it to you though you have sent his back to him. I have so many times cautioned all you girls about giving your photograph to young men that I can't be very sorry when one who has refused my advice is now suffering on account of it. I don't know any way you can get your picture from him except by sending some man after it he is afraid of. Suppose you try that.

Gladys and May, Laclede, Mo.—The teacher is quite correct and if you do not wish to be embarrassed by his saying: "Not matured yet," when you flirt with the boys, you should stop flirting in school. It's no place for that, anyhow.

Doubtful Betsy, Smithville, W. Va.—Don't ask me if you should encourage the backward youth, or go with other young men, and if he cares at all for you that will encourage him enough. (2) The girl of twenty-one may marry the man of forty-two if she loves him better than one fifteen years younger.

Troubled, Alexandria, La.—When a girl of nineteen cannot prevent another of thirty-one from taking her beau, aged twenty-one, away from her, I think, my dear, that you might as well throw up your hands and confess that the old girl has the better of it. The beau isn't old enough yet to know his own mind and you are too young to show it to him.

Four Girls, Paducah, Ky.—My, my, something must have happened in Kentucky, for four girls write me from that land of lovely ladies and each one wants my advice about what to do with her beau. The idea of Kentucky girls writing clear to Maine for such information. I'm sure I don't know what they should do, if they don't know.

Blue Eyes, Scotsburg, Ind.—Don't worry, and be just as nice to him as he is to you. When you are out of school and he sees you going about as a real young lady he will be nicer than ever and say to you what you want him to say. But if you get silly about him, you will spoil everything.

Troubled One, Norwood, Mass.—Don't stop a minute about marrying him if he is all right, except being your third cousin. The relationship is too far off to be any objection whatever. It is only the near kin who should not marry.

Prairie Lily, Oglalla, Okla.—If you want him near you when he is away and want him away when he is near you, you had better let him stay away from you. It is ever so much better to want what you don't have than to have what you don't want.

Silver Threads, Adams, Mass.—You did wrong in encouraging him, not loving him, but it would have been a greater wrong to have married him. Tell him this frankly and ask his forgiveness and friendship. But why did you ever do it?

Blue Eyes, Buffalo, Minn.—If the girl cousin of your good friend insists on saying mean things to you about him, tell her you have no wish to hear family secrets and that she will please not talk to you about the young man. You know kin people think they have a right to say mean things of their own family.

Anxious, Cave-in-Rock, Ill.—Don't flirt with your teacher, or let him flirt with you until you are through with your school. He should know enough not to permit it, even if you don't, as too many silly school girls don't.

J. W., Vine LaVotte, Mo.—The world is full of cases just like yours and there is no help for them. The one you want doesn't want you and the one who wants you you don't want. It should be different, but it isn't, and poor humans must suffer.

Marie and Elsie, Alamo, Mich.—Don't worry about being wall-flowers. They are the last to wither and die.

Black Eyes, Elora, Tenn.—As the young man doesn't seem to know anything else to talk about except kissing, suppose you tell him to read the newspapers for a year or so and then come around again and tell you what's going on in the world except kissing. Really, you know, you're ever so much better off not to know that sort of a young man at all.

Viola, Lexington, Pa.—When the young man is honest enough to tell you that he likes you, all right, but he doesn't want a steady girl, yet a while, you should be sensible about it and let him go free as long as he wants to. He never made love to you, or has deceived you in any way, and as he has been fair with you, you should be fair with him. If he doesn't love you enough to come back to you, he can't help it, and is not to be blamed. There is no one to blame except yourself, and you should not have tried to hold him when he didn't want to be held.

Brown Eyes, Tampa, Fla.—I should think that a young man who came fourteen miles every Sunday in his auto for fourteen months to see a girl cared a lot for her, even if he didn't make love to her, but as he does that, too, something must be wrong or he would talk about marrying. Suppose for a Sunday or two you have an engagement of some sort and tell him beforehand so he won't drive fourteen miles only to be disappointed. Intimate to him, when he asks why you did it, that there is another young man in the field and there is no reason why you shouldn't divide your Sundays.

Puzzled, Ormond, Fla.—Maybe it isn't fair to a young man to object to him because he has undesirable kin, but not a few girls who have married men of that kind have wished afterwards that they had not. Romantic love is lovely, no doubt, but married love with a whole raft of kinsfolks that you don't want to associate with and your husband wants you to, is very different.

There, my dears, I have had my say to you as far as I could and I hope you feel as satisfied with it as I do. Maybe I have scolded some, but it has been for your good and I am always glad to do anything for your good. So there. Now good by till we meet again and the Lord be with us always.

COUSIN MARION.

One of the Sights

In the vicinity of Forty-second Street and Broadway, a rugged-looking old fellow may be seen wandering about, carrying a violin.

He is evidently very poor for his clothing is shabby and threadbare. But, he possesses one treasure,—his violin.

Sometimes he will stop for a few moments, and draw the bow rapidly across the strings. Again he will stand twanging the strings, as one would the strings of a banjo. He never asks alms, and when a curious crowd gathers he moves away, muttering, muttering to himself. No one understands his words, because he is a foreigner. All the members of the traffic squad are familiar with the old fellow. They call him the "mad musician," but declare him to be harmless.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

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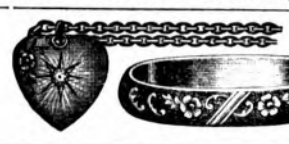
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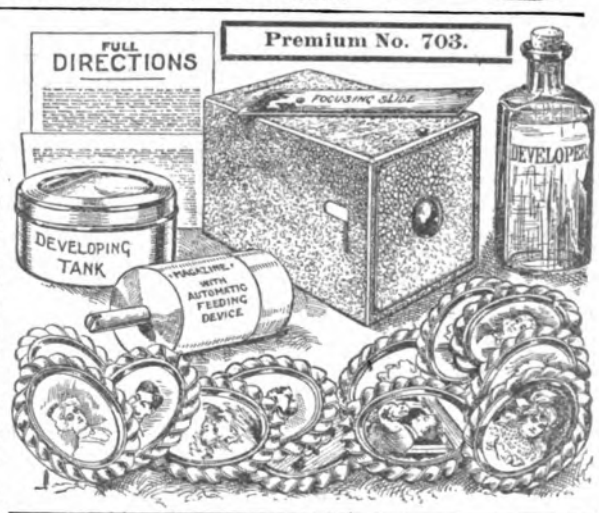


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"KROSS-KEYS" Puzzle

PERHAPS you think you are good at solving puzzles but here is a **new one** that will keep you guessing for a while. It **can** be done in six seconds but the chances are it will take you six hours, if not longer, to "get it." We will of course send you directions how to do it, but if you are "game" you will not even look at them. You will work it out yourself if it takes a week. As its name implies this puzzle consists of two keys on a key-ring. To all appearances they are locked together in such a manner that it would seem to be a perfectly hopeless task to try to separate them. But as we said before, it can be done and you can do it in a few seconds **after you know how.** "Kross-Keys" is new—just out—entirely **different** from any other puzzle ever invented and in our opinion beats **every** other puzzle we have ever seen.



Thousands of them are being sold in the stores and by agents on the streets in the cities. Any energetic man, woman, boy or girl can make good money selling "Kross-Keys" puzzle in their respective neighborhoods because it is something that sells on sight. We are going to give you an opportunity to first secure one of these puzzles for yourself. Then after you see it and try it, we know that you will want more of them to sell to your friends and neighbors at a good profit. We will supply the puzzles free, you can easily sell them for 10 cents apiece and every cent you take in will be **100% clear profit to you.**



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Cubby Bear in Bad Company

A Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

By Lena B. Ellinwood

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LITTLE CUBBY BEAR ran into the house one bright spring day, calling, Oh, Mamma Bruin! what do you think? Redtop Woodpecker is home again, and he has wonderful stories to tell about the warm country where he stays in winter!"

Then Cubby Bear stopped short, frightened and unbelieving, for Mamma Bruin was wiping tears away from her eyes! Mamma Bruin was *crying!*

"Oh, oh!" cried Cubby Bear. "Dear Mamma Bruin! I never saw you crying before! Do tell me, what is the matter?"

"It is not right for me to cry," said Mamma Bruin, "but I feel so troubled about Grandma Bear. She has not been well through the cold winter, and I ought to make her a visit to find out how she is, and take her a basket of good things. But I am so lame I cannot walk so far."

"Oh, send me!" cried Cubby Bear. "I would love to go! Of course Grandma Bear would rather have a visit from you, but I think she would be glad to see me, too!"

"Of course she would," agreed Mamma Bruin, "and you are a good little bear to want to go for me, but I could not think of sending you such a long way alone. It is far away, you would not know how to get there, and I could not have my little Cubby Bear lost on the big mountain!"

Just then there came a tap at the open door, and they looked up to see Foxy Reynard bowing and smiling politely.

"Good morning, good morning," he said cheerily. "I was just passing by, and could not help overhearing what you were saying. I am glad I heard, for I am going over the mountain myself tomorrow, and will be glad to show little Cubby Bear the way to his grandma's house. I have called there many times, and know the way quite well."

"Oh, Mamma Bruin! do you hear that?" cried Cubby Bear, clapping his little paws for joy. "How nice that Foxy Reynard can show me the way! I have always wanted to see what was on the other side of the big mountain. Do say you will let me go!"

"I can help carry the basket, too," said Foxy sweetly. "Then Cubby Bear will not get too tired."

Mamma Bruin did not like to send little Cubby Bear so far, but at last she said he might go, and they both set about filling the basket for Grandma Bear.

"I will bake her a nice cake," said Mamma Bruin, "and send her some dried blueberries, too. Sassafras and checkerberry will be good to make tea, and mixed with the wild bees' honey which I shall send, will perhaps cure her cough."

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and Foxy Reynard called early.

Cubby Bear was ready to start, and kissed Mamma Bruin good by a great many times.

The air was chilly, but grew warmer as the shining sun rose higher in the sky.

Cubby Bear could not walk soberly along the way, but skipped and hopped gleefully. He hoped all his friends would know he had gone on a long journey—too far to go in a day.

Pussy-willows in their spring coats of silver-gray fur nodded to him as he passed. Leaf-buds on the trees were swelling and bursting. Little green points that would be plants by and by were pushing their way up through the moist brown earth. It was good to be alive.

Here and there flaming red wintergreen berries peeped out from beneath their shelter of dark green leaves, and Cubby Bear nibbled at them delightedly.

Foxy Reynard helped to carry the basket, and told Cubby Bear many interesting stories. When they reached the mountain and the way was steep and hard, Cubby Bear often grew tired. Foxy Reynard was older and stronger, but he was always willing to stop when Cubby Bear wanted to rest. The basket seemed to grow heavier.

"We are near the top of the mountain now," said Foxy, late in the afternoon, "but the rest of the climb is harder, and I think we will stay where we are for the night. Look, here is a nice place to rest, under these pine trees, and there is a spring of pure water not far away."

Cubby Bear was glad to rest. His paws were sore with climbing over rocks, and his back ached. But he was happy.

After eating supper and drinking plenty of water from the good, cold spring, Foxy Reynard lay down on a bed of pine needles, and was soon asleep.

Cubby Bear sat looking about him.

"I like the pine trees," he thought. "Their smell is sweet, and they are never still. And I like to see the sun go down—up here on the mountain. One can look far, far off, and see many beautiful things. I think I should like to live on the top of a mountain if my friends could be with me."

Very, very early in the morning Cubby Bear awoke from his night's sleep. Somewhere in the woods a bird was twittering sleepily. The world looked shadowy and gray, and a chilly breeze was blowing. Cubby Bear shivered, and looked to see if Foxy Reynard was awake.

Foxy Reynard was not there! The basket of good things for Grandma Bear was not there! Cubby Bear was all alone on the big mountain!

He trotted around, looking behind bushes and calling, "Foxy Reynard! Foxy Reynard! come back! where are you?"

But Foxy was nowhere to be seen. Cubby Bear sat down on the pine needles, and four, round, shiny tears rolled from his brown eyes.

Just then he heard a sound he was always glad to hear.

"Caw, caw, caw!" came the cheery call, and looking up, he saw Shinyblack Crow flying down from the sky.

"Good morning, Cubby Bear!" he called. "Dry your tears, for I know all about your troubles, and have come to help you."

"You are so good to me!" cried Cubby. "Always, always, when I need help, you come to me! Where is Foxy Reynard?"

"He took your basket before the dark night was gone," Shinyblack told him, "and very softly trotted away with it. Down in a little cave, not very far from here, it is hidden. The cave is the home of Foxy Reynard's brother. They have gone now for one of their friends to come and help them eat up the good things that you brought for Grandma Bear. Come quickly, and I will show you the way. I would have brought the basket for you if I could."

Shinyblack Crow hopped along, flying a little now and then, and Cubby Bear hurried as fast as he could, to reach the cave before the three foxes came back.

A stone slipped when he stepped upon it, and rolled down the mountain side, giving him a bad fall, but he did not stop for that.

By and by they reached the cave. The three foxes had not come back, and taking the basket Cubby Bear trotted off with it.

Shinyblack Crow flew up in the air to look about.

"The foxes are nowhere in sight," he called. "We shall be able to get away quite safely. Now, little Cubby Bear, follow where I show you the way, and I will take you to your grandma's house. I know a way to go around the mountain now, so you will not have the hard climb over the top."

The sun was up now, the cold breeze was gone, and little birds everywhere were singing their happy morning song.

Cubby Bear was not afraid, now that his good friend was guiding him. Before noon they reached Grandma Bear's house, and the long journey was at an end.

Grandma Bear was better, and was glad to see little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow.

"I have known sly old Foxy Reynard and his family a long time. He is sure to get little bears into trouble. Remember, my little Cubby Bear," said wise old Grandma Bear, "that if you want to be safe and happy, you must choose your friends with care."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ORIENT POINT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Received the League button, certificate, and list of cousins desiring letters. Thank you very much for same. Was very much pleased with everything and I am going to try to live up to the rules.

Now Uncle, I would like to ask you a few questions. Are the cousins supposed to answer all letters received?

Now I've sent so many cards and letters to those that write in COMFORT, saying that they will answer all cards and letters received, but they don't do it. I have received no answers from the many I've written to. Do you think they do right? I don't. They are not fair to themselves or to the ones that write to them. I think the League of Cousins is grand. Now, please Uncle, don't think I'm complaining as I'm not. I just wanted to know what you thought about it.

COMFORT is just a grand old paper, I wouldn't be without it for anything. I enjoy reading it so much. God bless you Uncle, you are doing lovely work. I only wish I had lots of money. Do you know what I would do with it if I had? I would give it to those who need it, for I know there are many that do need it. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And I believe it is. My heart goes out to those who are so sickly and in need of help.

Your ever loving niece, MABEL LATHAM.

P. S.—Uncle, if you ever come on L. I. don't forget to come and see me. I would love to have a chat with you.

Mabel, you are a dear sweet girl, the kind of girl I love. You live at one end of Long Island I live at the other. The nice people of this world always seem to get as far away from us as possible. Queer isn't it? Now Mabel, I've no doubt you feel you have a real grievance against those whose letters appear in this department. Those who write say they will answer all letters received, but you see they don't expect to get more than a dozen, but instead they get hundreds and thousands. One girl who had a letter in this department got 70,000 replies. They came a thousand a day for more than two months. That will give you an idea of the size of the COMFORT family. It would have cost at least ten thousand dollars to have replied to those leters, and it would have taken her a lifetime to have done it. When I'm going over the thousands of letters that reach me, in every hundred letters or so I will write across one or two that have touched my heart and brought tears to my eyes: "Answer positively." These I put aside. In a week or two I find I've got a whole drawer full of "Answer Positively" letters and maybe out of the whole bunch I'm only able to scratch a few lines on a postal card to one. Those who don't hear from me, and are entitled to hear from me, will realize what I'm up against when I tell them that I have a little niece in Australia who constantly pleads with me to write to her, and the best I've been able to do in three years is to send her a postal card and one letter, which I dictated to Maria. To show how good intentions oft go awry I promised in the September issue to send to all interested the "Golden Keys" which would reveal the source of everything that had made life worth while to me. As a result of those good intentions on my part I found it would cost me thirty dolars for printing to carry them out. Those intentions however will be carried out when I get a little bit richer—if that time ever arrives. Those who have letters printed in this department are much in the position in which I found myself one Sunday when five friends who had come from a distance walked in quite unexpectedly and demanded dinner. I was sick and was not eating at the time. Billy and Maria had treated themselves to a small broiler, a juvenile chicken which weighed about three ounces. How we got out of that predicament I would never dare to tell. However I told Maria to go out in the street and shoot a horse, but nothing but automobiles went by for three hours, and we couldn't eat them. Billy reminded us that there was a nice fat baby down-stairs, and we tried to buy it but didn't have enough money. I have a Bronze Barye lion on a bookcase, and when he saw the condition of things and viewed that hungry mob, he jumped down from his perch, gave a yell and ran for his life. You see at times we get up against propositions in this world for which we can find no solution. We are up against what in diplomacy is called an empasse, nothing left but to fight or run. The party who receives a thousand letters throws up his or her hands and runs to the woods every time the mail carrier makes his appearance. Now that's just what you'll do, Mabel, when this letter of yours gets in print. You'll sit down in the middle of the letters and never reply to one. Give her a deluge cousins and see if I am not right. You see the trouble with you Mabel my dear, is that you didn't stop to think. Nobody does. That's why there is so much poverty and wretchedness in the world. That's why a whole bunch of standpat reactionaries including Uncle Joe Cannon and his big cigar are back in Congress, and the progressive Bull Moosers and other reformers have been forced to hike to the tall grass. How I do wish you had all that money you long for Mabel! I would crawl down to the other end of Long Island and try and grab a "one spot" before you had given it all away. After a careful survey of the human race I've come to the conclusion nobody has any money, nobody ever had any money, nobody ever could have any money, and nobody ever will have any money, and the only people who want to give money away are those who have not got it. You are quite right dear. Jesus did say, "It is far more blessed to give than to receive," but the trouble is you can't give unless you do receive, and the people as a whole do not get enough to be able to give anything. We can however, give our love abundantly, but all the love and sympathy in the world never bought a five cent loaf. The greatest thing in the world dearies, isn't love as we understand it, but something far higher and more glorious; and that is sacrifice, which is sublimated love, love in its essence, love at its zenith, love in perfection. That kind of love is scarce, and is usually only found in the family circle. We will sacrifice for our own but not for others. The world will never be as Jesus wanted it to be and as I want it to be, until we are ready to sacrifice for others as well as for our own. The world doesn't pay much attention to the teaching of Jesus, though judging from the piles of people who go to church you would think that it did. Most people alas, only want to use Jesus for their own selfish ends. They think it's a case of choosing between Jesus or hell fire, and so they use Jesus as a stepping stone to reach heaven and so escape the Satanic coal range. I am thankful to say I never used Jesus for any such miserable or contemptible purposes. I've used Him so that I could love more, and so be more lovable. Instead of making church spires point to heaven I would make them point to earth. That might make the Old Boy get scared and run. I never worry about my soul, and never worry about heaven. I know that God will attend to His end of the business, if I attend to the duties He has mapped out for me here. I'm not content to have heaven above me. I want it all around me, and the only way to get heaven around me is not to use Jesus as a stepping stone or a fire escape, but as a big and loving brother, the essence of all that is glorious, good, noble, righteous and holy. The kingdom of heaven is within us, the immortal seed is in every human. What we want to do is to develop that precious seed and get others to develop it and spread its glorious influence, and then we'll have heaven here—just a little foretaste of that greater

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Six Wheel Chairs in January

264 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Six wheel chairs in January is a good beginning for the new year. I have no further comment to make except to thank those who have helped to produce this splendid result and to ask you all to do your best to keep up this good work through the year.

The six January wheel chairs go to the following named persons. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients sent in their behalf.

Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, Buckhead, Ga., 200; William Russell Harrison, 1204 Choctaw Ave., Dewey, Okla., 200; Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, R. 1, Salem, Va., 106; Katye Sanders, Bradley, Miss., 105; Mrs. S. B. Luley, Miltonsburg, Ohio, 103; J. C. Carter, Dublin, Texas, 87.

The entire 200 subscriptions for Mrs. Ghormely's chair came in one day, 100 of them from Mrs. G. M. Gaissert and the other 100 from Mrs. R. H. Paschal. Mrs. Ghormely is a widow with four children. Since the death of her husband, two years ago the entire family have depended on the oldest child for support. For ten years Mrs. Ghormely has been crippled by rheumatism so that she could not walk. The wheel chair will be a great boon to her for which she has to thank the two good and energetic ladies who got the 200 subscriptions for her.

William Russell Harrison, 17 years of age, is helpless and has been so from birth. His parents have spent all they had and all they could earn for medical and surgical treatment in their efforts to find a cure for their unfortunate boy, even sacrificing their farm for this purpose, and all to no avail. He sits up part of the time and has to be lifted from the bed to the chair, usually by his mother. He has a bright and active mind and learns quickly. The wheel chair will save her much hard lifting of him, as he can practically live in it, having it tipped from a sitting to a reclining position when he wishes to rest or sleep. Kind friends and relatives got the entire 200 subscriptions for him in about six weeks.

The seat of Mrs. Woolwine's trouble is in her back which prevents her walking and renders her hands and arms nearly useless. The wheel chair will be a great relief to her.

Kayte Sanders, though 14 years of age, weighs only 75 pounds. She is almost helpless, having a little use of one hand. She suffers much from pain in the head, back and legs. She is sadly in need of her wheel chair.

Mrs. S. B. Luley has been a shut-in for twenty-five years. Her wheel chair comes to her late but better than never.

J. C. Carter, 54 years of age, is nearly helpless. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to him as well as a great help to his good wife in taking care of him.

There are lots of others on our waiting list, many of them more distressing cases than these. Do all you can this month toward getting them the wheel chairs they are trying for and praying for.

We have a splendid Roll of Honor this month, but I have little room to spare for letters of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Well Pleased with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

HAYS, Box 95, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my chair safely and cerfainly am well pleased with it. I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all the kind friends who helped me get it, and pray that God will bless you all.

Your sincere friend, ALMEDIE MYERS.

Is a Lovely Wheel Chair and will be a Great Help

PEACH, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair all O. K., and words can never express my gratitude to you and Mr. Gannett, and all my friends who so kindly helped me get it. It is a lovely chair, and will be such a help to me.

Your sincere friend, EDGAR GARMON.

MURPHY, R. R. 1, N. C.

Her Wheel Chair in which She can Rest is a Great Help and Comfort to Her and Her Friends.

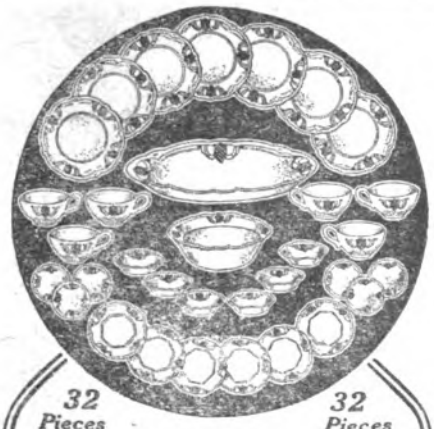
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wish to thank you and Mr. Gannett and the many friends who helped me get my wheel chair, which arrived safely some time ago. I am not able to work it myself, on account of my hands and feet being so drawn from rheumatism, but I can rest in it, and it is such a help and comfort to me, and also to my friends, and I could never find words to thank you for this chair. Your sincere friend. MRS. M. L. THOMASSON.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. R. H. Paschal, Ga., for Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, 100; Mrs. G. M. Gaissert, Ga., for Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, 100; Ethel Ridgway, Ky., for Walter Ridgway, 63; Mrs. J. M. Keesor and Mrs. L. J. Mann, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 55; Emma Kramlich, W. Va., for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 49; Mrs. Jennie Harrison, Okla., for Russell Harrison, 35; No Name, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 30; Sarah Martin, N. Mex., for N. M. Hogg, 23; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for George Shaw, 23; Mrs. Henry Crawley, Texas, for own wheel chair, 21; Vick Hall, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 20; Lillie Brown, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 20; Golden Fippen, Ind., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Cleatus Chatman, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 20; Mrs. H. N. Stalgrin, Okla., for Russell Harrison, 20; Mary Berry, Ga., for own wheel chair, 18; Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, for Mrs. Woolwine 17; Katye Sanders, Miss., for own wheel chair, 15; Rosa Newkirk, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 13; Mrs. H. B. Page, N. C., for Mrs. J. L. Brown, 13; Earl L. Long, Kans., for Golden Fippen, 13; Sidalia G. St. Anna, Honolulu, 12; Mrs. Jennie Harrison, for Zeno Gordon, 12; B. J. Malott, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 12; Mrs. S. J. Montgomery, Tex., 11; Mrs. H. E. Whitehead, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 10; Mrs. Ray Brabyn, Mich., for Geo. Shaw, 10; Mrs. Carrie Lowery, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 10; Mrs. Addie Spillman, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 9; Mrs. J. K. Henderson, Wash., 8; Mrs. S. C. Jones, Tex., for J. C. Carter, 7; Mary E. Crocker, N. Y., 6; Edith Henderson, Mont. 6; Mrs. Ardella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. C. A. Kaserman, Ark., 5; Mrs. E. Barton, Iowa, 5; Mrs. Pearl Wheeler, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 5; Mrs. Alice Webb, Tex., for Mrs. Lue Ella Roark, 5; Mrs. Grace Crawford, N. Y., 5; Mrs. Clara Leber, Ill., 5; Mrs. Alice Chambers., Wis., 5; Lydia Roehrdamz, Minn., 5; Mrs. Mattye Russell, Okla., for Odessa Rasure, 5; Mrs. E. T. Wright, Mo., 5; Mrs. Kolz, Colo., 5; Mrs. Dora H. Maher, Ill., 5; Mrs. O. H. Ester, Okla., for Elvin M. Hale, 5; Miss I. Spence, Ore., 5; Mrs. M. E. Church, Va., 5; M. J. Ferrell, Pa., 5; Mrs. C. A. Purtle, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 5; C. M. Furrow, Ore., 5; Mrs. Will Pickinpaugh, Okla., 5; Mrs. Scott Lee, Ark., 5; Mrs. C. M. Clements, Tex., 5; May Davie, Idaho, for Adella Perritt, 5; Mrs. Amada Buss, Wis., 5; Ruby Ellison, S. Dak., for Jewell Ellison, 5; Mrs. J. D. White, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 5.



32 Pieces 32 Pieces

Gold Edged Dinner Set For a Few Hours Easy Work

Our 18th Successful Year

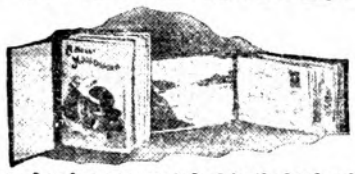
Every piece pure white, high grade china—edged with gold. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and of undisputable quality. Guaranteed not to craze. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures 16x20 in. (sold for $1.00 each in many stores) with 12 cans of White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Send us the $3.00 collected and the set is yours. A doctor discovered "Cloverine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Piles, etc. You can also earn Watches, fine Jewelry, Bed Spreads, Blankets, Musical Instruments, Silverware. Large premium catalog. Be first in your town. Everybody buys 2 to 3 boxes. Our plan is the easiest—you will be pleased. Address at once.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 224 Tyrone, Pa.

Don't DESTROY YOUR POST CARDS

150 Cards Only a Handful When You Use Our

"TWIN BINDER"



Each card makes a separate leaf in the book, with both sides of the card visible. The binder is made in two styles or shapes, to accomodate either style card. Ask your dealer or send 35c. (not stamps) for sample. Your money refunded if not satisfied.

JOHN T. SYMONS, PEN ARGYL, PA.

WIN A PRIZE

14	5	23		
9	4	5	1	19

Can You Solve this Puzzle?

Each of these lines represents a word. We have used figures instead of letters in spelling these words. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Now see if you can make out the words and win this prize. Write the words on a slip of paper and send to us with 4c in stamps to cover postage. Say you will explain our offer and show our mdse. to your friends and we will send **12 USEFUL NOVELTIES** and our Big Prize Offer. Don't miss this.

THE NEW IDEAS CO., 33 New Ideas Bldg., Phila., Pa.

FREE BEAUTIFUL GOLD ENGRAVED SIGNET RING



Your initials engraved on it free of charge, a very handsome ring for either lady or gentleman. All we ask of you is a little easy work that you can do in a few minutes. Send your name and address today.

Signet Ring Co., 672 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE Just distribute 6 boxes MENTHO-NOVA Salve (Great Healer) at 25c a box. Write for goods. We trust you. Return us $1.50 and high-powered rifle and handsome initial ring are yours or choice of other presents



U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 752 Greenville, Pa.

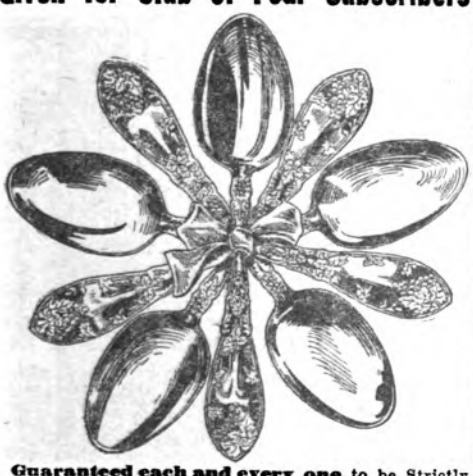
QUICK RELIEF FOR PILES. Send postal with name and address for FREE sample tube **Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy.** Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. **HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

MOTHERS Don't let your child suffer from Urinary Troubles when **URI-STOP** cures. Trial free. Describe case. **I. BOETTGER CHEMICAL CO., PEORIA, ILL.**

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure **A 1 Brand** made by the famous **Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.**

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Pattern,** which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These **A 1 Rogers'** teaspoons are guaranteed to be **full standard extra plate** upon the finest quality of **18% nickel silver base,** and with ordinary care will last **ten years.** Some families **are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers'** manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT'S plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free** but the entire set of **table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter-knife,** all in the **same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match,** without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of **six Rogers' teaspoons** by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire **set of Rogers' Silverware** to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. **Prem. No. 386. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. R. C., New Jersey.—We do not think the owner of a tract of property who has sold lots or tracts from the same and included in the deeds of the portions so sold an agreement to donate portions of his tract of land as private or public streets fixing the boundaries of such streets, can thereafter convey good title to the roadway provided for such streets so that the same can be closed and built upon, unless, of course, the consent of all the interested parties be obtained releasing their rights to said streets.

Mrs. H., McA., Rhode Island.—Under the laws of Ohio we think an illegitimate child would have no intestate rights of inheritance from his father, but, in case of failure of legitimate descendants, would inherit from his mother upon her death intestate.

H. E. M., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving children and a surviving widow, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a child's part absolutely in the personal estate, or if she so elects she can take the child's part absolutely in the real estate instead of dower; that in case he leaves a will the widow can reject the terms of the will and take the share provided under the intestacy laws; we think such election must be made within twelve months after the proving of the will or the granting of letters of administration, and must be in writing and duly filed or recorded; we think that in case the executor named in a will predeceases the testator that the court will appoint an administrator with the will annexed. We think that if your husband's will was drawn and executed before his marriage to you that he should now execute a new will.

W. D. B., New Hampshire.—We think private correspondence and diaries are oftentimes admissible as evidence in the trial of an action although there are many cases in which such evidence would not be admitted in the trial; we see no objection to the prosecuting authorities procuring and introducing such evidence where the same is proper evidence in a public case, and where the same is procured in a proper and legal manner.

H. W. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the person who signed other persons' names to letters or postals sent through the mail, without the authority or consent of the persons whose names were used can be punished for such act, we think that, if you can substantiate such acts by proper proof, you should make your complaint to your local prosecuting attorney, or to the postal authorities.

Mrs. G. S., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that it is necessary for a wife to survive her husband in order to have any vested interest in his property, except that he can be compelled to support her, and that she has an inchoate right of dower in his real estate which only becomes perfected in case she survives him; we do not think the consent of the children is necessary for the conveyance of their father's property in any event, unless he is mentally incompetent.

Sure Title, Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no child or descendant and leaving no will, such real estate as did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift would all go to the surviving widow, but that if decedent leaves a child or descendant or if the property came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, the widow's share would be reduced; we think if there is any question as to this in the case you have in mind it would be best for the man in question to draw and execute a will so that he may be sure that the property will go to his wife. We think he should have some competent lawyer or other competent person to attend to the drawing and execution of such a will as this is important.

R. E., New Hampshire.—We think the parents or guardians' consent should be procured to the marriage of the young man under twenty-one years of age; we do not think a stepmother has any right to the custody or control of her husband's children by a former marriage.

E. M. C., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife and minor children in the proper action or proceeding brought for that purpose; we do not think a wife can recover from her husband moneys which originally belonged to her but which she has voluntarily turned over to her husband.

Mrs. F. W. C., Ohio.—We think the man who signed and delivered a contract for the sale or exchange of his farm but thereafter failed to carry out his contract, can be held, for such damages as were sustained by reason of his failure to do so, in the proper action brought for that purpose, provided any damages were sustained by reason thereof.

R. L. S., South Carolina.—We think your mother could legally mortgage the interest inherited by her upon the death of your sister, in the property owned, at such time, by yourself and sister who died, and we think the mortgage given by your mother alone can be enforced and foreclosed against your mother's interest in the property in case there is a default in the payment of the mortgage; we think that the purchaser of your mother's interest upon the foreclosure sale of this property would become the owner of such interest, and could then bring a partition action and compel the division of the property, or the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale; we think that the expense of so much litigation would amount to more than the fifty dollars which you state as the amount now involved.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

heaven beyond. Society however, is constructed so that it is almost impossible for us to develop the spiritual and the beautiful. The church's one foundation, has not been Christ her Lord. It has been superstition, cant, hypocrisy, greed, privilege, power. That is why after two thousand years of the teaching of Jesus to guide us, we are still a bunch of miserable cutthroat savages, or else pious hypocrites. The world is full of pietists, but piety isn't religion. When it isn't a pose it is dyspepsia, or liver trouble, or gloomitis, or a state of maudlin emotionalism that expresses itself usually by efforts to eliminate all the sunshine and joy of living. If Jesus had known how the world was going to take or mis*take* Him, I believe He would have sought some other sphere in which to have done His work, and left us to get along the best way we could without Him, and as we still persist in misrepresenting His words and His mission we might almost as well dispense with His teachings, as to use them only for selfish ends. Here is a couplet of mine which aptly expresses my views.

I love Thee, Father, not because of that fair
promised shore,
But just because through Thee I've learned to
love mankind the more.

FITHIAN, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My mother is a reader of the COMFORT. I go to school every day. I am in the seventh grade. Last spring we moved from Fairfield, Ill. to Fithian, Ill. I have two brothers up in Canada working through harvest. I have five brothers and four sisters. The youngest sister lives in Canada in the province of Sask. I have three nephews and five nieces. My oldest brother is a preacher. I will send you a poem of mine on our country. Your nephew, WALTER GEEDING.

"Our Country"

Our country tis of thee,
And hope no war will be,
Of thee I pray,
The United States is in peace,
And hope it will not decrease,
Let every battle sease,
Let freedom ring.
Our flag is red, white and blue,
I honor the one who carried it through
The flag bearer.
It was first to sail on the sea,
And it waved for liberty,
In history more will see,
Sweet American flag.

Composed by W. W. Geeding.

Walter, that's a very nice poem you have written about our country. It's nice to hope that wars won't be, but wars are going to continue to be as long as people are ignorant and don't know how to use their ballots. The election in November showed that the people have about as much conception of what is wanted to make the world worth while as would a dead Indian or a blind pig. Thank heaven we succeeded in getting woman suffrage in two more states because people out West are not so weighed down with hoary traditions, iron bound conventions and all round political social blindness as are those who reside east of the Missouri. So once in a while they wake up and do something. In the other sections of the country when anything new comes along they go out in the cemetery and get their inspiration from the grave. They look wistfully at the turf mounds and say: "Father never voted for woman suffrage, father knew nothing about the initiative and referendum; father didn't want to have a say in running the government, father didn't care if people were out of work; father voted as his father did, and his father voted as his father did, and so on back for hundreds of years, so why shouldn't I vote as my father did?" and so he goes and votes as father did. In spite of the fact that I have been trying to hammer a lot of progressive ideas, as have many others, into the heads of the people, it is almost wasted effort, so determined are people to do what father did, unmindful of the fact that conditions are entirely different to what they were in father's day. If father took half an hour to strike a light with an old tinder box, if father shot Indians with a bow and arrow, if father went to bed with his shoes on, there is no reason why you should do those things, and you are too sensible to do those things. It is easy to demonstrate to you that a match is superior to flint and steel, that an automatic rifle beats a bow and arrow, and that shoes worn in bed are not comfortable. If you can grasp these patent facts why can't you get wise to the fact that poverty is not necessary in a land of plenty, that gin mills are poison dens and ought to be abolished, that it's a disgrace to a state to allow men who are anxious to work to be in want of work, that if a woman has only five dollars a week in her pay envelope on Saturday, and has no relatives to help her financially, she must either die of slow starvation or drift to a life of vice. There are scores of other things along these lines that I could mention but when you cast your vote 1st November you never did a single thing to abolish any of these horrors, and none of the men you elected will ever do a single thing to prevent these horrors. What you did do was to perpetuate these horrors and make them worse. Congress never tackles the real problems of life. Did you ever read of a debate in Congress on poverty and the way to abolish it? If half the people in America were starving today and the other half out of work and the remainder eating one another, Congress would be discussing tariff schedules, or Mexico, or whether the natives of the Philippines ought to learn Latin in school or tackle Greek. While we are talking about Mexico and our colonial possessions we don't have to talk about the United States. We must not wonder that we have wars, for society as it is now arranged, with all the wealth in the hands of a few, makes life one long battle anyway. Life, so nearly everyone says, is just one darned thing after another, and one darned thing after another means just one worry after another, and it is worry that kills. There is altogether too much worry in this world—utterly unnecessary worry, the worry of unemployment, the worry of sickness, the rent worry, the food worry, the clothes worry, the worry of the future, the worry of old age, and a thousand other worries, all of which could be wiped out of existence if people would not be so wickedly determined to do everything they can to make progress impossible. Your poem, Willie is full of good intentions, but you have not carried them out very well. You say you hope the United States will not decrease. Of course a good-sized earthquake might blow a few states into the Pacific Ocean or the Atlantic, and the Japs might run away with California, and the Kaiser steal New England, but I don't think anybody will touch it as long as you and some more of the cousins keep writing pottery. You talk about freedom ringing. I didn't know that freedom was in the bell business. There's a lot of rot talked about freedom. We used to talk a lot about freedom in this country when we had black slaves, and now today that we have thousands of white slaves we are still bragging about our freedom. Only a few people in this world are free to go and come when they choose and do pretty much as they like, and I don't envy them, because their freedom is achieved by appropriating nearly everyone else's freedom. Freedom is a rare jewel, the majority of mankind are still seeking it and seeking it vainly. I am very much interested in the second line of your pottery, Willie. In sonorous phrase you inform us that our flag is red, white and blue, and that you honor the one who carried it through the flag bearer. Now I think the man who would willfully carry the flag through the flag bearer is about the meanest gink that ever drew the breath of life. It's tough enough to have a bullet sent whizzing through one, but to have some two hundred pound guy when you're carrying a flag, come with another flag in his hand and walk clean through you, is, to say the least, impolite. I would not care to have anyone

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

CRAVING FOR TOBACCO STOPPED

A sample of Ro-Lu-Bo the tobacco eradicator convinces you of its ability to help you quickly—surely. Sample free. Bonner Remedy Company, 144 E. Pine, Wichita, Kansas.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will send 4c to pay postage and mailing and say you will show some of our pretty cards to SIX of your friends.

New Ideas Card Co., 16 New Ideas Bldg., Phila., Pa.

DROPSY **Treated One Week Free** Short breathing relieved in a few hours—swelling, water and uric acid removed in a few days—regulates liver, kidneys and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. **Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 25, Atlanta, Ga.**

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT



17 Jewel

Now, during this Special 30-day Sale is the time to buy this elegant 17-Jewel Elgin. Factory tested and fitted in a 25-Year Gold-Filled Case.

No Money Down—$2.00 a Month

Because we want to prove to you that the great volume of our business enables us to save you nearly half on this $20.00 Elgin. Special **$12.75**

3 Fine Books FREE! MR. HARRIS wants to send you his three latest books free—one the story of "The Diamond," its discovery, where and how mined, cut and marketed; the other, "Facts vs Bunc," or all about the Watch Business, both at home and abroad, also our Big Free Watch and Diamond Book.

You do not pay a cent until we have placed the Watch or Diamond in your own hands for approval—no security—no interest—no red tape. BIG CATALOG FREE.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 1506, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—200% Profit



Foot Scraper and Cleaner—Needed on every porch and outside doorstep. Right now is the time to sell it—A winner. C. P. Draper, Mass., first order for 200. C. A. Johnson sold 40 in 1½ days. W. A. Parker sold 92 in 4½ days. Earl Hayward, N.Y., order for 150. W.W. Harpster, Pa., made $27.45 in 4 evenings. Write quick for terms and free sample.

THOMAS SCRAPER CO. 9330 West St., Dayton, Ohio



AGENTS $30 WEEKLY

Selling Improved Easy Irons. Mauller made $58 first 10 hrs. Fitter sold 98 in 3 days. Women crazy for it. Saves steps, time, fuel. Pays for itself quickly. Big profit on every sale. Sell 8 out of 10 homes. Guaranteed. Get our Free Sample offer.

FOOTE MANUFACTURING CO., Box 812 Dayton, Ohio



FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

We give beautifully engraved, latest style, thin model, ladies' small or gents' size hunting or open case WATCH. Fine time keeper, guaranteed 5 years, looks and wears like Gold. Also Im. Diamond Ring and Handsome Chain ALL FREE. Just order 24 fine Mexican drawnwork handkerchiefs, sell at 10c each. Order today and get extra gift free. Send no money.

IDEAL WATCH CO. Box M421 Elmira, N.Y.



FREE—2 LACE Curtains Handsome, refined and effective design. Fine rich lace, beautifully figured—good enough to hang in the parlor of the best home. Will fit largest windows and allow a full, artistic hanging. We give this pair free for distributing 8 sets of art pictures on our special offer at 25c. Write today. **M.O. Seitz, 1H5 Chicago**



GOLD FILLED BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. To get acquainted with you we will send this gold filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with **Your Birthstone,** for 12c, to help pay advertising.

The Auction Co., Dept. 170, Attleboro, Mass.



FREE—14k GOLD Filled with secret catch in the latest and most attractive design, given for selling only 7 pkgs. beautiful post cards. Send for them at once. Address **A. D. HART, 614 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**



FREE 4 RINGS Order 12 pkgs. Gold Eye Needles. Easily sold at 10c with thimble free. Return $1.20 and all 4 beautiful rings are yours. No money needed. Order today. GLOBE CO., Dept. B, 801, Greenville, Pa.



Big Entertainer 163 Parlor Games and Tricks, 310 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 15 Card Tricks, 4 Comic Recitations, 3 Monologues, Checkers, 9 Men Morris, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, etc. All for 10 CENTS

S. G. ABERNETHY, Box 517, Myrtle, Miss.



PROSPECTOR'S DIP NEEDLES, RODS AND GOLDOMETERS for locating minerals and treasures. We trust you for the instrument. Simply pay after first find. Circulars 10 cents. Address **JEWELL NOVELTY WORKS, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

ASTHMA **REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL.** If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. **W. K. Sterline, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.**

SILK **All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—All PURE SILK** Waste taken out. Best sort to make Quilts, Cushions, etc. Big lot 10c; 3 Big lots 25c; 7 for 50c; 16 for $1.00, postpaid. **INDIA SILK CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO**

FREE BOOKLET: "Victory or snatched from the Jaws of Death," with every woman her own physician **Sagine Co., No. 6 East Chestnut Street Columbus, Ohio.**

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. **ROBERTS & CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO**

CURL or crimp your hair with Curling Cream. It is Lovely, Lasting, Sure. By mail 15 cts. **Union Mfg. Co., Dep. 12, Palatine, Ill.**

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



Premium No. 716

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can **have loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Let Me Prove That I Can Rid You of it Quickly, Easily, Without Pain or Injury

Free Coupon Below Brings You My Help.



"From deep despair to joyful satisfaction was the change in my feelings when I found an easy method to cure a distressingly bad growth of Superfluous Hair, after many failures and repeated disappointments.

I will send (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer full and complete description of how I cured the hair so that it has never returned. If you have a hair growth you wish to destroy, quit wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle: learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and a 2 cent stamp for reply, addressed to Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 502 B. P. No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FREE COUPON This certificate entitles any reader of COMFORT to Mrs. Jenkins' Free confidential instructions for the banishment of Superfluous Hair, if sent with 2c stamp for postage. Cut out and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only. Address Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 502 B. P. No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE: We earnestly advise every lady who wishes to be rid of the disfigurement of Superfluous Hair to accept above offer at once. This remarkable offer is sincere and genuine, the standing of donor being unquestioned.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. F. B., Winters, Texas.—The pain in your back when you lie down which keeps you awake, or wakes you, is due probably to congested intercostal nerves and if when you wake you will get up and walk around, or take some exercise to start the circulation you will get relief at once. Chloroform liniment applied on a cloth and held tight until you feel that it is about to blister, then taken off for a minute and applied again, will also relieve. You should sleep on your stomach to relieve pressure on the back. Have you ever had a doctor examine you to discover the cause of the trouble? If not, do so at once. Also have him examine your child's eyes. It may be trachoma which is infectious and dangerous if not taken in time.

A. D. P., Campbell, Ala.—When the hair has been burned from any part of the head, or other part of the body, taking the skin with it, the hair follicles have been destroyed and there is no remedy known that will restore the hair. You might as well expect to find a remedy to make the teeth grow again when once they have been lost.

Brown Eyes, Amphion, Texas.—Don't go away off to Maine to ask about your condition when you have a good doctor right there in Texas who can tell more about you and know better what to do in a minute than we away off here can guess at in a year. We don t believe you have any more aches and pains than most other folks and if you will go right along and not worry about yourself you'll live out all the years the Bible says you are entitled to. Other COMFORT worriers make a note of this.

J. C., Sherwood, Texas.—Tapeworms are taken into the body from meat not thoroughly cooked and care should be taken to eat only well-cooked meat at all times. Remedies for the worm are many; one is made of two ounces of pumpkin seeds pounded fine in six ounces of water and strained. Take half of this at night and other half in the morning. Repeat this for several days. It must be remembered that some preparatory treatment is necessary and the patient should eat little or nothing for a day before the medicine is taken. This will starve the worm and weaken it so it will lose its hold.

R. M. D., Berlin, Wis.—The only home treatment for stammering is to practise constantly the distinct articulation of words and sentences. You can sing without stammering, can't you? Yes? Then sing your sentences at first and get your mind and your vocal organs to moving in harmony. The chief value of schools for stammering is that they insist upon the practise which you neglect and you are kept at it by a superior power. The majority of stammering cases are curable, but some stubbornly refuse to be cured.

L. B. W., Durwind, Va.—Color-blindness, that is, inability to distinguish colors, is incurable, though when not congenital—born with the person—may be improved somewhat by a system of practise. The vision may be practically perfect in every other respect. What causes color-blindness is not known. Ordinarily it is congenital, but sometimes may result from disease or accident. The symptoms are indicated only when the person is shown certain colors and cannot distinguish one from another.

S. S. W., Chula, Ga.—Tetter is an indefinite term for forms of eczema or psoriasis, which is the chronic form of eczema. Eczema is caused by feeble digestion, malnutrition and assimilation and its successful treatment can only be had by a physician who can examine the patient and have a full knowledge of conditions. Tetter, so called, is a very common complaint, especially among women who have their hands a great deal in the washtub, the hot water and soap being a strong irritant to a sensitive skin. This cannot be cured as long as the cause remains. Oxide of zinc ointment is the usual local application, but it is of no value if the hands are constantly in the hot, soapy water. To cure your tetter you must consult a physician and keep your hands dry. Eczema takes many forms and it is nervous and constitutional, usually, requiring long and careful treatment.

Mrs. B. E. G., Oneida, S. Dak.—Yours is another one of the numerous instances of the ignorant mother trying to cure her child when she knows nothing about the trouble or what to do. Take the child to a good family doctor and let him advise you. It isn't medicine you need, half as much as it is some sensible advice and knowledge.

T. R., Shawnee, Okla.—As there are dozens of different skin troubles, some serious and some not, and nearly everybody is so afflicted at times, there cannot be given any advice to cover all cases. You must know what particular trouble you have and the cause of it before any treatment can be undertaken. So go to a doctor with it and let him put you in good shape. You'll only make it worse by guessing at it and trying to cure yourself.

Sulfolul, Aurora, Ind.—Superfluous hair may be removed by anyone of many preparations for the purpose, most of them effective and some of them harmless enough, but none of the simple ones are permanent in their effects. The electric needle is said to do the work thoroughly and this is expensive. You are not far from the city. Why not consult a specialist there? The preparations you mention, are as far as we know, no better nor worse than the others. You should understand that the frequent use of any chemical on the skin strong enough to destroy the hair is bound to have a bad effect on the skin in time.

C. W. F., Cherokee, Ky.—There is nothing we could tell you of what you could do for yourself to cure a case of neurasthenia of three years' standing. If you have neurasthenia very careful treatment by a competent visiting physician will be necessary and then a cure is not sure. Many people with all the money they want have neurasthenia and they cannot find a cure for it with all their money. As you are only nineteen, we do not believe you have neurasthenia, and at your age we don't think you could have over-worked yourself to that point. If you could and would go to a hospital in Louisville or Cincinnati and have a thorough examination made, just what is wrong may be determined and proper treatment given. Youth and a desire to live are great aids to a physician. Try the hospital.

Mrs. B. C., Sycamore, Ga.—The pains in your chest and shoulders are due rather to neuralgia and indigestion than to tuberculosis and the phlegm in your throat is due to catarrhal condition from climate, probably. Your run-down condition is owing more to your ignorance of diet and proper eating and you need to talk to a good, sensible doctor and have him advise and instruct you in right living, rather than to give you medicine to cure some disease you do not have, or if you have, there is no reason why you should have it. Other COMFORT readers please make a note of this and profit by it.

Pellagra, Morganton, N. C.—We have such inquiries as yours from COMFORT readers frequently concerning pellagra and we can only advise that persons who think they have it should go to a reputable physician and have an examination made for that particular disease. In some sections of the South Boards of Health have been investigating pellagra and if patients will get in touch with them they will receive free information and we believe free treatment. It is for the public good and patients will be given every consideration.

J. G., Vancouver, B. C.—A very excellent remedy for constipation is the injection of hot water, made more effective by the use of Castile soap in the water. It is more of a natural remedy than the ordinary medicines taken for such purpose, and in many cases it proves an absolute cure, if some attention is afterwards paid to the diet. We recommend it, but you must get the advice of a physician as to details of application.

Mrs. A. T., San Francisco, Cal.—People are not troubled all their lives with insomnia. When it continues from childhood to middle age, the individual may conclude that nature did not intend that that particular organism should require as much sleep as the usual eight hours which is accepted as correct. You have no doubt been trying to sleep eight hours, when nature asked only four or five. Study your case and allow yourself only the amount needed. Either sit up late, or get up early and see if you don't cure your alleged insomnia. (2) Talk to a doctor about the pimples and muddy complexion, as your diet is simple and you do not speak of having indigestion. There are other causes which a doctor knows of and usually can correct.

J. H., Burleson, Texas.—We think marriage will prove to be the cure of all the ills you mention as troubling you. You haven't as much consumption as you have indigestion and if you get a wife who can cook and knows something about proper foods she will do you more good than any medicine you can take. She will also get your mind off of yourself and give you something else to think about and in a year or so you will be a new man and ought to be a fairly happy one. Marry a good, healthy girl and don't bother about her being as beautiful as a fairy. Beauty fades, at least, that kind does.

Miss G. S., New York, N. Y.—You are like a good many other COMFORT readers who think that chilblains are not much more than simple frost-bite, or chapped hands or other superficial trouble affected by cold and can be cured by some simple external application. Chilblains are not that kind at all and require the examination and treatment of a physician who can know conditions that cause them. All chilblain sufferers are advised to go to their doctors and be properly treated.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

walking through my b inery, such an act I should imagine would not only be unpleasant, but I've no doubt the Supreme Court would tell you it was unconstitutional. If you had only put a comma after through, Willie, you might have saved the flag bearer's life. You further inform us that our flag was the first to sail on the sea. It might have been the first to sail on the sea around Fithian, Illinois, but I don't think history will bear you out as to the rest of your statement. Billy the Goat has just struck for another five cents a day, and wants two more tomato cans added to his daily diet. Because I declined to accede to his wishes he has gone on strike, and to get even with me, he has written this poem:

My country 'tis of thee,
Land of wage slavery,
Where gold is king,
Land where the trust hogs rule,
And kids are kept from school,
And labor's but wealth's pliant tool,
Hurrah, Bing Bing.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

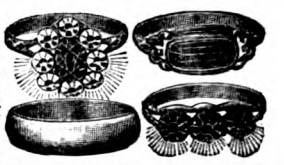
Anna Jenks, 1219 John St., Hudson Falls, N. Y. Invalid from rheumatism. Unable to leave the house. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Nora Jordan, Chatom, Wash. Co., Ala. Invalid, great sufferer. No means of support. Do something for her. Send her a blanket please. Miss Stella Rinehart, Harris Station, R. R. 1, Ohio. Helpless cripple. Unable to walk. Has rheumatism and spinal trouble. Lives with sister who has lung trouble. Help

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

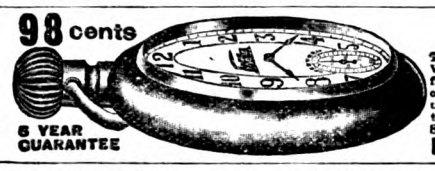
WE GIVE FREE



This GOLD PLATED LOCKET, opens to hold two pictures, set with a sparkling similitude DIAMOND, and a 22-inch NECK CHAIN and these 4 beautiful GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c. each and send us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address R. A. DALE MFG. CO. Providence, R. I.



98 cents



6 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Watch bargains we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98 cents today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

PEDISAN FOR ALL TROUBLES of the FEET. 25c a bottle. DU FERR CHEMICAL CO., Aspinwall, Penna.

EMB. SILK ALL COLORS, equal to 16 FULL SKEINS. Great big package with Free premium slip C. BRENT SILK MILLS, Portland, Maine 25c

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.



BIRTH STONE RINGS $1.00 value, solid 14K Gold Shell, guaranteed for 5 years, with stone for any month, simply to introduce our Jewelry Catalog De Luxe. Send 10c. to cover cost of advertising and mailing, send size. Guarantee Jewelry Co., Dept. A. Tyrone, Pa. FREE

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does it. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa



Big Powerful Air Rifle FREE for distributing 8 set of pictures on special offer at 25c. Send name. M. O. SEITZ, Dept. 1 D 5 CHICAGO.

Piles Cured All soreness gone in 20 minutes. Permanently cures. Will send remedy on trial. If satisfied send $1 inside of one week, if not return unused remedy. Send for it today. FLACKS REMEDY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.



JAPAN ROSE BUSHES
The Wonder of the World.
Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old **Will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house **in the winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail **10 cts.** **Japan Seed Co.** Box 6 So. Norwalk, Conn.

Did You Win A Cash Prize?

THOSE of our readers who won a December Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the January Prizes. The names of the winners in our January Contest will be printed in February COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still **three months of it left.** Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the three remaining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. **Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes.** These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the February prizes. **It costs you nothing to try.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the February Prizes.

Here Are The Names Of Our December Prize Winners!

The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following December Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a December prize DOUBLED.

Henry N. McCord, Ga.,	1st Prize	$30.00
E. Wagoner, Ill.,	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
Mrs. Ruth Crow, Tenn.,	4th Prize doubled	10.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.,	5th Prize doubled	10.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.,	6th Prize doubled	10.00
A. B. Nutting, Mass.,	7th Prize doubled	6.00
Cecilia Thorn, Ohio,	8th Prize	3.00
Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.,	9th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. J. E. Craddock, Va.,	10th Prize	3.00
Mrs. J. A. Thomason, Va.,	11th Prize	2.00
D. L. Havens, Pa.,	12th Prize	2.00
Allan F. Trumble, N. Y.,	13th Prize	2.00
Pearl A. Young, Ohio,	14th Prize doubled	4.00
Mrs. Mabel Bankus, Ohio,	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Cassie Askins, Ill.,	16th Prize	2.00
L. F. Cathcart, Iowa,	17th Prize	2.00
Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana,	18th Prize	2.00

The Next Four Received a $1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Wash.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Pierce, Iowa; Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.

The Next 21 Received A $1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Mary Coleman, Ohio; Mrs. Math Born, N. Dak.; Mrs. Maude Cowdrey, Mich.; Mrs. Nannie Henson, Calif.; Mrs. C. J. Puckett, Texas; Mrs. Bessie Merritt, Okla.; Master Rolland Van Antwerp, Idaho; Mrs. Geo. W. Jewett, Maine; Wm. A. Grant, Ark.; Joseph Lucas Baldwin, Ohio; Mrs. Blanche Griffiths, Colo.; Mrs. Jay Cobin, Mont.; Mrs. Mary Wood, Mont.; Mrs. Adam Scharrer, N. J.; Miss Agnes Johnson, Nebr.; Buel Story, Ky.; Robert Stewart, Jr., Ill.; Hattie E. Buchanan, Okla.; Miss Mary Mellon, Pa.; Miss Johanna Hockstra, Ill.; Clara B. West, Conn.

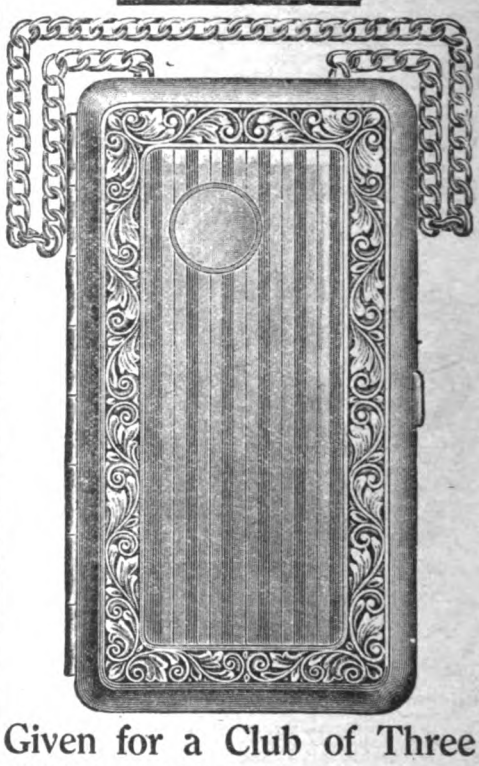
We Paid Each Of These Women A $1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. Earl Hunsinger, Okla.; Mrs. Tillie Anderson, Minn.; Mrs. M. F. James, N. C.; Patricia Sullivan, Tenn.; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Alice Nichelson, Ill.; Reeta Noice, Ohio; Mrs. I. J. Tucker, Ga.; Mrs. W. J. Conroy, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Mrs. C. C. Shanholtz, Kans.; Mrs. M B. Morgan, Ky.; Mrs. E. M. Brown, W. Va.; Miss Alta Witbeck, N. Y.; Miss Clara Berry, W. Va.; Mrs. Ola Pope, S. C.; Dellie Cross, Ohio; Mrs. C. A. Jacobson, Colo.; Clara Jordan, Ill.; Mrs. O. C. Rector, Iowa; Mrs. Effie R. Curry, N. C.; Mrs. N. P. Sweet, Maine; Leevesta I. Turner, Ohio; Mrs. Bettie Harris, Ky.; Miss Ecloise Showler, Indiana; Mrs. Harvey E. Lutz, Nebr.; Miss Elsie May Creamer, Va.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Mrs. J. A. Dexter, Ill.; Miss Mollie A. Elliott, Kans.; Mrs. G. C. Taylor, Vt.; Mrs. Mary Van Debogart, Okla.; Mrs. F. J. Shafer, Pa.; Miss Anna Brown, Wis.; Miss Gertrude Ross, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Hancock, Ohio; Mrs. Bert Reid, Pa.; Mrs. Lizzie Toone, Texas; Mrs. A J. Johnson, Colo.; Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.; Mrs. A. Hutson, Idaho; Mrs. Ada P. Roe, N C.; Daisy Wells, Ill.; Mrs. H. Lake, Wis.; Miss Lydia Wethle, Pa.; Miss Rhoda Early, Va; Sara M. Baird, N. J.; Mrs. Andrew Arsenlau, Maine; Mrs. Geo. H. Joslin, Colo.; Mrs. Herbert G. Shea, Maine; Mrs. Ole Erickson, Ill.; Mrs. J. A. Klopf, Wash.; Miss Linda Troyer, Ohio; Mrs. Irving E Jackson, Maine; Miss Mary Neis, Wis.; Mrs. Hettie Owens, Okla.; Mrs Taylor Everett, Miss.; Miss Viola Severn, Indiana; Amanda Lewis, Ill.; Mrs. Jennie Peden, Wash; Mrs. S. H. Tranholt, Minn.; Mrs. J. M. Riddle, Texas; Mrs. Alice Chambers, Wis.; Mrs. Kittie Sherman, Mich.; Mrs. Peter Thill, Mont.; Mrs. Geo. W. Schwamberger, Ohio; Grace M. Reese, Okla.; Rachel Rebecca Cone, Calif.; Kate Ogden, Ill.; Mrs. Maggie Skyles, Missouri; Mrs. Truman Voorhis, N. Y.; Mrs. Myrtle Baninger, Mich.; Mrs. Eliza Mallory, Ill.; Mrs. Ada Rolerson, Calif.; Elica C. Thaw, Texas; Mrs. Homer Sheridan, Colo.; Mrs. O. W. Stair, Va.; Maude Lively, Ky.; Miss Hazel Drobny, Calif.; Miss Mabel Hight, N. C.; Mrs. Helen V. Munday, W. Va.; Mrs. C. M. Gary, Va.; Mrs. Elizabeth Beal, Mich.; Mrs. E. D. Barton, Mich.; Ada O'Neal, Ky.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla.; Mrs. G. A. Purtle, W. Va.; Mrs. Lena Bodtke, Nebr.; Olive Wagner, Pa.; Rose Ritch, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. Maggie Myers, Iowa; Mrs. C. A. Sherrill, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy Stratton, Indiana; Miss Ethel Brown, N. H.; Miss Anna Tippett, Tenn.; Miss Nellie Shaughnessy, Ill.; Mrs. Albert Bergmann, Ala.; Mrs. Iva Gipson, Colo.

Start Your Club Now And Enter For A February Prize!

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711



Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a **thin Model** case like that of a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully **Embossed** and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your **Monogram initials** in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4½ inches long and 2½ inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 711.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

I Won My Battle Against CATARRH

Within Twenty-Four Hours

I obtained greater relief than I had ever found in years of search before. Now I am cured, well and absolutely FREE from every trace of that loathsome disease.

After Suffering Years

I conquered the disease that was robbing me of every comfort, every pleasure. I cured myself, I cured my friends in a wonderful, simple easy way that astonished all who knew me.



I Will Gladly Tell You How FREE!

You need no Salves, Lotions, Jellies, Sprays or Atomizers; No Greases, Pastes or Ointments; No Plasters, Masks or Bandages; No Baths; No Massage or Electricity; No Smoke to Inhale and Choke You; No Surgery; No Vibration; No Instrument or Appliance; No Pain or Operation. My way is simple, easy, convenient, pleasant, painless, invisible.

I Want All To Know How FREE!

If you've got CATARRH get rid of it. Don't let anybody tell you it can't be cured. It CAN be cured. I know it can; I've proved it can. Few people ever had it worse than I did and I am cured. My friends are cured. Write to me, send me your name and let me tell you how. You'll be surprised to learn the simple, easy way it's done. I charge you nothing for this information. I want the whole world to know.

Conquer Your Catarrh Or It May Conquer You

Catarrh Is a Sneak-Thief That May Steal Your Health and Happiness

Do you wake up in the morning with nose clogged up and your throat stopped up with an accumulation of poisonous mucous phlegm? Do you have to "k-aa-aw-k" and choke and gag and spit after you get up in order to get your head cleared out? If you do, heed that warning. It may not seem important now, but it IS, it IS, it IS. I tell you it IS important. I tell you if I realized this when I first had had these early symptoms, I might have saved myself torture, misery, suffering and embarrassment that no words can describe.

If your catarrh has already become worse than this, if you now find yourself hawking and spitting all day long, if you have a bad taste in your mouth, no appetite and a breath that makes people turn away their heads when you go near them, if your hearing is affected, if you have catarrhal headaches, and other advanced symptoms, you may think **these** are troublesome, but, take it from me, even **these** symptoms are **nothing** as compared to what catarrh symptoms **can** be when neglected.

I Paid Dearly For Neglect

If you could only know and realize the frightful penalty I paid for neglect of early symptoms you would be mighty busy trying to find something to kill and clean out the millions and



billions of germs that are nesting, breeding, feeding, thriving in your nose and throat and filling these parts with their disgusting, poisonous, health-destroying filth.

You know that all day the poisonous catarrhal mucous drops into your throat. You have to spit it up. Now think of what happens at night. Do you think these little gluttons—the catarrh germs—sleep when you sleep, do you think the poisonous mucous all remains in your throat till morning when you wake up and spit it out? Don't fool yourself. A lot of it does collect in your throat, true enough, but a lot of it also gets **Down Your Throat** and **Into Your Stomach.**

No Wonder Suffering Follows

Is it any wonder that people have **Catarrh of the Stomach, Bowels** and **Other Vital Organs?** Is it any wonder that appetite and digestion fail, that the blood becomes impure, that strength and vitality are lost, that health is ruined and lives are wrecked by the ravages of neglected catarrh?

Let me tell you how I fought catarrh germs every minute of the day and night, fought them while at work, while out in company, while at the theater and other places of amusement, while awake and asleep, without anyone ever seeing me do it, without anyone ever knowing it, and how I finally conquered the disease and freed myself from its abominable clutches to my own unbounded joy and the surprise of all who knew me.

Who Is Sam Katz?

I am not a Doctor. I can't work miracles any more than you can. I haven't any mysterious power over disease. I'm just a plain, common, every day business man, who has found out after a lot of suffering, a simple, easy way to fight Catarrh, a way that cured me, cured my friends and scores of others. I want to tell every Catarrh sufferer in the world how I did it. Write to me,—just send me your name and address on the coupon below, or write me a letter or a post card, and let me tell you, free.

SAM KATZ.
Suite C 602, 1325 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Ruined My Health And Almost Wrecked My Life

Yet I Was Cured By a Wonderfully Simple Means When All Else Failed, I Am Now Free and I Know That Others Can Be Free. Send Me Your Name and Let Me Tell You How

When I noticed the first symptoms of catarrh I paid little attention to them. I used to snuff salt water up my nose and because that would clear out the passages and make breathing easier, I thought I was getting relief. I never thought about it getting worse until folks began to tell me about my awful breath. I began to notice that my head was clogged up nearly ALL the time. Then I began to look around for a remedy. I bought patent medicines, inhalers, syringes and ointments. I used to be squirting dope into my nose all day long. I got relief, but that's all I did get. As soon as I stopped using these things I would be as bad off as before.

My breath was awful. I got so I couldn't eat, nothing tasted good, in fact I just about lost my sense of taste and also my sense of smell. I sniffled and I hawked and I spat continually until I was ashamed, but what could I do? My friends avoided me.

I felt filthy and loathsome. My food would not digest. I was weak, had headaches and was half sick all the time. I was melancholy, had the blues, lost ambition and felt like sneaking off in some obscure corner of the world away from everybody.

I Waited Too Long

I tried first one thing, then another; I read about catarrh in medical books, I tried things that everybody said were good and things nobody else ever heard of. I was desperate. I had to make my living and I realized that unless I found a cure I might soon be unable to work and I certainly had no desire to die in the poorhouse.

Then came the happiest day of my life—the day I found the simple, easy, wonderful means by which I was absolutely cured. The very first day I felt that my deliverance was at hand because the effect was absolutely different from anything else I ever used. My new-found method enabled me to fight the disease every minute of the day and night without continually poking and squirting stuff into my nostrils. And O, the relief! The English language has no words that express the joy I felt when folks began to tell me that my breath was not nearly so bad, when I began to enjoy my food again and gain strength.

A Cure At Last

Almost before I realized it my cure was complete. Every symptom of catarrh was gone. My head was clear, there was no more dripping in my throat, no more headaches, no more bad taste, no more bad breath. I felt fine. Everybody said I looked better. I could eat like a truck horse and I got fat and strong again. People began to ask me what it was that worked such a wonderful change in me. I told them and many of them tried my plan with the same wonderful results.

I felt so good I wanted to tell everybody. I have already told thousands and I want to tell YOU. I know you will thank me the longest day you live. I want you to know the simple, easy means I found to cure my catarrh. I want you to send me your name so I can tell you.

I want you to know the indescribable joy that freedom from disgusting catarrh brought me and will bring you. I ask no money for this information—it is FREE—you are welcome to it and I want you to have it. Write me today, fill in the coupon or write me a letter or postcard. Simply say, "Sam Katz, I want to know how you cured your catarrh" and write your name and address.

Catarrh Is More Serious Than Many People Think

Disgusting, Hawking, Spitting and Awful Breath Are Not the Worst of It

Do you realize that Catarrh is really a serious affection? Do you realize that it is perhaps responsible for more ill health than any other one cause? Do you realize that nasal catarrh, which is so common, is only the beginning, only the first mild symptom, a danger signal of threatening trouble ahead?

Do you realize that catarrh of the nose, with its hawking, its spitting and other disagreeable and offensive symptoms may be a forerunner of catarrh of the stomach or bowels?

The constant dripping of mucous into the throat is sure, sooner or later, to interfere with digestion and, by so doing, indirectly affect the bowels and other vital organs, causing many additional symptoms.

I know what catarrh is because I myself have been its victim and I can sympathize with anyone who is now its victim.

Is it any wonder that after suffering its most frightful and disgusting tortures for years, after seeing my friends shun me as they would a leper, after having tried everything under the sun, and wasting money on salves, lotions, inhalers, instruments and devices, electricity and such things, after having been through it from the first mild symptoms to the stage where it undermined my health, destroyed my happiness and made my life miserable, is it any wonder I say, **Is It Any Wonder** that I feel like shouting, yes **Screaming** the glad news of my cure to every Catarrh sufferer in the world, and telling everybody of the simple, easy, painless way in which I was finally cured, after all else failed?

Write To Me, Write To Me, Now, Now, Now, if you suffer from any of the awful, loathsome, disgusting symptoms of Catarrh, and let me tell you free, and without a penny's cost, how I conquered my catarrh, how my friends conquered their catarrh and how hundreds of others I know of accomplished the same glorious result. Just send me this coupon with your name and address or write me a letter or a post card.

No Time Like the Present — ***Write To Me Now!***



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Chicago, Ill.

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The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that its owner wants everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free 50c package from him to prove just what it will do in every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 50c package free if you will send your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally. F. H. Delano, 329Q, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

in the crowd whom she recognizes, and whose appearance rouses her from her contemptuous indifference; she raises her head, looks intently and then leans forward out of the carriage, with her eyes fixed on a broad-shouldered, stalwart gentleman, who comes with slow and languid gait down the broad pavement. He is tall enough to tower pretty considerably over the Swiss, who on an average are not tall, and to decidedly top his fellow countrymen; and he is handsome and distinguished enough to draw the eyes of the loungers even from the interesting young lady herself.

Very slowly he comes down toward the parade quite unconscious of the notice he is attracting—quite as unconscious of the lady who is waiting for him. If some kind angel would but whisper a word of warning in his ear! Poor Cyril! his kind angels have been very few and their warnings far between; as usual, he comes down upon his fate, or, rather, upon the individual who is to rule his fate, with his usual careless unconcern and indifference to everything that pertains to the future; and it is not until the young lady has stretched out her hand and caught him by the arm, not until she has called him twice, thrice, by his name, that he turns and recognizes her.

"Why, Cyril! who on earth would expect to see you here?" she exclaims, showing a dazzling row of teeth and a smile broad and expressive.

"Glitters!" says Cyril, "you here?" and although he smiles and suppresses every sign of the surprise that he feels, there is something in the tone that is anything but indicative of the welcome which so celebrated a person as Miss Glitters, of the Theater Royal, feels that she is entitled to.

"Yes, I'm here; why shouldn't I be just as much as you? How long have you been here?"

"Not long," answers Cyril, "and you?"

"Oh, only came today—this morning—and shan't make a long stay of it; at least, we didn't think of it, for Jerry says it's the slowest place he was ever in."

"Is Lord Jerry Carew here?" asks Cyril, looking round with anything but an expression of anxiety for his presence.

"Yes," he's gone inside to order supper; we're going for a drive—don't know what else to do. I never saw such a place; no theater, no concert, no casino, no anything; of course we didn't know you were here, or else it would have been different."

Cyril inclines his head with a cynical smile.

"Oh, the place would have been everything that is delightful, thank you, Molly."

"You haven't forgotten your old teasing ways, Cyril," says Miss Glitters, with a pout; "but, I say, where are you staying—here, of course?" and she nods her head toward the palatial Grand.

Cyril shakes his head, with an abstracted air, as if he were thinking hard.

"No," he says, "not here."

"Not here! Where then? I thought this was the only place fit to stop at!"

Cyril smiles.

"Oh—ahem! yes! Oh, come now, nonsense; it's not so bad as that!" says Miss Glitters, blushing; "you're not quite cleaned out—really, Cyril!"

"Of course not," says Cyril, lightly.

"Well, then come and stay here, and I'll persuade Jerry to stop another night or two. No—no? Why not? Anyhow, you'll have some supper with us tonight?"

"No; I think not," says Cyril, taking out his watch. "I think not, Molly."

Then he comes a little closer, and looks at her fixedly, almost earnestly.

"Don't look so cut up; you won't miss me; and, besides, I want you to do me a favor."

"What!" exclaims Miss Glitters, incredulously; "Sir Cyril More ask a favor! The world's coming to an end!"

"Don't hasten its destruction by refusing to grant my favor, then. See here, Molly, I am not stopping at the Grand, and I won't sup with you tonight; and I don't want to see Lord Jerry, because I am here *incog*, and don't want to be seen myself."

Molly put her lips into the proper shape for whistling.

"Not as bad as that, Cyril?"

Cyril smiles.

"No, not quite so bad as that, Molly; the duns have not followed me to Switzerland."

"Then what is it?" queries Miss Glitters, with intense curiosity. "What are you up to—what is the little game? Come, Cyril; I will keep it a secret—I will, upon my honor! Do tell me—do, there's a good fellow!"

Cyril laughs one of his rare laughs.

"There's nothing to tell you or anyone else, Molly. I have come here for a little rest and quiet, and I know, and so do you, that I shouldn't get it if I found you and Lord Jerry, and therefore I want you to do me the favor to keep our meeting a secret. Come, it's not a hard thing to promise. You have only to keep my name off your lips; you ought to be tired of it by this time."

Molly pouts and looks at him with all a woman's balked curiosity and suspicion.

"I don't believe that's all the reason," she says; "and if it is, it's all nonsense! Fancy you wanting to keep quiet and all that! No, it won't do, Cyril; there's something else in the wind, I'm sure of it."

"All right," says Cyril, "I'm not going to contradict a lady—bad manners that, Molly; but give me your promise."

"What—that I won't mention your name? that I won't tell anyone, now or hereafter, that I saw you, or knew you were in this beast of a place——"

"Exactly," says Cyril.

"Well, I'll do that; I'll do more than that, Cyril, for you."

"Of course," says Cyril, with polite acquiescence; "and as that is all I want, you'll do that cheerfully. Good by, Molly—enjoy your drive; you'll find the supper a good one, or they've lost their cook since I was there—good by."

"Good by, if you will go," she says, with a pout.

He takes the begloved and beringed hand, presses it for a moment, and raising his hat turns away. Scarcely has he done so than he sees walking slowly under the trees on the quay, Aunt Martha and Edna. Aunt Martha is looking cheerfully before her, with her amiable gaze on the lake, but Edna—yes, he sees in a moment that she has seen him, that she has still her eyes upon the overdressed figure and powdered face of Miss Glitters, now she turns them to him; he raises his hat and passes on; it is all done in a moment, but Miss Glitters' eyes are sharp and she has seen the recognition—the salutation—nay, more, the faint flush that colors the lovely face of the young girl, and Miss Glitters colors in her turn.

"So, Mr. Cyril—devil—that is the game, is it? Quiet and rest, eh? Quiet and rest, indeed! As if I was to be taken in by that! As if I didn't know you too well to believe all that! Now—I—wonder"—with intense curiosity—"who she is? Poor little thing!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

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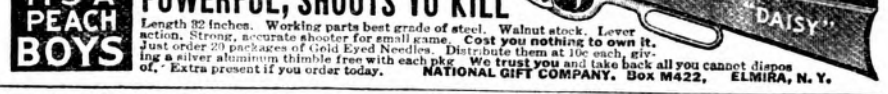
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Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk



Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years **COMFORT** has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year **we can do more for you than ever before** because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these **rich goods** and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have **a whole room full** of these beautiful pieces of **silk and satin** which are of **good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** Remember these remnants are not the **small, insignificant, worthless pieces** that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but **large, well-shaped pieces** of fresh, new silk and satin **in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season** and we send you a **big package** containing from **one hundred to two hundred pieces** besides a **large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors.** If you order **at once** we will also send you, **in addition** to everything else, an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together **to get the best effect,** how to **cover up seams** with fancy stitches, how to **join the edges,** etc. This book illustrates over **one hundred and fifty** of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch** also directions for **Kensington painting.** Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. **Premium No. 556.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Read all about our surprisingly liberal prize offer explained below and enter now for this month's prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium **sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, **if you request it.** It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is **extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES

are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is $30.00 to $120.00 for February, $30.00 to $150.00 for March and $30.00 to $180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1 00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date_____191

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say or RENEWAL 15 Mo	Whether SUB- for 2 Yrs.	for 3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium_____

Name_____ P. O._____ St., Box or R.F.D._____ State_____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription **25 Cents;** 3-years **50 Cents;** 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents. 50 Cents** a year in Canada.

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

Rules and Conditions

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and double the share of either contestant entitled to double.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you the premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a February prize and a Grand Prize too.



Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

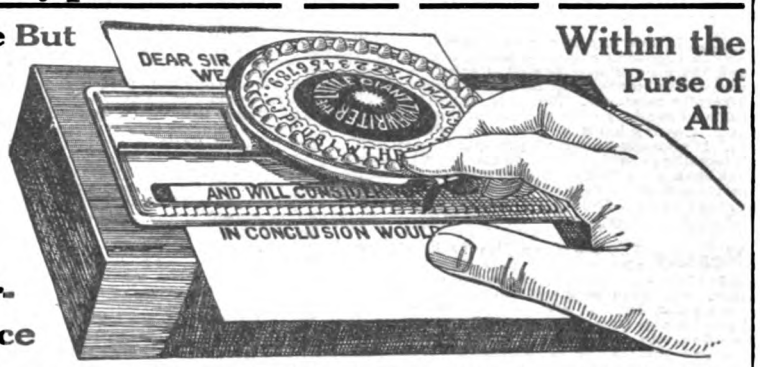
THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb** is **black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



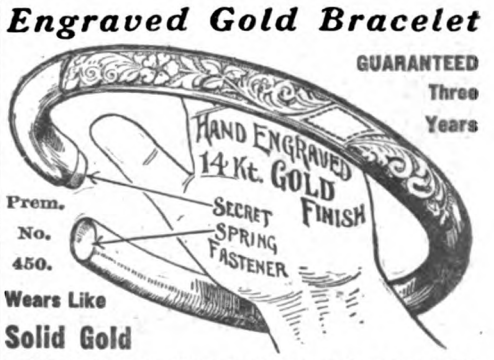
Within the Purse of All

THIS is not a toy, but a **practical,** satisfactory machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost as fast as some typewriters costing $10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or **two** 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and **wears like Solid Gold.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

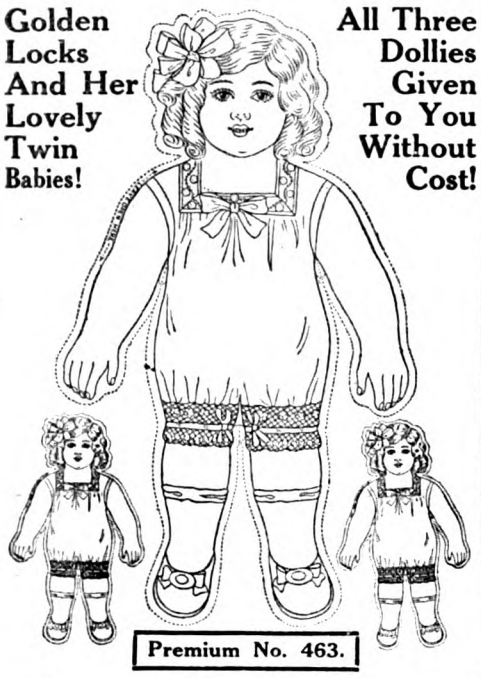
Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 463.

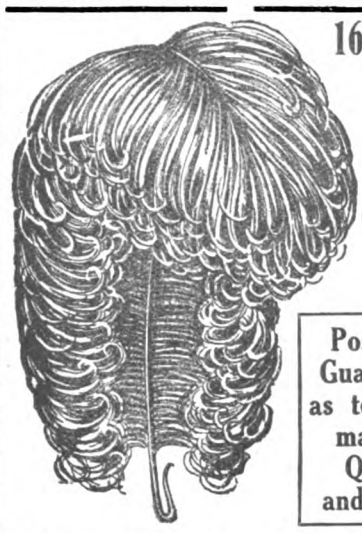
Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give **free** to **your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** "Golden Locks" is almost as big as **a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **life-like way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. (**Premium No. 463**). **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide

Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl.** Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf



67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide

Made of PURE FLAX woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had

10 Inches High And Full Jointed



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Looks and Wears Like Solid Gold

Free For A Club Of 8

Elegant Lady's Watch

HERE IS a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Dutchess" and is a **perfect little beauty** having all the refined, stylish features that are generally found only on the highest priced solid gold watches. We show both the front and the back of the watch in above illustration so that you can gain some idea of its beautiful appearance, especially the fancy engraving on the back. This is a thin model watch, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damaskeed, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skilled watch-makers in one of the largest watch factories in the United States. Best of all however, this watch cannot be told from a solid gold watch and **it will wear like solid gold** because the case is made of a **solid** composition of gilt metal that is the same color **all the way through** so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep **perfect time** and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to the factory any time within one year where it will either be repaired **free of charge** or a new watch sent in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we will **ourselves** guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only eight 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 691.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months

Premium No. 331.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!



BEAUTIFUL **Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil.** Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure **without money cost** a rare collection of **six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants** that will bloom and bloom **all summer** transforming your flower garden into a veritable **paradise** of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden **as soon as you receive them** and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you **at the proper time to plant** according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from **ten to fifteen days** in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you **free** on this great offer:

Crimson Crown For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

Killarney Queen In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

PREMIUM NO. 672

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.	1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mch.	1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	"	15
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.,	1
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	"	15
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States		May	1

Nita Weldon Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

Lady Hillingdon In this variety has been found every valuable feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember These roses are all strong healthy plants **on their own roots** and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in **wet moss** so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow **we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.**

Offer 672 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them **immediately** be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



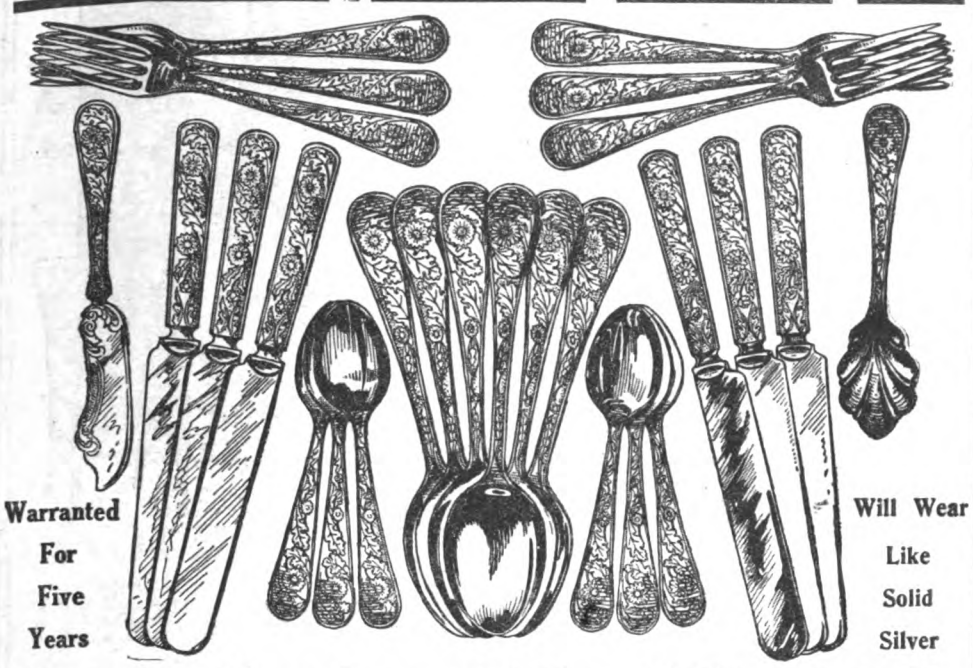
Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something **as good as a circus** for the children **the year round**—an indestructible, new style **Stereoscope** made of **all metal** with powerful, magnifying **lens,** and with it we give you **free** a big collection of **100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes,** all kinds of **trained and wild animals, hunting scenes,** views from the **Arctic** and **tropical** countries, and **happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the most **delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful **entertainment** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the **fifty** beautiful **scenes of home life,** the **fifty** exciting **animal views** will furnish them with a **regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo,** and all kinds of **wild and savage animals** as well as **horses, dogs, cats** and other domestic animals standing out **real and life-like** when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price **low enough** to enable us to **give them away** on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only **one** new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or **your own** subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. **Premium No. 646.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use. the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. **For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

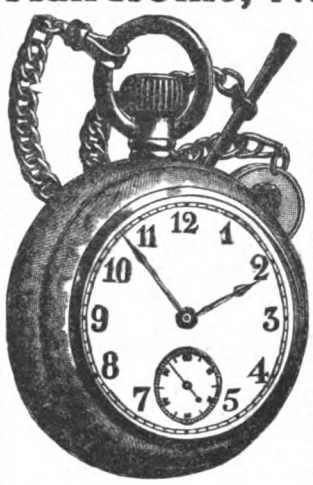


Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in **different handsome colors on an** interwoven background which is of a color that **harmonizes** with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will **enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home.** They are just as **durable** as they are handsome **and taken altogether** are something any woman **should be pleased** to own and display. We will send **you this large handsome** Table Cover, exactly as described **if you will accept the following**

Club Offer. For a club of **only two 15-months** subscriptions to COMFORT **at 25 cents each,** we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch



A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.

Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, not alone **on** account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because **it is always on the dot**—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from $20.00 to $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** with an unusually thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures** on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the **hour, minute** and **second hands** like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome stylish chain and fob,** if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No.399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Look At Me!

Whose Little Girl Wants ME?

I Am The Cutest Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland And You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, **this beautiful, curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she **looks** to be in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot and a quarter high.** She has a real **kid body** and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of **bisque.** You can make her **stand up or sit down** in a chair, or **bend over** or assume all sorts of **natural positions** because her arms are **jointed** at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she **closes her eyes** and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is **wide awake** again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has **real eyelashes**—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest** baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork **lace stockings** and cunning little **slippers with bow and buckle** she comes to you **undressed** so that you can make **your own dresses** for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

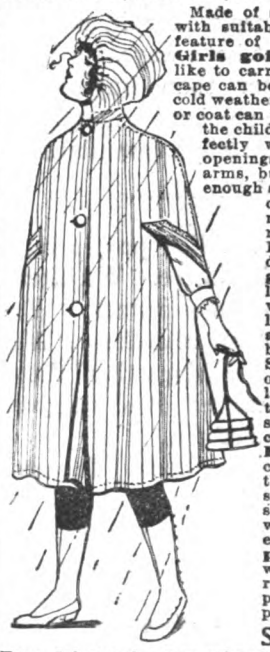
For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR A club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 466.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. **Girls going to school** do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much **better than a Rain Coat.** The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. **Sizes 6 to 14 years.** When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. **Boys** can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. **Girls** like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn **such a sensible premium** so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer: For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. **Premium No. 529.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 612

Stylish Colored Petticoat



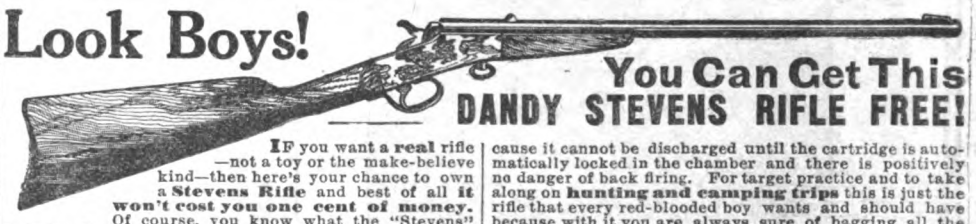
For A Club Of Two Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats modeled along narrow lines to conform to the narrow dress skirts that are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old petticoats and yet not of the extreme hobble style. **Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering.** We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you exact size and the color desired, if you will accept the following.

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 612.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!

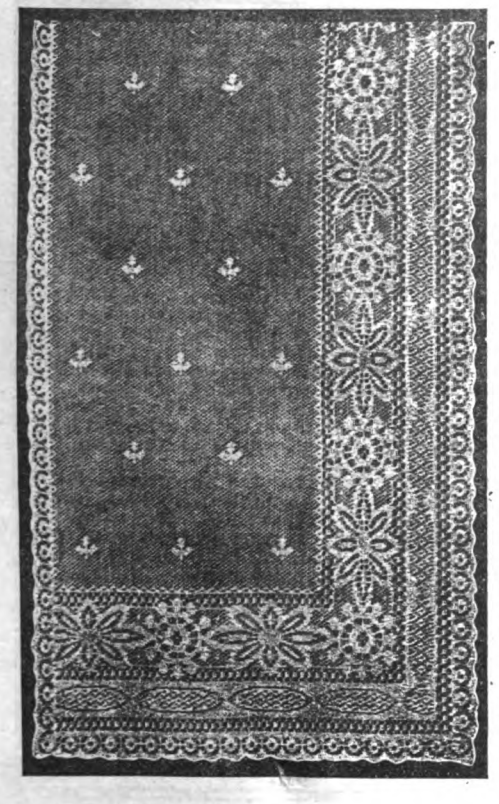


You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

IF you want a **real** rifle —not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2¼ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged **until** the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Free For 4 Subscriptions!

Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and **much more liberal** than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are **full width and three yards long** which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long



Given For a Club of Only Four

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about **72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide,** that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and **can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth, and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.** It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of **these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.**

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. **Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Two Surprises for You

No 1.—A Dollar Book

With 5,160 Furniture Bargains

We have just issued a Bargain Book which will amaze and delight you. It is the finest we ever issued in our 50 years in business.

It is so big—so handsome—that it costs us $1 per copy with mailing, but we'll send it to you free if you have a home.

It pictures 5,160 things for the home—many in actual colors. You never saw such an exhibit. It takes six acres of floor space just to show samples of the things pictured in this book.

Prices ⅓ Less

The prices will average one-third less than usual. Some are half store prices. We buy for the millions—a thousand times what the usual dealer buys. We pick up bargains—surplus stocks. And we sell direct by mail.

Our prices will seem impossible. But we prove them to you by sending goods on trial. You buy nothing whatever until you see it in your home and use it for a month.

Keep It 30 Days

We send you things—whatever you want—to keep for 30 days. Test them, inspect them, compare our price with stores. Then buy or return them, just as you prefer. What you return we credit, and we pay the freight both ways.

That's better than buying in stores. Here you have a month to consider—there only a few minutes.

More than a million people buy their home things here. We often furnish 10,000 homes a week. We save them millions of dollars. We show them more things than they ever saw elsewhere. And we give them long-time credit.

Send for this new book. It costs you nothing. And it will bring to your home the greatest exhibit, the lowest prices and the fairest terms that were ever known in this line.

No. 2—A Credit Card

Giving You a Year to Pay

With the Book we will send a Credit Card. It will open for you a charge account without any references or any red tape.

Then you can order at any time on credit. On every bill you have a year to pay. No extra price, no interest, no contract, no security—just an open charge account.

You may pay a little each month. Buy anything you want by saving just 2 or 3 cents a day. This is our new-style credit. We open accounts without any formalities with people who buy for their homes.

About one home in ten. the country over, has a charge account here now. You should have one, too. Then you can get things as you want them, and pay as convenient.

Send This Coupon

Simply send this coupon. We will mail you this dollar book. We will open at the same time a charge account and send your Credit Card. You can order then whenever you wish.

Send the coupon now. Our Spring Book is just out, and every home should have it. Cut out the coupon now.

Bargain Book

Of 5,160 Home Things

Furniture	Carpenters' Tools
Carpets—Rugs	Silverware
Draperies—Linens	Chinaware—Clocks
Oilcloths, etc.	Sewing Machines
Baby Cabs	Kitchen Cabinets
Refrigerators	Cameras—Pictures

Many Pictures in Colors

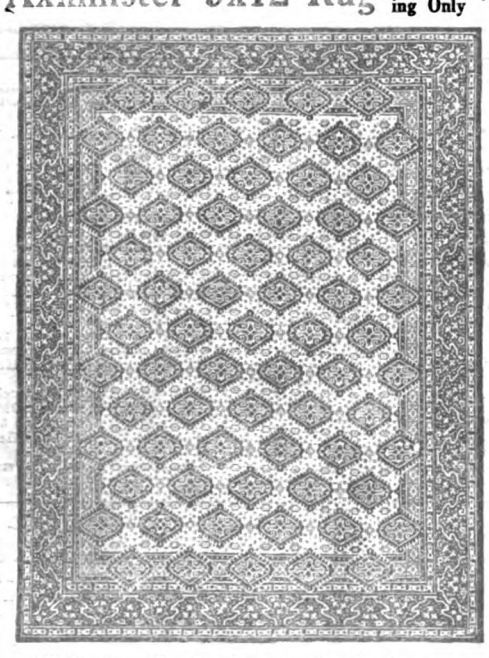
SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.
1174 W. 35th Street, Chicago (844)
Mail me your Spring Furniture Book.
Also the Books I mark below.
.....Stove Book.....Watches and Jewelry.
.....Spring Styles for Women.
Name.....
Address.....
Write plainly. Give full address.
Check which catalogs you want.

Be sure to ask for Book of Spring Styles for Women Also

Get Rich

Axminster 9x12 Rug

By Sending Only $1.25



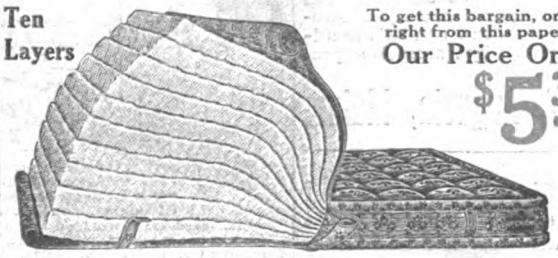
Just Write for this handsome Axminster rug. Your charge account will be opened at once and the rug will be placed in your home on 30 days' free trial. Then pay $1.25 monthly if it pleases you and you are satisfied with the saving. This is a sample of the wonderful bargains to be found in our catalog, but as there were not enough to picture in this book you must order from this paper to take advantage of this big bargain.

Handsome Oriental Design, a copy of a rug selling for four times our price—a pattern that is found only in the very best homes. This rug is rich in appearance, coming in a tan ground with the Oriental figures brought out in beautiful shades of brown, red, blue, green and old rose colors. It has a luxurious high pile, is well woven of all-wool yarns and neatly finished.

No. F4C203. Size 9x12 feet. Price.....**$12.95**

45-Pound Felt Mattress Is Yours by Sending 50c

Ten Layers



To get this bargain, order right from this paper.
Our Price Only **$5.35**

It Is So Easy to Get this big bargain in a ten-layer 45-lb. felt mattress that there is no good reason for your being without it. Just think of the days and days of comfort from a mattress of this guaranteed quality when you only pay 50c a month and enjoy its use while paying for it. You get 30 days' free trial besides, in which you can make sure of your bargain. Order right from this paper, as there were not enough to catalog. Your account will be opened when you write us.

Imperial Roll Edge, extending all around, insures durability and means extra quality, making an Imperial box edge 5 inches wide all around, with nice rounded corners. Mattress is filled with 45 lbs. of genuine felt in ten layers. There are 54 tufts, with two rows of Imperial edge stitching. The covering is finest grade of selected fancy art ticking. Mattress is absolutely sanitary and will not mat or become hard or lumpy. Weight, 45 lbs. Comes in 4 foot 6 inch size only.

No. F4B6537. Price.....**$5.35**

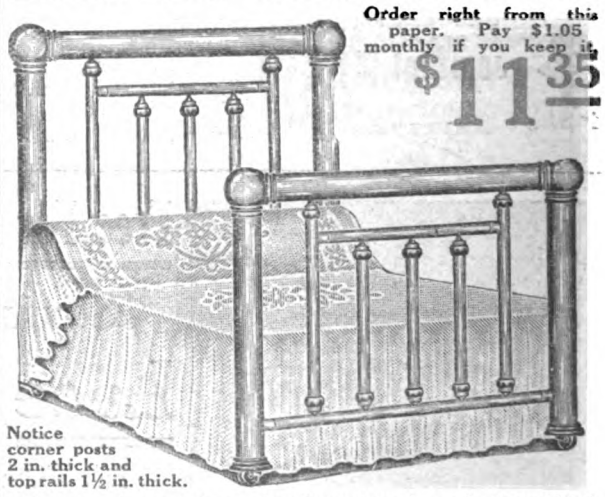
Spiegel, May, Stern Co

1174 W. 35th Street, Chicago

$1.05 Brings Life Lacquer Brass Bed with 2 in. Posts

Order right from this paper. Pay $1.05 monthly if you keep it.

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Notice corner posts 2 in. thick and top rails 1½ in. thick.

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.

Patience is the key to the contented mind.

Man punishes the action, but God the intention.

A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

A fire of straw makes much smoke, but little warmth.

Beauty without virtue is a rose without fragrance.

That is real loss which is gained by sacrifice of character.

Every person is occasionally what he should be perpetually.

Anger is often much more hurtful than the injury which caused it.

How seldom it is that the soul is so quiet that it can hear when God speaks to it.

The world may pity you for what you lose, but never for what you have never had.

When you speak, speak well, speak easily, speak justly and speak at the right moment.

The man, who loves no woman at all, is more in the wrong than he who loves all women too much.

The greatest satisfaction a woman can feel is to know that a man, whom many other women love, loves her alone.

THE SCOFFER

By Hapsburg Liebe

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NOW and then one may find them, these mountaineer wanderlusters, these derelicts, who go from one community to another and rarely or never enter the great outer world. They invariably possess some trait that wins them more or less of a welcome; otherwise the more stolid mountain-folk would not tolerate them for a moment. As for Saul Barber, he was a fiddler and a good one in his way; also he had an odd, dry sense of humor that had kept more than one man from killing him. Barber's very appearance was usually sufficient to bring forth a smile. He was exceptionally tall and exceptionally thin; his eyes were small and pale blue, and his beard was sparse, short and ragged; he wore a frayed Prince Albert coat of doubtful history.

Preacher Norris Primrose, too, was something of a wanderer; but, unlike Saul Barber, he had a distinct and set purpose in life; he went from one community to another, sometimes spending as much as a year in one place, and carried the Gospel to his people the mountain-folk. He was an old man, heavily bearded, gentle of manner yet a person of much firmness. He lived alone in an old cabin on the western side of Little Rainy Valley, almost squarely across from the tumbledown hut in which Saul Barber and his fiddle had taken up their abode for the time being. And Saul Barber was the one man whom Norris Primrose had failed to persuade to come to his log church, the one man of all those who dwelled in the Little Rainy section.

Saul Barber, scoffer, bitterly hated all that pertained to religion; therefore, he bitterly hated Preacher Primrose. Saul Barber wanted badly to be an atheist, and didn't know how.

"I wouldn't go to yore blamed old meetin'-house," he had told the old minister in reply to the latter's latest invitation, "if it was to save yore life. I've never been inside of a meetin'-house sence I was a little bisty kid and didn't know no better; and I never will set foot inside o' one ag'in as long as I live. You're jest religious acause you're a skeered not to be—a fanatic, that's what—and so smoke that in yore pipe! You cain't prove that none o' yore preachin's about another life is true; it's all wind!"

"Tekkeer! Tekkeer!" Primrose had exclaimed. "A pore little worm o' the dust hadn't ought 'o talk like that!"

Whereupon Barber had seized his fiddle and ended the conversation by playing the most awful tune he knew, an old and diabolical air named "The Devil's Dream." Primrose had shook his head sadly, and had gone away with his hands clasped tightly before him.

Then Barber began to occupy his time with planning for some way of belittling the minister in the eyes of the people. There was scarcely a motive; it was but the natural product of a small, mean, narrow mind. He was cunning enough to know that anything he did would have to be both strong and subtle for Primrose had been in the Little Rainy Valley six months, and he had made an impression. Barber was sitting under a pine that grew near the chimney of his tumbledown hut when the great idea came to him. His pale blue eyes lighted wickedly, and his thin lips curled into a smile that was not pleasant.

"It'll work!" he told the silence about him.

That night he went over to an isolated place known as Gum Flats, and there fiddled an old moonshiner into the notion of giving him a gallon jug filled with new whiskey. This he watered half and half and placed in two jugs. The two jugs he took, at an hour long past midnight, and hid under the floor of Primrose's cabin. This was to be in the nature of main evidence; that which he did next was more in the way of subtle suggestion.

Early the next morning, he tucked his fiddle under his frayed Prince Albert coat, and went to the home of an influential, fire-and-tow, strangely good and strangely bad mountaineer named Bill Lindsey, a lanky, bearded giant. After he had played his host into a merry humor, he called him to the cabin yard and there buttonholed him in a manner most confidential.

"Bill," he whispered, "don't you say nothin' about this—Bill, did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me?"

"A—a jug o' licker!" Bill Lindsey exclaimed, astounded. "Saul Barber, afore goodness, do you know what you're a talkin' about?"

"Shore, shore!" smiled Barber. "Don't say nothin' about it, Bill. Come to think of it, now, maybe it wasn't you he was to leave it with. Maybe it was Sam Dorsett—yes, I believe it was. How pestified forgitful I am a gittin' to be! Don't say nothin' about it, Bill. So long. Jim Potts ketched a thunderin' big possum last night."

He went swaggering down the marigold-bordered path, leaving Lindsey staring with terrible eyes toward a small, lone cabin on the western mountain. He went to the house of Sam Dorset, another influential, fire-and-tow citizen of Little Rainy Valley. Here also he fiddled his host into a splendid humor, and then called him aside.

"Sam," he whispered, "did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me, or not?"

"What'n the name o' Jack Robinson are you a talkin' about, Saul Barber?" demanded Dorsett, amazed.

"Well—did he?" whispered Barber. "If he did, say so, Sam—acause I'm as dry as a powder-horn."

"No," said Dorsett, "he didn't."

"Then don't you go and blab it, Sam," requested Barber. "A still tongue makes a wise head. Jim Potts ketched a big 'possum last night. So long."

And another man turned terrible eyes toward a lone cabin on the side of the western mountain.

Now there lived near the head of the valley a big, thickest fellow who was noted for two qualities—his fighting ability, and his joking ability. His name was Berry Lippins. To this man's house went the mischief maker, well pleased with the work he had done. He found Lippins hoeing corn in the little plot back of his cabin.

"Berry," he said slyly, "did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me?"

The thickset mountaineer, no doubt, suspected his visitor of having a prank up his sleeve. For a moment he eyed Barber queerly; then he hastened into the house and brought forth a brown jug four fifths full of a concoction consisting of equal parts of new whisky, buckeye juice, and water that had had tobacco leaves steeped in it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

"Geneva's Easter Bonnet"

a beautiful Easter love story by Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil will be one of the many interesting features of April COMFORT which will be a bright, cheery, entertaining and instructive number.

"The World Needs Faith"

a practical Easter Sermon, by Uncle Charlie, not doctrinal, not sectarian, but teaches a lesson that we all need to learn and apply in daily life to sustain us in these troublous times when the great nations engaged in the most cruel war seem to have forsaken God and forgotten Christ. It is an up-lifting and inspiring message of hope based on God's promise through Jesus, which Christians of every denomination will find acceptable and strengthening to their faith. Read it in April COMFORT.



"The Calamity Breeders"

by no means so doleful as its name suggests, is a bright and really funny story appropriate to April Fool's Day, and tells in amusing style the ludicrous misadventures that befel a young married couple on a fortnight's tour visiting their relations. There's a laugh in every line for those who read it.

In April COMFORT

Only two more months of our Grand Prize Contest. Enter now for March cash prizes. Get your friends and neighbors to subscribe or renew their subscriptions and help you earn a nice premium and win a good cash prize, too,—perhaps two cash prizes. Read Grand Prize offer elsewhere in this paper. Enter now and win your share of the cash prizes. But LOOK OUT for YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION so not to miss April COMFORT.

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Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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MARCH, the month of Mars, was the first month of the old Roman calendar. Until 1752 it was considered the first month of the year in England. Everywhere it is recognized as the stormy or rugged month, and Spenser in the early days well expressed weather conditions when he spoke of it as "sturdy March," and from that day to this the poets have made breezy, uncertain March the target for their arrows. Three of its days were borrowed from April and perhaps it is on that account it is said that if the month comes in like a lion it will go out as a lamb. Having taken its name from the god of war the month never fails to live up to its reputation. The gem stones symbolic of the month are jasper and bloodstone, which stand for courage and wisdom. Quite in contrast the violet is the March flower, and it is the representative of love, faithfulness, modesty and candor. Warlike in name and nature, it is only natural that the month should have played an important part in the lives of some of the world's greatest warriors. For instance, the letter "M" played an important part throughout the life of Napoleon, many of his greatest victories and defeats having occurred on the day, during a month or at a place beginning with that letter. He was married to Josephine in March and his son, the King of Rome, was born in March. Girls born during this month, according to an old superstition, are supposed to be fickle, stormy, quarrelsome chatterboxes.

Notable events of the month have been as follows:

1st.—Anne, Queen of England, died 1679. The first number of the London Spectator appeared, 1711.

2nd.—John Wesley, founder of Methodism, died 1791. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, died 1797. Blanchard made his first balloon ascension at Paris, 1784. Louis Philippe, King of the French, left France and sought shelter in England, 1848. Texas Independence day.

3rd.—Nicholas Carew, beheaded 1539.

4th.—Inauguration day. The first session of the U. S. Congress opened, 1789. President George Washington entered upon his second term March 4, 1797, his first term starting with April 30, 1793. March 4 has been inaugural day ever since 1797, except when the 4th fell on Sunday, as it did in 1877, when President Hayes took the oath on the 5th.

5th.—James Duke of Hamilton, Arthur Lord Capell and Henry Earl of Holland, beheaded 1649.

6th.—Battle of the Alamo, 1836. Michael Angelo, born 1474. Battle of Pea Ridge, 1862. Blanchard, the pioneer æronaut, died 1809.

8th—King William III of England, died 1702. President Millard Fillmore, born 1800. Arbor day in New Mexico.

9th.—Joseph Gall, founder of phrenology, born 1757. Napoleon married to Josephine.

10th.—John VI, King of Portugal, died 1826. End of the Mukden battle, 1905.

11th.—Tasso, Italian poet, born 1544. The first British daily journal, the Courant, published in 1702, consisting of a single page of two columns devoted exclusively to foreign news.

12th.—Cæsar Borgia, killed 1508.

13th.—Planet of Uranus discovered by Herschel 1781. President Benjamin Harrison, died 1901.

14th.—Admiral John Byng, shot 1757.

15th.—General Andrew Jackson, born 1767, Julius Cæsar, assassinated, 44 B. C. Arbor day in Oklahoma.

16th.—Nero died, 37 A. D. President James Madison, born 1751.

17th.—St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, born 372. Early English calendars have it that Noah entered the ark on this day. Siege of Acre, 1799.

18th.—Robert Walpole, died 1745. President Grover Cleveland, born 1837. John C. Calhoun, born 1782. This was also the month of his death.

19th.—Wm. J. Bryan, born 1860.

20th.—Henry IV, King of England, died 1413. Sir Isaac Newton, died 1727.

21st.—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, born 1274. Bach, music composer, born 1685. Robert Southey, poet, died 1843.

22nd.—Henry de Beauchamp, Earl and last Duke of Warwick, born 1424. Vandyck, painter, born 1599. Rosa Bonheur, artist, born 1822. Goethe, German poet, died 1832.

23rd.—Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III, died 1813.

24th.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, died 1603. Thorvaldsen, Danish sculptor, died 1844. Longfellow, poet, died 1882.

25th.—Henry, fourth son of Cromwell the Protector, died 1674.

26th.—John Seaward, engineer, died 1858.

27th.—James I, King of England, died 1625. Battle of Vera Cruz, 1847.

28th.—General Sir Ralph Abercrombe, killed in the Battle of Alexandria, 1801.

29th.—Emanuel Swedenborg, died 1772. President John Tyler, born 1790.

30th.—The center one of the three days which, according to the popular notion, were borrowed by March from April.

31st.—Francis Joseph Hadyn, composer, born 1732. Ludwig Beethoven, composer, died 1827. John C. Calhoun, secretary of war under President Monroe, and vice-president for six years, died 1850. This was also his birth month. Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Nicol), died 1855.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The Snare that Lurks in Our Peace and Arbitration Treaties.

OUR government has been very active in making peace and arbitration treaties, so that we now have such conventions with many of the civilized nations. This course has been pursued for the purpose and in the hope of preventing war by this means.

The most prominent feature these treaties, the one chiefly relied on, is an agreement that in case of a dispute, disagreement or difficulty of such serious nature as to be a possible cause for war between the United States and the other nation which is party to such treaty, neither nation shall begin war until the end of a year's notice in order to give time to settle, cool down or resort to arbitration.

This is beautiful in theory, but what is it likely to to amount to when put to the practical test?

Which, if any, of the great military powers would be deterred by such a "scrap of paper" for a single hour from beginning hostilities, if desirous of fighting us?

We are not prepared for war while certain other nations are, and the danger is that, relying on these peace and arbitration treaties to give us a year's time to get ready after war is threatened, we shall continue our present neglect of our national defenses; that we shall wake from our fool's paradise of fancied security to find ourselves caught defenseless by the tempest of war hurled upon us, not after a year's notice, but suddenly and with no notice at all.

If Germany did not hesitate to violate her neutrality treaty by the invasion of Belgium and justified it on the ground, as she then stated, that it was necessary to her military success, do you think she would feel bound by any treaty to give us a year's notice to arm and prepare in case she deemed war inevitable or desirable? Would any other nation that was better prepared than we sacrifice its advantage by giving us a year's notice of its intention to fight us?

Under the "Tripple Alliance" treaty Germany and Austria relied confidently on having Italy come in and fight on their side, but Italy found it advantageous to turn down the treaty and keep out of the war—wisely, no doubt.

One great lesson of the present war, which we should learn and profit by, is that treaties are kept or broken according as it best serves the interests of the nations when it comes to the pinch of war; that while endeavoring to cultivate peaceful and friendly relations with all nations we should be always prepared to defend our country from attack.

The suspicion and distrust with which the nations of Europe regard each other is sufficiently attested by the innumerable forts which for many years have formed a complete network on both sides of their respective boundaries.

Now look on this side of the Atlantic and view a different spectacle, the result of mutual confidence and trust. Stretching from ocean to ocean four thousand miles across the American continent is the boundary between the United States and Canada without a fort on either side of the line. That is because both parties know that war between Great Britain and the United States, in view of their mutual interests on this continent, is impossible.

Peace and arbitration treaties are needless with such nations as would not make war on us, while they are useless and likely to prove delusive snares if contracted with those that might on occasion wish to smite us with the "mailed fist."

The necessity of strengthening our coast defenses and our army and navy has been the subject of heated discussion in the session of Congress now drawing to a close, and should have the careful attention of our people also.

The Pestilential Fly

IT may seem like forcing the season to begin, thus early, to urge our readers to fight flies—the house-fly and the horse-fly—but it is none too soon to lay out the campaign and commence active operations, offensive and defensive, against these filthy carriers of disease.

Careful and thorough scientific investigation has proved that the fly is one of the most pernicious causes of the spreading of disease. Typhoid fever, dysentery and many other malignant diseases result from the disease germs which the house-fly brings in and deposits on food, dishes and everything on which it lights. The dreaded infantile paralysis is caused by inoculation through the bite of the horse-fly. The prevalence of many of the diseases peculiar to summer and fall is largely due to the fact that flies are numerous at those seasons.

So much has been published—and COMFORT has done its share to enlighten its readers on this subject—that people ought now to be aware of the danger and aroused to the necessity of meeting it by effective measures of prevention.

With the first mild days of early spring the big, lazy flies that have hibernated through the winter will crawl out and buzz around. They are the seed, so to speak, from which will spring the innumerable swarms of the coming summer. Each of these old flies, if permitted to survive, will become the progenitor of many generations which in one season will number millions of descendants of a single insect—so prolific are these pests.

Prepare now and kill the old ones as fast as they appear. Clean up and rid the premises of all garbage and filth before the breeding season begins; for it is in filth and decaying matter that they breed. Abolish the manure pile; it should be spread daily on the land which it is to fertilize, and not be permitted to collect, for it is the favorite breeding place of flies. The earth closet should be made tight and inaccessible to flies. Likewise keep the pig pen clean.

Screen the house and stable, too, so to keep out as many flies as possible; and within make liberal use of sticky fly paper all through the season to catch such as get inside despite window screens and screen doors. And right here is needed a word of caution against the danger of fly poison. Don't use poisonous fly paper.

The use of fly poisons causes the death of a surprisingly large number of children from one to six years old each season. The December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society is strong in its denunciation of poisonous fly paper and other fly poisons. Among other things it says that although the reports covered only a few states, forty-five cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons were reported between the first of July and the fifteenth of October. It also remarks that the symptoms are so similar to those of cholera infantum as likely to be mistaken for the latter, even by an experienced physician, and that "how many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons and the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum can never be known." Fly poison certainly "should not be used in any home where there are children or where children may visit."

"There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching and killing flies." There is no poison in the sticky fly paper, and it is safe and effective.

Labor Union Votes to Stand by the Liquor Interests

WHEN a labor union, which claims to exist for the uplift of humanity in general and the promotion of the welfare of its members in particular, as an organization pledges its active support to the liquor interests in opposing the movement to suppress the evils of intemperance it forfeits the sympathy, confidence and respect of the community.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, we have before us the sorry spectacle of the recent action of the Boston Central Labor Union in adopting a resolution which calls on organized labor to oppose the passage of the Hobson-Sheppard bill for nation-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic. This Central Labor Union, which represents the centralized authority of, and speaks for the federated labor organizations of Boston, bases its action in this matter squarely on the ground that the abolition of the distilleries, breweries and saloons would throw a large number of laborers out of employment. And that insidious argument is the bait by which the whiskey trust, the brewery combine and the grog shop interests have caught this labor organization and are trying to enlist the support of others throughout the country.

It is the most cruelly selfish appeal that was ever made, besides being absolutely fallacious, as will appear on close scrutiny.

I fear no contradiction in asserting that no man has a moral right to make the destruction of other men his means of subsistence. Must we then, as a people, forever submit to all the poverty, misery, disease, crime and loss of life that intoxicating liquor causes in order to enrich a few men and furnish employment to some others?

As a purely economic proposition, ignoring the moral aspect, it would be far cheaper for the nation to support these men in idleness at double their present profits or wages than to have them employed in the manufacture and sale of this destructive product for which the people of this country pay one billion and seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars a year to say nothing of the incalculable millions of loss and damage they suffer by drinking it. But the abolition of the liquor business involves no problem of idle capital or unemployment of labor.

Although the aggregate sum which the people pay for the product is enormous the liquor industry employs comparatively few men. And the greater part of this stupendous sum, that goes each year for liquor, is paid by laboring men who are complaining of low wages and the high cost of living, and their wives and children have to suffer needless privation of food, clothing and other comforts in consequence of the men mis-spending their wages for drink, not to mention the detrimental effect on their earning capacity.

Banish liquor from the nation and these one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four millions of dollars wasted and worse than wasted each year for intoxicating drink would be expended for more and better food, clothing and other comforts and luxuries, including amusements and better homes. To supply this immensely increased demand for provisions and goods of all kinds would require the building of thousands of new factories and give employment to millions of laborers more than are now employed, which would easily absorb all labor and capital now in the liquor business. It would do away with the employment question, help to solve the wage question and to a large extent obviate the necessity of child labor. We should soon be the busiest, healthiest, happiest and most prosperous people on earth, and better than the world has ever seen.

A million is said to be beyond the comprehension of the human mind; a billion, which is a thousand millions, conveys no idea except a vague impression immensity. So to transform the prodigious figures of the annual liquor bill of the American people into thinkable terms let us see what this money would buy if expended for other purposes. If applied to the national debt of the United States it would lift the government out of debt and leave a surplus of more than five hundred millions in the treasury. All the gold and silver produced by all the mines in the world in a year would fall more than a thousand million dollars short of paying our annual drink bill, which is nearly a billion dollars more than the earnings of all our railroads. Each year the money we squander on liquor would build a million comfortable cottages for homeless families, or it would decently house and provide for all our poor and aged. Wonderful are the things that could be done for the health, comfort, happiness and prosperity of the people if the money they spend for liquor could be diverted to useful, constructive purposes.

What, however, the drink bill does actually do, we alas, already know. It crowds the poorhouses, hospitals, insane asylums, prisons and graveyards. There is scarcely a home in the land that is not blighted with its curse directly or indirectly.

May we not ask you, our readers, in this year of 1915, to do your utmost to fight the liquor traffic? The Grange is very generally in favor of prohibition in the interest of temperance and morality, and organized labor should stand solidly and resolutely for nation-wide prohibition. The effect of the use of liquor is bad enough with the rich but it is destruction to the laboring man.

Such as are slaves to the drink habit should make practical application of the prayer "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil" by supporting the movement to banish intoxicating liquor from the entire country. And those who favor the liquor interests for the sake of profiting by the traffic in the vile poison that kills their brothers must expect to share the curse of Cain when, like the first murderer, they say by their acts, if not in words, *"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"*

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents $6 to $12 A Day Easy. 250 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities, food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations etc. Agents outfit free. Write today—quick—now. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 634 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk X4, Chicago, Ill.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c. sells 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Y. Warren St., N. Y.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents wanted to sell our granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good commissions. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

Agents—200% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Something New—Fastest Sellers & quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Address, American Products Co., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first 8 hours. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 671 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Start a Mail-Order Business at Home. I did. Took in $124,594.63 last year. Free particulars tell how I'll start you. Address, Robinson, 209 Woodruff, Toledo, O.

Agents—Earn $30 to $50 Every Week selling the New Improved Monitor Self-Heating Flat Iron. Positively the lowest priced and fastest selling iron made. Over 650,000 already sold. Evans, N. Car., sold two dozen on Sat. Mrs. Nixon, Vt. sold eight first day. Every housewife wants one. Every Iron guaranteed. New terms. Exclusive territory. Sample free to workers. Write today. The Monitor Sad Iron Co., 675 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ohio.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4017 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Wanted: Men and women to introduce our fine line of popular priced Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Etc. Valuable and useful premiums free. No experience or money necessary. Exclusive territory; No traveling. We pay well for your services. Employment permanent. Write for our proposition. The Gt. Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., Department 52, St. Louis, Mo.

You can sell our Raincoats. Anyone will buy. We give you one. Outfit free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 189, Templeton, Mass.

$6.00 to $14 Per Day made with our ironing and fluting machine. We pay $75 a month and expenses; or commission. Pease Mfg. Co., Dept. L, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 453, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Local Representative Wanted: $25 to $35 a week permanent income to lady of good personality to represent us, locally and demonstrate our Face Creams, Toilet Waters, Powders, Perfumes and other Toilet preparations. Articles are of very highest quality and every sale brings repeat orders. No experience necessary but must have good character and good appearance. The Thompson Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents. Stop until you get our catalogue! We have a great proposition for men and women agents. Write today. T. H. Snyder Co., 12 E. Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ladies! Remember those waists, skirts, gloves, laces, etc., you want to clean for Spring wear? Send 25c for box of Spotatone—superior cleaning material just put on market. Results will surprise and delight you. Agents wanted. Central Chemical Co., 2602 Dorcas St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Agents to sell the Original Native Herbs. $1 box 225 tablets for 60c. For sample and terms address G. W. Bassett, Dept. 301, Columbus, O.

$15 Week salary and commission paid one person each town selling non-alcoholic flavorings. Linton Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Agents make $10 a day selling rugs at $1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

Billy Sunday's Message Authorized. Great Opportunity for man or woman to make $6.00 to $15.00 a day. Unusually liberal terms. Spare time may be used. Particulars and samples free. Universal Bible House, 436 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Man To Give Away Premiums advertising Rogers' 20-year Silverware. $2.50 daily. A. A. Cline, 22 Copeland Bldg., Philadelphia.

Agents, Biggest line, Biggest profit. Extracts, Perfumes, Spices, Jelly Powders. Premiums for your customers. Western Laboratories, 2000 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Wanted—Agents: Complete samples of Paints and Specialties sent free. We need good live hustlers. Nothing invested by you. Sun Paint & Varnish Company, Cleveland, O.

$10 A Day Profit. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid $7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1202 Broadway, San Francisco.

Agent Make Big Profits. Steady income. Every housewife, auto owner, storekeeper needs Easy Shine. Wonderful polish for gold, brass, silver, mirrors, etc. Send 25c for sample. Money back if wanted. Easy Shine Co., Dayton, Ky.

Steady Sure Income from easy pleasant work, all or spare time, Either sex, anywhere. No money or experience required. We show you how. 30 days credit and free samples. Everybody wants our goods, cannot get them in stores and will gladly buy from you. Write us. McCormick Co., 1735 Wells St., Chicago.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Many making over $30.00 weekly. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Portraits, Frames and Agents Supplies, A first class business all your own; your goods direct from the manufacturer insures large profits. Catalogue and particulars on request. D. E. Abbott & Co., Huntington, W. Va.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or experience needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Do You Want Money. Sell Brandun Hosiery. Sales often $5 an hour. Liberal commissions. Actual mill not an agency supply house. Our six-pairs-for-$1 stockings are famous. Apply today. Particulars free. If in hurry to begin, send $2 for large sample line, carrying case, etc.—deposit refunded, when you sell $25 worth. Brandun Hosiery Mills, 3724 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Agents sell "Kant Leak" Rain Coats—$5.00 kind for $3.98. Cooper cleared $60 in 5 days. We deliver direct to customer. Write for terms and Free Samples. Comer Mfg. Co., 25 Broad St., Dayton, O.

Agents write quick for big Free sample case proposition,—Meximol Toilet Accessories, Resurrection Plants, Arizona Diamonds, etc. New line; exclusive territory; no competition. Big chance for hustlers. Lester Company, Box BY, Mesilla Park, N. M.

Housewives—Make money at home by selling a universal household necessity in your neighborhood. Write today for free sample and our offer to agts. Crescent Baking Powder Co., 1206 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents 100% profit. New invention; Selling like wildfire. Every farmer and household needs several. Write. Logan Mfg. Co., 2311C Lyndale, Chicago.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 251, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight week's time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning $100 to $500 per month. Address Department B-28, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women Make Money Introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 65, Trenton, N. J.

Wanted: Lady Agents in every town to sell Dress Goods on commission. Samples free. Imperial Dress Goods Co., Box 2, Hoboken, N. J.

Women:—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home Towns, on capital of 65c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Make $35 Weekly Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stork Pants, Bolero Shields. Sample Free. Climax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

MONEY LOANED

6% Money. Loans for any purpose on acceptable Real Estate; liberal privileges. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo., 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

REAL ESTATE

Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Money-Making Farms thruout 14 states; one acre to 1,000 acres, $500 to $50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Big illustrated catalogue free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

Profit Making Farmlands in best districts of South, growing greatest variety of crops, giving best home locations. Shall we give you information? M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agri. Commissioner, Room 19, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

Fertile Farms near Phila., fruit, poultry, truck, dairy; mild climate, excellent markets; catalog. W. Stevens, Perkasie, Pa.

HOME CANNERS

Home Canners—All sizes. Used by U. S. Government Schools, Girls' Club Collaborators and Farmers everywhere. For Catalog and Special Offer, write Royal Home Canner Co., Dept. Q, Albion, Illinois.

PHOTO FINISHING

Send A Roll of your film and 10 cents. We'll develop and send you prints as sample. Photomakers Shop, Bellefonte, Pa.

Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2¼x3¼ to 3¼x4¼ 3c.; 4x5 to 3¼x5½, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1062 Third Ave., New York City. Box S.

Any Film developed for 10c. Any pack 20c. 2 1-2x4 1-4 and smaller prints 2 1-2c each. 3 1-2x3 1-2 and 3 1-4x4 1-4 3c each, 3 1-4x5 1-2 and 4x5 4c each. Send for complete price list and bargain list in supplies. The Coster Photo Supply Co., 19 E. 8th St., Holland, Mich.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn $3000 to $6000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 237, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Optometry—means money to you. New, uncrowded profession—the art of fitting glasses. Our "Home Study" method will quickly and thoroughly prepare you for practice. Diploma granted. Liberal payment plans. Catalog free. Chicago School of Refraction, Office, 501 Journal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS

Herb Doctor Recipe Book and Herb Catalog 10c. Reveals rare Indian herb secrets. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5X, Hammond, Ind.

Cousins! The book "Workers in American History," fine cloth, recommended by Uncle Charlie in Feb. Comfort, mailed for $1.00. Reliance Book Concern, New Castle, Pa.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Men prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

Investigators Work In Every County in the United States. Be One. $15 to $75 per week to start. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Desk 177, Wheeling, West Va.

$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.

Wanted—Men-Women—Government Jobs. $70 month. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't. R 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Make $10 to $75 Weekly growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, etc. Booklet free. North Shore Mushroom Farm, Hubbard Woods, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays. $50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

$50 to $100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T. Y. Chicago.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form; Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 54, Smethport, Pa.

Make More Money Writing Photoplays. Learn How. Thousands of dollars yearly to photoplaywrights; over 40 studios buy scripts. This book "Wanted More Photoplays" Free. Write for it. Photoplaywrights' Ass'n of America, 1017 P, Hartford Building, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. $75 to $125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations—can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial examination free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Be a Detective—Earn $150 to $300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 372.

Gov't Wants Clerks. $70 month. Spring exams. everywhere. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't. R-9, Rochester, N. Y.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

$80 Monthly and expenses, travel, distribute samples, take orders, appoint agents; permanent. Jap American Co., Ogden & Taylor, Chicago.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

Gibson White Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks, White Wyandots are properly bred. They lay and pay. Baby Chicks, Strong, livable, safe delivery guaranteed. Eggs for Hatching, guaranteed highly fertile, give large hatches. Breeding Stock, large size, vigorous, healthy. Write for free catalog—Today. G. F. Gibson, Galen Farms, Drawer D, Clyde, N. Y.

Poultry Raisers Succeed with Mandy Lee Incubators, Lee's Lice Killer, Germozone, and Lee's Egg Maker. Sold by dealers or direct. Send for Catalogs and Lee's Poultry Book. Free. Geo. H. Lee Co., Mfrs., Dept. 41, Omaha, Nebr.

60 Breeds Poultry, Ducks, Geese, and Hares. Stock and eggs. 60 page catalogue free. H. A. Souder, Box 4, Sellersville, Pa.

Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, and Dogs. Send 10 cents for book (fowls in color) tells how to make money with Poultry. Largest producers of poultry in the world. United Poultry Farms, Box 60, Hope, Ind.

Bred-to-lay Wh. Leghorns; Eggs, Chix, Stock. Our customers hatch 90% of eggs, raise 95% of chix, get 50% egg yield in Nov., Dec., Jan.; 190 eggs per hen in 11 mo. Catalog Free. Keystone Poultry Farm, R 4, New Milford, Pa.

Extensive catalog free. Varieties fine poultry, turkeys, geese, ducks, guineas, bantams, hares, dogs, pigeons, eggs, stock. Reasonable. Pioneer Farm, Telford, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $3,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Big Profits in Home Gardens. Plant Ginseng and Golden Seal. Small plot brings more money than many farms. Booklet telling how. Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box 310, Narrows, Ky.

Make Money gathering all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs etc. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A. Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Guaranteed Watch Or Gold Plated bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. P. People's Co., B-78, York Haven, Pa.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

Set Beautiful Chicago Postals Ten Cents. E. P. Dan, 6109 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

15 High Grade Gold Embossed, Easter Post Cards 10c. 100, 30c. 50 Visiting Cards, 20c. Agents Wanted. Pearl Co., Clintonville, Conn.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Ladies; We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will pay all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

$2.50 Per Day Salary Paid One Lady in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7D East Harrison, Chicago.

Lady Agents—Daley pays big cash commission for spare time. Sample and premium list free. Daley Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman $250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Cash. I pay cash for butterflies, insects. Summer work. Men, Women. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, D 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

Make Your Own Toilet Creams, Etc. Save money or sell to others. Big profit. Send me $1 (stamps O. K.) I will send you formulas (6; for making Tooth Paste, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Hair Tonic, Hand Lotion, Peroxide Cream, or any other you name. Don't write for Particulars, they're all here. E. W. Thralls, Valparaiso, Ind.

Save Money. Buy Gloves made in the U. S. A. direct from manufacturer at factory prices. Write for catalog. Cummings Glove Co., 5 Forest St., Gloversville, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents Secured Through Credit System. Send sketch, search free. Booklet free. John Louis Waters & Co., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS

Free Government Land for farmers in prosperous Colorado. Where it is, how to get it. Write for official information immediately. Immigration Dept., 1515 Tremont, Denver, Colo.

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

EGGS FOR SALE

Make Poultry Pay Big—Raise W. Orpingtons, world's most profitable breed. $1 for setting. Stone's Orp. Farm, Pine Grove, W. Va.

Buff and White Orpingtons. Winners at leading shows. Eggs for sale. Send two-cent stamp for circular telling how settings may be had free. A. J. Streett, Forest Hill, Maryland.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, L St., Valparaiso, Ind.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 674 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

WEDDING INDITATIONS AND CALLING CARDS

Wedding Invitations or Announcements. Exquisite and cheapest in market. 100 calling cards, with case 50c. Write for samples. Franklin Art Co., Little Falls, N. Y.

BY PARCEL POST

Ky. Tobacco—Old and sweet; natural leaf; guaranteed best chewing and smoking. 30c a pound, postpaid. J. L. Workman, Mayfield, Ky.

Fast Black Mercerized Sateens & Percalines. Mfg. Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send for samples. Economy Lining House, Clifton, N. J.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn $35 to $50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdse. Co., 255 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows; $5. for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1896, and send 10c at once for New Illu'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from $1 to $1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over $100. Get Posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.

Buffalo Nickels—High Prices Paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

POST CARD CLUBS

Receive Post Cards from everywhere. Membership in best club 10c. H. J. Teeple, Box M, Decatur, Indiana.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS

Be A Handcuff King. Simple—mystifying. Escape from Boxes, Ropes, Etc. 20 Sensational Escapes $1.00. Particulars Free. Magicraft, Box 251, Detroit, Mich.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Pub's' Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dainty Hand Colored Views 35c. Send 25c for sample and learn how to get others free. F. A. Baker, Framingham, Mass.

Earn $300 Piano. Easy work, anyone anywhere can do it. You pay nothing. Write for particulars. Box 94, McIntosh, Minn.

Send Us Your Photograph we will reproduce it on 50 correspondence cards for $3.00 or 100 for $4.00. Sample free. The National Engravers, 40 West 33rd St., New York.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key to Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit Poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

MOTION PICTURE ACTING

Wanted For Motion Picture Acting People of all characters. New companies now forming. Opportunity for amateurs. Send stamp for full particulars. Eastern Booking Offices, Dept. A, Cambridge, Mass.

HEIRS WANTED

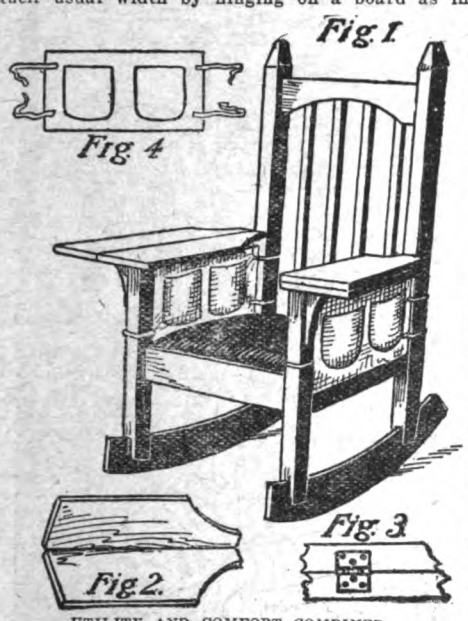
Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Household Conveniences that Make Home Attractive and Comfortable

Copyright, 1915, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

A Chair Plan

Here is a plan by means of which a chair may be made more serviceable for the use of an invalid or for grandma. The arms are made twice their usual width by hinging on a board as in

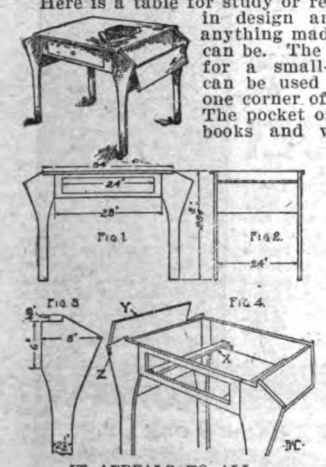


UTILITY AND COMFORT COMBINED.

Fig. 2 and Fig. 3. Upon arms nearly a foot wide a lunch may be served or cutting and sewing may be done. The cloth pockets, as in Fig. 4 should be neatly and strongly made. They are just the place for the sewing things or books, used by an invalid. If you had a chair like the picture and used it for your weekly mending I think you would value it highly.

Reading Table

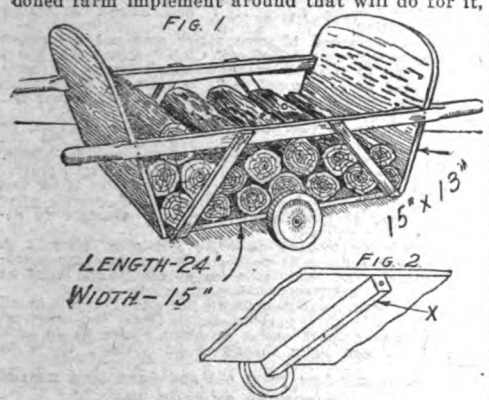
Here is a table for study or reading. It is new in design and as simple as anything made of plain boards can be. The table is desirable for a small-sized library or can be used to advantage in one corner of the dining-room. The pocket on each end is for books and will hold a surprising number if they are stood upright. The plan of making the table is clearly shown in the smaller sectional sketches. A little determination is all the amateur needs and without that quality nothing can be accomplished. Keep the things in this issue that interest you on hand, for you may never have so many good suggestions come your way again.



IT APPEALS TO ALL.

A Wood Box

A wood carrier made after the plan shown here is a very handy article around the country home. It can be pushed along conveniently by one person and can be carried by two. No doubt you can find a pair of wheels from some abandoned farm implement around that will do for it,



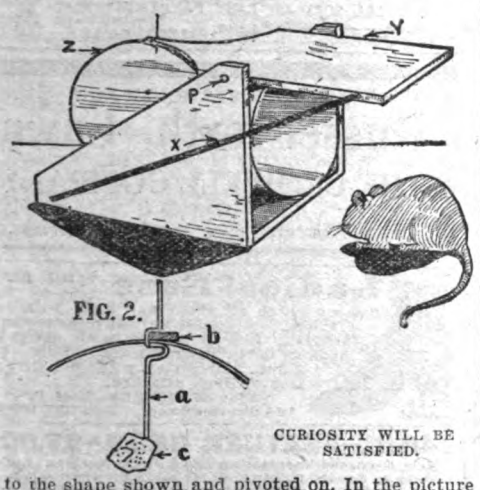
IT WILL HOLD MANY ARMFULS.

but if you cannot wooden discs with holes through the center will do. Fig. 2 shows how to fasten them on. The spike or bolt fits loosely in the center hole of the wheel but is tightly imbedded in the cleat marked "X." The body of the cart should be substantially made.

Mouse Trap

Try this trap for ridding the house of mice. A tomato can with one open end is first fitted into a wooden frame, then a shingle is whittled

FIG. 1.



CURIOSITY WILL BE SATISFIED.

to the shape shown and pivoted on. In the picture "Y" is the shingle and "P" is one of the nails driven straight in, which act as a hinge or pivot. "X" is a rubber band which pulls the door shut, when the bait is tampered with. In Fig. 2 "b" is the small end of the shingle, the curved line is the top of the can, "a" is a wire, bent as shown, "c" is the bait. When the mouse touches the bait, the wire is moved and "b" the narrow end of the door slips out. The tension of the rubber pulls it speedily and the mouse is a captive.

Indoor Playhouse

Wherever there are children, they must be amused and not the least of the mother's work is providing this amusement. Many a fond parent has actually prayed for some means of keeping the tots indoors and at the same time rendering them happy and contented. The picture shows a playhouse, made of painted canvas, set up in the corner of the living-room. The bench inside may be specially built or two common benches or chairs may be used. Any woman can make this house out of light strips of pine framed together and covered with canvas either painted or covered with wall paper pasted over the canvas. It may be decorated to resemble a brick house or a wooden one or anything you like. The playhouse may be set up or taken down in a minute and will add peace to your life and zest to the days of the growing children.



A FINE THING FOR THE CHILDREN AND FOR MOTHER, TOO.

A Porch Table

In the good weather the porch is probably used more than any room in the house. This is essentially proper too, if the fresh air gospel is to be believed. Now since women will not sit idle why not furnish something that will meet their requirements, while on the porch. Two

FIG. 1.

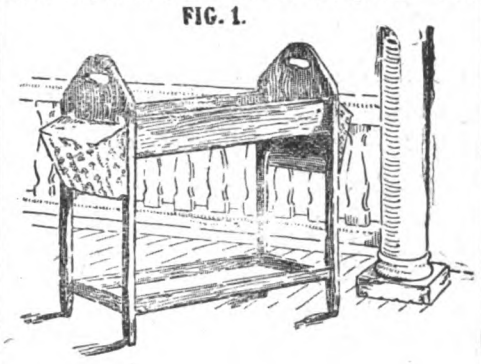
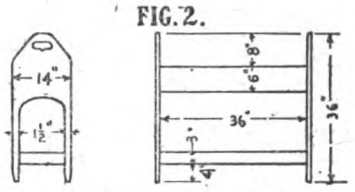


FIG. 2.

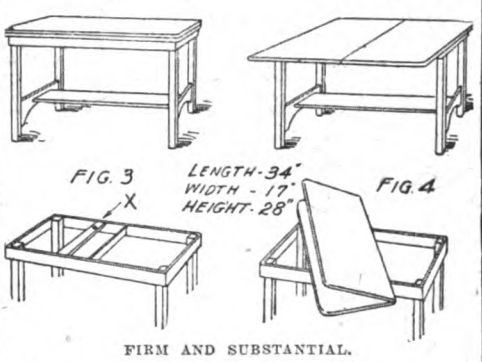


SUMMER AND WINTER ALSO.

points are important in this regard, the porch table must be neat, small and really practical, and it must look good from the outside. This sewing table is made of any material, painted green or to blend with other porch furniture. The top is a square trough and may be used for potted plants or flower vases. The large cloth pockets on the ends are to all effects hidden from the street. The table is really pretty and serviceable, may be easily moved for sweeping, and is of value as a flower-pot holder in the winter.

An Extension Table

Here is a new kind of extension table. It is for any purpose, a large dining table, a kitchen table or a sewing or card table. The two views represent the same table yet in Fig. 2 it has just twice the top area as in Fig. 1. Fig. 3 shows very clearly how the table is framed. The hole "X" is the pivot upon which the top turns. The last cut shows the turning half done. I know of nothing simpler or more effective in



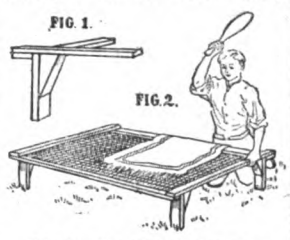
FIRM AND SUBSTANTIAL.

the way of a convertible table and if you have any use for it, it surely will be found a convenient article. It is ideal for a small or crowded house and can be easily made of hard or soft wood, painted, stained or finished natural.

Beating Rugs

When you are about to discard a woven wire spring instead of casting it on the refuse heap nail eighteen-inch lengths of scantling to the corners and brace them well as in Fig. 1. You now have a dandy thing to beat rugs or carpet on. The spring with the legs is just the place to lay them, and will soon manifest its worth. Can you think of anything handier for airing bedding? The spring must have a little care and should be kept under cover during the night.

FIG. 1.

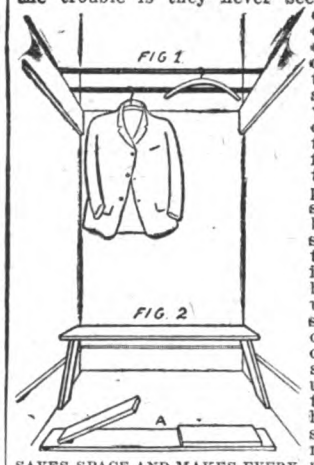


PRACTICAL FOR MANY USES.

Once it gets rusty you cannot use it for white goods. I have known such a simple device to be in use for years, and a good argument in favor of its practical merit is the fact that neighbors are constantly borrowing it.

For the Clothes Closet

Clothes closets are all right in their way, but the trouble is they never seem to be half big enough and you can put your coat or hat away without crushing something else out of shape. A few weeks ago I decided to remedy this state of affairs and hit upon the idea which is pictured here. It is simply one or more broomsticks stretched across the closet, resting in notches in the boards which usually are studded with clothes hooks. The coats, skirts or suits are placed upon hangers and the latter are hung upon the sticks. The garments may be parallel with the side walls, if numerous. You can place twenty suits of men's clothes in a closet four feet wide by this method, without crushing them, and each separate one can be gotten out without disturbing any of the others. Fig. 2 is a bench to enable you to reach the high shelf or may be used to pile boxes on.



SAVES SPACE AND MAKES EVERY GARMENT ACCESSIBLE.

A Washstand

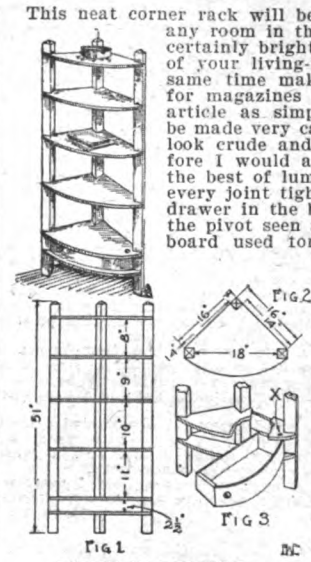
The picture shows how even such a prosaic thing as a washstand can be made a thing of beauty. I think the design is a neat one and well worth following. It has one door in the center and a slide drawer on each side. Under the slides the openings are covered with curtains of imitation leather or velour. A washstand like this made of pine and finished in white enamel is as pretty as it is useful. It would make a dandy addition to a bedroom that contains a white bed and dresser. You can finish an old dresser in white enamel and make it look like new for a small sum. Always get the best enamel and follow directions carefully to get the best results. Perhaps you have an old wooden bedstead that could be made over into the stand. This picture will be ample guidance for any mechanic or you might even tackle the job yourself.



AS PRETTY AS IT IS USEFUL.

Rack

This neat corner rack will be found useful in any room in the house. It will certainly brighten up the corner of your living-room and at the same time make a good holder for magazines and papers. An article as simple as this must be made very carefully or it will look crude and clumsy. Therefore I would advise you to use the best of lumber and to make every joint tight and firm. The drawer in the bottom swings on the pivot seen at the right. The board used for the face of it must be thin enough to permit of being bent round. For use in a bedroom the rack may be made of pine, curtained over, and the drawer dispensed with. If one is limited for space in a bedroom a corner wash-stand could be placed beneath and the two lower shelves utilized for the needed toilet articles.

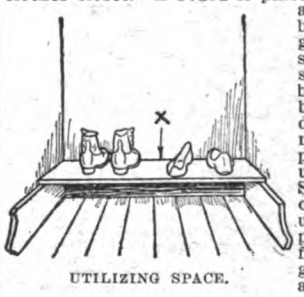


USEFUL IN ANY ROOM.

The second shelf could be cut out at each side and a small looking glass put in place.

Closet Idea

The picture shows the interior of a narrow clothes closet. A board is placed across the room and rests upon the baseboard. It is a good place for shoes, books or suitcases. The board should not be nailed as it is desirable to remove it often to permit of sweeping underneath. Shelves in dark closets may be used as a storage place for canned fruit. They are generally more accessible than a cellar and have the advantage of being dry. Instead of a board like the one shown a box might be used and the storage capacity would thus be doubled.



UTILIZING SPACE.

Combination Box for Kitchen or Living-Room

Take two wooden boxes of the same size, without tops. Set them on their side, one on the other and nail together. Stain any desired color. Dark green is always good. This makes two compartments and you can have more by putting in shelves. Put a small brass rod at the top and hang a pretty silkoline curtain across the front in two sections. If used in the living-room, put a pretty scarf across the top, letting the ends hang a few inches over the sides. If used in the kitchen, tack a piece of enamel cloth the same width as box across the back, bring it over and let the end run down inside of rod. In the lower compartment keep firewood and kindling, and in the upper overshoes, rubbers, mittens, etc. Hooks may be put up inside, thus utilizing all the room. This box is convenient and good looking.



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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE first balmy breezes of spring seem to bring with them a germ that enters the system of every woman and straightway she starts in cleaning house. Just what particular genus or tribe this belongs to would baffle a wise bacteriologist to determine but nevertheless it exists and continues to multiply till exterminated by the use of hot water, soap, mops and dusting cloths and all the other implements that go to make up a woman's artillery against dirt, real or fancied.

Do not, in your zeal, overlook your own health and the comfort of your family in a mad scramble to finish work a little ahead of your neighbor.

Much labor is saved if all the closets are put in order, packing away winter clothes and throwing into the family rag-bag all discarded clothing for which no use can be found. This does away with added dirt after the rest of the house is cleaned and you can feel, when the last window is washed and the last remaining speck of dust wiped away, that your work is done, with no tag ends remaining.

It is better to commence work in the attic, first storing away all the heavy things that will not be needed during the summer, taking precautions to protect the woolen goods from the ever watchful moths.

Do not make the mistake of hanging your furs or woolen articles on the line to air, for that is the surest way of giving the moths a chance. Instead, brush them carefully and pack them away and do the airing in the fall.

In cleaning take but one room at a time, thus avoiding any great disturbance.

By the time the upper part of the house is cleaned and in good order, unless the alterations are to be extensive, the remaining rooms can usually be cleaned and put to rights in one day, thus doing away with the confusion that exists when several rooms are being cleaned at once. Do not make your family feel as a certain little boy did who replied, "No, we're not living anywheres; mother's cleaning house." Your husband may not tell you, and indeed he may not fully realize it himself, but he will be much more impressed with your ability if he comes home and finds everything fresh and shining and that without several days of disorder and fussing. Particularly will he be impressed if a well-cooked meal is waiting for him and shared by a wife who is as carefully dressed as though he were a guest. Extra china and silver can wait until another day to be cleaned, as can the examination and repairing of the table linen.

House-cleaning time presents an opportunity for disposing of many ostensibly ornamental articles which really act only as dust catchers without being even beautiful, and wise is the woman who dispenses with them.

Art squares, matting or painted floors are much to be preferred in summer instead of heavy carpets and in addition to being a great saver of labor, will be found much cooler.

An empty wall looks better than one hung with unattractive pictures. Good engravings with plain frames are now sold at such a trifling cost that almost everyone can afford one or more. If your nearest dealer does not carry what you want there is always your favorite mail-order house where you have more of a variety to choose from than the average small-town dealer keeps in stock.

Remember though that all your work will be labor lost if you do not bear in mind the old adage, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

WICKLIFFE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please move over and make room for a little girl from dear old Kentucky, who wishes to talk on a subject that should be discussed among both old and young. My subject is "education." How many of us, dear friends, are striving for an education? If we are not we should be. Do we want to grow up in ignorance to be laughed at? We can never get work that pays nor can we mingle with educated people and be one with them unless we have an education to some extent. Of course the word "education" means a whole lot more than we can, without study, comprehend. In my estimation nothing is more pitiful than to see a young person idly wasting his or her time. Some do not know the adage, "Lost time is never found again," or they do not realize it. Neither do they realize when they are letting some golden opportunity slip from under their grasp that they may never have the same or as good again. It would be astonishing if the pupils were selected from a schoolroom that came for the good that they can do and are really interested and anxious about their work. I fear the number would be small, after they reach a certain age. "He" goes because "She" goes and "She" goes perhaps because of an extra job of work at home, or because she is promised a present if she will go every day until Christmas, or a whipping if she doesn't go at all. How many of us children are going for the good that we can do? Let's take a ladder and give it a name for every round. We will call the first round, common school, the second, high school, the third, college and so on. What round have we attained? And are we as high as we might have been only for negligence. I, myself, am only standing on the second round and may never mount any higher. But I will never forget the beautiful lessons I've been taught and the dear friends I've made in school.

How many of us greet a new pupil into our midst with a cheery smile and a welcome? Or do we sneer and laugh at them? If you do dear friends they will remember the sting forever. My dearest schoolmates were made when I entered the room. The ones that gave me a welcome smile will never be forgotten.

I graduated from Oak Hill School, St. Louis, Mo. in 1912, and if any of my dear class graduates read this I would be glad to hear from them. Will not some other reader write on this great question?

I will describe myself and tell you what else I like and enjoy doing. I am eighteen years old. I weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds and am five feet five inches high. I have light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I do embroidery and crochet work, play the piano, ride horseback and make kodak pictures. Besides these I do housework and sewing which I greatly enjoy. Will not some of the members near my age write to me? I am your new friend, EULALIE WELLS.

Eulalie Wells. Your letter is a credit to yourself and your teachers and while I heartily approve of all you say, please don't think me a scold if I ask you not to judge people by the number of diplomas in their possession or their position in life. In the ignorance or blindness, of youth, we are prone to do this, only to later learn that a person's true worth and character does not depend on education alone and even if our finer sensibilities are sometimes shocked remember that underneath the rough exterior there may beat a heart kinder than found in many of our so-called educated people, for, alas, education makes snobs of some of us, though fortunately that is the exception rather than the rule as it tends to develop the better side of our nature, and to enable us to meet all people and conditions with a broader outlook and a fairer manner.

One cannot lean indefinitely on a college or a diploma and today, more than ever before, do we rise or fall, according to our own merits though, of course, the more education and training we possess, the better fitted are we to stand, so keep on Eulalie and don't stop on the second round of your ladder and above all, don't lose the simple kindliness of heart that marks the true woman.—Ed.

4367 Eastern Ave., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from this place I will venture into this band of comforting sisters, for I have long been a silent reader of this paper.

I am nineteen years old, have golden hair and brown eyes, am five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Both father and mother are living, also have two brothers and two sisters, all of whom are married, but one brother and myself.

We live in a small suburb of the city, called "Undercliff" which is about five miles from the heart of the city. This is a place of beautiful scenery, but is very lonely, because nobody associates here. We have lived here in this one house for five years and the next door neighbors have never been inside of the gate, and yet there is only about one foot of ground separating the houses. Then do you wonder why it is lonely here? The saying is true, that even though in the heart of the city, one can be very lonely.

I was born and reared in the country, but it was a very quiet place, no work to be had, and farming was extremely poor, so we came to the city; have been here six years, and now we have a fine eight-r m house (which will soon be our own) and also a large garden. We have had the experience of both country and city life and I am sure we one and all choose the latter as the best.

I am employed as saleslady in a down-town store and like the work. I very seldom go to any place and am sometimes very lonely, and for this reason I earnestly desire to see this letter in print to make a request that everyone reading it will please write to me young or old, and I will surely answer all. I want your friendship and will tell you something of the good and bad in dear old Cincinnati.

With best wishes and good luck to you all, I am,
MISS GLADYS N. WINDSOR.

1336 Bayville, St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading the Sisters' Corner about four years and enjoy it very much, and will see now if the sisters have room for one more.

I will first describe myself, as so many do. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, five feet eight inches tall and not very thin and twenty-nine years old. Have a good husband and one boy seven years old, and two little darling girls in Heaven, one was one and one half years and the other two years of age when God took them. It is surely hard to part with them and just at the sweetest time, but He knows best; one never knows what they might have to go through with if they stayed here. Lucille died of brain fever and Lillian took measles first and then scarlet fever and bronchopneumonia on top; they were both healthy looking children but one never knows what comes next. Richard is at school and in third grade.—In these big cities there is so much sickness that it is hard to rear good healthy children. The milk you get is just like the milk you have in the country after it goes through the separator; butter, eggs, cheese and meats, fruits and vegetables are not like what you raise yourself, not if you buy the best, and another thing, the children can't have the fresh air or a clean grassy lawn to play on; the yards are damp and sooty and the sun hardly gets there in winter. There are other amusements, or lots of playthings, but it doesn't seem to be the right thing. I have lived in the country and city, both long enough to see the difference, I have also lived at Norwood about three years that is a nice suburban place, but as my husband's work is done in the city now, it is more convenient here. We can't all live in the same place, and there are things in the country that are pleasant and there are also things that are unpleasant. One thing, if you have a good farm and home in the country, paid for, you have a living for the rest of your life; whereas in the city, a house is nothing to start living on.

My husband is a safe maker so it is best for us, at present, in the city but he often says if he lives to be old he prefers a country home for his old days as a man nowadays, doesn't stand much show in a shop when he gets a little old.

I, for one, never get lonesome, I always find more to do than I can get done. I do all my own sewing and sometimes some for my sister, mother and a friend besides. I like to sew and do fancy work.

Well my letter is getting too long and I must say good by to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT friends,
MRS. K. SCHINDLER.

GARRISON, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please let in a stranger, a little Montana girl?

We have taken COMFORT for a short time, but think it is grand.

I am only seventeen years of age, dark brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and height five feet, two inches. I am an orphan girl and oh, how I love to read the dear letters the sisters write.

Yes, I believe what Mrs. W. P. Barnes says, your mother and father are your best friends. I have no mother or father, but the people that have reared me have always been kind to me. How I love them both; they taught me the right and the wrong; how to cook, bake, clean house, and sew and although they have two children of their own, no one would know but what I was their child also. I go with them every place and have everything I want and wish for. Are not these people worth blessing?

And now little sisters a word with you. Never go any place without your mother or father or some of your other folks. Tell them everything. If mother has lots of work to do, don't sit down and look at the paper or some book, but pitch in and see how much you can help. Remember you are younger and can stand more. If father has lots of chores to do bring in the wood and water. It won't hurt you and you will feel much better by getting out and doing a little work like that. Those who live in the country do not leave it for the city, but stay with mother and father on the farm. There are lots of things you can do; make quilts or fancy work and put them away because some day you might have a little home of your own then you can fix it up with the work you did at home with mother.

Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am sure you think I have written enough. So I will close. God bless you all,
MISS MARY KNOP.

RYE, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw a letter in the November COMFORT from a Mrs. Gudger of Ellijay, Ga., in regard to blood tumors on children.

I have known of two cases. The first was when I was about thirteen years old. The child lived just next door to where I went to school and was about three or four years old. They said that in playing with other children the child hurt the tumor in some way and died in less than a week. The other case was six or seven years later, a friend and neighbor adopted a baby girl about two years old and she had a blood tumor on her head. They had it removed. The doctor did it right at home and aside from the loss of blood, which made the child weak for a few days she had no trouble at all, the sore healed up quickly and the child is now twelve or fourteen years old and although the last I heard of her was five or six years ago she was then a healthy girl.

If I were in the sister's place I should have it removed before the child got large enough to romp and play very hard. If she becomes sick at the sight of blood she had better have someone else with the doctor. Your COMFORT sister, LOIS ORTON.

For the benefit of Mrs. Gudger I will add that a kind woman, not a sister, but who wishes her name withheld, has sent in a simple remedy which cured a blood tumor on her baby's back. Doctors said an operation was necessary but instead she bathed the tumor with spirits of camphor, diluted with a little sweet oil, which removed it, effectually it would seem, since this happened eleven years ago and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.—Ed.

ZIMMERMAN, LA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in this rainy afternoon for a few moments' chat? I have never written a letter to any paper, so feel a little timid for we have some gifted writers. I enjoy the sisters' letters so much and think COMFORT the best paper I get.

I want to say to Mrs. W. H. Gudger that I have a little cousin who had trouble similar to her baby's case. She had a red lump on her forehead from birth and it began to grow. Physicians said it was a blood tumor and would have to be operated on. The operation was performed and now the child is sound and well with only a little scar left. That was five years ago and no return of the trouble yet.

Mrs. H. C. Crawford, what a blessing you have to have overcome all your troubles and have a heart full of sympathy and love for everyone. How I wish we had more people in the world like you. I think we should all look to Jesus in the hour of trouble and temptation and He will surely help us.

With best wishes to all, Your sister,
MRS. LEONA POE.

NAPA, 244 Union St., CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you forgive me for appealing to you once more? I am afraid I have disobeyed some of the laws of COMFORT sisters' page, or maybe you have not come to my turn yet.

What Mrs. Brooks says about the city is true, only there is not enough work to go around. Hills, parks and sunsets have always appealed to me, but the daily toil and struggle for a living has been so hard I am very tired of it.

I do so want to hear from some successful homesteaders. I will send stamps and paper for reply, also to cover cost of sending me their address. We are so anxious to locate and it costs a great deal of money to travel around.

We are not afraid of work, in fact, I feel as though anything would be better than being out of work half of the time.

I could say a great deal more but will make my letter short in the hopes that I may come again some other time. Love and best wishes. MRS. ROSE SMITH.

Mrs. Smith. I feel sure you will be successful in your search for a home in the country, but would advise you to investigate thoroughly all letters you are particularly interested in. I dislike to be so pessimistic and skeptical, but so many people, perhaps not in our own circle, have "an axe to grind" that it behooves one to make a careful investigation before taking any decisive steps or investing any money, which is perhaps more to the point.—Ed.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please make room for a sister from Burlington, N. J., as I have never seen a letter from this town. I live two and one half miles from town on a sixty-acre farm with my family of five, four boys and one girl, the girl being the youngest, aged thirteen years, another son lives in town and is an electrical engineer. I will describe myself. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have dark brown hair, blue gray eyes, am of a cheerful, humorous disposition and though for a year my health has been very poor I am still hopeful of the future.

I united with the church when sixteen years old and lately have found great comfort in the "New Thought" religion. Am a very happy mother, having always been a companion to my children, influencing them to share with me the joys and blessings that I received. I wish right now to impress on the mothers' minds, especially our COMFORT sisters, to take as much interest in your children after they get big and troublesome, for they are sure to appear this way at times. If they are ambitious they will see things in a different light, we must listen to them and not use harsh discipline or else all will be a failure.

My children are all Christians. They also are musicians and we have a home orchestra, piano, cornet, violin, clarinet and flute. I play and sing with them and find great enjoyment in it.

Now sisters do you wonder that I am a happy mother, full of sunshine most of the time?

I have taken COMFORT since my oldest boy was small, yet I seldom hear about the beautiful influences of the mothers on the children and the full rebounding effects. When the child is small the first thing the mothers do is to make the child take notice, the first smile makes the mother's heart rejoice, and she is well repaid for her sufferings, but slowly she gets accustomed to the happiness she has expected from her offspring, and daily leaves undone the grand work she has commenced. Sisters we have to labor hard to produce good effects in after years. *I have found it so*, and we get easily discouraged, but we must hold on to God's promises for sustenance at that important time. My dear mother gave me a religious training and from the time my first boy was born advised me to pray earnestly every day for the good of the child. I have received my reward already and there is happiness in my home, all through persistence on my part. It is no use to blame others when children go wrong, the mother herself is to blame in my opinion.

My boys have been inclined for bad company but I have broken up all of this through being their constant companion, welcoming their company, advising them and sharing their joys and sorrows. If they were going fishing or boating, mamma must go because I always played as a child with them. I laughed at what they laughed at, always picking the good out and showing them the right from wrong. When I was sick I would get them to read fairy tales to me, and compare me to the fairy, dressing me up with fancy ribbons and tinsels.

Through helping me in my daily routine they all learned to cook. My little girl who has recently become a church member said the other day, "Mamma isn't it nice to think we children don't have to go to church to become happy, we can get the same effect right here in our own home." I asked the boys when they came in, "Boys, isn't this a grand old world and isn't this love worth having?" The youngest said that he could not live without it now he felt so happy and contented.

Mothers, take pains in your training and those same little eyes that watched yours for the expression in infancy, watch all your movements later. It pays to try to make them listen to the good side of life and you should not be discouraged but endeavor to have them men and women of which you will be proud.

I will now close with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters and may we always have COMFORT.
MARY J. LEWIS.

LEGONIA, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you kindly admit me into your Sisters' Corner? I have been reading the good letters from you for quite a while but have hesitated to write because I notice that most of the letters are from married ladies, but in reading what our editor has to say I find that "mothers and daughters of all ages" are invited to write to the COMFORT Sisters' Corner, and so I thought it might help someone to learn my plan for earning pin money. I have been teaching for three years, this being my fourth and love the work very much, so you see I am interested in all you have to say about children.

I live in the country and as our schools are from four to seven months in length there is usually quite a good deal of time to be spent at leisure. For the last few years I've been attending summer normals, but even then I have a few weeks before and after normal, and I find that quite a nice little sum can be made from gathering and selling the many varieties of cacti and native plants.

I have a friend who is an expert needlewoman and she realizes a neat little sum every week for her embroidery; I haven't tried this plan yet but am going to do so in the future when I learn to make my work more attractive.

I should like to know other plans from anyone who is interested and who does some kind of special work. One year I had good success "incubating" chicks, I kept only thoroughbred chicks and the work was indeed a pleasure; then the profit comes in nicely too. We keep the Barred Plymouth Rocks, and find them the best dual purpose fowl we have tried.

I am also interested in gardening and expect to do some in the spring in a scientific way.

There is so much to do in this world of ours, so much pleasure in working and planning for the happiness of friends and loved ones.



I shall not trouble you longer, but will close by describing myself. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred thirty-eight pounds, have light complexion and blue eyes and am twenty-two years of age.

Hoping that I shall be welcome in your midst, I am sincerely,
MISS HENRIETTA FAIRCHILD.

WINGATE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years, but have never written before, although I have wanted to many times if I had known something worth writing.

When you asked if some sister was not a member of such a club as a "Mothers' Club," I just felt like I would like to tell you we have one here in our little town, only we call ourselves "The Mothers' Class." We have a membership of fifty. Some, but of course not all are present at every meeting.

We meet every two weeks and open our meetings by singing one or more songs, followed by prayer and several good readings after which the business is settled. We then have more singing and are dismissed by a prayer. Our readings are such that they will help us if we will practise their teachings and they are discussed, after being read, if any member has any thought to express on the subject.

One of our by-laws is—"No gossiping allowed. A fine of five cents will be placed on anyone for speaking unkindly of another or to anyone," and thus we cultivate a Christian spirit.

They are a great benefit to me and I think to all the rest. I always come home from the meetings with a happy heart and a stronger desire to do right and teach our little three-year-old Wilma, the right way.

I am twenty-four years old and have been married

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



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So Dear a Foe

By Laura Vignette Beale

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SHE passed serenely along on the shady side of Albermarle Street, with a box of stationery neatly wrapped, held lightly under her arm.

He, stepping from a yard at her right, was unobserved, until he lifted his hat and said: "Pardon me, but you won't mind if I join you, as I am going your way, will you?" with a most charming smile.

Doris Austin, the daughter of President Austin of Thoreau College, whose big buildings were near at hand, hesitated, glanced inquiringly at the young man, then drew away stiffly, saying:

"You have the advantage of me, sir!"

"Why, don't you remember me?" questioned the stranger. "I am Alfred Clennam, post graduate of Western College, taking the law course at the University over there. Let me carry your bundle."

"No, thank you." She spoke slowly in a puzzled manner. "I'm sure you are mistaking me for someone else. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Well," he responded, "I can hardly flatter myself that it would be a pleasure to you. To me—well, that is another story. A beautiful day, isn't it?"

To her astonishment, he neither volunteered further information as to any previous meeting, nor offered to leave her. Indeed, he had fallen in step, with every indication of intending to accompany her on her walk.

"Allow me to carry your package," he said gently seizing it.

Doris clung to it desperately, even though she felt she was losing dignity by doing so.

"No!" she said coldly, "I do not care to accept so great a courtesy from a stranger. Good afternoon!"

"But I am not a stranger," he exclaimed. "Surely you remember your brother introducing us."

"I have no brother," icily.

"Ah, indeed! That is why you are out alone then. It is so fortunate I met you and can escort you home."

Doris Austin stopped, and looked suspiciously at the perfectly respectable and deferential stranger. Drunk? No smell of liquor, or slightest appearance of tipsiness in face, voice, or manner could be detected. Insane? The fine, alert, intelligent countenance that met her scrutiny, made such a suggestion ridiculous. Clearly it could only be a case of mistaken identity. This fine-looking young man had met someone who greatly resembled her; so she began gently:

"I'm sorry to inform you that you have made a great mistake. My name is Doris Austin. I don't know you, or you, me. I just returned last night from a trip abroad, and you mistake me for some other girl, who looks like me. Good afternoon."

Her words failed to bring the apology and parting salutation she expected. Indeed, as she started again on her way, her queer companion continued by her side.

"Not on your life!" he declared. "I never met anyone else who resembled you in the least; and I don't believe in any such counterpart. But I must say, Miss Austin, that for once, I'm a lucky dog. To meet you the very day you get home! Think if I'd lost a month or two!" with a shudder.

Doris lost patience and stamped her foot. She had had enough of this young man whose conduct seesawed from deprecation to impudence so rapidly that it was impossible to tell which was the assumed role.

"If you are a common street masher," she cried angrily, "I am sorry your appearance led me to believe you a gentleman; and let me tell you that I'm not the kind of a girl that makes street acquaintances."

"Most certainly not!" he responded hastily. "No one could, for a moment make such a mistake. It's because you are so very different from that, that I wish to escort you home and protect you from annoyance."

"Protect me from annoyance!" cried the thoroughly exasperated girl. "If you have the slightest instincts of a gentleman, you know that you, yourself, are annoying me more than I had thought any man would dare to. Leave me at once."

"Miss Austin, I cannot until I have seen you home," Adding humbly, yet with an evident effort toward jauntiness: "I fear I am making myself disagreeable and forcing myself on you."

"You are! You are!" interpolated Doris with undisguised temper.

"But you must bear with me a short time longer. I'm in duty bound to see you home."

"Well!" with a glare which her persecutor dared not meet. "If there was ever a policeman around when one was wanted, I'd see if I was compelled to submit to this infliction."

Still, her extraordinary attendant continued by her side.

No word was spoken for several blocks. Doris stole a glance or two at his side face, but her bewilderment was only increased by its air of being down in the mouth. Several times, acquaintances, evidently casual ones, lifted their hats to her; whereupon Mr. Clennam responded by a like gesture, utterly ignored by Doris. After this had occurred several times, it seemed to occur to the down-trodden one that she had not appealed to any of them for rescue, and he began to raise his head again, and soon gazed once more on the world, unappalled if unelated.

After some time, Doris stopped at a pretty little bungalow, utterly ignoring the still-attending shadow. Unfortunately, her mother sat chatting with guests on the veranda, and rose to meet her daughter's escort. Doris, disregarding this, busied herself in greeting the visitors, but was angrily aware that Mr. Clennam had responded to her mother's advances by mentioning his name, and was serenely accepting introductions to the party and a seat within the circle.

In the bright chat of the next few minutes, no one observed that the last arrivals had no word or look for each other; and when Mr. Clennam rose to go, the fact that Doris failed to respond to his "Good afternoon," was lost in the pleasant voices of the others in the party.

Enthusiastic compliments were at once paid on all sides to the departing guest, and Doris's silence on the subject was laughingly alluded to as an indication of special interest.

Now why did not Doris undeceive these trusting friends as to the desirability of their new acquaintance? Why did she not paint him as black as she felt him to be? Angrily, she put these questions to herself later, and more angrily still as she realized that her interest and curiosity in the matter was at a high pitch.

At the supper table that evening, Mrs. Austin remarked to Doris that she liked Mr. Clennam very much. Doris was spared reply by her father who declared:

"A fine young man; an unusually brilliant student! The world will hear of him some day. I'm glad you have met him, Doris. He's a great favorite of mine."

Doris said nothing. Perhaps she was shielding her parents from a shock; or was she hoping for a speedy explanation that would heal her wounded feelings and prove her father in the right?

As expected, Doris received, by the first mail next morning, a note of apology from Mr. Clennam. She crushed it savagely in her hand and threw it into the fire as soon as read, for it stated that, for unforeseen and unavoidable reasons, he could not make the explanation that was due her, as he had hoped to do; earnestly assuring her, however that his behavior of the day before had not been prompted by levity or want of respect to her, and begging to be allowed to make her acquaintance in a more conventional manner.

Needless to remark, it failed to propitiate the recipient. If there was an explanation that would exonerate him, she could imagine no reason that could prevent him from making it. She resolved to think no more of the matter, except to refuse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Home Cooking

The first object of home cooking is the preparation of wholesome meals with due regard to economy of time and money. If you are a beginner, with a cook book for a teacher, do not attempt the most difficult dishes first for it usually means failure and with Failure comes its twin brother, Discouragement, turning many a promising beginner away from the art of cooking, which is, or should be, recognized as among the fine arts for it appeals to the sense of taste fully as much as any of the others appeal to their respective senses. The welfare of humanity is more bound up in food than in any other factor, for the health with all the good things of life dependent upon it, is in turn dependent, to a large extent, upon the food we eat and its manner of preparation. We cannot make a success of anything unless we apply ourselves to the rules which govern that particular subject and though we often hear about the "born cook" who mixes the ingredients together regardless of weights and measures, with marvelous and gratifying results, the chances are that the cook who follows reliable directions is the one to be depended on, regardless of the proverbial "luck" of the former. It is therefore our duty, as wives and mothers, either present or prospective, to make a systematic study of this important subject and thus insure, to a large extent, the happiness of our homes.

TO every housewife comes the question, "What shall I cook?" and the planning of meals is often more tiresome than the actual work in preparing them. A few simple menus will be found of service, particularly if the mother is away and a less competent maid or daughter has charge of the kitchen.

Breakfast

With cereal, cooked or otherwise, fruit of any kind is found to be a welcome addition and the selection rests largely with individual tastes.

EGGS IN BATTER.—It is no wonder that eggs form such a large proportion of the farmer's daily food, since he is secure in the knowledge that he is not eating a cold storage product, and many are the appetizing ways of preparing them. Cooked as follows they will be found excellent. Mix together six tablespoons thick cream, one half cup bread crumbs and one half teaspoon salt. Put two tablespoons of the mixture into ramikins or custard cups, slip an egg into each, cover with the remaining mixture, add a tiny piece of butter and bake seven minutes in moderate oven. This, with dry toast and coffee, or milk, comprises a breakfast suitable for the average person.

FRIED OATMEAL.—Put leftover oatmeal into a small mold and stand away to harden. When ready to use,



FRIED OATMEAL.

cut in slices one half inch thick and then into strips one inch wide, dip in egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry. Drain, dust with powdered sugar and serve. Syrup may be added.

Dinner

SPLIT PEA SOUP.—Wash one half pint split peas, cover with water and let soak over night. In the morning drain, add one and one half quarts water or half water and half stock, a sprig of thyme, one half teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Cook slowly till peas are tender, then press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour, then stir the soup in gradually and let boil. Just before serving add a small onion, grated.

LIVER WITH VEGETABLES.—Chop one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and one stalk of celery and arrange in the bottom of a baking pan. In a liver, make two incisions in which insert salt pork or strips of bacon and place the liver on the bed of vegetables. Add hot water, parsley and cloves. Cover and bake in a moderate oven till tender. Remove to a hot platter, placing the vegetables around it and make a gravy in the pan, using one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, and one cup of liquid from the meat, adding hot water if there is not enough.

MASHED POTATOES.—Cook potatoes and mash with cream and butter.

HOT SLAW.—Shred one half cabbage. Beat the yolks of two or one whole egg slightly, add one quarter cup cold water, one tablespoon butter, one half teaspoon salt and one quarter cup hot vinegar. Add the cabbage and stir over hot water until the cabbage is hot and the dressing is thickened.

PRUNE PIE.—Wash and soak three quarter pound of prunes over night. In the morning stew until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Cool and remove the stones. Line a deep pie plate, add the prunes, one half cup flour, two tablespoons butter, juice of one half lemon, salt and two tablespoons flour. Cover with paste and bake till the crust is brown and flaky. Serve with whipped cream.

Supper

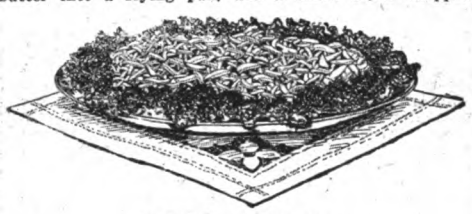
SHEPHERD'S PIE.—Line a baking dish with mashed potatoes, left over from dinner. Over this place a layer of cold chopped cooked meat. Then another layer of potato. Cover the top with buttered crumbs, sprinkled with cheese if desired, and bake until thoroughly heated and browned on top.

SQUASH TIMBALE.—To two cups mashed squash add the yolks of two eggs well-beaten, salt and a dash of pepper. Mix well and add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Put into custard or timbale cups, stand in a pan of water and bake until set.

Bread cut in thin slices, plain cake and tea make a satisfactory supper.

Another Good Supper Dish

PARSNIPS LYONNAISE.—Cut cold parboiled parsnips into slices and then into narrow strips. Put some butter into a frying pan, add a small onion chopped



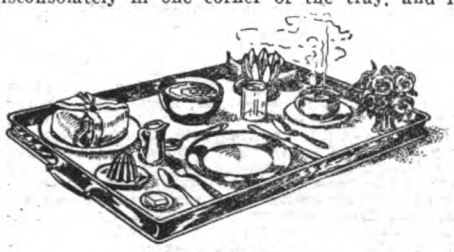
PARSNIPS LYONNAISE.

fine and cook until it begins to brown. Then add the parsnips. Cook without browning for about five minutes. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with finely minced parsley just before taking up. Drain thoroughly. Serve very hot.

Cooking for the Sick

It is a well-established fact that no family can be entirely immune from sickness, sooner or later, and it is well for us, as members of a family, to bear in mind a few things in regard to the diet of invalids or semi-invalids.

First of all, ascertain from the attending physician just what the patient can eat and then let neatness and daintiness be the keynote of your afterwork. Do not make the mistake of asking the patient what he or she *wants* to eat but prepare and serve the food in such a tempting manner that it will be eaten, whether they mean to eat it or not, for, sad to relate, sickness often plays sad havoc with the most amiable dispositions. Always remember that too large a quantity of food is often nauseating so serve small portions. Arrange the tray with your finest linen, china and silver and try to find room for a tiny bunch of flowers or one large flower laid across the tray. Small slices of toast, nicely browned and wrapped in a napkin, will be much more tempting than a single large piece of toast, partly cooled, as also will an orange cut in pond lily style be more pleasing to the eye than would be the whole orange rolling disconsolately in one corner of the tray, and if



FOR THE INVALID.

the eye is gratified, the stomach will not be so likely to rebel.

See that the room is well-aired and endeavor to keep the patient in as cheerful a frame of mind as possible, and as for that part of it, no matter what condition your health may be in, always make it a point not to bring your worries and troubles to the table with you. Give your stomach a fair chance to do its work under the proper conditions.

The following recipes will be found especially good:

BEEF TEA.—Appetizing beef tea is made by cutting up tender, juicy beef into pieces about an inch square; put into a strong bottle, cork tightly and set in a kettle of cold water. Boil two hours. This is valuable as a tonic.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Take part of a chicken and cover with water; let it boil till the meat drops from the bones; then skim off the fat, strain and add a little salt, and a teaspoon of rice. Let boil until the rice is cooked.

STEAMED EGG.—Beat an egg until very light, add seasoning to taste, and then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened; this will take from two to three minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress the most sensitive stomach.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Put two heaping spoonfuls of oatmeal, wet in cold water, into one pint of boiling water; boil gently one half hour, skim and add a little salt, sugar and nutmeg.

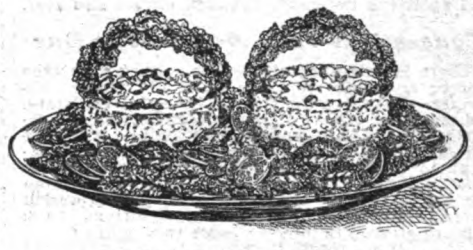
BARLEY WATER.—Soak about a pint of barley in lukewarm water for a few minutes; then drain off the water. Put the barley in three quarts of water and cook slowly until soft, skimming occasionally. Flavor with a little lemonade.

TOAST WATER.—Toast stale bread until quite brown, but not burned. Put into a large dish and pour boiling water over it, letting it stand for an hour or so, then strain and serve with ice.

OYSTER TOAST.—Cook six oysters, in a cup of their own liquor, one minute. Season with butter, pepper and salt and pour over a slice of toast. Serve in a hot dish.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

CHICKEN IN BASKETS.—To three cups hot mashed potatoes add three tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, and enough milk to



CHICKEN IN BASKETS.

moisten. Shape in form of small baskets, with handles of parsley. Brush over with white of egg slightly beaten and brown in oven. Fill with creamed chicken. Decorate with parsley and slices of tomato.

CREAMED CHICKEN.—One and one half cups cold cooked chicken cut in dice, one cup white sauce, one half teaspoon celery salt. Heat chicken dice in sauce.

WHITE SAUCE.—Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk, one quarter teaspoon salt.

The base of soup should be made of good lean meat and bones—two ounces of bone to a pound of meat; allow one quart of water to a pound of meat; after boiling, skim well and set back and let it simmer for four or five hours, season and strain into a stone jar where it will cool quickly. It is best to make this stock a day or two before it is to be used, so that all grease may be removed. Stock made this way will keep several days and from it may be made an endless variety of soups, according to flavorings or materials used. Always remember that too much boiling spoils the flavor of broth so cook vegetables, rice, etc., before adding.

CHICKEN SOUP.—To the broth in which chickens have been boiled, add one onion and several sliced tomatoes, season with pepper and salt and boil thirty minutes; add two well-beaten eggs just before sending it to the table. Serve with crackers.

LOBSTER SOUP.—Pick all the meat from the shell of one large lobster and chop fine. Take one quart of milk, one pint of water and when boiling, add the lobster, a large piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a tablespoon of flour. Boil from seven to ten minutes.

CORN SOUP.—To one can of corn, add one pint of boiling water and let cook slowly fifteen minutes. Scald one pint of milk and a slice of onion, remove onion and add milk to corn. Add two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons flour, cooked together, season to taste.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat one egg light; add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out in a very thin sheet, dredge with flour to keep from sticking; then roll up tightly. Cut into fine slices.

CREAM BAKED TROUT.—Clean the trout, put in pepper and salt and close them. Place in pan with cream enough to cover the fins and bake twenty minutes.

PICKLING FISH.—Spice the vinegar as for cucumbers, put fish in and let boil for a few minutes, until done, without breaking; set away for a few weeks and the bones will be entirely destroyed.



Home Cooking

Fails on Beans

It fails because home ovens can't make beans digestible. Steam ovens are essential. Beans must be baked in small lots, in high heat and for hours.

It fails because it crisps the top beans, mushes the middle beans, but leaves most of them less than half baked.

It fails because beans should be mellow and whole, and home-baked beans are not.

It fails because the sauce should be baked with the beans, to give zest to every atom.

Housewives should recognize that there are a few foods which can't be prepared in a fit way at home. And beans stand first among them.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

Van Camp's will displace all old-style baked beans when you give them a chance to show. You will find that men prefer them. Thousands of hotels and lunch rooms serve them because they please the men.

This dish is our specialty. For 20 years our famous chefs have worked on it. They have created in this a new-style national dish. It is unique among all of its kind.

Order it and try it. Compare it with the kinds you know. If it excels them all, stock your pantry with it. Have on hand some dainty meals ready for instant serving.

Find out this matchless dish.

If you do not find Van Camp's the best beans you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



The Unrest of the Age

In Some of its More Familiar Aspects

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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The World Is Sick

THE most striking characteristic of our age is our daring advance. A general forward movement, almost a charge along the whole front of civilization. As distinctive, almost, is its corollary, unrest. In our consideration of this latter peculiarity, let us be careful to avoid the very ordinary error, common to professional and lay-thinker, of mistaking the symptom for the disease itself. Civilization and its ailments may be drawn in close analogy to man and his ills; in both subjects, the confusion of symptom with cause must necessarily result in but imperfect conclusion, if indeed, any degree of correctness of diagnosis at all may be arrived at.

Just as surely as the fever of his patient, indicates to the physician that an invasion of hostile germs has been permitted somewhere through the failure of some protective tissue to bar their entrance, an inadequacy in any of the important functions of a community is indicated by appropriate signs significant to the trained social observer. In the body politic, derangements of the economic system or of the system of natural resources are followed by symptoms forming a procession of cause and effect quite comparable to the pathology of lesion in the vascular or in the nervous system of the individual. The analogy will be even clearer if we consider that, for our present purpose at any rate, the world as a world is but an agglomeration of peoples variously arranged into political and social divisions reducible at length to the individual.

It is but a glance further to see that, even as the pathology of social and natural disturbances are comparable, so also is their observation comparable as to methodology. The student of natural sciences performs certain experiments, either with a fixed purpose in view, or at random, and from their results draws his conclusions. So does the economist or the sociologist observe and conclude from the experiments to which society is subjected. The enactment of new and hitherto untried forms of legislation, the opening of new fields of natural resources, the launching of new industries and so on, are, from the point of view of the observer of social conditions, certainly just as experimental as, from the point of view of the biologist, the injection into living animal tissue of a new antitoxin together with its consequent reaction is an experiment. There are these differences, however; the student of the physical and natural sciences controls his experiments by the use of this or that reagent at will. His experiments are completed within a comparatively short period of time. They are conducted in an environment especially prepared for the purpose. The student of the social sciences, on the other hand, has no control over the experiments which he observes. The period of time required to procure results is long. The laboratory, not of his furnishing and of huge size, is crossed and counter-crossed by innumerable independant streams of influence which, together with noise and confusion of every sort, produce a chaotic condition in which it is difficult for him to follow the particular reaction he desires to observe. These considerations render it impossible, or at least highly improbable, for him to secure identical conditions in successive experiments.

With these differences in mind, we can conduct our investigation of Unrest in much the same attitude to the world as that of the student of biology to his subject. We substitute for the acids and alkalies, serums and what-not, reagents of the biologist, laws, institutions and traditions, reagents of the sociologist; instead of dogs and guineapigs and germs, we will observe men and women and human-nature. And if, like the skilled physician we go behind the symptom and reach here and there a true seat of infection we may then consider our diagnosis correct and suggest a remedy. Again, however, with that lack of control distinguishing the social from the physical researcher and which will prevent us from forcing any medicine down the throat of society, which, after all, may be a safeguard to society in the same ratio that a medical prescription may prove a decidedly negative benefit to the unfortunate for whom it is compounded.

Looking carefully then at the clinical record of our huge patient for the past few years, the first great, general symptom that commands our attention is Unrest. The world is sick in many of its organs, we say—it is nervous—it can't keep still. Not so very long ago Japan and Russia went to war. Continuous internal uprisings have been the rule in China—here there seems to be a particularly sore spot kept inflamed by constant fermentations of social orders undergoing change. In Germany the Socialist Party is heaving and straining in its efforts to give birth to something. In the Balkan Peninsula Mohammedan Turkey, a painful irritant, is being attacked in a war to the death by the Allied States bent on closing that gateway to further infection. In Russia the waves of oppressed serfdom are ever rolling against the contemptuous wall of governing aristocracy. Unless some powerful sedative be administered, it is only a question of time when the upward thrust will gain enough force to lift the barrier from its foundations. In England questions of social reform are burning questions. The unrest here surely cries aloud the presence of virulent toxins in the very vitals of society. It looks almost as though a major operation were indicated. On our own continent, there is civil war in Mexico and revolution follows revolution in the Latin Republics. The nature of these people renders them especially susceptible to the effects of any excitant. Capital and labor have fought battles in Michigan, in Colorado and in Oklahoma; in each, blood has been spilled.

Our farmer no longer creeps over the bumps of the country road behind his old-fashioned team. He hurries along in his automobile, only to be overtaken and lost in a rush of dust from the wheels of a faster machine driven by a more well-to-do man from town. The next instant he of the town is absolutely outclassed and put to shame by the wild burst of speed which soothes the jaded nerves of the millionaire from a distant city. Our millionaire is momentarily content- his is the ultimate of rapid motion. The medium-fast fellow is in despair because he cannot go as fast and makes rapid calculation as to the possibility of his junking his machine and buying a faster; they simply must keep up with the procession. When lo! like a bolt out of the blue an aeroplane drops past overhead with a velocity so appalling that all three stand aghast and the unrest of the age fires each soul with longing to travel at least as fast as this latest creation.

In society, fashion follows fashion to the accompaniment of strained purses and overtaxed ingenuities. Dance is superceded by dance in a limping, gliding, bending, whirling, ever changing confusion and each new variety fails as utterly as the last to calm the itching. The calamatist raises his eyes to heaven as he asks in shocked perplexity: where will it all end?

The Rightly and Wrongly Restless

And so the world is sick. And the distressing symptom of Unrest seems to pervade all its members. But Unrest is too broad a term and World too large a field for the limits of our inquiry. For the sake of brevity we will confine ourselves to some of the more obvious forms of unrest in our own country. For the sake of order, we will divide our restless people into two classes: first, those who are legitimately restless and, second, those whose restlessness is illegitimate. Those who strive with honest effort under adverse conditions, and those whose restlessness is due primarily to their failure to strive for anything at all worth while. Our classification postulates work as the basis of contentment. If the work performed be congenial and if it be effective work, all will be well. On the other hand, those who, under circumstances which permit of an election, choose to remain idle or who, if the privilege of choice is denied, are forced to labor at a great disadvantage develop into malcontents and the contagion of their unrest infects their whole neighborhood. We will direct our attention first to our workers who are, in a measure, denied any option in the matter of occupation.

The Conflict Between Capital and Labor

The constantly increasing tendency of organized labor to array itself against organized capital is becoming very familiar to us. On every hand, however, we hear diversity of opinion as to the cause. Too frequently wholesale condemnation of the labor unit or of the capital unit according as the speaker's sympathies lie. The labor partizan heaps malediction on the head of capital—blindly, unreasonably, hatefully staining he hands of capital with all the "heart-aches and the thousand natural shocks that man is heir to." The labor organizer makes his appeal directly to ignorance, fear and superstition and germinates in this fertile ground distrust of all institutions with which capital may in any way be connected. He will confess openly that he is forced to appeal to passions in order to induce labor to unite. Obviously, union on such a basis must be full of danger.

Capital too, arrogant with success and blind in the pursuit of greater success, damns the laborer for a savage who would shake the foundations of society if he could. It interprets the strike, not as the protest of a man and a woman who feel that their labors have earned a larger and a fairer share of the benefits of new civilization for themselves and their children; it sees a brute and his mate and their cubs who, enraged by the agitator's taunts, dare snarl for more and more.

This is a grave sickness that has come upon our state, but the restlessness it causes is legitimate. What is called the upper classes of society through brilliant, persistent research and industry have attained an outlook on life far broader than a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. Education, sciences, literature, art—everything—have been widened and explored and turned to general use as in no former age. Accruing benefits have been divided generously among the comfortably-well-off. The moderately successful man of today commands for himself and his family privileges absolutely unheard of to the man of corresponding station fifty years ago. He is entertained by drama and music which he could not have afforded in another age. Printing and publishing have placed in his hands general and special literature which, if accessible at all, have been hitherto luxuries of the very rich. The automobile together with cheap, rapid land and water transportatio, have lengthened the radius of his circle beyond limits ever dreamed of by his grandfather. He may visit this or that part of his own country or even travel abroad at comparatively small cost.

So we might go on to almost any length in bare enumeration of the advantages and new lines of endeavor which, owing to the marvelous activity of the twentieth century, have come within the scope of the small capitalist. However great the share of higher civilization has fallen to the lot of the moderately well-to-do man, advantages are correspondingly great to him of larger fortune. Going to the top of the scale, our millionaire is limited only by his capacity to grasp and to enjoy.

In the face of this great light of civilization which we have kindled, whose rays filter down through the classes to warm and brighten their lives, can we in fairness draw a screen about the home of the laborer? Bear in mind the nature of his work and remember that he cannot afford the pleasures to be bought with money. Practically all he can earn goes for bare necessaries; there is little left when those things are purchased without which he cannot live. Can we not arrange so that a few more of the rays which he has helped to kindle shall reach him? We do not ask for our laborer the identical comforts which our middle class worker can afford. A little more liberal wage, where it can be paid, a few minutes less to his per-diem hours of toil, a few more hours each week for relaxation and rest. It may be that, to him, such small concessions will spell the difference between unrest and rest.

Concessions That Are Labor's Due

There is this about it: If we cannot grant the laborer anything from the point of view of humanity, then we must for the safety of the state. We must not believe that our common sense is entirely lost in the confusion of strife. We have too much confidence in the ultimate good judgment of our people to believe that capital and labor, keeping each to his own side, will sit on the lid in stupid sullenness till the explosion comes which will split our institutions from stem to stern. Before we leave this phase of the subject, let us recall that only in rare instances and isolated exceptions has capital heretofore shown the foresight to grant benefits to labor unasked. It has been only through organized demand backed by organized strike that labor has gained any benefits at all from this age of enlightenment. But if capital has been delinquent in recognizing the necessity and in offering solution, the government and individuals acting in a mediatory capacity have shown some activity. Minimum wage scales, profit-sharing plans, shorter hours, sanitary rules, workingmen's compensation laws; all these are experiments which are being tried and whose reactions are being studied with a view to meeting the issue and curing the disease. When we feel inclined to condemn the labor organizations for their glaring faults; their advocacy of violence, their failure to place any premium on efficiency and so on, let us bear with them a while longer and rather blame capital for its failure to bring into use its superior intelligence. The day of the entirely benevolent employer has not yet dawned and we need not ask him to be particularly benevolent. But we can and should look to capital to lay its hand to the task for the common good; to realize that there is a grievance, often a just grievance, in any event a most real grievance which capital must make right for the reason that labor cannot.

Immigration Should Be Restricted

One other extenuating circumstance in the reprehensible tendency of striking laborers toward extreme methods; we refer to the large percentage of foreigners who now swell the ranks of the restless. These foreigners, largely of the South European and Asiatic races are far below our native artisan in natural intelligence. Deficient also in education and in balance of temperament, they have been unable as yet to absorb sufficient of our traditions to enable them to exercise the self-restraint necessary to democratic self-government. In this matter of unrestricted immigration of the less desirable aliens, we have an irritant to the national peace whose bad effects should not be overlooked and the necessity for correction of which should be called to the attention of our Congress in no uncertain terms.

The unrest, then, among our laboring classes is the legitimate unrest of a section of the people who have not reaped their fair share of the benefits of the general advance of civilization in our age. It is a grave sickness in our social structure—one which requires the attention of able minds. The freedom from hysteria characteristic of our people, is being rapidly weakened by foreign injections; but on it we must rely for the preservation of the public welfare until a real curative is discovered which will guarantee our tranquillity until the next rapid forward movement of civilization necessitates another readjustment.

Feminine Unrest

The laboring class is not the only large group, by any means, in which legitimate unrest shows the inadequacy of our institutions. The next symptom which, from its insistence, must receive our careful attention, finds form in the so-called Feminist Movement; the unrest of our women. Unlike the labor unrest, this variety extends in tortuous ramifications from the highest down through the lowest stratum of our social orders. The labor unrest was almost entirely economic in character while the feminine unrest seems to spring from a complexity of causes, varying widely according to point of observation, from psychological in one set of subjects, to sociological in another and economic unrest in still another. This also is a disease almost world-wide in extent, cropping out in symptoms peculiar to the locality in every civilized country from Arabia westward to the Pacific Ocean. Japan, China, India and countries on similar stages of advancement, seem to be effected hardly at all as yet. The lower orders seem to offer structural difficulties too great for this more refined germ to enter and attack successfully. In England the disease has passed to an exceedingly acute stage. In our own country, the symptoms if less violent, are no less persistent and generally diffused. Let us, then, see if we cannot trace some of these symptoms to their sources.

We are at first confronted with the fact that this particular unrest seems to have made its first appearance among our women of the leisure class (we must use the word "leisure" with reluctance, unwilling to lay upon the whole class the certain stigma which the term carries and which is truly applicable only to a portion of the class in question), and at first glance we might commit the error of denoting it illegitimate unrest. Upon careful thought, however, we will conclude that, if the unrest is found among women who do not work in the generally accepted sense of the word, it is not because they *will not* work but because they have hitherto been denied the privilege of *choice*. Bear in mind, illegitimate unrest, according to our classification, is unrest among those who, with the privilege of choice before them, have elected to remain idle. You may say; a member of a leisure class has a de facto liberty of choice. If we bear in mind the attitude of society toward the women of its so-called upper classes during the whole of the world's history since there have been upper classes, we will be forced to the admission that woman has been most effectually denied the right of any choice whatever. Hence her idleness is enforced and consequent unrest must be classed as legitimate.

Let us glance once more in a very general way at this matter of choice of occupation before going on to more specific analysis. Our women (we take the average woman of the middle and upper-middle classes as typical, reserving for separate discussion women of the laboring classes) have for generations been enclosed by very definite limitations as to occupation and conduct. We have not space to go into the origin of these limitations which date back to times when limitations were justified by the then transitional state of civilization; to the times when mankind, emerging from the barbarous to cross the treacherous new ground of semi-civilization, found it necessary to embody somewhere and confine its embryonic ideas of morality, and recognized in woman the ideal depository for them. Is it strange that the human race has guarded its treasures and could it do otherwise than guard the treasure chest?

There limitations of conduct have constrained woman to follow a path relieved by but few minor deviations from a certain average. In girlhood she was trained with an eye to future household duties. (It is an interesting digression here to note the state of mind of man was such that, although tacitly understood the girl should marry, her training was carefully purged of special knowledge pertaining to the birth and rearing of children; this in the face of the known fact that this knowledge would be sadly missed when the young woman should become a mother.) At the proper time, she married; and if her husband proved of the right sort all went well. The care and training of her children kept her mind busy and her hands occupied the greater part of the day and frequently, a goodly share of the night. These and other household duties together with the relaxation of occasional social and outdoor diversions filled her life completely. Her husband played the role of bread winner with more or less success, according to his aptitude and she performed the no less important function of bread saver; the division of labor was in perfect adjustment. This, say, from her twenty-first to her fortieth year. Then at little more than just past the middle point of the life history of the family, we note a decided change. The children have grown to a point where they no longer need detailed supervision—the mother is released from her absorbing work. The husband is to continue in his occupation till he dies. The children will soon go out and found families of their own. What is the mother to do?

In the days gone by, the comparatively crude equipment for the prosecution of household duties may still have demanded enough of her attention, augmented by increasing social duties, to fill her days reasonably full. She may have been complacent enough to find content in half filled days. Our generation, however, has seen such strides in specialized forms of production and service that housekeeping may be reduced to a system so perfect as to be almost self adjusting. Some good housekeepers will dispute us at this point. But we may safely say that housekeeping may be so arranged nowadays as to occupy a decidedly minor portion of an average day. Not only in its aspect of time-killer, but also from the point of view of exercise of ability, is modern housekeeping inadequate in many, many instances. The assertion (never proven) that there is any real difference between the sexes in respect to mental capacity for work fails utterly to satisfy our restless women. If man, from whom this assertion most frequently comes, will give a little thought to the question, he must at length admit that the comparatively simple matters of keeping a house in order cannot, after years of experience, occupy the entire mental capacity of his wife, if indeed, she be of average intelligence.

Under the circumstances, there remains for her but one course of action; to look elsewhere for employment. Not that every woman would display any surprising zeal for hard work if the obstacle of public opinion were removed any more than every man is possessed of consuming ambition. We can see no reason why the proportion of degrees of ambition in woman should differ materially from the degrees of ambition in man. All the more reason why comparatively rare instances of striking ambition in either sex should have all encouragement for its expression. Our habit of thought which groups all women together with one great class with respect to mentality is as highly erroneous as the statement that all men are created equal. It is as wasteful to the community and as unfair to the individual as the practise among labor unions of leveling down to the ability of the weakest.

Woman's Place in the Family

It is, however, absolutely true, arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, that an all-wise first cause constructed woman with physical and psychic peculiarities differing from the physical and psychic peculiarities of man. This differentiation is fundamental, perfectly balanced, undeniable. It has been demonstrated by millions of examples that our "family" is the most perfect economical unit. Important deviations from its essential form and practise are invariably disastrous. The physical and psychic peculiarities of woman will always operate as a hindrance to her departure from the fundamental plan of life; and indeed, we cannot find the slightest reason to believe that she has any inclination to overturn the laws of nature; this again in spite of the terror stricken cry of our calamatist—where will it all end?

There seems to be no lack of suggested cures for this unrest. They appear in printed form varying in volume from the pamphelt to the thick octavo. They vary in subject from purely political reform to advocacy of abolition of the marriage state and establishment in its stead free love on earth. The refutation of these specific sort of cures is a tempting subject; but our time is short and we must pass it by. We will simply find one general fault with them—they are too specific, too simple, too easy. The real cause lies deeper and its cure must be through a general overhauling which cannot be completed in a day or a month or a year but must occupy the whole training of the next generation. In order to make our meaning clearer we will glance at the high lights of the rearing of a typical boy and girl in an average family.

False Ideas of Chivalry

We have a mother, a father, a son and a daughter. We will examine the process of character formation in the son and daughter and see how it must be altered in order that the future woman may take advantage of the broadening of her opportunities toward which changing public opinion is rapidly tending.

From infancy up to their sixth or seventh year, there is little if any difference in the training of our boy and girl. Each is a little, sexless animal and their mother and father are properly satisfied if they but be healthy and grow. About the eighth year the little ones begin to perceive, vaguely, that there is a difference—that, somehow, one is a boy and the other a girl. Immediately the mother and father commence to direct their attention to this difference. In small and almost imperceptible ways at first and in the direction of physical inequality; notwithstanding the fact, that, at this early stage there is no material physical inequality. Little boys must not strike their little sisters; when a little girl wants a drink of water, a nice little boy should go and get it for her; and so on. The little boy is unable to see any reason why, when his sister has snatched away his toy, he should not resort to first principles and wallop her. He does, however, realize that if he persist in moving his sister's doll when she desires it to remain in a certain position, he is very likely to get scratched for his pains. He also fails to see the logic of a situation which demands that he should fetch a drink of water for his sister when they both have been playing till each is as tired as the other. Still, the mother and father insist there is a reason and by the time the boy and girl have developed into youth and maid, he has learned valuable lessons in self restraint and she has learned to throw justice to the winds and rely on the bias of special sex privilege. Mind, we do not advocate training our boy to take advantage of physical weakness. On the contrary, he should be taught never to take such an advantage. But it should be true and not artificial chivalry; he should go as quickly to the assistance of his weaker brother as his weaker sister. If he be taught this sort of chivalry, he will not fail to be the first to aid and comfort her whenever her physical strength proves unequal to the task she has in hand. Not only will he not fail, but he will rush to her aid with an enthusiasm very different from the perfunctoriness which attends his motions when he knows that she is just as well able as he to get for herself the drink of water or the chair. Possessed of this true chivalry, he will bear himself toward her in the greater as well as the smaller things of life, with a more sincere courtesy than when he feels that he must do thus and so because she is a "girl"; he will then be courteous to her for the same reason that he is courteous to his fellow man and the artificiality of their relations will disappear with the removal of artificial and substitution therefore of real reasons why.

Defects in our System of Higher Education for Girls

Come at length to their sixteenth or eighteenth year, they are sent away to school. The girl to finishing school, or simply boarding-school—her brother to college. (We must here admit an important exception in the increasing number of girls who take advantage of a college education. It is a most important and promising change from the old order.) The girls' school is almost sure to be pervaded with the same atmosphere of freedom from responsibility which she has breathed all her conscious life up to this time. She has lessons assigned to be learned—but nothing serious happens if she doesn't learn others. She is nursed and worried along till examination time when a ridiculously poor performance gains for her a ridiculously high grade. She is never expelled from the school except for grave breach of decorum in manners or morals. Imagine our complacent and self-satisfied boarding-school miss being quietly told by the faculty that, her work being below the standard of the institution, she is advised to go elsewhere for her education.

In addition to the low standard of work, she finds in the rules and regulations with which she is hedged about another demoralizing influence. Rules so petty and so arbitrary that they breed contempt in the keeping. She is not only required to do this and to do that in certain ways at certain hours, but even her personal peculiarities of carriage and manner are made the subject of comment and restriction and change. The sure result of all this is that the great fundamental lessons of life, self-control, self-knowledge and self-dependence, are entirely forgotten and untaught and our daughter emerges from her training school with her near-sighted eyes focused only on superficialities.

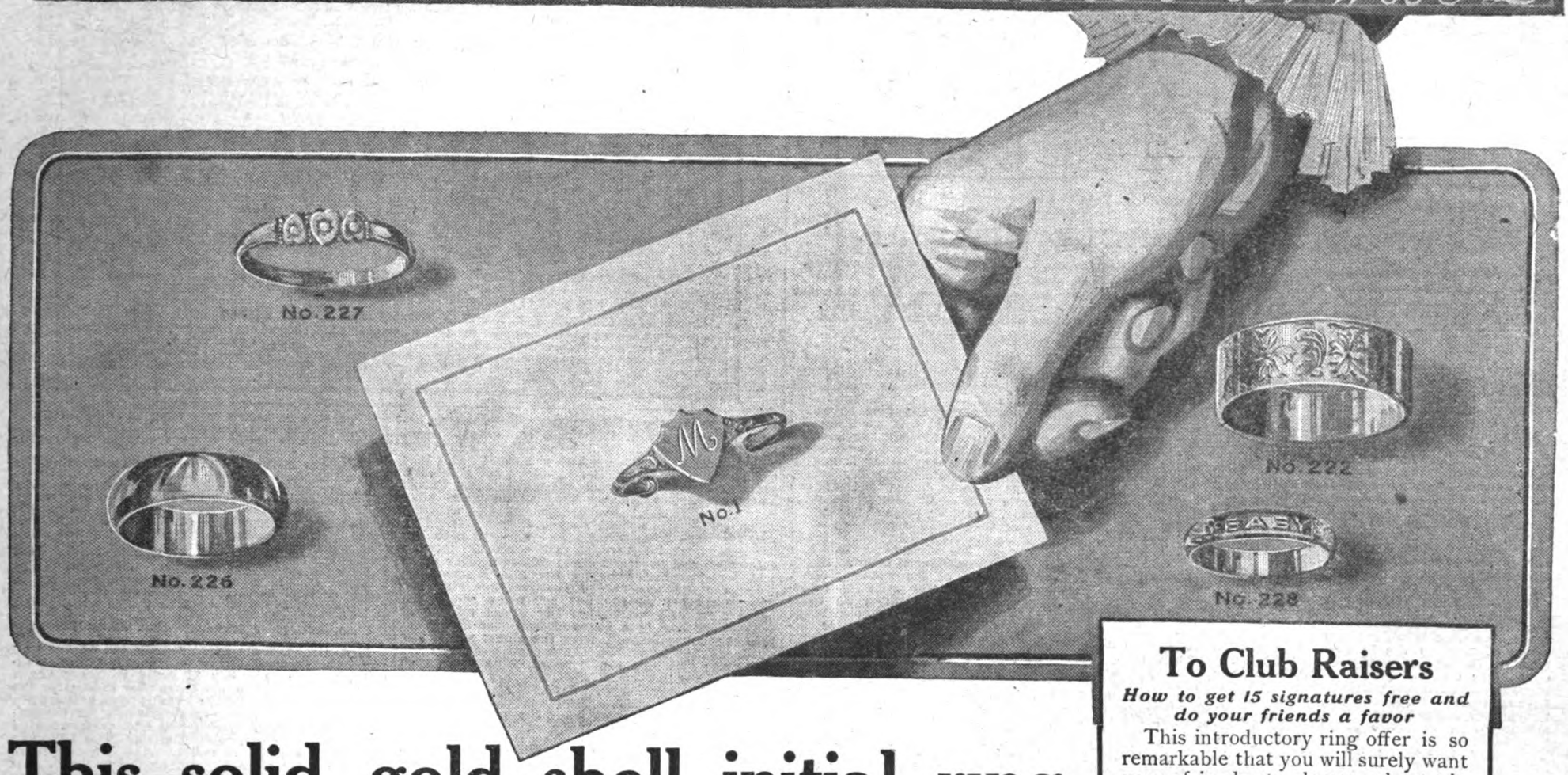
How has the boy fared meanwhile? His course has been simple and straightforward. He has entered the college of his choice and found himself his own master immediately. His first impression was, perhaps, one of bewilderment at the indifference of the faculty and of his classmates as to what would become of him. Lessons were assigned and recitations conducted, but little attention was paid to how or where he lived and learned. All the authorities required seemed to be that, before he received his diploma, he should have completed a certain amount of work. The presence of repeaters in his class and information regarding "fellows who had flunked" indicated that he had better do the work or get out. We are forced to admit that many boys do come out of college with a surprisingly small knowledge of the subjects studied. But our boy has at least come through on his own responsibility and he has, therefore, learned self-control or suffered so from the lack of it that he at least knows the value of it.

Now each is prepared to enter real life and if we have put before the reader the gist of the character of training that each has had, we may leave it to him to say which has the better equipment. The girl now makes her "debut" in society and her limited environment continues to feed her untruth about herself till she feels sure of what she has long suspected—that the world owes her a good time. The boy has no option but to go to work, and once embarked on his line of endeavor we may leave him to his own devices for he will be thus occupied till he dies. The girl is spending her time in diversion and society concerns itself inventing new forms to take the place of those which have cloyed. This activity may go on for months or years according to the temper of our girl; but at length nature asserts itself in spite of the attempts of society to keep her amused—and she marries.

We have already glanced at her married life and noted how, for a time fully occupied, she is more than content. How at length, her work

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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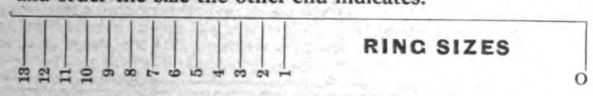
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No. 222, Fancy Band Ring. Mail the coupon below, with eight Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This ring is for men or women. Solid gold-shell; exceptionally beautiful pattern. Give size.

No. 227, Heart Ring. Mail the coupon below, with twelve Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This solid gold-shell ring is for ladies or misses; the design is three hearts each set with imitation turquoise. Give size.

To Club Raisers

How to get 15 signatures free and do your friends a favor

This introductory ring offer is so remarkable that you will surely want your friends to know about it. Under the following club offer, it will be well worth *your* while to tell them, and *they* will thank you, too.

Send the coupon below, with one signature, and 10 cents in stamps or coin, and we will send you at once one of these beautiful initial solid gold-shell rings. This will be *your* ring. Use it to show your friends what a remarkable offer this is. Get five of them (not already using Arbuckles' Coffee) to take advantage of this offer, just as you have. We will mail each of your friends direct the beautiful ring, when you send us the money and signatures for the five rings.

For doing this *you* will earn 15 signatures free.

When we send you *your* ring, we will send a special blank, giving full and clear instructions as to what you have to do to get these 15 signatures free. At the same time, we will send you our beautiful new catalog, showing the wide choice of wonderful gifts you can get for 15 signatures.

Then you can advise us what you want for the 15 Arbuckle signatures that you get free; or, if you so desire, we will mail you a credit for the 15 signatures, which you can count with signatures cut from our coffee packages for articles which require a greater quantity.

Mail the coupon now, with one Arbuckle signature and 10 cents.

Better than ever



State here No. of ring you want ..... Size wanted .....
If initial ring, letter desired (only one letter on each ring) .....
Name ..... State .....
No. and Street ..... or R. D. .....
City .....

This coupon, with 10 cents and one signature is good for the initial ring shown above, or, with the proper number of signatures, for any of the other presents shown. This offer does not hold good after April 30, 1915. Only one coupon accepted from any one person or family.

ARBUCKLE BROS.,
71-B Water St., New York.

With this coupon I enclose ..... signatures from Arbuckles' Coffee and .... cents for which please send me the above.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.

NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

THIS is COMFORT's home number. There is no word in the English language that stirs the heart or the imagination, no word that is more appealing or beautiful than home. Every worth while memory centers around the home, for there it was that mother lived, and there too perhaps she died. But anyway there is scarcely a man woman or child, unless they were born in institutions, that are not profoundly stirred by thoughts of home. No matter how humble or how mean that home may have been there are always memories and associations that make it a hallowed and sacred spot, even to the most hardened and callous of humans. Probably seventy per cent of the homes that people cherish reverently in the hallowed halls of memory, were unsanitary hovels erected by speculative builders for profit, devoid of beauty and comfort, and yet by a thousand tender associations inexpressibly dear to those who once inhabited them. There are thousands of men on the battle line in Europe and tens of thousands in the United States, whose only home consists of a room or two in a cottage, shack, or tenement, inhabited by from three to half-a-dozen or more people. In spite of an upbringing among sordid and poverty-stricken surroundings, men are still willing to go and fight in defense of even these apologies for homes. That only shows you the inherent good there is in human nature. Just as mankind is menaced by millions of visible and invisible enemies (everything about us being alive with myriads of disease germs) so is the home menaced by scores of enemies, and no enemy more merciless and destructive than alcohol, the poison which men and women put into their mouths to destroy health, character and soul. Now how many of you read the editorial in our February issue? Probably half of you skipped it, as editorials are supposed to be dry reading. If you didn't read that preachment look up your February COMFORT, or borrow your neighbor's if you have lost it, and read, study and ponder that article well. I wish to make a personal appeal to COMFORT's readers, especially the men, and the boys who will soon be men, to strike a blow at the liquor traffic, the deadliest foe of the American home. Now I don't want to quote a lot of statistics to you (you'll find figures a plenty in the February editorial) for all the figures in the world won't make as deep an impression on you as will the narration of a few facts gleaned from the field of my own life experience.

I have had a great deal of experience with the drink business. There are few men who know more about it theoretically and practically than I do. Whiskey I never had any use for, and I don't think in all my life I ever bought myself a drink of whiskey, except when it was taken in a milk punch, or with hot lemonade to produce perspiration and help break up a cold or when sipped once or twice as a heart stimulant. I've emptied into convenient cuspidors many a quart of fine champagne (bought by some idiotic money burner) so that I could get up the next morning with a clear head. The boozy fizz water has no attraction for me, but I frankly confess I enjoyed a bottle of beer, or a glass of claret at mealtimes, and often after the performance at night, when I was on the stage, and had been in a stuffy, unventilated theater, singing or shouting my head off for four long hours, I have in a prohibition town, turned the whole place upside down to get a glass of beer as an accompaniment to a midnight lunch of sandwiches or crackers and cheese. One bottle was all I wanted. Water on those occasions didn't satisfy or hit the spot. You see I want to be frank with you all, and as there are at least a million users of alcohol who will read this article, and as it is to those of our readers I wish particularly to appeal, I want them to know that I thoroughly appreciate the enjoyment they get out of their beer or light wines, but never can I, or could I understand why men want to drink that dirty, vile, rotten, poisonous stuff, called whiskey. Now I'm not going to plead for beer and damn whiskey, but on the contrary I want even the beer drinkers to help me abolish both breweries and distilleries, because both are unnecessary and dangerous, and both are a menace to the individual, the home, and the race.

Now you all know I have devoted almost my entire energies in this department to championing the cause of the masses, the plain people of the United States. I have upheld the cause of the wage workers and toilers against the spoilers; and more than once my enthusiasm for the under dog has caused me days of anguish, heartache and suspense and taken the vitality from my body and left me wrecked physically, and bankrupt in hope. So when I appeal to you men who support on your stalwart shoulders the burdens of the world I am talking to you not as a stranger, but as one of yourselves, one who knows in watch directions your interests lie, far more than you do yourselves, for when you think, you think only of conditions as they affect you, while I think of conditions as they affect all men, and all women, and all children. The lot of the toilers is hard enough heaven knows, but they have made it immeasurably harder by hugging to their breasts this devilish destroyer of health, morals and character—alcohol. You kick and complain about low wages, long hours, low standards of living, the hopelessness of the struggle, the lack of a future, the hardships of life, then you go and take about a third of the wretched pittance you get for your toil, and squander it on poison, rum, whiskey and sloppy chemicals called beer. Granted this stuff makes you forget your troubles for a while, but does it make your wife forget her troubles or your children forget their miseries, or give you the strength to fight the rich loafers who suck your vitality and ride upon your back? Does it make the boss have more respect for you and prompt him to give you more of the wealth you create? No, you poor benighted boneheads, it does not do anything of the kind. Instead of fuddling your brains with booze if you kept them clean and bright, you would be in a position to do some real thinking and have sufficient strength and courage to fight your exploiters. If booze made you forget your troubles forever and gave you the rosy view that alcohol so briefly supplies, I would tell you to go wallow in it, drown yourselves in it, but for the few brief moments of forgetfulness that liquor gives you, you empty your pockets, you make your half-clad children still more naked and still more hungry, and you send another knife thrust deep into the heart of the woman who loves you, the one-time little girl who was the idol of your youthful dreams, but who is now a woman devoid of hope, nourishing in her frail worn bosom the fragments of a heart that you have broken beyond repair. Your pitiless employers watch you keenly, and contemptuously say: "What is the good of raising these men's wages, when they already throw away a third of what we give them?" Then they salve their consciences or what with them stands for conscience, with the thought that if you had more in your pay envelope it would only mean more for the saloon and no more for your homes, and by the eternal they are not far wrong. Remember we spend one and three quarter billions of dollars on whiskey—that is nearly two thousand millions of dollars yearly for poison—and most of that money comes out of the pockets of the people who don't earn more than twelve dollars a week, and a vast deal of it comes out of the pockets of those who don't earn more than ten dollars a week. Now do you get that? Wise up if you are not too soused, pickled, and stewed to grasp what these figures mean. Drink has always been the curse of the working class, the saloon their arch enemy, and until the wage-earning masses of this republic make up their minds to cast out the vile rum demon, and sever their connection with it forever, there is absolutely no hope for them. The abolition of the drink traffic, root and branch, is the first great work that the masses of the people must accomplish if they ever intend to get out of the miry sloughs of squalor, filth, poverty, degradation and all-round wretchedness that so many millions now wallow in. Once the saloon is abolished, the stupefied brain cleared up, the home will take on a different aspect and so will the world at large. The social hall will replace the saloon and men will meet not for the purpose of befuddling their half developed brains with poison, but to stimulate them with healthy intercourse and polish them with an exchange of ideas on all matters that make for uplift and betterment. For a nation of drunkards there is no hope, and we come mighty nigh being that kind of a nation in spite of prohibition. Prohibition at present does not remove the menace of drink. As I said before in these columns, it drives it under, but does not drive it out. It makes liquor harder to get but not impossible to get. If we had nation-wide prohibition and knew that we couldn't get liquor at any price, we would gladly begin to forget that there ever



CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS DRAKE, AGE THREE MONTHS.

was any such rotten dope as whiskey. The old craving would gradually disappear. Our children would be brought up in a saloonless land without any inherited craving for poisonous stimulants, and the billions that are now spent for poison would be (and soon will be), spent to make this country a land worth living in. A sober nation would soon be a thinking nation, and a thinking nation would soon be an educated nation, a nation without prisons, police, poorhouses, crime, poverty, prostitution, and all other kinds of sin and degeneracy, that are largely the result of drink. If you doubt this, look at Kansas, there are counties in Kansas that have no poorhouses and no poverty. There are counties where it is useless for the judges to sit, for there are no criminals to be put on trial. People who reside in Kansas will on an average, live six years longer than people who live in Missouri, where booze runs free and gin mills work overtime. There are young people in Kansas rapidly approaching their maturity who have never seen a saloon in operation and know nothing of its evils. In another generation when the liquor traffic and the saloon have been abolished our grandchildren will be telling their children how in grandfather's day, this beautiful land was smothered with poison dens, vile holes where men tried to ruin their bodies and their souls with fiery liquor, which made them akin to beasts, the prey of conscienceless employers and rascally political bosses, and made the young woman the prey of fiends who used liquor to stupefy them ere they accomplished their ruin. The generations yet unborn will look down upon us much as we today look down upon the hogs, and they will wonder how we ever allowed this monster to fasten itself upon us and push us into disease, crime, slavery, degeneracy and death. You were told in our February editorial, you moderate drinkers, that you were not giving your children a chance. What is moderation with you heredity may make wild excess with them. I knew a family, very close to my own, where the son and the daughter of parents who never drank anything more than a glass of beer at dinner-time, became eventually the most abject and inveterate drunkards. Both the son and the daughter married, and each had large families. The son had a family of six sons and two daughters. Three of the six drank themselves to death, the two others are besotted degenerates, one only escaping the inherited appetite. One daughter also drinks. The other family has a record almost as bad. These two families had every advantage that money and position could give. They did not drink because of the hardship of their lives or to make them forget the misery of their lot. They drank because they had inherited an uncontrollable craving for stimulants. They were not born into the world, they were damned into the world; and just because their grandparents unfortunately liked a glass of beer at mealtime. I could tell you things about these two families that would make your hair stand on end. The drunkard's wife was one of the noblest, sweetest women I ever met. Her parents were total abstainers. She stuck to her drunken husband through all sorts of terrible calamities and bore him eight children. Her pride and joy was her youngest son and I remember when the lad was twelve years of age standing by the mother as she put her arms round the boy's neck and he patted her cheek and tried to comfort her (the husband had just staggered into the house drunk), with the eldest son a few yards behind him, also drunk and the youngest boy said: "Mother I will never drink and cause you pain and sorrow. The others may break your heart but I never will. I'm going to be a minister and every sermon I preach will be against drink." I remember well what the mother replied. She kissed that beloved boy of hers and said: "Ralph, all I hope is that God will spare me to hear your first sermon." That boy was one of the handsomest, finest, most lovable young fellows I ever met. He went to one of our greatest universities and became one of the finest musicians in the land. One night he was playing some piano music at a swell social function at which he was a guest and two society women simply forced a glass of champagne to his lips and made him drink it. That was his finish. The stuff took hold of him as wind takes hold of a prairie fire. Two years ago while suffering from delerium tremens he jumped out of the window of a hospital and crashed to death on the sidewalk below. One night while visiting this family, I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by the most blood-curdling screams I ever heard in all my life. The screams were repeated again and again, and then I heard a voice shrieking hysterically: "Stop that clock! stop that clock! or I'll go mad! Listen to what it says, tick, tick, drunkard's wife! tick, tick, drunkard's wife!" Then I heard a rushing of feet. It was the boy whose life was later crushed out on the sidewalk. His arms were about his mother and he was comforting and soothing her as a mother comforts a babe. He was raining kisses on that poor tortured brow and pleading with his mother not to upset herself and to "please go back to bed and sleep." The drunken husband snored on oblivious to all. A younger child terrified by the screams of its mother, was crying pitifully in an adjoining room. I shall never forget that night and that incident as long as I live. My brave little hostess with a smile on her face apologized the next morning for disturbing my rest. Oh, the tragedy of that martyred soul's life.

Won't you moderate drinkers bear this incident in mind when you are sipping the glass that seems so innocent to you, but which may mean a trail of suffering and death to generations unborn? It is no use talking to the chronic souse, the toper, the drunkard, the boozologist. They should all be rounded up and given a course of treatment (part of the treatment should be a sound thrashing once a week) and then employed at farm labor, healthy out-of-door exercise for a few years until every trace of alcohol had been worked out of their systems, and then sent home on probation. Moderate drinkers are not enslaved by rum, but they have the ability to enslave others. It would call for little sacrifice on their part to give up their social glass, and if the American workingman will but save the money he wastes in the saloon he has an excellent chance of eventually making the home which he now scorns, a home worth while. Let labor divorce itself from rum and the saloon, and do *more thinking and less drinking*, then it will be in a fair way of becoming the greatest political and social power in the land, something it will never be while enslaved by rum. Don't waste your votes on the prohibition party, good though its intentions are, it is a party that is worse than dead and can accomplish nothing and is going downhill all the time. Force the old and new parties to put a prohibition plank in their platforms. Give the women the vote. One woman will do more to close up a saloon than fifty men, for it is she and her children who suffer most from the poison den's activities. And you men bear this in mind, it is the liquor interests, those big, swinish booze manufacturers, those wholesale poisoners, who are spending millions to fight woman's suffrage. They are mortally afraid of the women for they know women are their deadly foes. They are not afraid of the men, they know how to handle them, but they are in deadly fear of the women, for they cannot be bought, cajoled, influenced or frightened. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned or a woman wronged, and the booze shop has been woman's scourge, her mortal enemy, and she has declared war on it to the death. Now wake up and get busy and help her in the fight, for she is fighting your battle, fighting to make you pants wearing, swilling male geese into real men. Wake up I say and let this land of ours set a glorious example to the world, by crushing under its heel man's greatest curse and his most relentless foe.

Join the League and get our new correspondence list; contains hundreds of names—just out.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them.—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort.—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

TOLBERT, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will write you a few lines this rainy night. I am a young woman, and mother of one child, a little boy three months old. His name is Charles Noel Douglas Drake. My mother, Mrs. C. C. Hornsby, named him. She, as well as myself, are great admirers of Uncle Charlie. I will send you one of the baby's pictures. He is the only child in the family as my mother never had any children but myself.

We live in the house with my mother and father. We have all of Uncle Charlie's books.

We live on the farm and prefer farm life to town life, as I have lived in town the biggest part of my life. I wish that dear Uncle Charlie was able to visit us and see his little namesake. I do hope he will makes as smart a man as the one he is named after. Now Uncle, write me a personal letter if you have time. I would enjoy it very much. Let me know whether you got the picture or not, and how you like it. I wrote this as a personal letter to you, but if you think it is worth printing you can do so.

I will stop and rock the little one to sleep. With love to Uncle Charlie,

I am, Lovingly a friend, MRS. ADELE DRAKE.

Mrs. Drake, I am greatly delighted at the way you have honored me by upholstering that magnificent little baby boy of yours with my name. I'm afraid you've jonahed the poor kiddie for the rest of his life, and have handicapped him with a hoodoo, which I fear may follow him for the balance of his days. I wish you had communicated with me before burdening the dear little kiddie so rashly, as a name like mine is rather dangerous to wear these stormy, gory, troublous times. For the sake of peace and quietness and to be on the safe side, I've been to the hospital and have had a section of my old name amputated and instead of Uncle Charlie I am now Uncle Hans Dinkelspiel on week days and Uncle Charlie on Sundays. I've also dismissed my Irish Billy Goat and now have a dachshund whose name is Fritz. Having done everything for the sake of world peace and international harmony I will now proceed. I've been looking at the picture of your little boy for the last half hour, and he suggested a train of thought that has filled me with envy. If I were rich I would give a thousand dollars to anyone who could tell me what thought that budding life has suggested. Bet none of you would ever earn the money. Now I've been thinking of what wonderful things that baby is going to see in the course of his existence and what glorious changes for the better are going to take place in the short span of Charles Noel Douglas Dinkelspiel Drake's seventy year career on this little gob of floating dust, on which we make our home. Before C. N. D. D. D. is twenty-one years of age he will have seen the republican and democratic parties disappear from political life. By the time he is ten years of age he will see the telegraph and telephone service operated by Uncle Sam, and by the time he is fifteen he will see all the railroads in government hands. If he ever runs a fast freight between Kankakee and Kalamazoo it is your Uncle Sam who will pay him for doing the job. By the time he is fifteen there won't be a saloon in the land, or a woman who can't vote, nor an unemployed man that cannot at any moment get a job from the state or federal authorities. By the time C. N. D. D. D. is fifteen there will not be a tramp in the land, for by that time we shall have solved the question of the unemployed, and by that time I don't think there will be quite as many billionaires as there are now. If there are, Master Charles Noel Douglas Dinkelspiel Drake I fervently hope that some kindly planet, some fiery comet on a rampage will have crashed into this servile, cringing earth and shattered it into a trillion, billion pieces. By the time you are twenty-five my dear laddie, all the young people will be receiving an education for life and not for business, and by the time you are thirty-five a fallen man will be regarded with as much abhorrence as a fallen woman; no working girl will have to depend

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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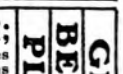
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EARL HOPKINS, - Washington, D. C.

GET A BETTER PLACE

Decorative Furnishings Useful and Easy to Make

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A Pergola

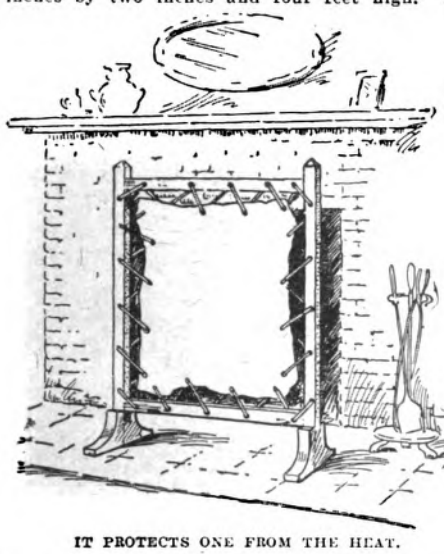
The pergola or outside window shade is a bit of decoration that adds a real touch of refinement to even a simple cottage. The thing is to build it of the right proportions. The sketch suggests a simple and efficient plan for this purpose. The material recommeded is cypress. The curved pieces must not be more than a half inch thick and will bend more readily if soaked in boiling water or steamed. The work is of the simplest character and may be superintended by anyone who has the good fortune to have this number of COMFORT. What is more charming than a pergola shaded window with a green creeper trailing over it?



GIVES A TOUCH OF REFINEMENT.

Fire-Screens

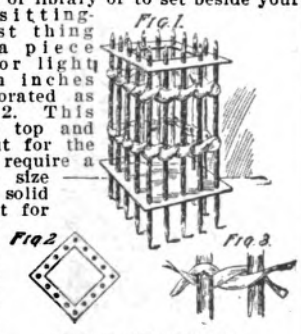
This little cut shows an article of simplicity and genuine merit. It is a fire-screen made of a hide laced into the frame with buckskin. It will lend refinement and charm to your dining-room and by its homely beauty suggest strongly the good taste of its owner. Little need be said concerning its construction. The posts are two inches by two inches and four feet high. The material and workmanship must be of the best. Bore the holes before any paint is applied, and swab some inside same to avoid a shoddy appearance. Several coats of mission stain and a thorough polishing with wax will make a rich, satiny surface that will be appropriate.



IT PROTECTS ONE FROM THE HEAT.

Waste Basket

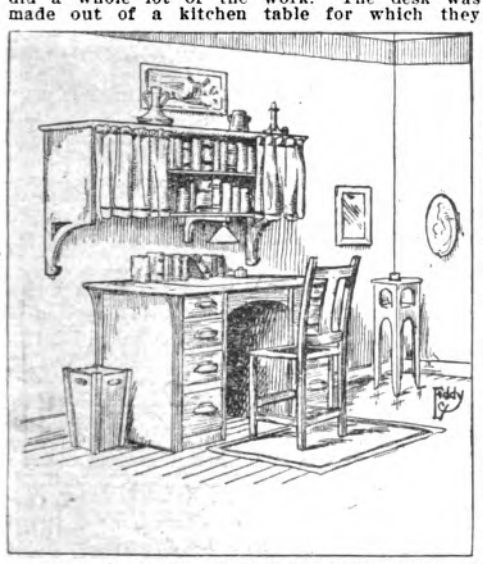
This design is neat, serviceable and appropriate for a country home. It makes a pretty waste basket for the den or library or to set beside your desk in the sitting-room. The first thing you need is a piece of cardboard or light wood sixteen inches square and perforated as shown in Fig. 2. This piece is for the top and has no center but for the bottom you will require a piece of similar size and shape that is solid throughout, except for the holes. When you have cut the holes in the cardboard procure several dozen straight twigs about a quarter of an inch in diameter and two feet high. Insert them into the holes in the bottom piece and push the top frame down over them. The twigs are then intertwined with raffia or colored ribbon. If you know how to plait straw you can, from this idea, evolve something very nice in the way of a waste basket. It would make a fine gift to give your city friend as a souvenir of a country visit.



THE HANDY BASKET.

Work Corner

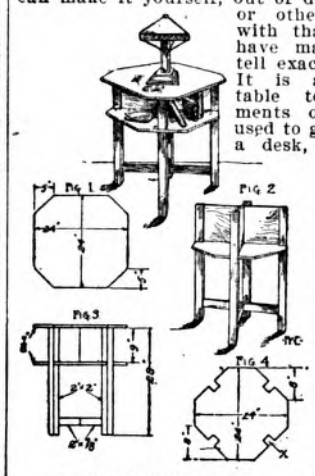
Here is a view of a work corner in an humble home. Every article shown was built by the man at the suggestion of his wife. In fact she was the brains behind the entire scheme, and did a whole lot of the work. The desk was made out of a kitchen table for which they had no further use. It was not easy work but it was pleasant and taught them many things. The book rack was made from common pine boards. The waste basket consists of heavy brown cardboard from a tailor's packing case, and four light posts. The wife did this all herself as a surprise. The stand in the corner is another of her designs, worked out one evening after supper. The whole set was finished in dark oak and certainly looked nice. Utility was the main point aimed at and it was well achieved.



WOMAN'S INGENUITY AND MAN'S PATIENCE.

Table

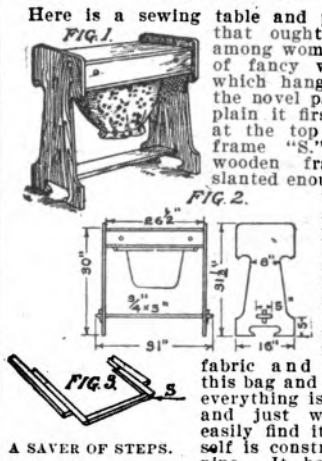
The novel features of this center table are of real every-day use in the home. I believe you can make it yourself, out of discarded bedsteads or other furniture, and with that end in view I have made the drawings tell exactly how to do so. It is a desirable card table to serve refreshments on. It might be used to good advantage for a desk, and as a study table for the children it has no superior. I might also add that it will do as a sewing or dressing table but I will leave you to use it as you will. Fig. 1 shows the shape of the top and the dimensions used in cutting it out. The under part or shelf resembles it in shape but it has four notches cut for the legs. The legs are two inches square. The fastening is done by cutting mortises for the under braces and the partition pieces. Glue and concealed screws reinforce the joints. To finish in mission style, apply water stain-filler of the right shade and then wax polish in the order named. The table will amply repay you in good service for any trouble you take in making it.



AN ALL-AROUND TABLE.

Sewing Table

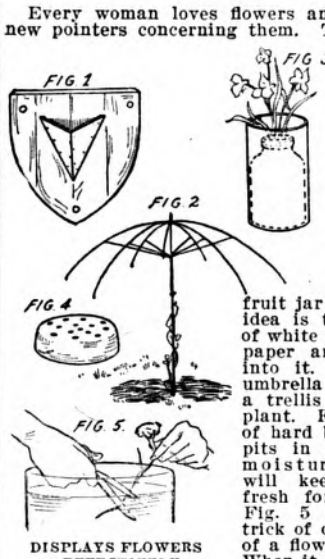
Here is a sewing table and patch receptacle that ought to find favor among women who do a lot of fancy work. The bag which hangs underneath is the novel part so I will explain it first. It is sewed at the top to the wooden frame "S." This light wooden frame is just slanted enough on the edges to hang in place and may be pulled out and pushed in like a slide drawer. This is illustrated in Fig. 3. When you are through working, put the fabric and needlecase into this bag and slide it in. Then everything is out of the way and just where you can easily find it. The table itself is constructed of yellow pine. It has a convenient slide drawer on top and a shelf underneath. It is unique and serviceable, in fact you cannot appreciate its value properly unless you own one.



A SAVER OF STEPS.

Flower Stunts

Every woman loves flowers and likes to read new pointers concerning them. The first sketch, marked Fig. 1, is a wall pocket to hold a plant to go on a fence, or porch post or garden wall. It is popular in England, and may be made by the housewife out of an old soap box. Fig. 3 shows a way of using a fruit jar for a vase. The idea is to make a tube of white or fancy-colored paper and set the jar into it. Fig. 2 is an umbrella frame used as a trellis for a climbing plant. Fig. 4 is a piece of hard baked clay with pits in it. It absorbs moisture rapidly and will keep cut flowers fresh for a long time. Fig. 5 illustrates the trick of cutting the stem of a flower under water. When it is cut any other way, air enters and forms a barrier to the moisture which should travel through the stem. This little bit of science applied to every-day life is well worth following.



DISPLAYS FLOWERS EFFECTIVELY.

Improving the Arch

An old-fashioned bare arch is rather ghastly looking but may be improved at a moderate cost. in a way that will add cheer and coziness to the home. The picture shows pretty clearly how this may be accomplished. The idea is to have a built-in cabinet at one or both sides of the opening and short columns running from their tops to the arch top. The cabinets may be used for books or photographs and have stained glass or leaded glass doors. The material should, of course, be like the rest of the woodwork. In most cases yellow pine is used. Any handy man, or the woman of the house herself, may do this work by going at it carefully and methodically. If round columns are used they will have to be purchased at the mill. Varnish, with a little stain added to darken it, will make the new lumber pretty much like the old. Three coats are needed, the first thinned one half with turpentine, the second one fourth and the third full strength.



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GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

six years the tenth of last February which is also my birthday.

I should be glad to hear from any who care to write and will answer all I can.

With love and best wishes to all. From your COMFORT sister, MRS. HALCIE BARKER.

SAFE, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I presume my last attempt reached the waste basket, but after reading Mrs. Barnes' letter in December issue, could not keep from "speakin' up in meetin'." I should like to meet her and have her for a friend.

The subject she discussed is one of vital importance, and one seldom discussed. If more sermons were preached along this line, the heaven which Uncle Charlie is striving to bring about here on earth would be sooner arriving.

Even Christ Himself was tempted, and He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." A great many men and boys seem to have the impression that because they are males they are privileged characters to a certain extent. This erroneous idea should be eliminated once for all. They should remember there will be a final reckoning, that the Great Judge before whom they shall have to appear is "no respecter of persons."

There is a great deal in training children, more than in heredity I think. The great Luther Burbank says: "Environment is a greater factor in life than heredity."

The great Book places a liar and thief in the same class as an adulterer. If one is branded why not all? Most people will reform if given an opportunity, and let us remember, "To err is human, to forgive divine." To all those who have fallen and are earnestly endeavoring to live right at present, and have repented of their mistakes, I offer my deepest sympathy and encouragement. Religion will help you when all else fails and He and not man is your judge.

The last verse of Longfellow's poem, "The Ladder of St Augustine," is this:

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last
To something nobler we attain."

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers. MRS. MARY L. RHODES.

Mrs. Rhodes. I feel sure your words of sympathy and encouragement will reach some weak and erring sister, who perhaps at that moment is trying to decide whether to make one more try for the higher things of life or to sink a little deeper into the depths where she is being pushed by the neglect or, more shame to them, the uncharitableness of presumably Christian people, and it may be the means of her salvation. To again quote the poem you referred to, they might be helped on their way if they would remember.

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

Emerson tells us that "The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue," and the inference is plain that if we, who are safe from temptation—perhaps I should say, who have not been subjected to temptation—were not so willing to listen to the stories of another's downfall, there would not be so many to keep such stories in circulation. Let us then resolve not to possess the "hearing ear" unless we train it to hear only good.—Ed.

1015 Arlington Heights, LEXINGTON, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you admit a Kentuckian into your circle?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for almost a year and enjoy the sisters' letters so much.

As I have never seen a description of Lexington in COMFORT, I'll try to describe the "Blue Grass" city, which has a population of forty thousand and twenty-five miles of paved streets; is the largest loose leaf tobacco market in the world; has the State Reform School and the Eastern Kentucky Hospital for the Insane; is the world's greatest market for high class trotting and running horses; is the commercial and educational center of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky; is the "hub" of a network or interurban electric lines running to Paris, Versailles, Frankport, Georgetown and Nicholasville, also many trains in different directions; is the home of State University, Transylvania University, Sayre and Hamilton Colleges, with three thousand students, besides many business colleges and public and private schools; has five skyscrapers, the highest being fifteen stories; nearly seventy wholesale houses; about three hundred groceries; two opera houses, one auditorium; five moving picture theaters; Carnegie Library; two large hospitals; besides several private sanitariums; twenty-five or thirty churches; many banks and several factories. Three parks, Woodland, Gratz and Duncan, add to the beauty of the city.

It is also the home and burial place of Henry Clay, Breckenridge and other famous men. The Clay monument can be seen at quite a distance from the city. The streets are either block (wooden blocks, not quite the size of a brick, covered with tar), macadam, asphalt or brick. The sidewalks are concrete. Our city is called the "Capital of the Blue Grass," "The Eden of America," "The Athens of the South." In a few woods, "Lexington is noted for its fine race horses and pretty women."

Several miles from the city are the famous stock farms owned by New York millionaires, W. C. Whitney, Perry Belmont, August Belmont and the late James B. Haggin, whose fam known as "Elmendorf" consists of more than nine thousand acres. I will only describe the dairy at this writing as I do not want to take up too much space, if my letter is fortunate enough to be printed. Early in 1908 Mr. Haggin, who was an ardent advocate of clean milk, determined upon the establishment of the dairy at Elmendorf, and immediately laid plans to secure the finest herd of cattle that money could procure. So well did he succeed that the fame of his herd is world wide. It consists of the finest herds of imported Jerseys, imported milking Shorthorn cattle and Guernseys, a few of the Black Kerry and some Dexter cows. Mr. Haggin has been known to refuse $2,500.00 for a baby Jersey. The dairy barn is situated several hundred feet from the demonstration building, and stretching away from it are great pasture lands. It is surrounded by beautifully laid-out grounds, walks and roadways, and is constructed almost entirely of concrete and brick. It is built in the design of a Maltese Cross, each ell or wing being some two hundred and twenty feet long by forty feet wide, and at the end of each ell are two large silos. It is a model in sanitary construction with splendid systems of lighting and ventilating and the stall equipment is entirely of iron. Some distance to the rear of the dairy barn are the cow-sheds, calf barns, etc. In the construction of the beautiful "milk-house," all wood and absorbent materials have been eliminated; the floors, walls and ceilings are concrete, the doors and window frames are of iron; a large ventilating fan supplies the entire building with fresh air. The milk is carried from the dairy barn to the milk-receiving room, on the second floor of the milkhouse, by means of a cable. The milk is poured first through the large strainers and then distributed by gravity through the various channels until it reaches the milk-machinery room on the first floor, where the aerators for milk and cream, the bottles and capper machines, etc., are located. The machinery is of the very best type, and everything in the milk-machinery room is so arranged that it can be cleaned with high pressure steam. After the milk bottles are sterilized, filled and sealed they are put into a refrigerator electric car and brought to the city and delivered in automobiles and wagons.

As my letter is getting lengthy I will describe myself and bid you good by, I am five feet, three inches tall, have blue eyes, fair complexion, light brown hair, weigh one hundred pounds, am twenty-one years old. Have been bookkeeper and stenographer in my father's grocery store over four years.

Would like to correspond with some of the sisters in California and Michigan who are about my age.

Best wishes to COMFORT readers,
MISS. AGNES PIERCE.

Miss Pierce. I was much interested in your letter particularly in the part relating to sanitary dairying and I hope our readers will profit by your description. True, I know the average farmer cannot afford such an outlay of money, but simple cleanliness costs very little and is the most important of all things, and, in a great many cases, the most neglected.

I frankly admit my inability to deal with this according to the way it should be, but my desire is to awaken you to a realization of conditions in your own barns and dairies and then if you will read the many papers and magazines devoted to that purpose alone you will see wherein your methods were at fault. You will find much of help in COMFORT'S Modern Farmer Department from time to time.—Ed.

SAN BERNARDINO, R. R. 2, Box 38 B., CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for a number of years. Until now I have been a silent reader.

Husband and I have decided to take up a homestead; we would like to locate in California, near here where it would not cost so much for transportation. We have a little money to start with and would like to hear from any of the sisters on homesteads in Humbolt, Siskiyou, Inyo or Shasta counties, California, or Lakeview, Oregon. We have government literature from all of these places but would be better able to decide if we could get letters direct from someone at the place. I will repay favor in any way for I am very anxious to hear from someone. We have had about five years' experience on a farm and liked the life very much.

With best wishes to all, ROSA FEHN.

CRANAL, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if you can find room in your circle for me? 'Tis a dreary rainy afternoon, but I just had to call, to tell you how much I love dear old COMFORT. Have been taking COMFORT for the past eleven months, and already feel that I could not do without it. I am always anxious for it to come. I enjoy every article in it, but find so much that is helpful and comforting in the Sisters' Corner, that I must center my preference there. I find so many suggestions from the sisters that have been a great help to me, especially from the mothers. I always finish reading this corner with a new hope and resolution. When blue or discontented the best thing I can find to do, is to read the letters from COMFORT sisters. People so often think their cross heavier than any other, just because they don't know the trials and heart aches of others and the best cure for that is to listen to another's woes, and these letters are just like a good old heart-to-heart talk.

I have been quite interested in the discussion which has been going on relative to country and city life. I have had only two years' experience of country life, and one can hardly call this a fair trial as you will see when I mention some of the unpleasant things I have had to contend with; but still I prefer the farm. I have lived in Birmingham vicinity all my life until the last two years. This place is thinly settled, my nearest neighbor lives one mile away. School and church four miles, nearest railroad twenty miles, nearest doctor twelve miles, but fortunately we have a telephone system. The country is very rough. We have a farm of three hundred and twenty acres. My husband's occupation is furnace foreman and he has been away from home, at his work, until the last few months except for a few days at a time when he came on a visit. Of course not being used to his being away from home or to the solitude of the country and being alone here with the children (we have four children

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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BULL NETTLES

By Alice Terry Hayward

This touching story will do us all good. If anybody does not like it, it is because it pricks his conscience. The story is true to life and although Bill Pearson is an extreme type he exists duplicated many times over in actual life. Then there are minor degrees of joy-killers—sometimes, though less often, the mother acting that role—and all such, whether men or women, as cast a gloom over the household should take the lesson to heart. Reserve your tenderest consideration, sunniest smiles and best behavior to brighten your home.—Editor.

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BILL PEARSON stopped his plow and glanced over into the adjoining field where two forlorn figures, armed with very large hoes, were fighting a crop of stubborn bull-nettles. "Hurry up there, you kids," he shouted, impatiently, "ef yuh want to go to that doin's tomorrow!" He clucked to the horses and started on.

Bill was a big man with a manner especially persuasive to small dependent creatures. He chuckled over the avalanche of blows now rained with renewed energy upon the tough, resisting roots. "A picnic," he mused, "is a great hustler—It has almost cleaned my worst cotton patch."

Over the fence, the two he had prodded up were talking breathlessly, between blows: "Hurry, Susie!" It was a boy's voice—thin and anxious, like his body; "they's a chance of missing the picnic after all, and I'd hate to, the way mammy's worked. I'll bet she's got the baby's new dress done this very minute."

"I am hurryin'," panted Susie; "Joey, hits the hoe; seems like hits so much bigger'n me."

"Think of all mammy's got to do besides the dress—bake a cake, fry chickens, and—and everything; and you know pappy promised to go to town after dinner and get you a new pink dress and me a straw hat. She'll have to *make* the dress after he gets back."

"Pappy don't always——" the little girl paused to extricate her hoe from a nettle; "yuh think he'll sure go *this* time, Joey?" There was an anxious thrill in her voice.

Her brother's face clouded as he straightened his sharp, bent little shoulders, and for a minute gazed after the tall muscular figure of his father; then, without a word, he attacked the weeds again.

The morning hours were painfully long, and the sun, reflected from the huge iron-rock boulders of the Georgia hillside, beat down unmercifully. When Pearson finally stopped and threw the lines over the horses' sides, the children sought the water bucket, and poured what was left, hot from the sun, onto their blistered feet, shouldered their hoes, and silently followed in his wake.

Mrs. Pearson was dishing up the corn-bread, bacon and green beans for the noon meal. Her face was red and her hands trembled; but she stopped to kiss the little "cotton-choppers" and exhibit the baby's new dress.

"Oh! mammy, hain't hit beautiful? Where did you get this lace fer round the neck?" shrilled Susie. "Joey, see how stiff your waist is starched—hit looks plumb new."

The boy noted with interest the glossy plait down the front of his much worn garment, and the new cuffs that would enable it to cover his bony wrists. "She's shore a dandy!" he whistled, settling himself hastily at the table. He and Susie must bolt their beans and corn-bread, and get back, or there'd be no wearing the garment that had cost his mother so much extra work.

Pearson ate rapidly, too, and in silence. Finally, he said, pushing back aggressively: "Sairy, I guess I can't go to town after all. These here kids hain't worth their salt; they don't deserve the clothes they have. I'll jest nachelly have to stay at home, anyway, and go round the fence—the stock's been breakin' out. Like as not ef we went tomorrow, we'd lose twenty dollars' worth o' stuff, I hain't a-goin'."

Sarah Pearson gazed steadily across the table. The hot crimson of her face had vanished, and in its whiteness, her eyes condensed the fire that her cheeks rejected. She seemed about to speak, but instead arose hurriedly and went into the bedroom where the sleeping babies were cradled. When she reappeared, at the end of five minutes, Bill seemed to have been visited by an after thought.

"They don't deserve to go," he said, indicating the two small objects, whose pointed chins were sunken low enough to keep down the sobs in their throats—"they don't *deserve* hit—but if they can get a move on 'em in time to go round the fence, 'stead o' leavin' hit fer me to do tomorrow—we'll go. Think you can do it?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy blinking back the tears.

The little girl suddenly sat erect.

"But," turning to his wife, "I can't go after them shoes and dress—you'll have to do without such foolishness—understand? You can make somethin' o' yours."

"But mammy ain't got nothin'," objected Susie.

"Shut up, miss!" commanded her father, "this hain't your put in."

Once more the little girl was reduced to tears.

"We're a-goin' children, don't you be afeared," the mother spoke quietly.

Bill glanced sharply at her but for once refrained from speaking.

In the afternoon Sarah Pearson appeared to lose the buoyant energy with which she had toiled through the preceding days.

She sat for a long time on the edge of the bed and soothed the wakened baby, whose lusty cries disturbed the smallest. Finally, she arose and bringing a basin of water, bathed him, and then dressed him in a clean calico dress.

Quietly he sat, contentedly muching a piece of corn-bread, while the other baby was washed and dressed.

Changing from her print, into a cheap lawn, and blacking her patched shoes, she pinned on a faded sailor hat. So faded that the forlorn roses, pathetically attempting to adorn, served only to make it appear even more faded.

Bidding the oldest child follow, she took the baby in her arms, and proceeded in the direction of the village.

At the store she almost forgot how exhausted she was from her long walk in the sun, and the weight of the heavy baby, as she matched in her mother heart, a pink striped lawn with Susie's dark wistful eyes and thin, eager little face.

For the little son she chose a straw hat, resplendent with red, white and blue band, and a tie of many colors.

Opening a worn purse, she drew from it a crisp dollar bill.

A sister from a distant town had sent it for the sole object of having the childrens' picture "struck."

A great pain clutched at her heart and blurred, for an instant, the gaudy little hat and pink lawn the storekeeper was doing up for her. The vision of the children with new clothes, and smoothly combed hair, pictured on the front page of the little faded album in the bottom of the old trunk might never be.

But another vision came; a vision which often comes and clutches at the mother's heart, a little form might be soon, who knows, lying with small sunburned and calloused hands, now white and waxen, folded upon the breast? Dark wistful eyes might be closed, with long lashes, forever lying upon waxen cheek.

What if no childish joys ever, ever thrilled that small heart? No long happy days filled with sounds of shrill whistles. No eating of popcorn from red starry packages, or drinking of red lemonade from tall cold glasses.

The little green grave upon the timbered hillside, where slept the first-born son, intensified this vision to the point of a bursting heart. No such joys had ever been his heritage.

She turned away, under the pretext of getting the baby a drink, to hide the gathering tears, which threatened to overthrow.

Then came the soothing memory of the long, happy evenings, when just they two had popped corn and made molasses taffy. Pappy had been in bed, and sound asleep, and nothing marred the wonderful joys of making kites, tops and gaily colored scrap books. "She hath done what she could," was a wonderfully soothing thought.

The childrens' delight when they should behold their possessions, again filled her soul and lightened her steps, as she wended her way home over the hot sandy road. The oldest child was weary and cross and needed much encouragement. However, she reached the house before her husband and children came in from their work.

By supreme exertion the children had completed the task assigned them, and joyfully hastened to make the round of the pasture fence. The deep shadows were gathering over the woods, when the mother heard the voices of the children, mingled with the tinkling of the cow bells.

After their father had gone to bed she called them into the lean-to kitchen, where she had brought her sewing machine, and exhibited their treasures. Their delight knew no bounds, and she could scarcely persuade them to wash their weary little feet and crawl into the cot bed awaiting them.

However, they had been sleeping many hours before she completed her labor of love and arose with a sigh of satisfaction to fold away the pink lawn.

She was up before day, and the smell of frying chicken, awakened the excited and delighted little ones.

After breakfast and chores a tub of water was brought into the kitchen and each child carefully bathed and dressed, and cautioned not to "get mussed" till pappy came with the team.

Comfortably seated on a fence rail, Bill had been for the past half hour "swapping yarns" with Tom Larson, a neighbor, who now as the team was tied in the yard, climbed into the wagon and waited with an expectant air.

"Why Sairy," said her husband, entering and gazing about in apparant surprise, "there ain't no use of you goin' to all o' that trouble to fix up them there kids fur that picnic. You see I promised Tom Larson last week to go with him to Smithson's, today—there's a sale there, and I stand a chance of makin' some good trades. I'd kind 'a' forgot 'bout promisin' Tom, till this mornin'."

During this speech the children had not stirred from where they sat in starched primness on the edge of the bed. But all the eager light of gladness and expectation had faded from their faces, leaving them prematurely old—their thin little shoulders bowed with the hopelessness of it.

As if nothing more remained to be said, Bill reached for his driving whip. But not quick enough—for with a cat-like spring, Sarah snatched the whip from the wall and raised it in threatening attitude above her head.

"Stand back, Bill—back, I say! Don't you dare to touch that team today! Them's mine and the childrens' today! How long have you been promisin' that trip? A month! How many times have they earned it? A hundred! Jest to have hit taken away from them—pretendin' they had done somethin' or other to lose out. What do you mean, Bill Pearson, by goin' back on your promise a hundred times to your own flesh and blood and kepin' hit every time to Tom Larson? Look at them little bent backs, that's been a-toilin' day in and day out to earn this day!

"Remember, will you that little form lyin' up there on the hillside, that toiled day in and day out, and never did have a day? His back was bent too, but he's at rest now, and I walked to the store yesterday an' got those things you promised to get, an' didn't—with the dollar Mollie sent—lies, Bill, all lies! You never did intend to get 'em. That's how much your promise to us means. But today, Bill, we're a-goin' to have the team."

Bill stared at her in stupefied amazement. The fighting blood of her mountaineer ancestors aroused, showed in her flashing eyes, her slender stooped figure now fully erect.

Still holding the whip in her hand, she stepped to the door.

"Tom Larson, you can jest get out o' that wagon. Me and the children air goin' to use hit today. Bill promised hit to me 'fore he did to you, so I'll take hit."

The neighbor got out without a word, but there was a peculiar grin on his countenance.

Stepping back into the room where the children, who during this scene, sat with blanched faces and quivering lips, she bade them get into the wagon, while she put in the lunch basket.

Bill did not stir, but the neighbor untied the horses, and handing her the lines, gazed after them as long as he could see them, still with that peculiar grin.

"Got some spunk—that wife of yours—hain't she, Bill?" he remarked, as he picked up his whip.

"Well, I swan!" gasped Bill. "Well, I swan!"

The evening was late and the moon shining when Bill heard the rattling of the wagon, mingled with the sound of happy excited little voices.

Shambling forth in the moonlight, he took the team from his wife's hands. No words were spoken, but little Susie shyly advanced and held toward him a package of popcorn.

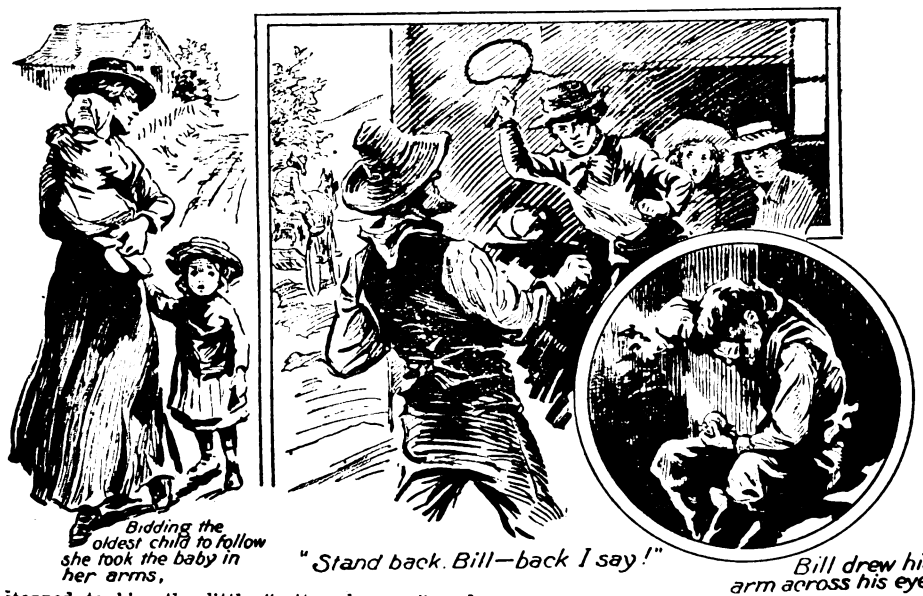
"Here pappy," she said timidly, "I done brought you most all of my popcorn. Hit's awful good."

Awkwardly he reached for it and thrust it into the pocket of his blouse.

After his wife and children had gone to bed, Bill Pearson sat on the lean-to porch in the moonlight. It was his custom to retire earlier than any of them, but tonight no weariness visited him. He sat long—holding in his hand, but not eating, the popcorn, little Susie had given him.

Far away upon the wooded hillside, where slept the little first-born, a whippoorwill was calling pleadingly and tenderly.

Suddenly, something bright sparkled in the moonlight, and dropped upon the gift of little Susie, and Bill drew his arm across his eyes.



Bidding the oldest child to follow she took the baby in her arms, *"Stand back, Bill—back I say!"* *Bill drew his arm across his eyes.*

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

ranging in age from five and one half years to ten and one half), I at first found it lonely, but there was so much that was new to me that I found it very interesting, and as my health which had been very poorly for sometime, improved I began to enjoy the freedom of the country so much that I almost feel now that I could not go back to the city to live. Quite true we haven't the parks and amusements that Mrs. Reynolds mentioned but we have pure air and our horses and I enjoy horseback riding better than the theater. Then we have fishing and numerous other country pastimes. How I wish I could reach over and give Mrs. W. T. Barnes a good hand shake. In her letter in December COMFORT she expresses my sentiments exactly.

Guess you are all wondering what I look like and as most of the other sisters describe themselves I will too. Am five feet five inches, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, twenty-nine years old, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Now I know you are all calling me *country* and *old-fashioned* for making my first visit such a long one. But I hope you can find pardon in your generous hearts for me, when I tell you that I have been entertained by your interesting letters so many times that I feel more like home folks than a stranger.

Wishing health, happiness and prosperity for Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and all the sisters, I am

Sincerely. MRS. C. S. TINKER.

108 Silver Street, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT for about three years and although often tempted to visit you again have never had the courage until now.

I don't suppose any of the sisters will remember me; however, I made many warm friends through this column in my last letter to COMFORT and will try to make myself known and perhaps some of them will recognize me and write me a letter. I was Mrs. Ida Moses, a lonely little widow, with a sweet little baby girl to brighten my life but God did not let this brightness continue long after I had written my letter to COMFORT; my baby lived only a couple of months. I will not try to describe my sorrow as only those that have had similar experiences can truly sympathize. But God does all things well and by simply trusting with patience and endurance He has removed the dark shadows and brought joy and sunshine into my life.

I have now been married one year last July and have a kind and loving companion that has made life happy. I often think of the sad disappointments that at sometime in life will visit us all and though we do not understand, it is for some great purpose and if we can only trust Him things will be made brighter and plainer, even though the wound will pain many, many days. With all these thoughts in mind I find myself trying to solve life's greatest problems and it occurs to me there is no time to be wasted as life means action from the cradle to the grave; it is not how much we do in this world, but how well we do it, that counts in making up the things worth while, the situation into which we are born, our mental and physical endowment at birth, and, I may say, the results of past actions in other lives, and all our actions here are surely forming conditions for lives to come, then I think with what grave responsibilities we all are charged and if we wish our lives to be an example of goodness we should open the guest chamber of our hearts and let all that is beautiful, strong and noble, enter therein, for if we entertain hope, faith, courage and love we will surely carry out the true meaning of life of which is health, happiness, usefulness and joy. The real meaning of life is God and in Him are all the things for which we long and crave. Yet we must realize though life's pathway may have been rough and rugged that all of earth is not a vale of tears. Although we may not all be able to astound the world with our wisdom or deeds, yet we can live exemplary lives and be an inspiration to those who may be strong physically, but weak and easily discouraged. By so doing I think we will solve one of life's problems.

I made many warm friends that were a source of comfort to me, through this paper, and one especially whom I would like to hear from and if she should see this, or any of the sisters that knew her, would be glad to hear from them. She is Mrs. J. Scrives of Sacramento, Colo.

I suppose dear Mrs. Wilkinson thinks by now I've written a very lengthy letter with nothing very interesting. I love dear old COMFORT and all of its readers.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the entire COMFORT circle, Lovingly, MRS. A. L. MOWERY.

WEST MILFORD, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

It is just one year since I asked the sisters for a birthday shower for my 70th birthday, and it certainly came, with unexpected pleasure and results. The cards were beautiful to look upon, and the letters interesting. They were from Maine to California and numbered three hundred and fifty, with some very tasteful gifts. I granted the requests in answering so far as I was able, and will now answer all through COMFORT, I would enjoy seeing each face, and grasp your hands with true friendship and appreciation to all who wrote me. To the sisters who were interested in my welfare, will for their special benefit give a short history of my life.

Seventy years ago I was born in a log cabin two miles west of Clarksburg, and lived there until I was three years old; my father moved to Clarksburg, W. Va. at that time, the county seat of Harrison county and the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson, the famous Confederate general, and lived there until after the Civil War, when I was united in marriage to Hiram L. Munday, a Union soldier, and mechanic by trade. My name before marriage was Helen V. Gaudy. We had two sons and one daughter, one son died quite young. We lived in Nebraska for three years then came back to dear old West Virginia, the dearest state to me on earth. The hills are so beautiful and state is rich in oil, gas and coal, and the sociability of the people generally would give anyone pleasure to live here. My present home is in the town of West Milford, situated on the West Fork river, nine miles west of Clarksburg.

My health is good and I attend church and visit my friends. I spend a great deal of time reading, and there is nothing suits me better than the dear old COMFORT and The Baptist Banner.

With success to the editor and staff.

HELEN V. MUNDAY.

LONG CREEK, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If Mrs. Wilkinson will permit I will try and answer your letters through COMFORT. Many wanted to know about this part of the country. We were living at Cottonwood when my letter appeared in the November COMFORT, but we have since moved to Long Creek, about thirty miles east of Cottonwood. I think you can find us on the map now. So many tried to find Cottonwood, but it is just a new post-office which was the reason you couldn't find it. This country, like all other countries, has its drawbacks and it also has many good qualities. The climate is very changeable, which makes it very disagreeable, but the soil is extra good and we always raise a crop. Of course crops are better some years than others, but we have never had a failure yet. In this part of the country we can raise hardy fruits and vegetables and all kinds of grains which produce well. On three sides of us people raise tender fruits and vegetables. It seems strange that our climate is so much colder when we are in between these three places. The water here can't be excelled anywhere, and we have all the timber our country will ever need. The timber is mostly pine and fir, but tamarack and juniper grow here also.

The worse drawback I find in this country is no market. Stock is raised here mostly and the owners depend on buyers coming in to buy their stock or they must drive to the railroad which is from fifty to seventy-five miles away. The price of stock of all kinds is high and no doubt will be higher by this time next year.

Work is most always plentiful, but no steady work only in a few places, such as herding sheep; the wages paid are forty dollars a month, and two dollars a day in harvest, and men working on a ranch get from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

IT was late one afternoon when Mr. Deering proposed a 'possum hunt for that night. A rain had cooled the air, and the damp ground would make the trail easy to follow. With a couple of hounds, they could be reasonably certain of some sport.

"Carter has some good dogs," said Mr. Deering as they sat down to their early supper. "I've hunted with his pack. You and the children can go for them after supper," he said to Toughey.

Toughey immediately fixed the children with an authoritative eye to which they responded with anxious submissive nods, intended to show their willingness to take orders from her on the trip. This silent agreement made, and supper concluded with a dangerous and choking dispatch that luckily failed to attract attention, they hurried off to catch and saddle their ponies.

Mrs. Deering's usual cautious inquiry about the possible dangers of the expedition having been successfully parried and evaded rather than answered, the start was finally made with Toughey mounted on her spirited mustang and the children riding double on the little gray Shetland. Mr. Deering let them through the big gate of their inclosure, giving Toughey, meanwhile, instructions about the road.

They struck out at a light canter, Toughey provokingly maintaining the lead in spite of the children's desperate efforts to keep up.

The Carter property lay half a mile behind the Camp, from which place the road ran steeply up the hill, winding in and out among the cedars, to the fence dividing it from the Plantation. Ascending the hill, the little girls came to a stop before the wire gate through which they must pass. Toughey looked at her subordinates. The children didn't move.

"Well," said Toughey with a rising inflection in her voice.

The children sat stolidly on their pony, as if opening the gate might be anybody's affair except theirs.

"Open the gate," finally commanded Toughey.

"No, you!" rejoined the children with a pert uplifting of voice.

As Toughey always opened gates when riding with her father or mother, she felt that it was only proper that the children should perform that service for her. She waited a moment, then calmly turned her pony's head and started down the hill.

One look at Toughey's inflexible profile was enough. The children scrambled from the pony and hastily opened the gate. Toughey made a slow and dignified return and an equally solemn passage through the gate.

They were now in the Carter pasture and the ground being level they proceeded at a lively pace through the light fringe of timber skirting the fence.

Emerging from its confines they could see at no great distance, across the intervening prairie, the Carter homestead.

Built in frontier days on the highest point of ground to secure it against surprise by Indians, the squat, log structure offered a meager outline to the sky. Its original simplicity had remained undisturbed, and the habits of its occupants went back to earlier and rougher days.

As they approached nearer, Toughey and the children could see the primitive razor-back hog lurking, unrebuked, under the front porch, while cattle browsed in the shade of the unpainted walls. A crowd of dogs shared with the family the comforts afforded by the two rooms and unenclosed hallway constituting the limits of the house itself. They greeted the visitors with the mournful bark, half howl, characteristic of the hound, the chorus including every variety of note from that sounded by the timorous puppy to the deep, confident challenge of the oldest hunter.

The children hung back in some alarm, but Toughey advanced boldly. The head of the house rose from the evening meal in progress in the open hallway, and came forward to meet her.

"We're Mr. Deering's daughters," she said with a touch of ceremony. "I'm Toughey and there are the children."

"I made sure you was Mr. Deering's folks," said Mrs. Carter from her place at the table.

"Get down and eat," was Carter's greeting, and the hospitable invitation was heartily echoed by his wife, a faded, slatternly woman who, with a crowd of children, in varying degrees of untidiness, was seated at an uncovered table upon which appeared corn bread and fried bacon, or "Meat" as they termed it.

"No, thank you," said Toughey hastily, trying hard not to let it appear that she saw and minded the swarming flies, the littered confusion, the unredeemed dirt everywhere abounding.

"You see," she explained with elaborate politeness, "we've had supper, and besides it's rather late and mamma might be frightened if we remain away too long.

"We'd like to borrow your hounds for tonight if you've nothing in particular for them to do," said Toughey soberly.

"I reckon I kin git along without 'em for a time tho' we're mighty attached to each other," said Carter with a laugh.

Toughey laughed too.

"Tom and Jerry ain't the best hunters but they're kind and 'll follow anybody what'll take 'em huntin'," he explained.

Meanwhile, the children were frankly exchanging stares with the Carter flock and getting their impressions of the family life. None of the details escaped them and they were saved from giggles only by one of Toughey's sternest looks; "saved from disgrace," as Toughey afterward described the situation to her mother.

Ten minutes later the little girls were headed for Pecan Hollow with two of the dogs tied to the end of a rope which was wound about and held tight in Toughey's hand.

"It's getting very late," said Toughey with an uneasy glance at the paling horizon.

"Shall we cut across the prairie? It would save time."

"Oh, let's," exclaimed Bess.

"Cos," agreed Nan. She liked to ride through the long sage grass.

All went well until a jack rabbit popped up before them and Tom, one of the dogs, bolting after it, brought the rope sharply across the mustang's legs making him jump violently to one side.

"Oh, Toughey!" exclaimed Bess in a panic, "Let the old dogs go!"

"Let 'em go," shrieked Nan.

But Toughey, though a little shaken by the incident, quieted the animal in a few minutes and then turned her attention to the guilty dog.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she said severely. "A fine wolf dog you are, to run after a rabbit!"

Old Tom, the offender, who upon reaching the end of the rope's slack had turned a sprawling somersault, now came sneaking back and took up an humble position behind Jerry, looking as if he were quite aware of his own folly and deplored it as much as Toughey did.

For some time Toughey continued to cast scathing remarks at the hound, drawing unfavorable comparisons between him and Jerry, his companion, and insisting that he was old enough to know better than to run rabbits.

To all that she said the children made cheerful echo, adding on their own account "Bad Doggie!" with such emphasis as to make old Tom look more ashamed than ever.

But when Toughey turned her attention to them and begun a lecture on cowardice, they were not so sure that she understood her subject.

"You certainly were scared to death," said Toughey, "and if something real dangerous were to happen, I don't know what you would do. Why if——"

Up popped another rabbit, and away rushed old Tom dragging the rope right under the mustang's tail, and in another moment Toughey was contending with a plunging frightened horse!

Edging away to a safe distance, the children looked on fearfully, until discovering the cause of the trouble, they called excitedly to Toughey to let go the rope. But Toughey not understanding why she should let go, held to it grimly while the pony bucked and reared and the dogs dodged its hoofs as best they could, until their sudden dash in a fortunate direction freed the mustang from the interfering rope.

Peace was hardly restored before the incident was repeated; but this time Toughey was on the alert and there were no unpleasant consequences except to old Tom who was again denounced for his depraved taste for rabbits.

The lateness of the hour was now so apparent that Toughey began to look anxiously for the road, expecting at any moment to intercept it. Instead, however, she found herself at the edge of an arroya so deep and precipitous that it seemed impossible to attempt to cross it. Evidently they must retrace their steps and follow the windings of the road in order to avoiding the recurring canyons.

"Wait here a minute," said Toughey to the children. She rode along the edge of the cut until she made sure that it extended as far as the fence. This shut off all hope of riding around it. As she returned anxiously looking for some break in its steepness, her eyes fell upon old Monte at the bottom of the canyon.

"Hello!" she exclaimed in surprise. But the next moment the figure was gone.

Toughey looked again but saw only a tangle of scrub oak, sumach and wild grape vine.

"Children!" she called as she approached them, "I saw old Monte down there," pointing to the place where for an instant he had appeared to her.

The children peered into the rapidly darkening gully but could see no one.

"I reckon you were just dreaming," suggested Bess provokingly.

"Oh, I reckon not," replied Toughey coolly. But she was too anxious to take the little girl's challenge to the usually lively discussion.

"We'll have to go back to the road. We can't cross the gullies," she announced.

The first stars were beginning to show and for an instant Toughey was staggered at the thought of the long distance between them and home. A whimper from the children restored her nerve.

"We didn't want to come 'cross the old prairie!" lamented Nan, beginning to realise the difficulties of their situation.

"Oh, certainly not!" said Toughey with fine irony. "I just dragged you out of the road, didn't I?"

This biting rejoinder reduced the children to low mutterings to which Toughey gave little heed, and they proceeded to make their way back to the road in silence, broken only by an occasional sharp word from Toughey.

Hampered by the dogs, their progress was slow and Toughey's brave little heart beat with anxiety as the darkness increased and the road became a mere outline.

As the children grew accustomed to the situation, however, they yielded to its fascination. The call of the whippoorwills, the shadowy landscape, the starry heavens, the soft night air were novelties to them, and they began to feel that they were having a real adventure. It seemed too good to be true that they should be out so long after dark and bedtime, in a lonely place, with no one but Toughey, and engaged in an expedition that seemed delightfully perilous.

They talked the matter over in whispers and decided that, after all, they were lucky.

"Won't mamma be scared!" said Bess in an tone of pleased importance.

"You wicked little children!" exclaimed Toughey indignantly. "How can you be so heartless!"

Aside from the vague terrors of darkness, and the chance of getting lost, her mother's anxiety about them was the chief source of her own worry.

Startled by Toughey's denunciation, the children tried to sense their own depravity, to realize their own want of "principle and feeling," as Toughey put it, but failing, fell back on their delicious tremors over the lovely dangers of the trip.

Old Tom, whose vagrancy on the prairie had proved so troublesome, showed a disposition, now that he was reduced to the monotony of travel on a road, to stop altogether and would move only after the most insistent coaxing, cheering and whistling on the part of the little girls.

After a more than usually prolonged contest with the old dog, a distant hail from the direction of Pecan Hollow fell upon Toughey's ear. It was their mother's call, used commonly to bring them in from thicket, creek bottom or hillside to dinner and supper. They all gave the answering call and in a short time Mr. and Mrs. Deering emerged from the darkness, walking up the road to meet them.

"We have had lots of fun," cried Bess as Mr. Deering took charge of the dogs.

"Of course you have," he said cheerfully.

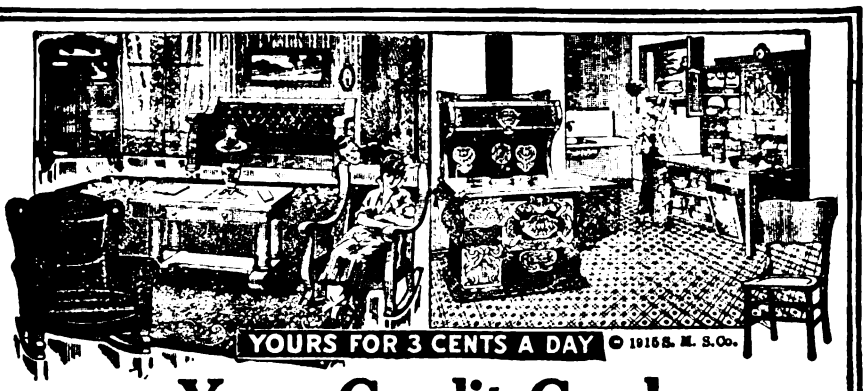
"They're all right," said Toughey tremulously and a few tears started from under her eyelids.

As Mrs. Deering walked along beside her, Toughey told her all that had happened. And then her mother reached up and gave her hand an affectionate pressure, and the girl's troubles slipped from her. She knew that here was someone who understood how responsible she had felt for the safety of her little sisters.

It was too late to go hunting that night—they must make an earlier start on account of the children. So Tom and Jerry were tied and fed and Bess and Nan went to bed with the joyful anticipation of being out again in the calm, the beauty and the mystery of the summer night.

"I wonder," said Toughey thoughtfully, as she sat with her mother that night on the porch, "what old Monte could have been doing in the canyon and he did not answer me."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Healthful Cleaning

By Anne Emerson

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A SCORE or more years ago when a home was to be furnished carpets were of the softest pile, the hangings of the heaviest velvet or silk to be afforded while everywhere about the rooms were little beautifully embroidered doilies, centerpieces, and scarfs. On the piano and mantels were lambrequins while before the stove was a heavy mat, probably of imitation fur. That was the age when the housewife was a slave to her cleaning and when the dust gathered menacingly in every room, and made house cleaning a time when germs were plentifully scattered about the house.

Today such furnishings are out of fashion even in the country districts. We are alive to the fact that it was such unnecessary and not particularly beautiful adornments that made a drudge of the woman, and what is still more important endangered the health of the entire family. At present we are furnishing our homes so that while they may be comfortable they may be easily cleaned, and do away with the ever present danger of germs.

For the housewife the ideal floor is of hardwood. This floor can be stained any color and varnished, or varnished without the stain, and when it is covered with small rugs that can be taken up and put out in the sun two or three times a week it is very attractive. Such a floor sweeps and washes easily; it can be wiped up with a damp or oil mop every day without any backbreaking effort. And when a varnished floor has been washed it is clean. A carpet, however, has to be constantly swept, and if the pile is thick it is practically impossible to get all the dirt out. Children playing about on the floor are frequently subject to colds, which are supposed to have come from draughts, while in reality they have been contracted from germs in the carpet.

Many of our housewives stick to the hardest of all slave drivers—the hand wielded broom. The broom is really a very poor cleaner, and does not remove all the dirt, which is often not reached by beating. The ideal way to keep the house clean if the floors are carpeted is through the use of a vacuum cleaner.

A vacuum cleaner can take every particle of dust out of the carpet in the big front room, and at the same time make the pattern show up better than it has for years. It does away with the work of taking the carpet up, beating it, and then stretching it into place again. The nozzle is simply run over the floor and the work is done. And in this day when electricity is accessible to everyone, and when there are good hand machines, —the vacuum is a possibility in every home.

There are two types of vacuum cleaners. If you have electricity in your home an electrical machine is the better of the two, for while it will not do the work any better, it will be less labor to operate. A light weight cleaner is a necessity, for if the machine is too heavy it is impossible to take it about the house without help from one of the men folks. In buying a machine, if possible, see it demonstrated, try running it, and try to thoroughly understand the parts. A good hand machine is one on wheels with a stationary nozzle that can be pushed about by the same force, and at the same time that the vacuum is created, leaving two hands free to create the vacuum.

A vacuum cleaner with many nozzles can be used for brushing down the wall of a room, getting the dust from the elusive picture moulding, cleaning mattresses, portieres, clothing, and can even be used to massage. In a sick room a vacuum cleaner is indispensible. It is dangerous to sweep a room where a patient is ill with any kind of a contagious disease, and even the ordinary cold may be spread through the scattering of disease loaded dust.

Between a carpet sweeper and a broom it is hard to choose which will be of more benefit to the housewife. If the rugs are heavy a carpet sweeper may not reach all the dust, while a broom with its sharp bristles may possibly do the work. For straightening a room that has been worked in all day,—where the dressmaker has dropped threads, and where little Bobby has had a cookie, there is nothing so good as a carpet sweeper. By pushing this helpful implement about the room the litter is picked up and the room looks attractive. The average housekeeper finds that if she has not a vacuum cleaner and she wishes to give her rooms a thorough cleaning—a stiff broom plus her arm power is the best. By all means have a carpet sweeper as well, though, but do not depend on it for all the work.

The dustless duster, and the oil mop are two invaluable helps to housekeeping. The old-fashioned dust rag was nothing more than a menace of flicking the dust about the room, for as soon as the room was cleaned the dust began to slowly settle where it had lain a few hours before. A dustless duster, however, absorbs the dust, and carries it away, not sending it into the air. A feather duster is absolutely harmful. It is positively dangerous. With an oil mop, however, boards can be wiped over every day, and as in the case of the dustless duster the mop takes up the dirt, and does not scatter it.

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Machmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home, Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcote a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that sex makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher.

CHAPTER XV.

IN SORE STRAITS.

WHAT serious legal complications could have arisen to make it necessary for his son-in-law to summon him home so hurriedly Judge Ashburton was at a loss to surmise; but he well knew that Mr. Fletcher would never have recalled him so summarily unless there had been urgent need.

Therefore, he did not hesitate a moment, but as already stated, prepared at once to respond to the call.

He was very sorry to have to go, on Alice's and May's account, for there were a number of places which he had intended to visit with them before their return.

If they shared his disappointment they manifested nothing of it in his presence, but most cheerfully acquiesced in his decision, and repacked their trunks without a murmur.

The judge cabled a return message, telling Mr. Fletcher that he would sail the next day but one, and he also sent a line to Mrs. Weston mentioning their unexpected return and telling her that Alice had come off victor in the contest.

Will was the most deeply disappointed of anyone, for he had afranged to have a visit from them at New Haven, while the judge had intimated to him that he might remain in America until after commencement, when they would all return together. But, of course, he knew the case must be urgent, and he bore it bravely; but he said to Alice at parting, as they stood alone on deck just before the vessel sailed:

"My darling, the separation will be only for a little over two months, and then there will be no more partings for us; meantime, I wish you would discontinue your work with the judge—try to rest and make your preparations for the coming event at your leisure, for, Alice, on the last day of June, I shall claim you as my wife."

Alice flushed with happiness at this reference to their approaching marriage, and she said she would think of his proposition of giving up her work; but she little dreamed of what lay before her in connection with that work.

In spite of the fact that a brilliant future awaited her, as the lady of Leith, she could never think of surrendering her profession without a keen sense of regret. Her recent triumph had whetted her ambition, and she longed to plume her wings for still higher flights; at the same time she knew that she was capable of even greater sacrifices for the man whom she loved so devotedly.

The return voyage was much pleasanter than the one two weeks earlier, and the great steamer sailed into port the very hour she was due, and before evening of the same day our travelers were once more safe at home.

But their astonishment and dismay can be better imagined than described when they learned that Roland Fletcher, whose name, all his life, had been synonymous for all that is noble and honorable had been arrested for—treason!

The circumstances that led to his arrest were these:

The week following the departure of Judge Ashburton for America, a special messenger delivered into the hands of Mr. Fletcher some very important documents which he, in turn, would be required to pass over to the proper authorities, after giving them a personal examination and affixing his signature to them.

As they were not due for several days, and he had other important matters on hand, he put them carefully away in his safe, until he should have more leisure to give to them.

That same day he went to London and deposited a large sum of money which had come into his possession from various sources.

The next morning he was called unexpectedly away from home upon important business which detained him over night; and it was not until late on the afternoon after his return that he found an opportunity to examine the papers referred to above.

What was his consternation upon opening the safe to get them to find that they had mysteriously disappeared!

He was appalled—almost paralyzed by the unlooked-for calamity, for their loss involved secret matter of very grave moment to the government under which he was serving.

It was in vain that he searched his safe over and over, examining his own papers again and again with the faint hope that they might possibly have got mixed in with them; they were gone, and it was with almost a feel'ng of utter despair that he realized the terrible strait in which he was placed.

But with the straightforwardness which had ever characterized all his dealings, he immediately reported his loss to the proper officials.

His communication was received with evident dismay; but he had served so long and so faithfully in the position he occupied, that, at first, no personal imputation was attributed to him, and vigorous efforts were at once instituted to recover the missing documents.

A week went by and one morning as he sat at breakfast with Olive and Imogen, an officer arrived at Castleview and arrested him upon the charge of treason.

The blow came upon him like a thunderbolt, and was a terrible shock to him; and yet, at the same time he was so conscious of his own rectitude he felt sure that the matter would soon be cleared up and he would be fully exonerated.



"Imogen!" he exclaimed, with a violent start.



She showed herself thoroughly posted on every point

But circumstantial evidence, that subtle fiend that has ruined so many innocent men, seemed destined to also hold him fast in its cruel clutches.

Suspicion had been aroused that he had been tempted to violate his oath of allegiance. It had been learned that, on the same day that the papers had come into his possession, he had deposited a large amount of money in a certain bank in London, while the fact that he had not given immediate attention to his duties in connection with the papers, but instead had delayed the work for his own affairs, were deemed a breach of trust, and yet, those who knew him best felt sure that he was guiltless. At the same time, the matter was one of such grave import that it could not be lightly disposed of.

A preliminary examination was held, during which Mr. Fletcher gave a clear and concise account of all his movements during the time the papers were supposed to be in his possession, and explained how the money which he had deposited had come into his hands. But suspicion is something like a snowball—the more you roll it the more it accumulates, the case became more and more complicated as it was investigated, and the man was finally committed, bail being denied him because of the serious nature of the offense—to await his trial at the next assize.

This was the existing state of affair when Judge Ashburton returned, and, in view of the mysterious circumstances attending the disappearance of the precious documents, the outlook for Mr. Fletcher seemed very discouraging.

The matter appeared utterly inexplicable, for the thief, whoever he might have been, had disturbed no other papers, and it seemed almost as if he must have known how valuable were the contents of those he took and had come with the knowledge of the fact that they were there at Castleview, the time when they were delivered, and of the absence of Mr. Fletcher. There had been two or three pounds and some loose change in the till, and this had also been taken; but nothing else, although there had been a valuable package of bonds in the same compartment with the papers.

No one had seen any suspicious individual about the premises, on the day or evening previous to the robbery, and there was not the slightest sign to show that anyone had entered the house by force; while it was evident that the invader must have understood how to manipulate the safe, for Mr. Fletcher had found it securely locked and not a scratch to show that the combination had been meddled with.

It seemed a hopeless task to attempt to solve the perplexing problem and try to trace the real culprit; but Judge Ashburton and Alice both went to work upon it with all the energy and tireless persistence they possessed.

But time passed—the mystery was still a mystery and the utmost they could do was to act upon the defensive; they had not gleaned one single fact that pointed toward the real thief and his motive.

They could only claim that Mr. Fletcher's hitherto unimpeachable trustworthiness and unsullied honor; his straightforward confession of his loss as soon as it was discovered, were sufficient proof of his present innocence.

He had been able also to produce tangible evidence to account for how he became possessed of every pound of the money which he had deposited in the bank. This had been accomplished with considerable difficulty, but it was a strong point, for it proved that this amount had not been accepted as a bribe to betray state secrets.

By indefatigable labor and energy, they had also managed to secure witnesses who could account for every hour of his absence from home during which time the robbery had been committed.

But, of course, all this was only subjective evidence, and, to those so deeply interested in his career, it seemed very meager and insufficient when they were so anxious to remove the stigma resting upon his name.

Alice threw her whole soul into the work; she labored early and late, but ever with a sickening sense of defeat.

She felt that she could not have the case go against the proud, good man who had so befriended Will. He had been a father to her dear one, and she honored and revered him for that, while from every other point of view he seemed to her one of the grandest men she had ever known.

She believed, and the judge hoped, that unless the counsel for the prosecution were able to prove what had been done with the missing papers, they could save him from being convicted, even if they could not clear him from all suspicion and reinstate him in his former position.

This hope, however, was but little comfort, either to them or the man who suffered untold tortures, in view of his doubtful future, for his liberty would hardly be welcome if it did not bring with it complete vindication in the eyes of the world.

It was an anxious time for them all, but they were, nevertheless, eager for the day of trial to come, and have it over with, for the suspense was intensely wearing.

Alice had followed the case so closely she knew every step of the defense, every argument and point which the judge would make, while many suggestions and something of her own eloquence—which had at times burst from her while they were discussing the matter—had been incorporated in his final plea.

And so the last day before the one set for the trial arrived.

About half an hour before it was time to close the jail to all visitors on this evening, a woman, clad in black and closely veiled, applied for admittance and asked to see Mr. Fletcher.

The jailer eyed her suspiciously and hesitated.

"It is getting late; you would hardly reach his room before you would have to leave," he said.

"I cannot help that; I must see him," replied the voice behind the veil, and after a moment of thought, the man told her to follow him, and led her up a flight of stairs to the small but comfortable room where Roland Fletcher was confined.

"You can remain just half an hour—no longer," said the jailer, as he opened the door to admit the visitor.

The woman passed in, and the door was closed and locked again.

Mr. Fletcher, who was sitting at a table writing, glanced up in surprise at the intruder, who at that instant threw back her veil, revealing a pale, wan face, sunken eyes and quivering lips.

"Imogen!" he exclaimed, with a violent start.

"Yes, it is I," she returned, "and I suppose you have wondered why I have not come to see you before; but I could not. I could not. Oh, Roland Fletcher, it has nearly killed me to know that you were here, the victim of a terrible wrong, and yet, I could not come to see you."

"Then why are you here now?" he quietly inquired, while he searched her face curiously.

"To ask what hope you have from tomorrow's trial."

"I am compelled to confess that I have not very much," the man replied, with a touch of bitterness. "They may not be able to convict me of crime and pass sentence upon me, but I have little hope of securing an honorable acquittal; that I will be cleared from all suspicion, and it will be small comfort to me to go forth from here, to have people look askance at me and to know that a stigma is resting upon my name," he concluded, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh! if—if I might save you! It is too bad, too bad!" Imogen cried, a sob bursting from her dry lips.

The man darted a look of pain at her and flushed.

"Do not pity me," he said, with some hauteur.

"And why should I not pity you, Roland Fletcher?" Imogen passionately exclaimed; "do you not think I suffer for you! Can you not see that this trouble is killing me."

She stretched forth a thin, white, trembling hand to him, and he was surprised to see how she had lost flesh.

"I am sorry you should have taken the matter so to heart; it could help nothing," he remarked, gently.

"But, Roland, suppose it were possible for me to save you?" she questioned, drawing nearer to him, her burning eyes fastened hungrily upon his face.

He started slightly.

"That is a strange question," he observed. "What do you mean by it?"

"Never mind, if it does seem strange; answer me! What if it were possible that I could save you?" she reiterated, with some impatience.

"I repeat, I do not know what you mean," he answered, gravely. "If you could effect my release by proving me guiltless—clearing my name and character from all suspicion of the foul charge against me, so that I could resume my former position and retain the esteem of all men, I should be unspeakably grateful."

"'Grateful!'" the woman repeated, with exceeding bitterness, "is that all? If I could give you back name, position, honor—the esteem and praise of men—knowing what you do—would not the gift be worthy of something more than cold—gratitude?"

Roland Fletcher flushed again hotly, and his fine lips curled involuntarily.

"I cannot fail to understand you now, Imogen," he said, in a tone of cold constraint, "and let me say in reply that my good name and my honor are more to me than all the world, but without them I could enjoy neither home, friends nor wealth; but a man's deepest affections are not at the disposal of his will, or to be bartered or sold, so I could have only gratitude to give you in return for any service you might render me; except, perhaps, the promise of an abundance to make you comfortable and independent as long as you live——"

"Oh, hush!" Imogen sharply interposed. "Heavens! to think that you should offer me money in exchange! How dare you, when you know that I would give ten years of my life for one fond word from you? All my life I have idolized you," she went on, wildly, "even before you married Alice. I worshiped you—yes, even as Robert Ingraham, my husband, worshiped her. Ha! that hurts you doesn't it?" she cried, with a short, bitter laugh as he started, "but it is the truth, nevertheless. We, Robert and I, were both crushed to the earth by that marriage, and then foolishly thought to console ourselves and make an excuse to get out of the sight of your happiness by marrying each other. But it was rankest folly—he went to the bad as quick as he could go and I was wretched. Then, after he died, I, knowing that Alice would not long survive, began to hope that I might win a place in your heart—no, I won't stop," she cried, with a stamp of her foot as her listener made a gesture of repulsion, "the flood gates are open and I will ease my aching heart for once, even though I may wish to drop dead from shame the next moment. A woman seldom loves as I have loved you; a woman has seldom served as patiently, for a man's love, as I have served you and yours all these long years, hoping, yearning, waiting for a morsel—a crumb even— of comfort at the very last. Roland Fletcher, you see, I have laid my very soul bare before you; now, tell me, if I can save you, if I can give you back your freedom and all the prestige you so desire, will you make

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)





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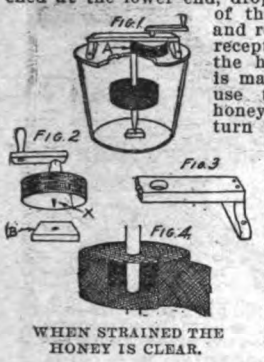


Kitchen Kinks that Save Steps and Lighten Work

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Honey Strainer

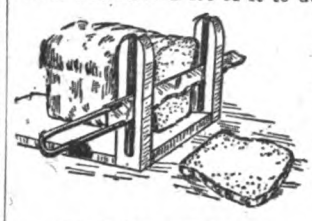
This effective honey strainer is very easy to make. It consists of a pail and lid with a small bridge built on the latter. A wooden peg, sharpened at the lower end, drops from the under side of the bridge into the pail and rests upon a block. The receptacle Fig. 4 in which the honeycombs are placed is made of wire screen. To use the device place the honey in the screen box and turn on the crank. The small disk, Fig. 2 by reason of contact, turns the shaft and receptacle so rapidly that the honey will fly through the screen leaving the wax in a hard lump in the center. It is centrifugal force that causes the action and in the same manner clothes are dried in laundries. The heavy article will move so rapidly that the liquid will actually be left behind and of course being too heavy to remain suspended in the air will drop down.



WHEN STRAINED THE HONEY IS CLEAR.

Bread Cutter

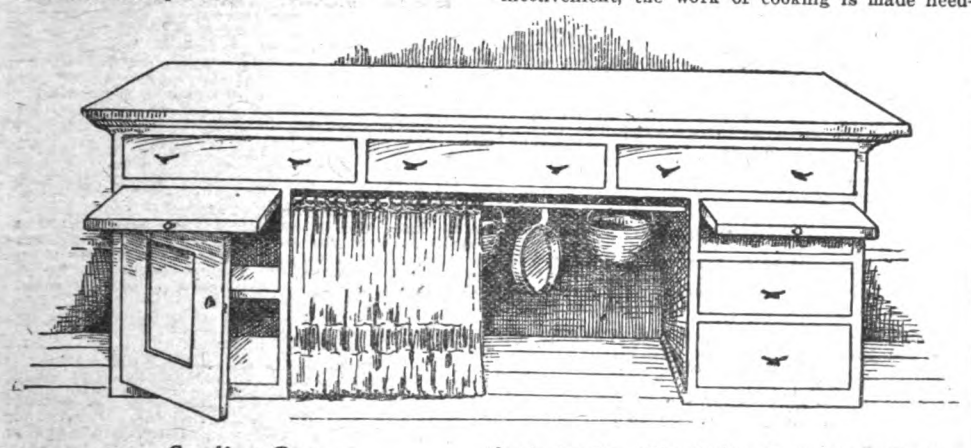
It is quite a knack to cut cread right and to those who have a lot of it to do this device offers a chance of rest. It consists of a flat block with two slotted sticks nailed to the end. The slots are saw cuts and must be straight and correspond nicely. A stop should be placed outside the slots so that the loaf of bread can only be pushed so far. This stop could be a light stick nailed to the baseboard, at a point where the cut end of the loaf would strike it. In making toast, or preparing picnic sandwiches the cutting guide will insure quick and uniform slicing.



IT INSURES UNIFORM THICKNESS

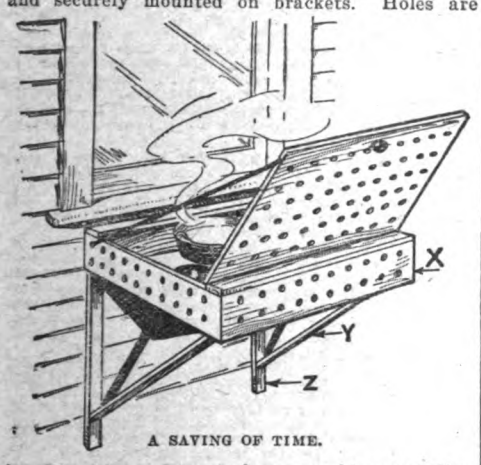
Convenient Kitchen Table

The kitchen table shares with the range, or cook stove, the honor of being the most important part of the kitchen's furnishing. If the table is inconvenient, the work of cooking is made needlessly harder. The design shown herewith illustrates a table that represents not a little experience and consideration of what goes to make the most convenient table. It has a large top, which keeps dishes and pans from getting into inextricable confusion, and it has a large number of drawers, which are always convenient, and also closet room. Two slides pull out, on which pans may be set when one is sitting at work at the table; while in the long space under the center of the table is a chance to hang a multitude of kettles and other kitchen utensils. These are protected from dust by a washable curtain that slides upon a rod at the front of the opening. Such a table is not to be found at the furniture stores, but can be made by a carpenter at an expense not at all prohibitive. It could be made still more useful by making it a little wider from front to back, and erecting upon the back a cabinet of drawers and closets in which all kinds of material used in cooking could be kept, each drawer being labelled with the name of the article within, as sugar, spices, rice, tapioca, graham meal, etc. Such a plan saves countless steps, and it's the "countless steps" that make hard work of housekeeping.



Cooling Box

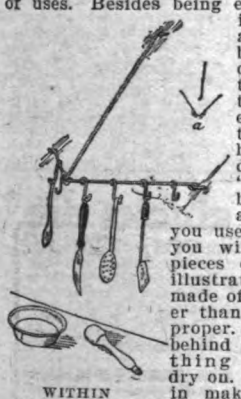
A cooling box is useful as an adjunct to the kitchen. In making candy or icing, or pies it will be found serviceable, or as a place for the hot skillet or for what is left of the cold vegetables, such as sliced tomatoes. It is a strong light box placed outside a convenient window, and securely mounted on brackets. Holes are bored in sides and top to insure rapid evaporation and quick cooling. Sometimes if the dust is flying or if the spot chosen for the cooling box is exposed to every wind that blows, it is advisable to tack light cheese-cloth on the inside. This will filter the air and may be taken out and washed occasionally. Once the box is installed you will find many uses for it.



A SAVING OF TIME.

Wire Holder

Here is a simple wire rack that has a variety of uses. Besides being employed as the picture indicates it may be used as a towel rack, ironing board shelf or stocking dryer. It is made of two pieces of wire and three staples or screw eyes. When not in use the lower end of the hanging piece may be disengaged from the "V" shaped part and both will hang flat against the wall. If you use it for kitchen utensils you will have to bend short pieces of wire into hooks as illustrated. These can be made of wire a good deal lighter than that used for the rack proper. Wouldn't one of those behind the stove be a handy thing for the dish-cloths to dry on. The few minutes spent in making one will certainly come back to you with interest, in the way of time and steps saved in going back and forth for them when needed.



WITHIN EASY REACH.

Sink Drainer

An old roasting pan may be converted into a drainer for the sink by turning down one end as indicated by the illustration. The cutting may be done with a three-cornered file or with a cold chisel and hammer. The cleat under the end of the pan gives it pitch enough to insure quick drainage. It can be tacked permanently to the pan and then not be always getting lost. The second drainer is a wooden board fitted with pegs to hold the dishes. In using this the dishes are scalded while on the board and no drying with a towel is necessary. Another type of drainer is a wire basket to be placed directly over the sink pan. Either of the three is an improvement over the old-fashioned kind.

FIG. 1.

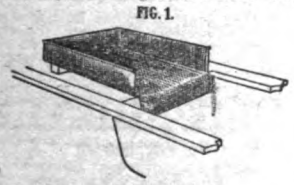
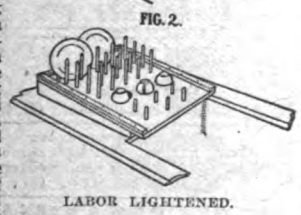


FIG. 2.



LABOR LIGHTENED.

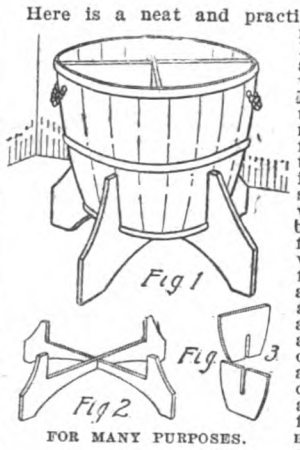
Steamer Kettle

Kettles with false bottoms are a handy device for the housekeeper, the old-fashioned deep one, made of iron with slanting sides being the most adaptable. Cut round tin that will fit size of kettle within two inches of bottom and punch a number of holes through it. One made to fit higher up in the kettle makes a convenient steamer for vegetables, puddings and brown bread as shown in illustration.



A Nut Holder

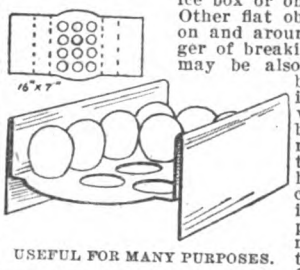
Here is a neat and practical receptacle for nuts of various kinds. A glance at the picture will explain it. Two pieces form the four compartments. They are fitted together in the manner shown in Fig. 3. The stander upon which the half barrel rests is fitted in a similar way. You will find it a strong and convenient article to have around the house and of course it costs nothing but a little labor. It could be used to advantage for different kinds of meal, cracked corn, etc., also. It would be especially convenient for chicken feed, vegetables or seeds.



FOR MANY PURPOSES.

An Egg Holder

Here is a handy device for holding eggs in an ice box or on the pantry shelf. Other flat objects can be piled on and around it without danger of breaking its contents. It may be also used as an egg boiler when placed in a large-mouthed vessel, or it will bake potatoes just right or keep toast warm or heat the butter in cold weather. It is made of one piece of sheet metal shaped like the top sketch and folded on the dotted lines. The holder is simple enough for anyone to make and has many uses that will develop after you install it in your kitchen.



USEFUL FOR MANY PURPOSES.

The Unrest of the Age

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

grown less, idleness is forced on her and restlessness displaces effective effort. Clearly, the thing to be done is to remodel occlusive public opinion so that it no longer limits her field. Next, we must so train our daughters that, grown to womanhood in an atmosphere of self-control, self-reliance and self-knowledge, she shall at length become the mistress of all three. Graduated from the school of truth, let her stand on the threshold of life and look with clear, far-seeing eyes to the horizon in every direction. Let her choice of life work be absolutely free. Set no limitations on her that she herself has not learned through experience to recognize. Unloosed at last, she will with her own new strength and of her own accord, lift forever from her soul the burden of unrest.

The Problem of the Woman who Works for Her Living

Turning now to the woman of the poorer classes—the woman who works for bread, we find a much simpler if no less distressing problem. Here is a question of earning enough to make both ends meet with a small overplus with which to guard against old age or disablement. Hers is the same unrest that moves organized labor to protestation and all that we have said about laboring men applies with equal force to laboring women. She who finds employment in the store or in the factory, has been forced to accept too small pay, her hours are too long and her working environment is faulty. Careful study of her problem will result in beneficial legislation looking to the general amelioration of her conditions of life. It must always be unfortunate that women are driven by the pressure of civilization into forms of labor where she is at any natural disadvantage. But life in the congested centers seems to make it necessary and so long as that is so, we must make the best of it.

We have concerned ourselves so far with two principal forms of legitimate unrest effecting our country as a whole. There are many other smaller groups as well as individuals whose discontent is surely legitimate and which deserves our attention. A whole volume might be written on the subject. Before closing, it will be well to glance at a case here and there of unrest which is not legitimate; which springs from the failure of the individual to seize opportunities ready at hand and waiting to be embraced.

Unrest of the Idle Rich

Such is the unrest of our so-called "idle rich"—the few who are born with wealth sufficient to guarantee to them immunity from the necessity of engaging in acquisitive occupations. If there is anywhere on earth anything like freedom of choice to do good or to remain idle, it must be among those whose fortunes have accrued through the industry or foresight or good-fortune of their antecedents. How many a man, forced by circumstances to work at an uncongenial means of livelihood, has sighed for that freedom of choice; believing that in him lay the ability to produce works of art or of science or of invention which would gain for himself fame and for the world a benefit.

These idle are restless. Refusing to put to serious purpose their money and talent, they seem to spend themselves in never ending search after new vanities. Were the wastefulness of their lives confined in its influence, we might be able to regard them with indifference, saying, a man's life is his own to do with as he chooses. But the force of example is strong and the showy idleness of these lives sows the seed of discontent in many a heart which would continue to beat in peace were it guided by a better judgment or influenced by a saner force. Society is coming to understand the dangerous and unfair principles of unearned increment in site values, of stock manipulation, of treason to public interest in abuse of corporate trust, of unrestricted control of natural monopoly and similar means to the accumulation of vast fortunes. Socialists and anarchists are preaching unwise and even incendiary sermons to the people. Here again is a breach into which the thoughtful man of common sense must step. Let him hasten to adjust the matter before violence endangers our very life in its crazy efforts to effect a cure.

Unrest from False Pride Leading to Extravagance

Viewed in a certain light, we will find that the very form and essence of our government and of our social structure are causes for a degree of illegitimate unrest. In America "equality" and "freedom" have come to be glib terms. The framers of our constitution and the preachers of our social creeds have used them so freely that, today their effective meaning is much diminished. It is a possibility, proven by actual experience, that a man of humble birth may become President of the United States. Everyone has heard the favorite retort of the servant-girl, exasperated by the taunts of the small boy of the household, that, "I am as good as you." The shop girl or the stenographer look with scant courtesy and from a plane no whit lower, at the more wealthy man or woman on the other side of the counter or calling at the office. "I am as good as you," cries cloud in every movement of the elevator boy, the iceman, the plumber. And it is not affectation—they honestly feel it; and to it we must attribute no small amount of unrest. It finds its most common form in extravagance. The stenographer and the shop-girl, again, "really must dress" in silk stockings and in near-silk imitation of the latest fashions. In these tawdry evidences of straining beyond their resources; in these stomach pinching efforts to make good, in outward appearance, the futile boast, "I am as good as you," there is a misdirected energy, a mistaken point of view that should elicit from those of sounder sense more of pity than blame.

No less a victim to the same delusion is the man of ordinary attainments whose income warrants the enjoyment of a few more of life's luxuries. Not content with these, he is restless to invade and move within the coveted circle of larger luxury of his more wealthy neighbor. He owns an automobile which he cannot comfortably afford; he insists that his wife and children shall dress more expensively than they should; he belongs to a club without which he would be better off. And so, on up the scale, each in striving to outdo his neighbor, outdoes no one but himself in the end. Each one of these who feels he must insist he is "as good as you," finds himself continually with his nose to the grindstone of misdirected energy, grinding out his last atom of content and his last chance for real success.

The Acme of Unrest Leads the Millionaire to Sell his Daughter for a Foreign Title

Among our most wealthy classes, this particular form of unrest may be considered the actuating force which finds expression in our all too familiar "international marriages" and unnatural marriages of any sort. Our millionaire mother and father, or our over-ambitious parents, have attained all that is purchasable with money in our country, or all they can accomplish by honest effort. Thereupon they of great wealth look abroad and find one other thing that they lack and which finds no place among our institutions—a hereditary title—the last evidence of superiority. But he cannot buy outright a hereditary title nor can he ever wear one and the maggot of unrest commences to gnaw at his soul. But a way out of the difficulty is suggested. The same remedy to which the over-ambitious parent is driven at length by inability to advance farther by his own effort; he has a daughter who may wear the title or the honor, and in its reflected light the parent may find calm at last. The daughter then, is the terrible price which the restless of the upper classes may be driven to pay. Augmented by a considerable sum of money, or even her fair body may be sufficient if she be of more than passing beauty, she will be able to satisfy the lust for popular show or power, as the case may be. And after all, the difference in lust pitiful in our poorer classes, shocking in our richer classes and degrading in any class, is one of degree and not of kind.

When we find fault with this tendency of our people and attribute it to our peculiar attitude of mind toward equality, we must not be construed as leaning toward the caste system nor of curbing ambition in the slightest degree. It is the proneness of our people to grasp rather than earn through honest effort; to covet; to pretend rather than to be. Brilliant achievements have been inspired, we must admit; but far oftener these practises result in dismal failure, sometimes bankruptcy, occasionally even criminal dishonesty of method and invariably illegitimate unrest.

Brief as has been our survey of unrest, we have at least been able to see that there is such a thing in all walks of life and in a few cases, to view the causes. In closing, let us reiterate the necessity of keeping clearly before us the symptomatic nature of the phenomenon; it is not a thing itself to be cured, but a guide to eventual cure of the underlying cause. We must not go away shaking our heads and muttering evil prophecy. Let us rather look upon this unrest as the most promising sign of the times. An indication that the world is awake to its obligations and opportunities; that civilization is to continue its onward march, always from the lower toward the higher plane, from the simpler to the more complex and from the worse to the better. A student of the history of the evolution of man is forced inevitably to the conclusion that the first cause which impelled Pithecanthropus-erectus to go out from his dismal forests and which has guided him through vicissitudes innumerable to the present, was, is and always will be, a benevolent First Cause.



What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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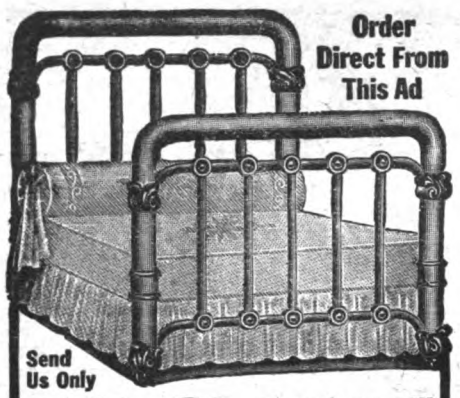
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Preventing Disease in Turkeys

THE letters received during the last year, asking advice about turkey ailments, have been so numerous, that about three months ago I began writing to some of the large breeders and to some of the agricultural colleges that have been devoting special attention to the subject. Chief of these was the state college at Kingston, Rhode Island, and through the courtesy of Professor Hadley I am now able to give our readers the result of their recent scientific studies.

The first point strongly emphasized by Professor Hadley is the necessity of reducing the amount of feed usually given to young turkeys. All the experiments during the last fifteen years have convinced him that the parasite which causes blackhead can only develop in the intestines of a young bird when they have been weakened by indiscreet feeding, which has clogged the bowels and rendered the tissues susceptible to attack, and that the only true method of fighting the disease is along the lines of prevention. In other words, keeping the birds' intestines in such a clean, healthy condition that the parasites have no chance to attack them.

The second point is, that certain acids materially retard the growth of the parasite, so that in conjunction with reduced feed, sour milk is the most powerful agent in checking the development of the disease. Beyond which, it is probable that besides the effect of the sour milk itself, the bacteria always present in sour milk is in itself beneficial to the tissues of the intestines.

So far, this is all very simple, and I know many of our readers will say, "Why, I have always fed my young turkeys clabbered milk, and they die off just the same." Which is quite true, because milk clabbered in the usual domestic way, or by any of the usual preparations sold for the purpose, does not contain sufficient acidity to be of much value in fighting off the parasite, when once introduced into the bird's intestines. The experiments undertaken by the Rhode Island station have, however, revealed the fact that foreign bacterium found in most of the sour milk drinks made by the Bulgarian peasants produce in milk from three to four per cent more acidity than is obtainable by any other means, and it is milk turned by means of this special bacterium which constitutes the main factor in Professor Hadley's new method of feeding young turkeys. Science has discovered a method of collecting this bacterium Bulgaricum, as it is called, and converting it into tablets, which can be procured from a firm in Detroit, Michigan, that makes a specialty of handling biological products. It is against our rules to give the names of firms in this column, but I will be glad to furnish it if correspondents will send a self-addressed post-card for the information.

The method of preparing the milk is quite simple. It merely consists in adding a tablet to the milk and then keeping it in a temperature of 105 degrees until it is thoroughly congealed. After it has cooled it can either be broken up and fed, cuds and whey together, or what is perchance better, strained through cheese-cloth, just as you would make ordinary cottage cheese, catching the whey in a pan, so that it can be used in a drinking fountain, and then feeding the curds mixed with the dry mash.

Now to the schedule of reduced feeding, which must be rigidly adhered to. Nothing for the first forty-eight hours; after that, hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine (include the shell). The young birds must have only the smallest imaginable quantity. If you have one of the little wooden spoons which come with mixed mustard, use it as a measure, and divide that amount between two birds for a day's feed. If you don't use mixed mustard, and haven't such a spoon, a number nine thimble will do, but be sure it is only half full, and that two birds share the quantity. The fourth day, the thimble may be three parts full, and a pinch of finely chopped green stuff added to it (the best green stuffs are tender clover, grass, or the green sprouts of oats.) The fifth day, fill the thimble with the chopped egg, add a tiny pinch of rolled oats, and a degree more green stuff. Increase the amount about a grain a day, up to the tenth day, at which time the sour milk treatment should commence. At first, give just a few grains, mixed with a still fewer grains of dry mash. Increase slightly each day, at the same time decreasing the amount of chopped egg in such proportions that by the fourteenth day the egg may be entirely discontinued. At this time the birds should be getting one quarter of an ounce of green food, half that quantity of rolled oats, a pinch of dry mash and half an ounce of curds. This is for each bird. Keep whey before them all the time, so that they can drink when they please.

By the third week, rations should be as follows: Two ounces of green food; one ounce of rolled oats; half an ounce of dry mash; half a gill of curds, and not quite half an ounce of small mixed grain. Remember that this amount is for one week's rations, and must be divided for the seven days. Increase at the same gradual rate as before, all the articles of diet except the rolled oats, which should be gradually decreased so that it is entirely left out by the seventh week, when the quantity of food given for each bird for one week should be: green food, four and one half ounces; dry mash, two ounces; curds, about a gill and a half; mixed grain, a trifle over one ounce. Again increase up to the eleventh week, when green food should be six ounces, dry mash, six ounces, curds one quart and one gill. At this time, cracked corn and whole wheat in equal parts take the place of the small grain, and the amount given should be three ounces. Continue the same rations with a slight increase from week to week until the birds are twenty-four weeks old.

The above schedule is for young birds confined to yards. When the youngsters are allowed free range, after they are two or three weeks old, the green food can be entirely omitted, and so can the mixed grain, but they must have the sour milk curds and dry mash given to them before they are allowed out in the morning, and when they are brought up to their sleeping place at night.

In conclusion, Professor Hadley advises the use of a drug which is an intestinal antiseptic and has been found of great service. The drug is known as formadine, which is to be procured from the same firm in Detroit as the bacteria. The use of the drug should commence in the fourth week of the bird's life. The dose recommended is one grain per day for two weeks; two grains per day for two weeks; then three grains per day for five weeks, at which time its use can be discontinued. "The most critical period in the life of young turkeys begins at the fifty-fifth day, and the giving of formidine should slightly anticipate this period. The drug may be mixed with a small quantity of mash up to the thirteenth week, when it is discontinued. Whether further use of the drug is advisable cannot now be stated. It is also possible that further experiments will reveal some intestinal antiseptic better suited to the purpose than the formadine, or even that formadine is unnecessary if a sufficiently large amount of sour milk is given."

Now for a few hints of my own. Remember that it is quite likely that some of your common hens or other poultry may be infested with the parasite of blackhead, though showing no sign of illness, and that all such parasites are transmitted through the droppings of affected birds, therefore observe strict cleanliness in all your poultry houses, and keep your young turkeys as far removed from other poultry as possible. It is no use dosing birds if they are exposed to daily contamination.



WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

Correspondence

F. S.—I have two banty hens and a rooster, and will you tell me what ails them? They keep twitching their heads and making a piping noise, and someone told me it was the pips, but I don't know what to do for them.

A.—Rub the tip of the tongue with a mixture of honey and borax, or glycerine, and give the birds twenty grains of Epsom salts each, and a cure will soon be established.

E. J. C.—I have six hens and a rooster of pure bred White Rocks. How long should they be kept separate from balance of flock before using eggs for breeding purposes?

A.—Better separate pure-blooded hens from the rest of the flock as soon as possible, and put the rooster with them three weeks before they are to be used for incubation.

J. E. B.—I have a late hen turkey hatched this fall, which is very much under size. Do you think I could cross her with a White Rock rooster two years old this coming spring?

A.—No; such a cross is not practical. Being hatched so late in the season, she would not be of any use to breed from this spring under any circumstances.

E. C.—I have a fine flock of turkeys. They are beginning to die. Have lost five in the same way. They first begin to droop around, then they get so they won't eat anything unless I put it in their mouths. Then they swallow like they were hungry. They seem very thirsty. We cut one open; her crop was full; seemed too full, like what she had eaten hadn't passed through, and her liver was swollen about three times natural size, and was all covered with copper-colored spots. The left side of her liver was almost solid copper color and seemed to be rotten. The crop had a very bad smell. Some of their heads turned blue when they died. They are greatly sunken around the eyes. Their droppings are a thin yellow, and some are blue. They have free range in the country, and are fed chops at night; have plenty of pure water to drink.

A.—Your letter touches such a general trouble that I am going to take it as the main subject of my article this month. As it is impossible to answer it fully and helpfully in the correspondence column, I therefore must ask you to turn to the beginning of the department, where I hope you will find helpful suggestions.

C. L. B.—Will you kindly send me a list of poultry shows to be held in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont this winter, with dates, or inform me as to where I can secure list?

A.—The only list of shows I have at hand does not include the states you name. You had better write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Augusta, Maine, Plainfield, Vermont, and Concord, New Hampshire.

M. F. O.—I killed a hen for the table, and on removing the entrails found the liver of a dark green color and covered with small yellow spots, and kidneys shrunk. Not very fat, and fat of a dark yellow. Was afraid to use the meat. Will you please tell me what was the matter?

A.—I should say the hen had what is commonly known as blackhead when it attacks turkeys, for with turkeys the head often turns dark when the disease reaches advanced stages. Strange to say, it is seldom fatal to ordinary poultry, so it is only when birds are killed for table use and the condition of the liver observed that people become aware that there is anything the matter. It is through the droppings of such hens that turkeys usually contract the disease. As it has undoubtedly been present in your flock, I advise you to read the beginning of this month's article, and apply the sour milk treatment to the rest of your hens.

F. C.—Please tell in COMFORT how to feed young Indian Runner ducks.

A.—The feeding and care of young Indian Runner ducks is exactly the same as that of any other young ducks. A dry sleeping place, shade from midday sun, plenty of sand or fine grit, and clean drinking water in deep dishes, so that they can submerge their entire heads, but so arranged that it is impossible for them to get into the water with their feet or bodies. Feed should be mash made of equal parts of wheat bran, finely ground clover or Alfalfa, ground oats and ground corn. To each two quarts of such mixture add two tablespoonfuls of ground bone or beef meal.

C. L. D.—I wish you would advise me through your paper how to make a fireless brooder. I have plans for making a hot air brooder, but it is so easily overheated, and there is so much danger of fire that it is unsatisfactory. Also, I would like to know which variety of Leghorns you consider the most profitable as egg producers, if there is any difference.

A.—The January number of COMFORT contained directions for making a fireless brooder. All varieties of Leghorn are equally egg producers.

F. B.—Will you kindly publish in your paper whether or not turkey eggs hatch good in an incubator. Do little turkeys that are hatched by an incubator do well? Have been told that all eggs hatched by an incubator are subject to diarrhea, and for that reason turkeys hatched by an incubator do not do well. Kindly let me know what you know about it, and the best incubator to buy.

A.—I have hatched turkey eggs under common hens, turkey hens, and in incubators every season for the last fifteen years, and have found no material difference in them. But I always give them to turkey hens or to common hens to brood, for I don't believe they would thrive if brought up in any brooder. Please read the first part of this month's article. I think all the incubators on the market are good, practical hatchers. It really depends on the person who is running the machine as to what the results are.

R. F.—I would like to ask a few questions in regard to turkeys. I have an old gobbler (two years old) and one of his gobblers quite a little larger than he is, and I would like to save the young gobbler to breed with in the summer of 1916, and I have no place to keep him by himself, and will it bother my turkey raising this summer (1915) to let him run with my breeding turkeys? He will not be related to any of them except the one that was his mother. Which are the best turkeys for market—White or Bronze? And which is the most profitable breed of duck for all around use? Am a subscriber to COMFORT and wish it was a weekly paper.

A.—I fear there will be trouble if you let both Toms run with the hens in the spring. Can't you keep the young bird shut up in a chicken yard during the breeding season? It really won't do him any harm if you feed lightly and give him plenty of green stuff. Or, a still better plan would be to get some farmer who doesn't keep turkeys to take him for the summer; then he could have free range and feed himself. Personally, I like the White Holland turkey, and find it just as good for market as the Bronze variety. Indian Runner ducks lay more eggs than Pekins, but the latter are the best for market.

H. D. B.—I have come to you before for advice, and as you helped me then, will ask you to again. My chickens are sick—that is, one eye swells shut and all bulges out like it would burst out of the head. I had one hen get that way about three weeks ago, and by now now I have about a dozen that have one eye shut, but not all swollen so bad. The first one that was taken sick is still alive, and eats and drinks, and the other eye is all right. I gave her some coal oil and bathed the swollen eye in it and tried other things, but to no avail. At first there seems to be mattery stuff form in the eye, and then it will gradually close up and swell. A few of them have scales on their heads around the eyes and on their wattles. Where the eye swells so badly it looks yellow inside, like the ball might have burst. They do not wheeze or rattle or run at the nose. Some of them have slight diarrhea. Shall I separate them as fast as they swell or their eyes shut? I am afraid I shall soon have half of them penned up. I have kept my chickens shut up in the henhouse the past two weeks. Do you think they have cold?

A.—The hens have inflammation of the mucous membrane about the eye, a condition which sometimes accompanies roup, but quite as often appears when there are no other symptoms. Lack of green food or a damp roosting place may have caused it. Slight pressure under the eyelid will force out a small lump composed of pus. After it is removed the inflammation usually subsides, but it is well to bathe the eye with a solution of boric acid and keep the bird in a half dark coop except at feeding time. A few days of such treatment usually work a cure.

J. P. H.—Can ducks be raised profitably in an orchard where there is plenty of grass and water, and how many can be kept on an acre of ground? I want to raise the Pekin duck. How high will an enclosure have to be to confine turkeys?

A.—If you are conveniently located to a good market, ducks should prove very profitable. You could raise several hundred on an acre of land if they are to be marketed before they are four months old. Turkeys being heavy birds, don't often try flying over a fence, especially if there is no rail at the top of it for them to rest on, so a yard fence four feet high is all that is necessary.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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As Spring Approaches

WHAT a multitude of things there are to do in late winter and in preparation for spring and its bustle of plowing, disking, seeding and harrowing; and what an easy matter it is to neglect some of the more important things in this rush of work. Lest we forget, let us print a few reminders here and the first one is relative to cleaning up a bit before plowing becomes possible. A correspondent has recently drawn attention to the fact that rats hide in rubbish piles near the chicken houses, coops and brooders, dash out, grab chicks and get back to their shelter places in a wink. He wisely advises to get rid of all such lurking places and to set the houses on stilts to help keep the rats away. This excellent advice leads us to say that every brush pile and rock pile and old hedge or rail fence is a lurking place for other enemies of the farmer and should be done away with now. All manner of vermin, insects and weeds live in such corners and fences. The boys love such places on the farm, for here hide the cottontail rabbits which are fine targets for young hunters and when you are after them, whirr! goes a quail now and then, or even a real pheasant, out of the mass of brambles, wild raspberries, wild grape, sumach, brier, nettle, dogwood, wild plum, bitter apple and multifarious wild growths of the fence side. But here too harbor the mice, gophers or ground squirrels, the skunks and the bugs, some at least of which may hurt crops badly. Weeds are the worst pests of such places. They grow from seeds dropped by perching birds. They are warmly protected by snow-drifts in winter and these drifts often last long in spring and keep one from plowing close to the fence. Haul in the old rails and saw them up for fuel. We once sold an old stake and rider fence for four cents a rail and that paid for wire for a new fence; and, fancy! lots of the rails were of perfectly sound black walnut which would be worth a little fortune today. Grub and burn the bushes. Haul away the rocks, or build them into a trim, durable wall. Get the fence sides into grass and then keep them free from weeds.

Getting the Farm Horse Ready for Spring Work

Start early to get the work horse into condition for labor in spring. He will be soft and flabby if he has stood indoors in a hot stable much of the cold winter season. Let the temperature of the stable not exceed fifty degrees, or thereabout. Gradually lighten the stable blanket, if he has been blanketed. Start currying and grooming the coat daily. Stop corn feeding and feed whole oats and wheat bran, the latter to form one ninth part of the ration by weight. Feed the best of Timothy, or prairie hay, or mixed clover hay will do, if it is sound. Lessen Alfalfa hay, so that it does not loosen the bowels or irritate the kidneys. As spring comes on heavily blanket and trot the horse if his coat is slow in shedding and at such a time add flaxseed meal to the oats and bran to start the coat. The blanket causes sweating and the hair comes away in rolls, sticking to the blanket, or being easily combed and brushed out. Remember that the horse is weak at this time, therefore very gradually accustom him to hard work. Many men make the mistake of at once making their horses do a full, hard day's work in early spring. It is better to get the horse toughened to work gradually. Toughen the shoulders by bathing with cold water three times a day and then scraping out the water and drying the parts thoroughly. If necessary use strong alum water or white oak bark to help toughen the shoulders, but it is of much greater importance to have the collar fit properly, have the padding smooth and clean and then keep it dry and clean.

Sowing Seed on the Snow

The practise of sowing clover seed on the snow in early spring is quite common in some sections. It has the advantage of being easily seen and can be evenly distributed for this reason. Winter grains may be seeded with clover in this manner when it is impossible to seed them in the fall on account of winter killing or when the ground is likely to be too muddy to sow later in the spring. As the snow melts the seed gradually settles into the soft earth and often makes an excellent catch.

On the other hand this practise is open to serious objection. A snowfall followed by high winds after seeding may blow the seed entirely off the land. A heavy thaw accompanied by rain may likewise wash the seed away and an early thaw and spring weather followed later by freezing cold may first sprout and later destroy the seed. On the whole it is much better to sow grass seed with spring grains than attempt to seed with fall grains by sowing the seed on the snow. Spring seeding may be readily done if the crop rotations are carefully planned.

Frozen Silage Again

Don't feed frozen silage. It is injurious to stock. Throw it down in the barn and let it lie there until the first warm day comes when it will thaw out and can be fed. Or, pile it up in the middle of the silo, cover it with a blanket and let it lie there when the heat of fermentation below will usually thaw it out. Don't worry about what clings to the walls when the silo "freezes in" from the sides. That will thaw loose and drop off when the weather moderates and then you can treat it as above.

Pure Bred Grains

For a long time there has been much agitation for the improvement of live stock. Hundreds of years ago men set to work to breed up animals with certain special characteristics which peculiarly adapt them to the uses of man. In this they succeeded so well that we have a large number of breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine which have been kept pure for many years.

It has been only in very recent years, however, that similar attention has been given to the improvement of grains and other farm crops. Wherever this work has been seriously attempted it has achieved results nothing short of marvelous. The fact that plants can be multiplied so rapidly and that large numbers may be used from which to select the particular ones having the desirable characteristics which the plant breeder wishes to "fix" while those rejected by him are no less fitted for their ordinary use, gives him a tremendous advantage over the animal breeder. It is therefore possible for the plant breeder to attain results in a few short years which it has taken the animal breeder centuries to secure. Hence we have the naval orange, the spineless cactus, the seedless grape and numerous varieties of high yielding grains and drought and disease resistant plants. Practically all this progress has been made in the last twenty years; in fact it is so new that many people and many farmers do not even now know that there are such things as pure bred plants. Chief among the men who have achieved distinction and marvelous results in the several states are Burbank of California, Hays of Minnesota, Holden of Illinois, and Moore of Wisconsin. These men will be known, when the history of the present century is written, among the great benefactors of the race, for from now on farmers are going to demand pure bred seed grains and farm crops whose value and producing power is known and recorded quite as insistently as they have demanded pure bred stock up to the present time.

Getting Seed Ready for Spring

Now is the time to get farm seeds ready for spring planting. Upon good seed the value of the crop depends in a very large degree. While soil and climatic conditions, over which the farmer is not able to exercise complete control, may greatly reduce the crop, no amount of good soil and fine weather will make up for poor seed. Over the seed the farmer can have absolute control. He may know whether it will grow or not and may so prepare and grade it as to insure a maximum crop before it ever goes into the soil. This is the first insurance against a poor crop and if any insurance is worth paying for, this one certainly is. But how?

The importance of seed testing has been sufficiently emphasized in these columns and the methods for doing it fully explained in last month's issue.

Seed Grading

By seed grading we mean the separation of seeds into grades having kernels all of the same size. This is especially important in the case of corn to be planted with a corn planter. If small and large kernels go into the box together the machine will drop from one to six kernels at a time, when it is set to drop three kernels. This of course depends entirely upon the size of the kernels that happen to get into the holes in the planter plate. The same is true to a less extent in the case of grain and other seed drills. Grading may be accomplished by running the seed through a good fanning mill or grain grader especially arranged for that purpose. Grading insures against an uneven stand.

Cleaning the Seed

Before grading all seed should be cleaned. While cleaning is pretty generally practised there are still farmers who sow grain just as it comes from the machine or the dealer from whom it may be purchased. No grain should be planted until it is run through a good fanning mill to separate out all the foul matter it may contain before grading.

Cleaning insures against the introduction of foul seed, including weeds that are a nuisance and many that are a pest when once they get in.

Disinfecting Seed to Prevent Plant Diseases

Much loss is occasioned by diseases that are carried over winter in the form of disease spores on the seed. Such losses can be prevented by seed treating. The formaldehyde treatment for oat smut, and the hot water treatment for the same disease in barley and wheat are examples of this class.

The treatment of seed before planting insures against loss from disease.

How to Treat Oats for Smut

In a large barrel place about 40 gallons of water; add to this one pint of 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde. Stir thoroughly. Put oats in a gunny sack and lower the sack into this solution until completely immersed. Allow to remain ten minutes so that solution will have time to thoroughly wet all the oats. Remove, drain and dry before sowing. This treatment will prevent both oat smut and stinking smut in wheat.

The formaldehyde treatment insures against loss from these diseases.

Hot Water Treatment

This treatment is very difficult to apply and is given here more as a warning than as advice. It is used for loose smut in both wheat and barley and is about the only known means of preventing these diseases. The grain is first soaked for four hours in cold water to soften it, then soaked for ten minutes in hot water at a temperature of exactly one hundred and twenty-nine degrees by the Farenheit thermometer. Hotter water than this will destroy the germinating power of the grain and colder water will not destroy the spores of the disease. The difficulty comes in maintaining the exact temperature. This treatment is therefore not advised except by those who have had a great deal of experience in this kind of work. If successful, however, it insures against loss from loose smut.

Treatment for Potato Scab

Scabby potatoes should not be planted, especially upon soil in which scabby potatoes have been grown. Neither should clean seed be planted on such soil. The formaldehyde solution used for the treatment for oat smut may also be used for potato scab. The potatoes may be prepared for planting and then soaked in this solution for two hours. The solution kills the scab spores on the surface of potatoes.

Treating seed potatoes in this manner insures against severe loss from scab.

Crop Rotation to Prevent Loss from Plant Diseases

There is one general means of insuring against plant disease, namely: crop rotation. Many diseases are carried over from year to year by the spores in the soil. Sometimes soils become so badly infested that certain crops cannot be grown on them at all. This is especially true with cabbage and truck crops. Fortunately, however, this can be avoided by crop rotation. Give the land a rest from the single crop and try another not affected by the disease already in the soil. If a definite system of crop rotation can be established so that no crop appears twice in succession on the same piece of land, and does not return to the same place oftener than once in every three or four years, but little trouble will be experienced from either plant diseases or insect pests. Crop rotation is the very best and cheapest means of insuring against these losses.

It is now spring. Another crop is soon to be planted. Give due consideration to crop rotation as a means of insuring healthy crops.

Breaking-in Heifers

Do not "break" them in; gentle them to milk and stand quietly. Remember that the udder of the young heifer is conjested with blood and that the teats often are acutely painful when suckled, or milked. If a man is rough and cruel to a heifer at this time he may ruin her for life. The breaking in of a young heifer with her first calf needs the gentleness and patience of a gentleman. The man who believes in "learning a heifer to behave" by beating her with a milking stool or club is out of place in the dairy business. He should engage in pugelism, carpet beating or ward politics. If a woman can be coaxed into caring for the heifer at first that will be best and many fine women are still willing to do such work on the farm. They do it best and if there is an orphan foal, calf or lamb to be raised "by hand," let the "hand" be the one that rocks the cradle and rules the world. When a heifer is soon to calve handle her daily and get her accustomed to being fed some relished feed in a stanchion. When she is feeding, gently massage her udder, but do not go through all the motions of milking. If other cows are stabled with her and milked, so much the better. She will gradually become accustomed to the stabling and handling process and then will give comparatively little trouble at calving time. Feed her succulent feed, or bran mashes and flaxseed meal to keep her bowels active as parturition time approaches, and see that she takes enough exercise every day to keep her muscles in proper condition. If a heifer is allowed to become thin, weak and constipated she may have her calf all right, but it is very probable that she will retain her afterbirth so that it will have to be removed by hand. Where that has to be done the heifer may not come to her full flow of milk, or she may be troubled with a chronic discharge and fail to breed. When the calf comes it should be allowed to suckle for a few days. The first milk (colostrum) is a physic and necessary to cleanse the intestinal tract. The heifer also will fret less if she is allowed to nurse her calf for a few days, but at the same time she should be partially milked by hand night and morning to get her accustomed to the process. When the time comes to separate her from her calf do it gradually. Give her some favorite feed at milking time and lace the calf near her. Gradually get the calf farther away until she doesn't fret for it, being occupied with the relished feed. If her udder is swollen and hard (congested) bathe it with hot water twice daily and massage it thoroughly at such times. At night rub it with hot melted lard. If the udder tends to remain congested despite massage part each of fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna leaves and six parts of sweet oil or melted lard and give her one teaspoonful of saltpeter twice daily in drinking water or soft feed. A physic of epsom salts also is beneficial when the udder tends to remain congested despite massage and milking.

Dock and Trim Lambs Early

Last fall we saw a carload of big lambs on the way to Chicago to be sold to the hotel and restaurant trade and to our surprise we noticed that the animals had just been docked and castrated. The wounds were not yet fully healed and the flies around those lambs were a "caution." Good feed had been put into the lambs and they were in good flesh; but it is a certainty that the marketing would be a disappointment. Buyers discount such lambs badly. They scarcely like to invest in such a lot and will only buy them at a discount when properly treated lambs are plentiful in the yards. It pays to have lambs go to market in as tidy, finished shape as possible. To that end they must be castrated when ten to fifteen days old and it will be all right to dock them at the same time. If this is done early the flies do not give much trouble and there are no maggot cases to fuss with and no unsightly sores and wounds at selling time. Where the docking and castrating are not done at all the lambs will be harshly "docked" in price by the stock-yard buyer.

How to Plant a Tree

The time of tree planting is near at hand. There is a right way to plant a tree.

It must be remembered that when the tree is growing in the ground there is a natural balance between root growth and top growth. When the tree is dug this balance is destroyed by cutting off a very large portion of the roots. The only way that this balance can be restored is to cut down the top proportionately. This means very liberal pruning. Most people are afraid that they will prune too much and thus destroy the tree. This can hardly be. More trees are killed because too much top is left on than are injured by too much top pruning. Cut back the top quite as much as the roots have been cut back, and then a little more, remembering always that the root system on any healthy tree is about as large as its top.

The roots should be pruned very little. Only the injured or broken roots should be removed and the cut surfaces freshened in order to stimulate growth at these points.

A hole should be dug deep enough to take the tree to its original depth in the soil and large enough for the entire root system without bending, twisting or crowding the roots.

A spadeful or two of top soil should be placed in a little pile under the center and the tree pressed firmly down upon it. Then spread the roots carefully. Loose, fine dirt should then be thrown in, worked with the hands around the roots so as to fill up all holes and bring every root in firm contact with the soil. When the roots are well covered turn in water to settle the soil about the roots. The whole point in tree planting is to get the tree back into the soil in as close contact with it as it was before being dug. Since this is hardly possible the greatest care must be exercised to fill up all holes, air spaces and the like and to get fine soil in perfect contact with all the roots. No stones, sod, clods or chunks of earth should be put back into the hole. When the roots have been covered and wet down the hole should be filled with good earth and solidly packed down. After the hole is filled water again heavily, and in order that the water shall soak down about the roots and not run off, leave surface of the soil a little lower next the tree. If the soil is poor mix some phosphate and wood ashes, if you have any, with the top soil after the hole is filled and before you do the last watering. A mulching of straw about the tree will help hold the moisture in the ground and may save the tree from dying the first season if it happens to be dry.

Setting Out Strawberry Plants

We often wonder why our strawberries do not bear better. The beds are clean and the plants thrifty, yet we are disappointed in the yield of berries.

This may be our own fault. It must be remembered that the blossoms on the strawberries are of two kinds,—perfect and imperfect. By perfect blossoms we mean those having both stamens and pistils and thus capable of self-fertilization. No plant will bear fruit unless the blossom is properly fertilized,—that is, the pollen from the stamen must be carried over to pistil, the female part of the flower.

Imperfect flowers are those lacking in either stamens or pistils. They cannot therefore be self-fertilized and hence cannot bear fruit without outside assistance. Now if it so happens that we plant our strawberry bed all to one kind of plants bearing imperfect flowers we are doomed to disappointment. Such plants will not,—cannot, bear fruit.

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We should always ascertain when buying strawberry plants from the dealer whether or not the flowers are imperfect. If so, we must always buy other plants of some perfect variety to plant among them; otherwise our strawberries will not bear.

Marl and Shells

Watch out for a chance to buy cheap shell marl where big drainage ditches were put through last fall. In one district we know of, farmers have been hauling such white marl at one dollar the load and the loads they have piled on at that price certainly have been so big that they could scarcely fail to prove profitable. The marl is made up of the fine, thin shells of snails or other mollusks. Rarely do we find clam shells of any large variety and in some instances one cannot make out the composing shells. The shells have wasted away or lost their shape and identity and lime matters remain. To tell if such marl is worth hauling pour a little hydrochloric acid on a sample and if it boils and dissolves it contains plenty of carbonate of lime and will prove useful on worn land. Such lime, also ground limestone, and airslaked lime, will be likely to benefit any land that has had no lime applied for many years. It surely will pay well as a top dressing upon all lands that are sour, growing sheep sorrel or showing green moss on the surface, but such lands usually need draining as well as liming to make them fertile and profitable. Rushing the lime or marl into the grass pastures also proves worth while and helps to bring in the clover which cannot thrive well without a due amount of lime in the soil. Heavily applied shell marl also will greatly benefit stiff, sour adhesive, retentive clay soils. At a dollar a load, or thereabout, and where the haul is not too long, marl of good quality will be well worth buying for any farm that has been cropped for years without much added fertility.

Salting Old Pastures

It is a well-known fact that old, permanent pastures are bad places for young lambs, pigs, colts and calves. They infest them with worms. It may be added that such pastures too are in some instances likely to induce certain deadly diseases, such as blackleg in cattle and "braxy" in sheep, or "red water" in cattle. In Great Britain it is a common practise to give such pastures a top dressing of crushed rock salt early in spring brushing it in with a light harrow. From one to five tons to the acre have been applied in this way; the latter amount being indicated where a malignant disease has been prevalent. We have known of several instances where such disease has apparently disappeared permanently after one five ton dressing with crushed rock salt, and we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)



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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Early Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



BEAUTIFUL shirt-waists are shown—made of Georgette crepe, and white satin that seeks to rival the crepe. These waists are finished in various ways. Some with plain coat closings—piped with a bit of soft color; others show innumerable tucks, or plaits, in various widths. Some have yoke facings in pointed, round or straight outline and regulation sleeve shapes. Then there are others with comfortable raglan sleeve or wide armscyes.

It is a boon to the busy woman, this style of separate waists—when worn with one of the new smart plaited yoke skirts, the effect is most pleasing. The new skirts show ample becoming and comfortable fullness.

It would seem that the coming season's styles mean to provide lavishly for each and every figure. What with short and long coats, short waists and long basques, ripple and smooth outlines, women have but to choose what suits their individuality and taste, to be pleased with the new fashions.

Children's dresses are ever practical, and the simpler styles are always best for little ones, besides they are easy to make and easy to launder.

Pattern Descriptions

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1186-1185—A Stylish Dress. The waist shows the latest expression of new lines in shirt-waists, with yoke sections over the fronts, tucks and panel effect. The skirt is a popular yoke model, lengthened by plaited sections.

The waist pattern 1186 is cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1185 is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a medium size, for the entire dress. This illustration calls for *two* separate patterns at 10c for each pattern.

9992—Ladies' One-piece Apron. This model is fitted by a dart under the arms, and has ample pockets in front. Gingham, chambrey, percale, lawn, cambric, muslin, alpaca or denim may be used for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1070—Ladies' Waist with Long or Short Sleeve in Raglan Style. The fronts are trimmed with revers, that outline the "V" neck and meet a rolling collar. The design is splendid for silk, and wash fabrics. It is also good for voile, cloth, velvet or corduroy or serge.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and five eighths yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1168—A Simple Shirt-waist Style. The model here shown is finished in tailored style, with a neat coat closing, and a becoming collar that leaves the throat free. The sleeve in wrist length, has a new flare cuff. In short length a shaped turn-over cuff forms a smart finish. This style is good for faille, poplin, crepe, serge, charmeuse or messaline, for linen, batiste, and other lingerie materials.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9994—Ladies' "Over All" Apron. This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The waist and sleeve portions are cut in one. Gingham, percale, drill, chambrey, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1201—Child's Set of Dress, Petticoat and Drawers. The dress is in simple Bishop style, and may be finished in French waist style, and with short sleeve and low neck. The petticoat is cut with a long waist, and is sure to prove a comfortable garment. The good features of the drawers will be at once apparent.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the dress, two and three eighths yards for the petticoat and three quarters yard for the drawers for a three-year size.

1181—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with Raised or Normal Waistline. This style is simple in design and easy to develop. The skirt is a comfortable three-piece model, with plaited fullness at the side seams. The design is good for galatea, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, serge, percale or voile. A stylish neat business suit could be developed from this pattern, in serge or velvet, with trimming of plaid, checked or striped silk or cloth, or flat braid applied in rows or as binding, would be good.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9910—Girl's Apron. This simple, practical garment may do duty as a dress or an apron. It has sufficient fullness, and is cut with body and sleeve in one. The design is good for percale, lawn, dimity, gingham, cambric, chambrey or crossbar muslin. It may be cut with round or square neck edge.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1177—Ladies' Combination Garment, Corset Cover and Drawers with or without ruffle, and in round or square neck outline. Cambric, nainsook, batiste, crepe, flannelette or silk may be used for this style. The garment is fitted by shoulder, and underarm seams and darts. With prevailing long-waisted styles this garment is very practical.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size, with three quarters yard extra if made with ruffle.

1079—Costume for Misses and Young Women. This attractive model holds several new style features. The yoke tunic is especially popular. The sleeve is attractive in wrist length, with its deep cuff, and is also pretty with the neat shaped cuff, in short length. The design is good for cashmere, velvet, velveteen, combinations of woolen, cloth and silk.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

1211—Dress for Misses and Ladies. Consisting of an overdress in "Chemise" style and an underdress having a waist cut with body and sleeve in one and joined to a two-piece skirt. Many types of this style are now in vogue, all of which are especially suited to slender figures. The style here shown is distinctively smart, and may be worn over any guimpe or waist and skirt, that harmonizes with the model. It will be attractive in velvet, serge or a combination of serge for the undermeuse. Net or lace could be used for the underwaist if preferred. For linen, and batiste this model is also good.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years, for misses, and in four sizes for ladies, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires for a 16-year size, three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for the overdress and five and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the underdress. For a 36-inch size it requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for the overdress, and six and one half yards of 27-inch material for the underdress.



1198—Girls' Dress. The long shoulder is comfortable, and the sleeve stylish in either wrist or elbow length. The blouse waist so becoming to youthful figures has a vest front which may be of contrasting material together with the collar and cuffs. It would be nice in soft crepe or voile, cashmere, plaid suiting, lawn or chambrey.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1057—Boys' Suit with Trousers. This style makes a splendid coat or jacket suit for the small boy. It may be of velvet, corduroy, serge, cheviot, flannel, galatea, gingham, kindergarten cloth, drill or linen.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years, requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

9940—Ladies' Night Gown with Yoke Band. Batiste, dimity, nainsook, cambric, crepe or silk are all attractive and appropriate for this style. The design is cut with sleeve and body portions in one, and is made to slip over the head.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a large size.

1182—A Charming Negligee. Every woman's wardrobe should boast of one or more comfortable garments of this kind. Cotton and silk crepes, pretty voiles, crinkle cloth, and for warmth there are flannels, flannelette, eiderdown and blanket cloths.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires five yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

1191—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke Tunic. This style has a two-piece underskirt, that may be of lining beneath the tunic. The tunic flares gracefully at its lower edge, and may be made of contrasting material with yoke and underskirt alike. This style would be nice for novelty weaves, for plaid or checked fabrics, in velvet and serge combinations and for wash fabrics, such as linen, gingham, pongee, poplin, chambrey, lawn or crepe.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and two and three quarters yards for the tunic for a 24-inch size.

9934—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve. This model may serve as a working dress, and is equally desirable for afternoon wear. It will develop well in lawn, chambrey, seersucker, ratine, linen, percale, voile, poplin or tub silk.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1097—Ladies' Waist, with Long or Short Sleeve, and with or without Chemisette. This style has good lines. The sleeve is cut in one with the yoke. The open neck is finished with a collar that can be worn in flare or flat style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1195—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. Of all boy's suits there is none so comfortable as the blouse style. Blue serge with braid trimming or brown velvet bound with braid, would be nice for this style. Cheviot, tweed, corduroy, galatea, drill or linen are also good.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1173—Girls' Underwaist, Bloomers and Petticoat. The designs here portrayed are easy to develop and convenient and comfortable.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. For an eight-year size it will require one and three quarters yards for the petticoat, one

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

and one half yards for the bloomers, and one yard for the waist of 36-inch material.

9879—Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap. This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, flannel, cashmere, or henrietta, crossbar, batiste or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may serve as trimming.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. For the cap seven eighths yard of 27-inch net all-over embroidery or lawn, percale, dimity, dotted swiss and silk are suitable.



1188—A Popular and Youthful Style. Over blouse costume for misses and young women, with underwaist having sleeve in either of two lengths, and with separate underskirt. Plaid woolen in green and brown tones combined with white crepe for the underwaist, is here shown. The underskirt may be of lining above the flounce portion. The tunic is joined to the over blouse, and forms a deep plait over the back. The underwaist may be made with sleeve in wrist or short length. Serge, velvet, corduroy, voile, poplin, taffeta or novelty suiting are all desirable for this model. Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years, and requires six yards of 44-inch material for the dress and one and three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe for a 14-year size. The skirt measures about one and seven eighths yard at the lower edge.

1068—Girls' Apron. This model is easy to make, and is most desirable. It completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pinafore." It is suitable for cambric, percale, gingham or chambrey.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.



1270—Child's Overalls. These little overalls or rompers are equally suitable for boys or girls, and allow of perfect freedom of motion while at play. The garment fastens on the shoulders and is supplied with pockets enough to suit even the small boy.

Cut in four sizes, four, six, eight and 10 years, and is usually made of denim, gingham and khaki. The six-year size requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

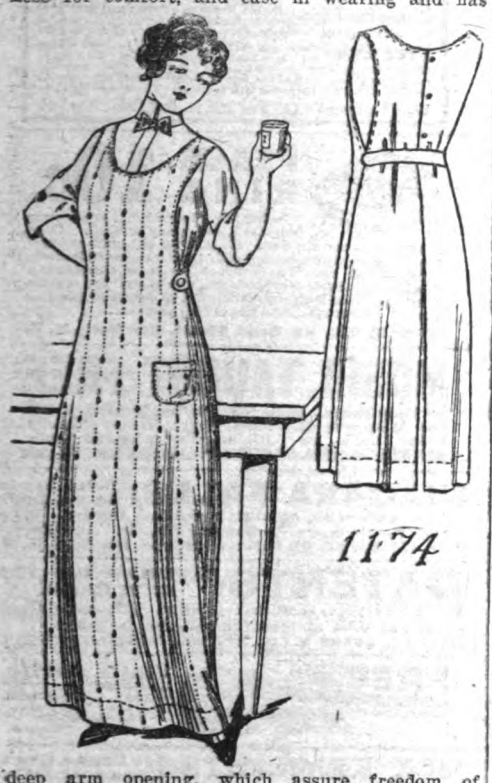
1004—Girls' French Dress. This neat little model is cut in kimono style, with the fullness of the sleeve confined by a sleeve-band. The new crepe will combine prettily for this style, with lawn or batiste. For gingham, percale, voile, silk and linen this style is good also.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

9676—Girls' Dress in Balkan Blouse Style. The three-piece skirt is joined to the blouse under the belt. The front of the blouse is shaped in deep scallops. The pattern is suitable for gingham, chambrey, linene, galatea, percale, or lawn.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1174—A Very Desirable and Popular Style Ladies' Apron. For percale, gingham, drill, sateen, lawn or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fullness for comfort, and ease in wearing and has



deep arm opening, which assure freedom of movement for the arms while working. The back is finished with a belt.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9817—Infant's Layette. These simple styles, all of which are provided in this pattern are all practical and easy to make. The cloak may be of cashmere, Bedford cord, serge or silk. It may be finished without the cape collar. The cap is suitable for the same material and for lawn, nainsook, cambric or corduroy. The kimono and sack will develop nicely in flannel, cashmere, silk, domet or



outing flannel. The slip is nice for nainsook, lawn or cambric. The pinning blanket may be of domet, outing flannel or wool flannel. The shirt of cambric or flannel. The diaper drawers of cambric diaper cloth, or rubberized material. The barrie coat of cambric or long cloth. The bootee of silk, quilted satin, eiderdown or suede. The band of flannel. The cold feet gown of flannelet, flannel or cambric, and the bib of silk lawn or cambric. It will require: 1, Cloak, two and three quarters yards. 2, Carriage Robe, two and one quarter yards. 3, Cold Feet gown, two and one quarter yards. 4, Kimono, two and one eighth yards. 5, Slip, two and one half yards. 6, Barrie Coat, two and one quarter yards. 7, Cap, five eighths yard. 8, Shirt, three quarters yard. 9, Diaper Drawers, one half yard; 10, Sack, five eighths yard. 11, Pinning blanket, muslin, three eighths yard, flannel, seven eighths yard. 12, Bib, one half yard. 13, Bootee, one quarter yard. 14, Band, one quarter yard.

9434—Ladies' One-piece Gored Petticoat, in raised or normal waist-line. Suitable for flouncing, for flannel, flannelette, silk, cambric, nainsook, crossbar muslin or crepe.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.



1189—A Practical, Comfortable Garment. Girls' Apron. This neat and simple model is so easy to develop, and such a "dress saver." At play or while helping mother, habits of neatness and care may be established, and a pretty apron such as this will gladly be worn by a little girl who likes to keep her frock clean. Percale, lawn, gingham, chambrey, crossbar muslin or dimity may be used for its development.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

9937—Ladies' Corset Cover with Peplum. Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe, cambric and silk are suitable for this design. The peplum may be omitted, and the fullness at lower edge finished with a beading or band.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1183—A New Frock in Moyen Age Style. The model is good in cashmere, or serge, with braid binding or trimming. It may also be combined in plain and plaid or checked woolen. It is also good in wash fabrics. The skirt is joined to an underbody of lining and the waist is worn over that.



Cut in four sizes; 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

9763—A New and Practical "Combination." Ladies' Combination Drawers and Corset Cover. Nainsook, silk, lawn, dimity, crepe, crossbar, or cambric may be used for this design, with decoration of lace, edging or embroidery.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-

1091—Men's and Boys' Night Shirt. The pattern provides two styles of sleeve, and may be made with a collar, or in a low neck style, finished with a flat band.

Cut in five sizes for boys; eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years of age, and in eight sizes for men, 36, 38, 40 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches breast measure. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 42-inch size, and three and five eighths yards for a 14-year size.

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KEEP BEES
A Few at Least

By C. B. Irvine

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FROM "forty acres and a mule" to "forty inches and a bee" is a far cry; but it is one that is being heard throughout the land, so thoroughly has the "back to the land" movement taken possession of the souls of men. Those who seek to place their feet upon the land and get their hands into the dirt, weary of long hours of labor in office, store and shop of the crowded city, are reading with avidity and are seeking those channels which offer a solution for the increasing high cost of living. An acre and independence is the slogan, but for those who have not the price of an acre the suburban lot of generous size is accepted as a substitute and the industrious bee is being harnessed for yeoman's service in the endeavor to bolster the annual income. Under modern methods of handling, the bee is enabled to accomplish wonders, without violating the eight-hour law, in a very small space—and that in an out-of-the-way place—in attic or barn loft. This leaves the greater portion of the lot available for fruit trees, vegetable beds, rabbit pens and poultry coops.

Under the old method farmers who have attempted to keep even a few bees have become discouraged by reason of the fact that the hives invariably selected a time for swarming when the rancher was busy with other work, and to give them the required attention meant the neglect of something of apparently more vital importance. The result was that the bees, being neglected, either flew away or died from lack of proper care. The new system provides hives of such generous size that the necessity for swarming does not exist, and a little attention to the honey makers in spring and fall renders them faithful servants throughout the summer season of nectar laden blossoms. Those who have made a life study of the habits of the bee declare they swarm because the queen is cramped for room in which to deposit her eggs. By so arranging the hive as to provide space for a large amount of brood there is not occasion for swarming and consequently a large force of working bees is held together through the money harvest.

To say nothing of the increased yield of fruits through the presence of a larger number of bees, the keeping of bees will materially increase the wealth of the people, for it has been estimated that if only one family in twenty kept but a single swarm of bees each, that number of hives would increase the wealth of the nation by five million dollars each year. Obviously the farmer by producing his own sweets would place a small block in the road to be traveled by the wheel of the sugar trust. A no less authority than an expert connected with the United States Agricultural Department declares that honey is prized for its delicate flavor even more than for its sweetening power, and for this reason will find a ready sale at a higher price than sugar.

According to census figures, only about one farm in nine in the United States keeps bees. As a rule bee keeping is not a sole occupation, but for pleasure and profit it is carried on by many thousands of people. For many it is a fascinating pastime, as it furnishes outdoor exercise as well as intimacy with an insect the study of which has been an absorbing subject from the earliest times. And the interest is one that grows as the experimenter progresses. One cannot but marvel at the intelligence of the bee, for should it stray from the beaten path it would be but a brief span until the whole scheme of Nature, as applied to the growing things—fruits, flowers and vegetables—which rely upon insects for distribution of pollen, would be completely upset. But for the reasoning power of the bee, which for sake of convenience is designated as "instinct," varieties would cease to come true. As explained by Luther Burbank in a brochure devoted to making cross pollination at will he declares that "among other of Nature's schemes, in order to keep her kinds within the limits set, she has, in the case of plants, for instance, made it a characteristic of the bee that it works on only one flower, of a kind, at a time.

The novice as well as those who have been initiated into the mysteries of beedom and of horticulture, is certain to find himself asking the question, "How many colonies of bees are required to fertilize an orchard?" A professor attached to the University of California contends that one colony is amply sufficient to fertilize eighty acres of apple bloom, with the aid of other insects. His opinion is not however shared by all of his associates, one of whom declares his belief "that ten colonies might pollenize a ten-acre orchard, but probably fifty or a hundred would be much better."

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The Well-Kept Hand

HAVE the hands of all the Pretty Girls who meet in this corner every month, to talk over their little problems of personal appearance, suffered from their experience at the hands of Old Winter? I shouldn't be surprised! And that's why I am going to talk about pretty hands and how to have them, this month. I feel it is just the best time in the world for all of us to resolve to give our hands their rightful allowance of attention and care.

If the skin is somewhat chapped and rough, we must use a good healing lotion every night, after scrubbing the hands thoroughly in hot soapy water, rinsing them in warm water, then in cool, and thoroughly drying them with a soft towel. The drying of hands inclined to chap or crack is the most important point; for if the slightest moisture is left, the hands incline to roughness. In the daytime, therefore, be very careful about this, when washing the hands. Use oatmeal bags instead of soap, except at night and when the hands are very soiled during the day; or keep on hand a jar of bran water (water in which bran has been boiled with a little shaved white soap) and use that.

Healing Lotion

Rose-water, fifty grams; glycerine, ten grams; tannin twenty-five centigrams.

As soon as the skin of the hands has returned to its normal softness, begin on your beauty campaign, which, if you follow my suggestions, will concern itself with the pretty nails (yes, they are pretty, really) which you have been perhaps neglecting.

I wonder if you have the few simple little implements which are necessary for proper care of the nails? First, an orange-wood stick, then a little limber nail-file, a pair of curved manicure scissors a cuticle knife and a jar of nail powder. You can get along with these few things—which you can buy at any department store in a city or large town, or at the drug-store in smaller places.

To manicure nails, first dissolve some shaved white soap in hot water, and when it is merely warm, let the fingers of your left hand soak in it for a few minutes. I do not need to say, of course, that the hands should have been made spotlessly clean before starting on our manicuring lesson.

After the hand has soaked, as directed, use the pointed end of the orange-wood stick to clean the nails thoroughly, paying particular attention to the corners of the nail where it joins the flesh. Dip the stick in the nail powder, before inserting under each nail. This will help to get out the dirt. When every nail has been cleaned, use a nail brush on them. Next, with the nail file—not the scissors—shape the nail. Here is where you make or mar the beauty of your hands.

If you make the nail too square, or too short, the hand becomes at once unbeautiful; if, as some ill-advised young girls—and older women—do, you file the nails into long points they suggest nothing in the world but cat's claws; but if you take the shape of your finger-tip as your pattern, and file the nail so that it exactly follows this contour, although a trifle longer than the finger, then you will have the perfect nail, so far as shape is concerned.

Now, with the cuticle knife—which has a blunt curved blade not over half an inch long—which you have dipped into the soapy water, gently, oh, very gently, scrape away any little loose bits of the cuticle at the base and sides of the nail. Do not scrape the nail itself, as this thickens and toughens it. You should keep dipping the knife in the sudsy water, all through this part of the manicuring. Now, with the blunt end of the orange-wood stick, gently press back the cuticle at the base of the nail. Do not force it back vigorously, and be careful not to tear the skin—merely exert a gentle pressure.

The perfect nail shows a pink half-moon at its base, but if you have not given as careful attention to your hands as you perhaps might, it will not be possible for you to disclose the little moon at once. It will take many treatments, but, little by little, as you use your orange-wood stick daily, more and more of the little moon will appear, until finally, lo and behold! your nail will be shaped just as it should be!

If your cuticle has grown far up on your nail in a broad selvage, it may be necessary to trim this selvage with your manicure scissors, but do not do this until after you have tried two weeks of the orange-wood stick, for the situation reforms itself, and it is not a specially good plan to cut the selvage since ever afterwards it tears and roughens easily.

The nails are now cleaned, shaped at the tip, and with the little half-moon at least beginning to show.

We are ready, therefore, for the finishing touches.

Apply to each nail with the tip of your forefinger a little white vaseline—just a dab, enough to slightly anoint it. Next, apply a little of the nail powder the same way, and then, taking your chamois buffer, polish the nails with quite light strokes.



SHAPING THE NAIL WITH A FILE.

After the nails have been polished, they should be dipped in the soapy water and brushed with a nail brush. Dry thoroughly.

This complete treatment of the nails need only be given about twice a week, but of course they should be thoroughly cleaned every morning and the cuticle pushed down.

The buffer is not an absolutely necessary implement to possess, for some women who pride themselves upon the appearance of their hands and the daintiness of their toilet appointments, make a point of never using a buffer, claiming the nails polish better if the fingers are bent, claw fashion, but close together, and rubbed back and forth on the palm of the other hand.

If you are fond of violet water or any other toilet water, spray a few drops over the hands after completing your manicuring—it not only leaves a delicate fragrance, but makes the hands feel cool and fresh.

Hangnails are a deadly enemy of pretty hands, yet most of us, at some time other, find ourselves bothered with them. Clip them very close with your manicure scissors, and rubbing on a little cold cream or hand lotion immediately results in hangnails, so be very careful in using them not to abrade the surrounding skin.

Ink spots and other stains can frequently be removed by the use of a cut lemon, rubbed over the stained surface; but a bit of pumice stone is convenient to have at hand and can always be relied upon to obliterate any disfiguring marks. Do not rub the hands harshly with it. Use it only on the spot to be removed, and let the application be gentle.

The little white spots on the nails are often caused by careless use of the manicure implements, for if the nail is bruised by them—or knocked against anything hard—a white spot is almost sure to result.



USE THE BUFFER TO POLISH THE NAILS.

Sometimes if the spotted nail is spread with a special paste at night, the white spots will disappear. For this use half an ounce of refined pitch or turpentine, and half an ounce of myrrh. Melt and mix. You will need to anoint the nail with olive oil in the morning to remove this paste.

Answers to Questions

Josmine.—For those inconvenient superfluous hairs, try dampening them one day with peroxide of hydrogen and the next with toilet ammonia. If you will add to these ingredients a large amount of patience and perseverance and stick to the treatment for several months, I think you will find yourself entirely freed from the disfiguring hair. The peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility and the ammonia kills the roots eventually.

Anxious.—If you are Italian and have the beautiful olive skin of your country, you are a lucky girl indeed. Why, poets have raved over it through all the ages, and writers give it to their heroines. No, my dear, there is nothing that will change its color, but you should be very glad; for it really makes a beautiful complexion; so take good care of it.

Sixteen.—If you have wrinkles under your eyes at your age, I should say you are not taking the best care of your health. Do you drink eight to ten glasses of water a day? Do you take some vigorous outdoor exercise every day of your life? Do you take a daily bath and give your face a brisk rubbing? Do you see that the bowels move freely and at least once daily? And are you careful not to get your feet chilled or damp? If you will be careful of all these things, and not eat between meals but try to get plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits at your meals, the wrinkles will soon disappear. About the mole, the safest way to remove it is by electrolysis, but unless you are near a big city, it would not be wise to attempt this, for it needs a skilled operator. Never pinch or irritate a mole or it may develop into something much more serious; but if your mole is fleshy and stands out conspicuously, tie a silk thread closely around it at its very base. In a short time the mole will begin to wither up, and in time it will become discolored and fall off. There will be scarcely any scar left—only remember not to pick it, or attempt to hurry it in any way.

M. E.—To eradicate pimples, begin at the stomach! Sounds prosaic, doesn't it, little girl, but it's the only sure way! Read what I have said to Sixteen, and do all the things I have suggested, and the pimples will soon be things of the past. As to blackheads, they are nothing but flying specks of dirt which have filled up the open pores. Get yourself a camel's-hair complexion brush at the druggists, and every night, scrub the face with hot soapy water, afterward rinsing it in several waters. Then massage a little cold cream and with a comedone extractor press out every obstinate blackhead. Do not be too vigorous. They may not come out easily the first night, but after a few times they will yield readily. Then remember to keep the face thoroughly clean at all times, and always to dash on very cold water to close the pores after you have used hot water to cleanse.

Mrs. F. W.—The milk diet requires the use of perfectly rich sweet milk. It is most excellent for people with stomach trouble.

Belle.—I am sorry that I am unable to answer letters by mail. Dandruff is very injurious to the health of the hair and is no doubt, the cause of yours falling out. Shampoo the hair once in two weeks, using the soap jelly given to perplexed. Stop using the hot slate pencils to curl the hair, as this is very injurious. Buy some kid curlers, and do your hair up on them at night, being careful not to screw them tight to the head. If you can't get the kid curlers use soft silk rags, if you want your hair to be wavy. Every night massage your scalp after the hair has been loosened and left to hang, dipping the tips of the fingers lightly in vaseline. Massaging the scalp means rubbing it back and forth on the skull. To do this first place the thumb on the temples and the fingers, spread far apart on the scalp. Now, without lifting the fingers or letting them rub back and forth on the hair move the scalp back and forth. Hair cannot be healthy unless the scalp is loose on the skull. After you have massaged a few minutes in one place, change the position of the fingers and massage another portion of the scalp. Continue until every particle of the scalp has been gone over. Brush your hair every night before retiring. Instead of the vaseline on the finger-tips, you could use the following dandruff remedy, dipping the fingers into it at intervals while massaging.

Dandruff Remedy

Bay rum, five ounces; olive oil, one ounce; tincture of cantharides, one quarter ounce.

Your druggist can put this up for you. See that the bowels move freely every day—this is as important to the health of your hair as to your complexion. It will help your greasy nose, also. Are you careful to take a complete bath every day? Do this even if you can merely sponge the body. Drink eight to ten glasses of water daily. All these things will help the greasy nose.

Lulu.—Indeed I am glad to give you some exercises to reduce your flesh. Remember anything which induces active perspiration helps to reduce the fatty tissues, so exercise vigorously and long enough to make yourself perspire freely.

To Reduce Flesh

Stand with heels together. Now place the left foot about eighteen inches in advance. Raise the arms above the head, thumbs touching palms facing front and keeping the right knee perfectly stiff, throw the arms out and down and attempt to touch the floor at the right. The left knee may be bent slightly. You will not be able to do this at first, but keep on practising.

Another Excellent Exercise

Standing by an open window, bend the arms at the elbows and clench the fists. Now, without moving from the spot on which you stand, go through the motions of rapid running, increasing your speed as you can, and keeping this up until you perspire freely. You should do this clad only in a union suit, or bathing suit. When you have practised this stationary running for a reasonable length of time, sponge yourself quickly with cold water, and then lie down and rest for ten minutes. The very best way to reduce is to cut down the amount of food you are taking, omit potatoes, cream, rice, much butter, and all fat meats from your diet, eat plenty of green vegetables and fruits, but very little bread. Do not drink at your meals.

Ethel.—Here are the directions for making a chin bandage for a double chin: Buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long and a half inch wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather midway between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. Massage is excellent for reducing your chin, use the palms of your hands, and massage back from the chin, underneath. Practise a position of the head which keeps the chin lifted a trifle—perhaps you hold your chin too low. A simple astringent lotion with which to spray or sponge the fatty chin is as follows.

Acacia Astringent

Benzoin, thirty drops; mucilage of acacia, thirty drops; enough limewater to make one ounce in all.

Mrs. J. C. B.—I am sorry I do not answer letters by mail. See answer to Ethel for good exercise for bust and neck.

Betsy.—For reducing flesh see answer to Lulu.

Miss F. R.—For your mother, let her breakfast consist of soft boiled eggs, dry toast and fruit. Her meats should be lean, and never fried. See answer to Lulu.

Mrs. Mae.—To make the eyebrows and eyelashes heavier, brush with an eyebrow brush night and morning, and anoint with melted vaseline before going to bed. Scrub the eyebrows with hot soapy water in the morning and dry thoroughly before brushing.

An Old Subscriber.—Massage is your best friend, right now, when the chicken pox has left you with red spots and a few pits. Use a good cold cream and massage the face every night before going to bed, first scrubbing it thoroughly with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush.

Ethyl.—Try practising the following exercises daily, to develop bust and neck, and whenever you have time during the day, drop the shoulders, elevate the chest and practise breathing (near an open window or outdoors) for five or ten minutes. Whatever develops your breadth of chest will increase the apparent size of the bust, and the size of your chest depends, almost wholly, upon how well you teach the lungs to breathe. In the meantime, I wish you would try the milk diet for a month, measuring your bust at the beginning and close of month. You should add an inch or inch and a half to the bust during the month. You have, no doubt, read the directions I have given for the milk diet in this column, many times. If not ask me again.

Exercise to Develop Chest

Stand with heels together, arms at sides, chin up, chest raised. Extend arms out sideways and executing a half circle, let them meet, palms facing forward, above head. Keep every muscle rigid. Breathe in deeply while executing the half circle. Now bring arms back at sides. Exhaling as you do so. Repeat. Do this slowly at first, then as you grow to do it easily, do it more and more speedily. Practise five minutes at a time, and be sure not to bend the head or drop chin while doing it, and not to bend the arms. Of course, you should not practise this except in perfectly loose clothes, such as a nightgown.

Anna.—I am sorry I cannot answer questions by mail. If you are only sixteen, it may be possible that you will grow taller than five feet three inches, though that is not a bad height. A good stretching exercise is as follows:

Stretching Exercise

Stand with heels together, hands on hips. Keeping knees perfectly stiff, swing out your left leg sideways as far and as high as you can. Now slowly lower it, as if it were being held up by someone and you had to make an effort to get it down bit by bit. Repeat. As you reach the highest point possible to you, stretch out with the toes as if trying to touch something a little out of your reach. Continue for ten to fifteen times. Now repeat with the right leg, swinging that out toward the right, of course. Never practise this in tight clothing or corsets, or whenever you are not feeling well. All sorts of athletic exercises will be good for you—tennis especially. This exercise will be good to take the fat off the calves of your legs; but if you will practise rising on your tiptoes very slowly, then coming back to your original position just as slowly, it will help immensely. Keep hands on hips and rise to the very tip of the toes. Both of these exercises will help to reduce flesh on lower portions of body, but to keep yourself in good condition take every kind of outdoor exercise that is convenient. Read what I said to Sixteen—lots of advice, there, that is good for you, to, my dear.

Edna.—If the freckles are on your eyelids, let them alone. The eyes are too delicate organs to use near them any lotions strong enough to take off freckles. If you will see that the bowels are kept in good order, and that the system has plenty of water, it may help a good deal, and you can use any good cold cream to massage beneath the eyes, which may improve the general appearance.

Gypsy.—I am sorry I could not answer you by mail. The Portugal Bust Food is made by boiling two whole oranges for four hours in nine ounces of olive oil, in a double boiler. At night, break or cut off a piece of the orange and use it to massage the breast lightly and with a circular motion. I think what would be better for you would be the advice I have given to Ethyl.

Lola.—I can hardly tell what causes the brown spots, but since they come and go they are evidently curable. Take a big dose of Castor oil once a month, regularly eight glasses of water every day, and try to eat fresh fruits—oranges, grapes, grapefruit, berries, melons, etc. Pineapple is especially good for your condition. I wish you would have some fresh or canned pineapple twice a week. Do as I have suggested and I think the brown spots will disappear.

Lonesome.—Scrub your enlarged pores nightly, as per directions to M. E. to cleanse them. Then dash very cold water on them. Never use hot water without closing the pores with cold. In the daytime you can spray the face twice with the following astringent, although I would not use it until I had tried the cold water. That may be all you need.

Astringent

Rosewater, three ounces; elder-flower water, one ounce; simple tincture of benzoin, one quarter ounce; tannic acid, five grains.

See answers to Ethyl and Anna for some good exercises. Stationary running—in pajamas or union suit is also excellent; that is going through the motions of running without moving off one spot on the floor. Clench fists, throw back elbows, and hold arms close at sides.

M. D.—For tanned arms and neck try this bleach: Make a paste by throwing together fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, one ounce of strained honey, the white of an egg and enough ground barley to make a spreadable paste. At bedtime, when the neck and arms have been washed, spread this paste over the face and arms and don a cheese-cloth mask, cutting holes in it for the eyes, nose and mouth. Then take some strips of cheese-cloth and wind them around the arms, fastening ends securely. When morning comes, remove mask and bandages and bathe face and arms in warm water until every bit of the paste has wended its way into oblivion, then dry skin gently and dust it over with some pure powder. For crow's feet, massage the skin about the eyes with a good cold cream every night. Remember, always rub across a wrinkle, not to rub the same way the wrinkle lies. Stretch the skin with two fingers of one hand, and massage with two fingers of the others. You probably need building generally, so that the skin may be stretched tight by some new healthy tissue underneath it. Try the milk diet.

Worried.—At fifteen, it would be natural for your hair not to be quite so healthy as it has been and as it will be later. But keep it shampooed every two or three weeks, being very, very careful to rinse it thoroughly each time so that not the slightest particle of soap can remain to clog up the little follicles. Brush it gently at night, and braid it loosely before retiring. For another year it may not be as strong as you would like it, but just take good care of it and it will be perfectly healthy and luxurious again.

Black Eyes.—If your skin is so oily, your eliminative functions are probably out of order. Take a good dose of Castor oil, then follow directions to Sixteen. You need more exercise. Follow those you will find in these columns, and get as much outdoor sport as you can. Walk a good deal—real brisk, healthy walking, not a polite little stroll down Main Street. You know what I mean, don't you, dear? Stop the vinegar and saltpeter and, instead, take the Castor oil and exercise. Good luck!

Discouraged One.—Yes, the dandruff is the cause of your hair trouble. You do not wash it often enough—try washing it once in two weeks, using this soap jelly:

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, boil until mixture jellies, then add two drops of geranium oil, put in covered jar and use as wanted. Tonics are good but a pomade generally does much better work. Be very careful about rinsing the hair. If you have a bath spray, use that. If not fill a tub and "swim" the hair in it and pour pitchers of very warm water on the scalp. After every bit of soap is out, pour cold water on scalp to give it a shock and tone it up. Don't use a fine comb, it only breaks the scalp skin and causes dandruff. I advise you to massage the scalp every night. Loosen the hair and let it down, brush it gently for the night, then resting the thumbs on the temples, slip the fingers under the hair next the scalp, and move the skin back and forth. Remember not to rub the fingers themselves back and forth on the hair, but to move the skin, hair and all, without lifting the fingers. After doing this in one spot for a minute, move the fingers to another spot, and so continue until the whole scalp has been gone over and is pink and glowing. The hair cannot be healthy, unless the skin is loose on the skull, and this massage sends the blood scurrying up to the scalp to nourish the hair roots. An egg shampoo is perfectly all right, but I should use the plain soap jelly for a while. Braid the hair loosely at night, after the massage and brushing.

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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

CHAPTER V.

A VILLAGE FETE.

THE scene is the drawing-room, or saloon, as it is called, of the Pension Petre. Three days have elapsed since Cyril held his little conference with the over-dressed young lady at the entrance to the Grand, and he is still in Lucerne, still at the pension, and for a wonder, perhaps the first time in his life, neither bored nor wearied.

Madame Petre is as liberal in the matter of light as she is in that of diet, and the room is both pretty and cheerful. Some of the visitors whom Sir Cyril saw on the first day of his arrival have gone, but others have come to fill their places, and the room is almost crowded.

The baron is still here and sleeps peacefully in a remote corner, half hidden by an India-rubber tree that grows in a huge majolica stand. Near him the authoress and an old sea captain are playing chess; a whist table is in full swing in an adjoining and smaller room, and through the open windows come floating in the voices of some young people who prefer the moon and the lake to the whist or go-bang.

Mingling with their voices, almost dreamily there at times are the strains of a new waltz by Strauss, which the German professor, with all a German's taste, is playing at the piano. And last, but not least, Edna Weston sits at a small table near the window, turning over some awful daubs, which the young lady, who has perpetrated them, and is kindly explaining them, calls "sketches." Cyril is nowhere to b seen.

"This," says Miss Robinson, the artistic criminal, "is Heidelberg Castle by moonlight. Do you like it? It is considered rather good. Capt. Sparker, who was staying at the pension at Heidelberg with us, admired it immensely; do you really like it?"

Edna thinks that it would be better if the castle were not quite so much out of the perpendicular, but she smiles her approval, and Miss Robinson turns complacently to sketch number two.

"And that is the Bay of Naples," which she has represented in the approved fashion, all pink and green and ultramarine. "Oh, I do so love Naples. And that's the Coliseum at Rome; oh, isn't Rome lovely? Oh, I dote on Rome; don't you?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it," murmurs Edna.

"We had such a glorious time there," continues Miss Sophie; and she smiles with deep significance as she turns to the window; "didn't we, Josephine?"

Josephine thus addressed is another Miss Robinson, tall, fair, freckled and gorgeous in a pink dress with an enormous frilled collar. Why will every young lady with red hair and a long neck fancy herself like Mary Stuart, and so be tempted into wearing a huge frill?

Miss Josephine smiles with still deeper meaning, and Miss Sophie explains, in an undertone:

"You know, it was at Naples we met Mr. Slasher from Oxford."

And Edna, poor Edna, who has been already made recipient of the records of the many Robinson conquests, nods acquiescently.

"And that reminds me," goes on Miss Sophie, with a sudden eagerness, "we meant to ask you if you knew anything about Mr. Payne?"

Edna raises her eyes from the particular abomination in water colors which she is contemplating, with calm interrogation.

"Know about Mr. Payne?"

"Yes," nods Miss Sophie, dropping into the chair beside Edna, and twining her long, thin, grenadine-covered arm round Edna's waist, after the fashion of a schoolgirl, which Miss Sophie long since ceased to be; "yes, he always seems to be with you, and you appear to be so friendly, and to know him better than anyone else here."

Edna's clearly pencilled brows come together, as is their wont when she is thoughtful, and then she shakes her head.

"No, I don't know anything about him, excepting that he is very kind and attentive——"

"Oh, do you think so?" interrupts Miss Sophie, with an upheaving of her eyebrows. "Why, it was only today that Josey and I agreed that he was almost rude!"

Edna turns to the sketches with a smile that is rather abstracted and incredulous, as she remembers Cyril's pointedly respectful manner to her—how he has turned from her side to fetch some trifle that Aunt Martha or she herself had forgotten or required—how he never let them leave the room without opening the door for them—how, ah! in countless ways, how polite and high-bred he was.

"Do you think so?" she says, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Sophie, decisively, "not at all polite. Why, it was only yesterday that he passed us without raising his hat, just as if he didn't know us! And then he's so unsociable; he never says a word to any of us, excepting you, unless he's spoken to. Not that I dislike the high-and-mighty style, but I do like to know whether people who've got it have anything to give themselves airs about. Josey stands up for him, but then that's because she admires him. He is very handsome, isn't he?"

Edna, who has listened in a sort of dreamy inattention, rouses with a little start.

"Handsome!" she repeats, and then turns her thoughts inward. It is not too much to say that she has never asked herself the question Miss Sophie has put to her; she has never considered whether he was handsome or ugly, short or plain; she knows that he is kind, that he never comes near her without giving her an indefinable, calm kind of pleasure—that there is something in his voice which makes it different to the voices of all the other people about her.

"Why, what a time you are deciding! Can't you decide? Do you think him better-looking than Mr Jones?" and Miss Sophie smiles across the room at that gentleman, who is lounging against the wall, eying himself in the glass approvingly, while he drawls and minces through a feeble flirtation with a young lady who has just arrived with papa and mamma from London.

A smile, light and spontaneous, floods, yes, literally floods, Edna's pure face as she looks at Mr. Jones' commonplace countenance with its turn-up nose and insipid eyes.

Now she knows, and her smile is sufficient answer.

"Ah, I see," says Miss Sophie, sapiently. "Mr. Jones is no favorite of yours—oh, yes, I've seen you snub him often. Now, we think he is very nice—quite the aristocrat."

Before Edna can confirm or contradict—neither of which she would do—by the way, the door opens and the other subject of Miss Sophie's criticism enters.

Surely no one could hesitate a moment over that question of good looks as the fair-haired giant comes in with the quiet, high-bred air of self-possession.

Edna looks up and sees his eyes go round the room searchingly and then light up for an instant as they rest on her, and for the first time a little tinge of extra color mounts to her cheeks, and her pure, clear eyes drop.

With his light, commanding step he comes up to the table and stands before them.

"Good evening, Miss Robinson—good evening, Miss Weston. Sketches, eh?" and he takes one up, to turn, after a momentary examination, to Edna. "Did you do these?"

"No; they are Miss Robinson's," says Edna.

"Very pretty," he says, politely, but with an evident sigh of relief.

"Are you fond of art, Mr. Payne?" says Miss Sophie.

"Very," was the reply, in a tone which would be appropriate to "not at all" equally well.

Miss Sophie rises and collects her sketches.

"I'm going on the balcony, dear Miss Weston; will you come?"

Edna, always amiable, half rises, but a hand, firm, yet pleading, catches secretly at her skirt, and with a little blush she changes her mind, and Miss Robinson hurries off alone.

Then, very humbly, the audacious Cyril pleads for forgiveness.

"It was awfully cool of me, but I was filled with despair; I knew if you got on that balcony we should see no more of you tonight, and this place is so dull, and"—he stops and feels in his pocket—"I've been for a stroll in the town," he goes on. "Quite a nice old town, full of rum shops and quaint old houses. Funny thing, but just as I was passing one of the old places I came upon one of those Swiss carvings you spoke of yesterday—the chamois, you know," and with a timidity, which is most absurdly comical in the usually self-possessed Sir Cyril, he extends a delicate little carving of a chamois upon a piece of rock. It is a pretty little toy, of very little value, but Edna is delighted.

"How strange," she says, "that you should have happened to see it today, after our mentioning it yesterday——"

"Isn't it?" says Cyril, ignoring, or oblivious of the fact, that he had searched every shop in the town for one. "I thought you would like it."

"Is it for me?" she asks, with the childish delight of possession. "How kind you are!" and her eyes rest upon his face for a moment, and makes Cyril's heart throb. "Are you sure it is for me? Won't you keep it for someone else—your sister?"

This rather doubtfully, remembering suddenly that she has not heard of the existence of such a relative.

"Haven't got one," says Cyril, smilingly; "I wish I had one. One like you!" he adds, wistfully regarding the childish figure, clad this evening in some dark, soft, clinging material, that drapes the graceful outline to simple perfection. "Perhaps if I had I should have been a better man."

"Would you?" she asks, with that old intent gaze. "Would you like to have had a sister? I am sorry you have not," abstractedly.

"Indeed?" he asks, with a smile. "Why are you?"

She opens her eyes.

"Oh! didn't you just say you would have been better, you know? Have you a brother?"

"Yes," said Cyril, slowly.

"That is nice," she remarks, cheerfully. "Oh, yes, it must be nice to have a brother—a second self——"

"Oh, must it?" says Cyril, grimly, so comically that she looks up and laughs again.

"How curiously you said that! Do you know, there is something strange about you that I cannot understand. Oh, have I said anything rude?" she adds, quickly, anxiously, as Cyril's face falls and flushes. "I didn't mean to—indeed, I did not!"

"No—no," says Cyril, smilingly reassuring her. "There is a great deal about me you don't understand. How I hope that you may know me long enough to understand——" Then he stops. How can he put it to this child-woman, whose eyes fix him with such innocent intentness?

She nods.

"Perhaps I shall. I am going to England, you know, and we shall meet. Who knows?" and she smiles up at him, past him, in her strange fashion. "Perhaps in London, at some party, or at one of the theaters you told me about last night, or perhaps in the country, at some friend's house. Is it likely?"

"I don't know—I hope so," says Cyril, earnestly. Then she sighs suddenly, and laughs.

"What's the meaning of that contradictory combination?" exclaims Cyril, amusedly. It is noteworthy that he watches every look of her face, and takes note of every tone of her voice.

"What did I sigh for?—now quick you are! I don't know. It is all so dark, the future, isn't it? One never knows what may happen."

"I know one thing that will happen, and that in the very immediate future, if I stay here much longer I shall be suffocated—it is fearfully hot. Will you come outside? A shawl—please don't go without a shawl. Here, will this do?" and he takes up an antimacassar and adjusts it round her shoulders with reverential care.

The laughing face, framed in the thick white fringe which he has ventured to pull over her smooth, sleek head, looks up at him merrily.

"What would Madame Petre say?" she laughs, and laughing together, they pass out upon the balcony. But the balcony is too full, there is too much chatter of the feminine gender for Cyril, and he whispers audaciously that they should "get out of this" into the garden. Edna is not given to small talk, hates scandal, and, childlike, is bored by the petty personalities of the gossip of such women as the Robinsons, and is nothing loath to escape.

So they go into the garden, picking their way down the little paths and stumbling occasionally over a border of box. Cyril once blundering straight into a vine, but being helped thereout by the firm clutch of a tiny hand, doesn't seem to mind it much. When they have reached the road, and after a stare at the lake, prepare to climb up again, suddenly the heavens are lit up as if by magic, there comes a loud explosion, and a rocket soars skyward.

"Hello!" exclaims Cyril, "what's the matter?"

Edna laughs.

"Oh, fireworks—and there need not be much the matter. Don't you know how fond the Germans and the Swiss are of pyrotechny? English mobs are given to bands and banners, aren't they?"

"Yes, and processions," nods Cyril. "They had such a big one in Trafalgar Square last year, that Nelson, on the monument, you know, turned quite pale with alarm."

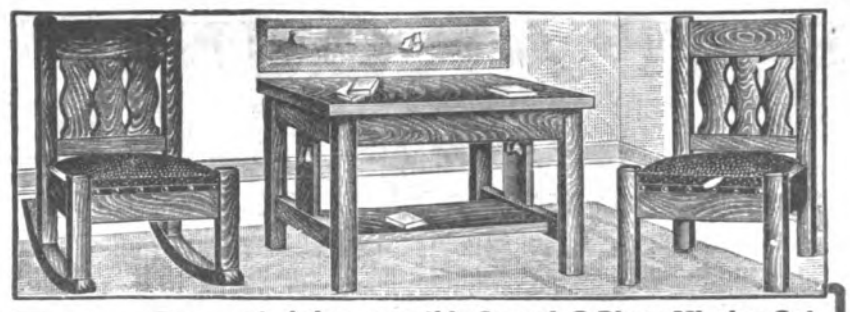
Edna laughs—she is always ready with her soft, musical laugh, with or at this new friend of hers—and they stand for a few minutes watching the fireworks.

"That's not a bad one," says Cyril—some particularly bright and savage specimen of the pyrotechnic art bursts in the sky with a whiz, and showers down a myriad of colored balls—"not at all bad."

"Oh, look at the lake!" exclaims Edna, enthusiastically, as the whole scene is encrimsoned by a blaze of red fire. "It is beautiful, is it not?—though one is always inclined to look upon fireworks with contempt. I wonder where it is?" she adds, slowly and wistfully.

"Not far," suggests Cyril.

"No; and there's the band. It's at the National—the Yankee's Paradise, as they call it. I dare say the whole of the quay is illuminated."



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"Pity we can't see it from here," remarks Cyril. "If we were a little lower down——"

Edna looks wistfully down the road and into the dim distance.

"Just at the bend we should see everything," says Cyril. "Hadn't we better go?"

Edna looks back at the house eagerly, hesitatingly.

"Do you think aunt would mind?" she asks, with the wistfulness of a child and the gravity of a woman combined.

"I should think not. There are some of the others going, I should think. Hark! They're scrunching down that beastly path now! Come along—just to the corner!"

"But this antimacassar——" exclaims Edna.

"Tuck the fringe in," says Cyril, with all a man's indifference. "That's it—there's a bit out; may I——" And he turns in half an inch that has escaped her with almost unnecessary nicety; but though his fingers tremble and thrill as they come in contact with her soft, warm neck and silky hair, she stands quite serene and unconscious, her glorious eyes turned with wistful eagerness toward the fireworks, her whole thoughts upon them.

"Come along," says Cyril, having made the antimacassar look as commonplace and proper as possible; and, without further parley, they run—yes, Sir Cyril, the *blase*, finds himself running like a schoolboy!—down the hill.

"Here we are," he says, as they gain a point of view.

"Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it really grand?" exclaims Edna, as she stands on tiptoe, unconscious, her glorious eyes turned with wistful eagerness. "They've surpassed themselves."

"Nobody more surprised than the striker, as we say at billiards," says Cyril. "Who'd think sixpen'orth of red fire would so alter a scene?"

"Sixpennyworth!" exclaims Edna, indignantly. "This will cost the town pounds—oh, ever so many pounds! Look at that fountain! And—yes, I declare! I thought so! They're dancing on the terrace!"

"So they are," says Cyril, with exasperating coolness. "It's a regular carnival."

Edna watches and listens breathless. The band is as good as the fireworks, and the strains of Strauss' last and best waltz float up with the red fire.

Her little foot beats time unconsciously.

"How I should like to be down there—to see them!" she murmurs, almost inaudibly.

"Nothing easier," says Cyril, moving.

"Oh, no!" she says, drawing back.

"Why not?" asks Cyril. "No one will see us—all the rest of the people have gone down, I expect. And look there!" he goes on, pointing below, "there's a dark corner there, where the light doesn't get. An elephant might stand there and not be noticed. Come along! Surely you can trust yourself in the crowd with me?"

Edna laughs as she looks up at him towering above her.

"If I had only told aunt."

"Tell her when you come back," suggests Cyril.

"Yes, I'll do that," returns Edna, quite simply, and then, having hesitated, she is lost, and in another minute they are running down the hill again.

Past the cathedral, glowing crimson, as if it were blushing at the unwonted gayety—down the steps, worn by how many thousands of ascending and descending worshipers, they go; and now Edna clings rather more closely to her companion, for here is the crowd, and in another moment they are in it.

Like all holiday crowds, it is a good-tempered one, and though there is much pushing, there is a great deal of laughter, and Cyril is able to pilot his way to the dark corner, and by the time they have reached it all Edna's compunction and hesitation had flown, and she stands watching the brilliant scene with flushed cheeks and brightly beaming eyes.

Every now and then when there is a larger explosion or a greater crush than usual—for the crowd sways to and fro like a pendulum—her little hand clings tighter on Cyril's arm, and she creeps closer to his protecting side. She is perfectly happy, and Cyril? The brilliant display of colored fires, set pieces and rockets, yes, even the efforts of the band itself, are lost on him. He has eyes only for the sweet, unconscious child beside him, feels only the gentle pressure of her small, warm hand. And now there is a sudden increase of the excitement—the great fountain, which has been turned down, throws its contents fifty feet into the air, under a stream of limelight, the band breaks out into a galop, the crowd cheers and sways back for a moment to allow a band of dancers to break into the center, and the dance commences.

It is a wild, Parisian galop, such as one may have seen in full swing at the Moulin Rouge, or on the Corsa at carnival time danced to a time that is simply maddening, and under a great sky of crimson fire.

Edna utters a low cry of delight.

"Isn't it beautiful—really beautiful? It is Lucerne gone mad! Look at that lady"—hesitating a moment—"how she dances! It is just like a theater. See, here she comes!" and she leans a little forward to get a nearer view.

Cyril turns his eyes in the direction of hers, and sees a magnificently dressed woman whirling toward them in the arms of a tall Englishman. The light is so strange, the pace so fast, that for the moment he does not recognize them; but as they come nearer, he sees more clearly; and as he recognizes Lord Jerry and Miss Glitters, he draws—almost jerks—Edna back into the shadow.

Quick as the involuntary movement has been, it is only half in time, for the sharp eye of the actress has caught a glimpse of the sweet face on the edge of the crowd, and she has directed her companion's attention to it.

But Lord Jerry is not quick mentally or physically, and while he is staring in every direction but the right one, he and his partner have whirled on and have gone.

"Did you see them?" asked Edna. "Was I too much in the light?—I hope no one saw me."

"No, I think not. I hope I didn't pull you back too sharply," says Cyril, and he laughs, but rather constrainedly.

"Oh, no," says Edna. "But did you see the two I meant?—a very tall man, an Englishman, I'm sure, and a lady I have seen somewhere—why, yes!"

Then she hesitates, and looks up doubtfully.

"Do you think so?" says Cyril, rather quickly. "Very likely; there are all sorts of people here, mad English as well as mad Swiss. And now, what do you say to going?"

Edna looks up with a little sigh of regret.

"Oh, yes, when you like—now; it will be best."

"I'd like to stay all night if it gave you pleasure, but I'm afraid they'll be moving off shortly. Let us get a little further away, at any rate."

There is still a little constraint in his voice; Edna cannot but notice that. Perhaps he is anxious on her account—he is always so kind and attentive.

"Yes," with a sigh, "let us go."

It is not a moment too soon, as it turns out, for that galop was evidently the last, and the crowd is already beginning to turn in the direction of the cafes along the quay.

Cyril moves with it as far as the corner leading to the cathedral, but he must turn off here—it will not do to let Edna and the antimacassar drift into the lights of the principal thoroughfare.

"Keep close to me," he whispers, and then, watching his opportunity, he makes an effort to turn. Just as he does so, as he almost gains the corner, the door of a wine shop is thrown open suddenly, and a stream of people pour out; some of the dancers are among them, and their exertions, together with the refreshments, have excited them. So sudden and unexpected is the rush that Edna, who has withdrawn her arm from Cyril's to arrange the impromptu shawl, is swept clean from his side, and forced down the side stream into the main current. Naturally she utters a cry, more of surprise than alarm, at her helplessness, and naturally there was a cad near enough to take advantage of it. The cad in this instance was a short, thickset Englishman, who had been dancing a little and drinking a great deal; and seeing a pretty girl driven by a crowd, exerted himself to be fascinating.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he exclaimed, rather thickly; "lost your mother? Here, catch hold of my arm," and he put his thick arm round her waist.

Edna shrank back with a face that was redder than any fire that had been burned that night.

"What! offended already?" remonstrated the man. "There, don't be bashful, stick close to me and I'll carry you down to the cafe at the corner; all for nothing, too, except a kiss."

He put his face so close—his arm was so heavy upon her, that Edna, losing her self-command, uttered a low cry of terror. As if it had been a preconcerted signal, a clinched fist shot past her face and fell with a dull crash upon the flushed one in front of her. Then, as her tormentor went down under the waves of the crowd, she felt a strong arm round her—she knew to whom it belonged—and she was carried to land on the cathedral steps.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN LOVE AWAKENS.

Like a clock that has suddenly stopped—a beautiful thing of sevres and gold, if you like to make the comparison complete—Edna, that was a moment ago such a happy, thoughtless child, flushed with innocent excitement, with heart beating and lips quivering, lies now limp and nerveless in his arms.

It is not the first woman Cyril has seen faint, by many—it is not the first, alas! that he has held in his arms, but it is the first time that he has himself ever felt as he feels now. Mad with rage one moment, melting with a strange, subtle, wist-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

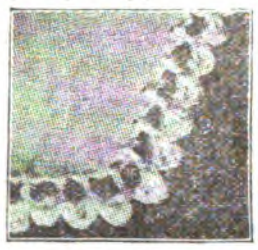
D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Handicraft for Busy Workers

AS so many of our readers are fancy work lovers, we decided this month to give them a pleasant surprise by devoting twice the usual space to work of this sort.

In doing this an effort has been made to include as many different sorts of handicraft as possible, so that each and all might find something of special interest, whether they particularly enjoy crocheting, knitting, tatting or the more homely but useful art of making rag rugs.

As every woman who knows the value of attractive and becoming neckwear, is interested in collars these days, our first illustration shows in detail the little hand-made edge which can so easily be added to the smart lawn or organdy sets.



DETAIL EDGE.

These adjustable rolling collars can be copied with little work, and used with separate blouses and coats make a most attractive outline of white about the face and throat.

Select very sheer material, fold and baste together smoothly and evenly. Then cut and overcast the raw edges twice with fine cotton, working back and forth in opposite directions. Over this work the crocheted edge, using a fine soft mercerized thread such as one strand of persiana or something similar.

Directions for Collar Edge

Begin by making 1 d. c. into the edge of the collar. Ch. 3, 5 d. c., in top of first d. c., 1 d. c. in collar about one fourth inch from first d. c., ch. 3, 5 d. c. in top second d. c. Repeat.

Rose Collar

(CROCHETED)

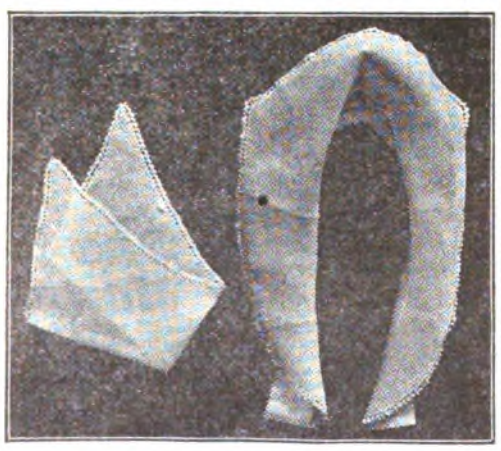
This handsome round collar is made up of 33 rose motifs, one of which is here shown.

Material required, medium size crochet cotton and steel crochet hook.

Directions for Rosettes

Begin with ch. 6, join ch. 4.

1st. row.—1 d. c., in ring, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, sl. st. to ch. 4. This gives you six holes to be filled with double crochets to form the first row of petals



ORGANDY ROLLING COLLAR.

for rose. Make a s. c., in first hole, ch. 1, then 4, d. c., in same hole, ch. 1, s. c. thus forming first petals. Proceed in like manner until all holes are filled, this completes the first row of petals. Now ch. 3, and passing back of petal fasten between the two petals ahead, ch. 3, fasten between next two petals carrying the chain back of petal and drawing quite closely, yet not tight enough to spoil shape of rose. Make 6 chains and sl. st. last to the first.

Then under each of these chs. work 1 s. c., 6 d. c., 1 s. c., for form second row of petals.

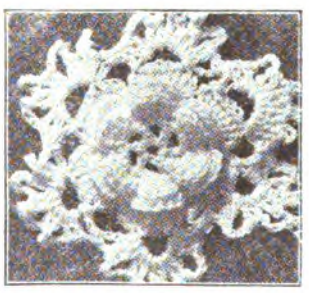
Next make 6 chs., 4 joining between each petals as before, under these chs. work 1 s. c., 8 d. c., 1 s. c. for form third row of petals. The rose is now ready for the finishing edge.

Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in petal ahead, this is merely to bring your hook and thread up where you want it. Now ch. 6, join with sl. st., to center of petal, ch. 6, 1 sl. st., in next to last st. of petal, ch. 6, work across next petal in same way. Continue all around making 12 chains of 6 in all, ch. 3, join by sl. st., to first ch. Ch. 1.

Last round.—* 2 d. c., under next ch. 6, ch. 5, 2 d. c., ch. 5, 2 d. c., ch. 5, 2 d. c., ch. 5, 2 d. c., all, under same ch. 6, ch. 3, 1 s. c., under next ch. 6, repeat from * all around. Break thread and fasten.

To Join Rosettes

After making the first ch. 5 in the last row of the second rosette join the next two chains of 5 to the two corresponding chains 5 in the first rosette. Proceed thus, make ch. 3, 1 sl. st., under ch. 5, of first rosette, ch. 2, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 1 sl. st., to next ch. 5 of first rosette ch. 2, 2 d. c. and continue as in last row of first rosette. This leaves the two rosettes joined together. Join each rosette as fast as made in like manner, being sure to join each to the scallop in last rosette directly opposite the other scallop by which it is joined. Join together twenty of these for the outside of collar, and thirteen for the neck.



CROCHETED ROSE.

This makes a collar to fit a medium-sized neck and the collar fastens low in the front. Probably thirty rosettes 18 and 12 strips would be enough for a small neck. One should have a paper pattern to fit perfectly and then form the collar by the pattern. When the rosettes are all made and joined, fasten all thread ends on the wrong side then take the thirteen rosette piece and start crocheting in last ch. 5, loop on side of last rosette, holding it right side up and crocheting from right to left on the strip. Fasten thread into loop, then ch. 3, and join by 1 s. c., to next ch. 5, loop of scallop, ch. 12, join to first ch. 5, loop of next scallop, ch. 3, join to next loop, ch. 15, join to first ch. 5, loop of next rosette, ch. 3, join to next ch. 5, loop of same scallop, ch. 12, join to next ch. 5, loop, ch. 3, etc., all along the strip. Now turn and make a row of meshes for foundation of picot netting. Make ch. 8 at end of each row then ch. 6, 1 s. c., repeat making 6, ch. 6 to each rosette, or 78 meshes in this row, ch. 8 turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, catch back into second st. to form picot, ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 6 in last row. Finish row with picot chains and ch. 8 at end of this and each row or the work will draw too tight. Make 6 more rows of picot meshes.

Take the 20 rosette strip and start crocheting the same as on the 13 strip but ch. 2, 7, 10 instead of 3, 12, 15 as on the 13 strip, that is, ch. 2 join to 2 loop, ch. 7, join to first loop of next scallop, ch. 2, join to next loop, ch. 10, join to first loop of next rosette, etc. Continue this across, then turn and make plain meshes, ch. 6, meshes as on other strip but only four meshes to each rosette thus curving the strip to fit the collar pattern. After making this row of meshes you are ready to join the two pieces. Place them on the pattern and start at right-hand end with collar right side up, hook and enough to make the work close and one should aim at regularity of stitch, so that the spread will be firm and the pattern even.

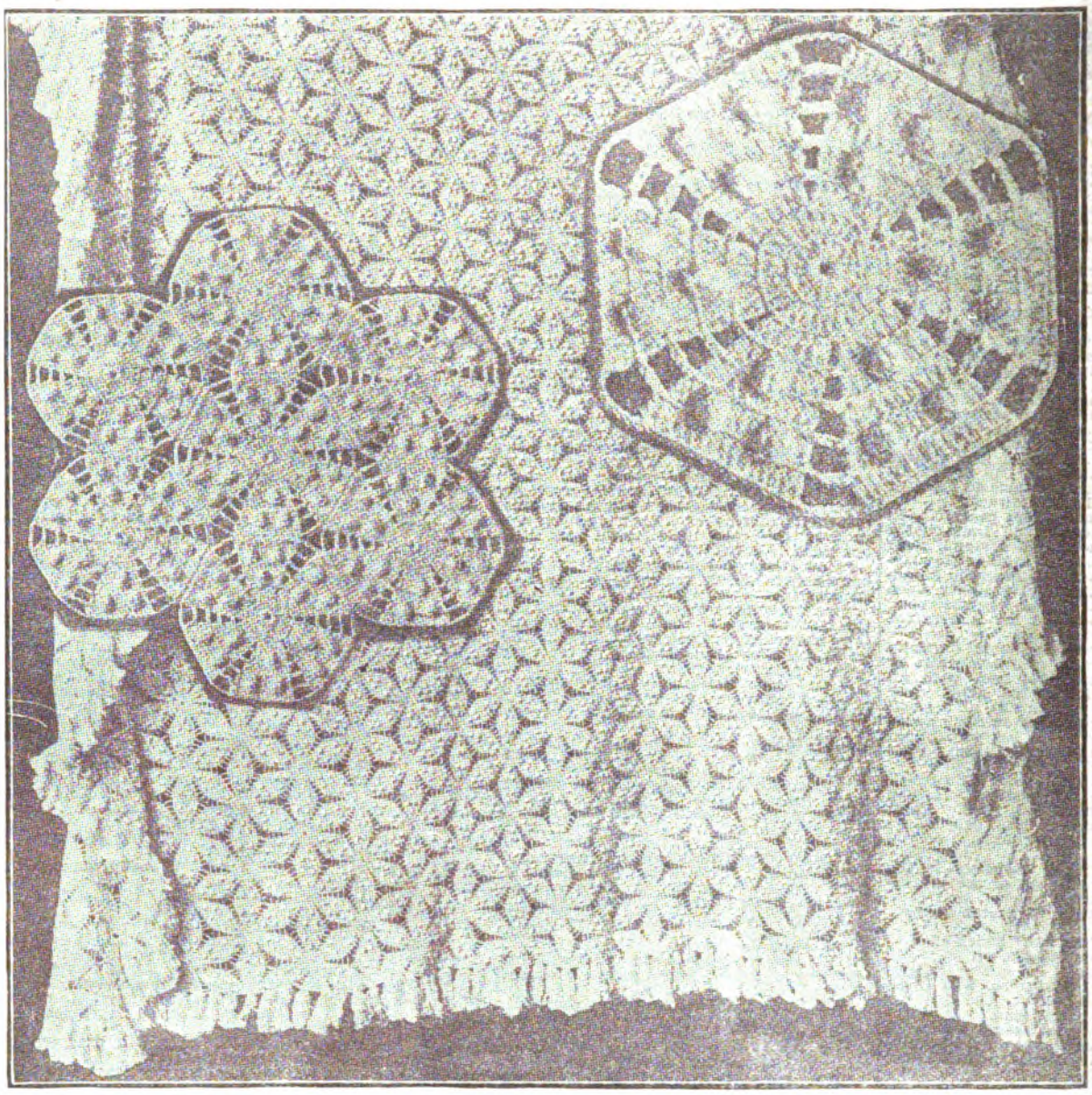
The design will then show up well and keep its shape while if loosely worked its weight will cause it to pull and stretch.

Directions for Motif

Begin with chain 5, join in ring, ch. 3.

1st round.—15 d. c. in ring. Join by sl. st., ch. 2.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in first st., always taking up only the back loop of each st., 2 d. c. in every other st., making 30 d. c. in all counting the ch. 2, as one d. c., join by sl. st., to this ch., ch. 2.



BEDSPREAD IN STAR PATTERN. By Caroline Crackenbush.

3rd round.—1 d. c., in same st., with sl. st., 1 d. c. in each of the next 3 sts., 2 d. c., in the next st. * Ch. 1, 2 d. c., in next st., 1 d. c., in each of the next 3 sts., 2 d. c., in next st. Repeat from * making 6 groups of 7 d. c. each divided by ch. 1. Join by sl. st., ch. 2.

4th round 1 d. c., in same st., with sl. st., 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts., 5 d. c., in next st., working through both loops of st. Slip hook out of 5th d. c., insert in first d. c., of this group of 5 d. c., and draw loop of 5th d. c., through, thus forming one puff by drawing up closely. Ch. 1, 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts., 2 d. c., in next st., * ch. 2, 2 d. c. in first st. of next group. 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts., 1 puff, 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts. 2 d. c. in last st. Repeat from * on each group, join, ch. 2.

5th round.—1 d. c. in same st. with sl. st., 1 d. c. in each other st., making 1 d. c. behind puff. 2 d. c. in last st. or 12 d. c. in all counting first ch. 2 as one. Ch. 2, repeat on each group join ch. 2.

6th round.—1 d. c. in same st. with sl. st., 2 d. c. on 2 d. c., 1 puff in third st., 4 d. c., 1 puff, 2 d. c. on 2 d. c. and 2 d. c. in last st., ch. 3, repeat on each group.

7th round.—Same as 5th round with chains of 5 between each group. These chains between the groups may vary according to how one works. A little experimenting will determine just how many sts. will be best to allow to keep the work perfectly flat. After completing a motif, crocheting to the next as the work proceeds or leave cotton long enough to do so before breaking it off.

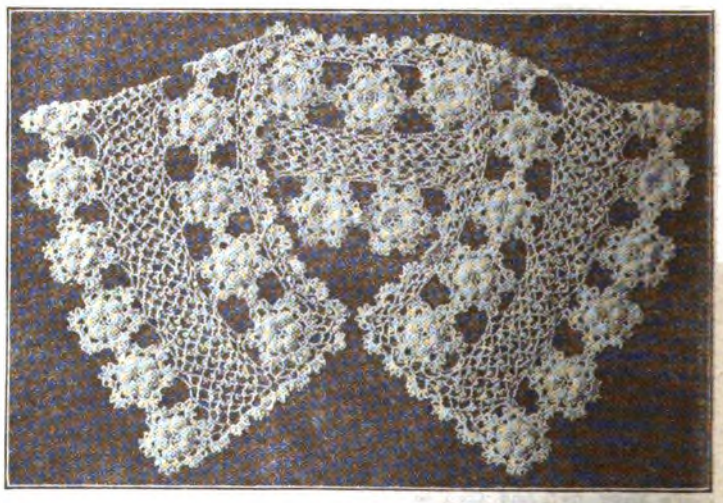
Handsome Crocheted Tea Cosey.

About 3 balls of a soft mercerized finished cotton and steel crochet hook No. 7 or 8 will be needed.

Wind cotton 16 times around cardboard 2 inches long; take it off; 64 s. c. around the 16 loops, join with sl. st. This forms a ring.

1st row.—1 s. c. into each, taking up back rib.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. into 2 following sts., 2 d. c. into next, repeat all around until 84 d. c. thread will be on neck-piece you have been working on, ch. 3, join with single crochet to first mesh on outside piece, ch. 3, join to next mesh in neck-piece, ch. 3, join to next mesh on outside piece, ch. 5, catch back in second stitch to form picot, ch. 1, join to next mesh on neck-piece, and so continue making a ch. 1, picot and ch. 1, each time you join to neckpiece. Count the meshes on each piece, there will probably be a few more on the outside piece, join twice in same mesh on neckpiece often enough to make them come even at end. When joined you will have to fill in at each end to make them even, and each worker will have to find her own way to do this. Any directions given for this would be confusing, only a suggestion may be helpful sometimes. When the hook does not come where you want it, a double or a treble crochet may bring it out in the proper place. After ends are evened up crochet chains along the inner side of neck-piece the same as on the inner side of other piece, making the chains of 2, 7 and 10 sts.



ROSE COLLAR.
By Mrs. M. L. Cornish.

Now make 2 rows of picot meshes like those already made allowing 4 meshes to each rosette: this draws it in at neck to fit pattern. Then make one row of ch. 5, meshes plain. Into these meshes make the edge like that around the rosettes and make edge on ends also, and this finishes the collar.

A Crocheted Bedspread

The old-fashioned hand-made bedspread is enjoying a renewal of popularity which is not to be wondered at in the general craze for antiques.

We have heretofore published several designs for knitted spreads, but that crocheting offers equally as effective a field for an article of this sort, is shown by this beautiful star coverlet. The two smaller illustrations show the medallions, which are completed one at a time, as shown on the right, and then crocheted together on the under side, forming the star pattern of the spread, as shown on the left.

The simplicity of this pattern will appeal to ambitious workers of even limited experience, and even invalids may undertake the work as the separate motifs are small and easily made. The edge may be finished with either a crocheted scallop or the fringe. Such a cover as this becomes an heirloom in any home and is well worth the time and effort spent in making it.

Material. Carpet warp or any sort rather than a hard twisted crochet cotton can be used. The work should be done with a steel hook fine are made, taking up back rib; join with sl. st. Turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c. into 6th d. c., repeat 10 times. Turn.

4th row.—8 s. c. into each of the 11 holes; 21 s. c. into following sts., take up back rib.

5th row.—Ch. 16, 1 s. c. into the last st. of first hole, 1 s. c. into 1st st. of 2nd hole. Repeat 10 times. 21 s. c. into the following sts.

6th row.—24 s. c. into each hole; 33 s. c. into following sts.

7th row.—Ch. 3, form p., 5 s. c., one into each, 5 s. c. into 2nd scallop from the 8th s. c., 1 p., 5 s. c. into same scallop, repeat across, after last p. 1 s. c. into each st. until 1st p. is reached.

8th row.—Ch. 8, 8 s. c. between the 2 p. skipping first and last st; repeat 10 times, 1 s. c. into each st. up to first hole.

9th row.—10 s. c. into hole, 6 s. c. one into each, skipping first and last st., repeat 10 times, 11 s. c. into each st. to end of row.

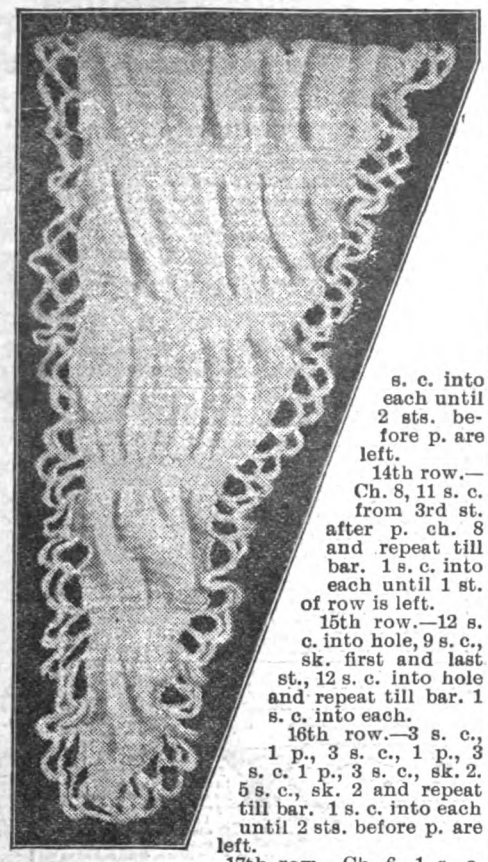
10th row.—10 s. c. sk. 1, 2 s. c., 1 p., sk. 1, 10 s. c., sk. 1, 2 s. c. 1 p. Repeat around till solid bar. 1 s. c. into each until 2 sts. before p. are left.

11th row.—Ch. 8, 10 s. c. from 3rd st. of p., ch. 8. Repeat till solid bar, 1 s. c. into each until 1 st. before hole is left.

12th row.—1 s. c. into hole, 8 s. c. sk. first and

last st. Repeat till solid bar. 1 s. c. into each, until 4 sts. before hole are left.

13th row.—1 p., 2 s. c., sk. 2. 11 s. c., sk. 2, 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., sk. 2, 11 s. c. Repeat till bar, 1



KNITTED FASCINATOR.

s. c. into each until 2 sts. before p. are left.

14th row.—Ch. 8, 11 s. c. from 3rd st. after p. ch. 8 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each until 1 st. of row is left.

15th row.—12 s. c. into hole, 9 s. c., sk. first and last st., 12 s. c. into hole and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.

16th row.—3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. 1 p., 3 s. c., sk. 2. 5 s. c., sk. 2 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each until 2 sts. before p. are left.

17th row.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. into first p. ch. 6. 1 s. c. into 3rd p., ch. 6. 3 s. c. into 5 s. c., sk. first and last st. ch. 6 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.

18th row.—8 s. c. into 1st hole, 8 s. c. into next, 4 s. c. into 3rd hole, turn; ch. 6, 1 s. c. into center of 1st scallop, ch. 6. 1 s. c. into center of next scallop, turn, 8 s. c. into 1st hole, 4 s. c. into next, turn, ch. 6, 1 s. c. into center of scallop, turn, 8 s. c. into hole, 4 s. c. into each unfinished scallop, 1 s. c. into center of the 3 s. c., repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.

19th row.—4 s. c. 1 p., 4 s. c. 1 p., repeat till center of last scallop is reached, ch. 11, sk. 1, 5 s. c. 1 p., 5 s. c. Continue row till starting point is reached.

To fill in the hole in the center use a needle and thread. Start on the wrong side and after dividing the hole into 8 parts, make 1 buttonhole stitch on each division, then draw thread again through each loop and draw the center up close as shown. Finish off.

The other side of the cosey can be made in the same way. Join by sewing the center picots of both sides together. Make a lining of white or colored satin padding it so as to retain the heat.

Knitted Fascinator

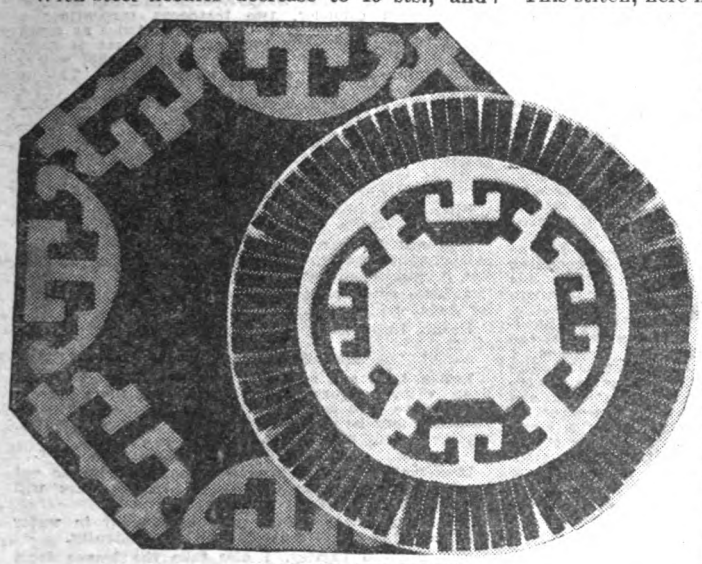
Materials. 5 skeins Shetland floss, 1 pair bone needles No. 5, 1 pair steel needles No. 15, 1 medium-size crochet hook. This throw is in plain knitting back and forth. All increasing and decreasing is done on one side, in every other row, the other side being kept straight.

This will be understood without further reference to it. With steel needles cast on 10 stitches, increase to 20 sts. at end of every second row.

With bone needles increase to 36 sts.
With steel needles increase to 46 sts.
With bone needles increase to 62 sts.
With steel needles increase to 72 sts.
With bone needles increase to 88 sts.
With steel needles increase to 98 sts.
With bone needles increase to 114 sts.
With steel needles increase to 119 sts. Then decrease to 114 sts.

Now narrow to correspond with first half of the work, and bind off.

With steel needles decrease to 114 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 98 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 88 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 72 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 62 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 46 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 36 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 20 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 10 sts., and



LEATHER CUT-WORK.

bind off. Finish with a shell of 6 d. c. all around or 2 rows of chains 7 as shown in our illustration.

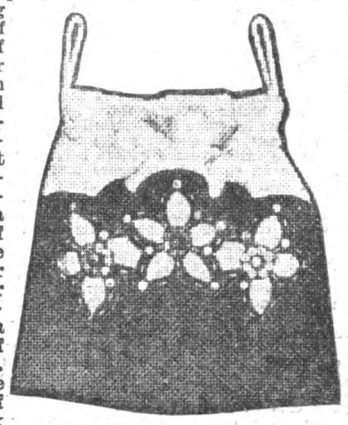
Handicraft

Original Conventional Designs in Cut Leather, Combined with Silk, Satin and Velvet

This sort of fancy work will appeal strongly to those who have not the time or are not endowed with the nimble fingers and the patience necessary to do the finer and more puttering kinds of handwork. In cut leather work elaborate and striking designs can be comparatively easily obtained in a short time. The material necessary is not expensive either, as leather especially adapted for this work can be bought at moderate prices and one skin will make a surprising number of articles, if the worker carefully plans her designs.

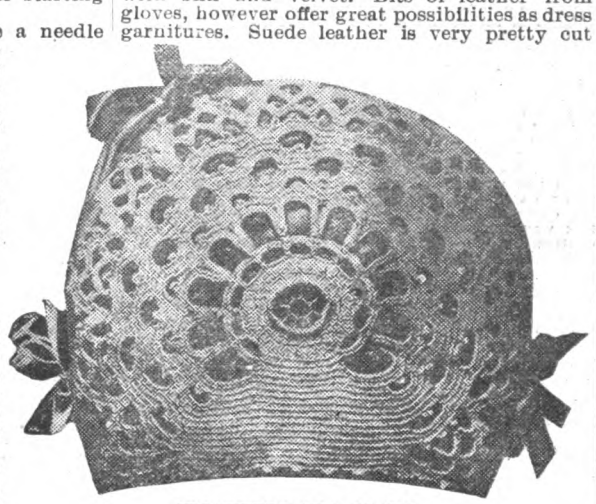
It is generally an economy of material to make the bigger things first, then smaller articles can be made of the leavings. The leather and satin handbag here shown is of reddish tan suede leather and old ivory white satin. The open work design is first sketched on a separate piece of leather, then cut out with a sharp knife or scissors. It is then placed on the upper part of the front of the bag and fastened in place with long stitches of heavy rope silk, the joints and circular center being further decorated with flat irridescent beads. The top of the leather is cut in an irregular outline and the edges machine stitched to the satin with silk matching the leather.

Heavy white silk cords are prettier for drawing up the top than ribbons. Another handsome bag was made of strips of white leather cut from long wristed gloves. Figures decorating the front were delicately colored in a mosaic of pink, blue and lavender with water colors outlined with a heavy line of gold paint. A handsome piece of heavy pink brocade formed the top. Mats for a reading table are especially nice made of leather. These can be decorated in various ways. The larger one in our illustration is of hunter's green leather with the cut designs underlaid with old gold plush.



CUT-WORK HAND BAG.

The other shows a combination of tan and brown leather. The under circle of the darker color, being cut in a two and one half inch fringe all around. After the design is cut from the upper piece, it should be glued in place and pressed under a weight until dry. If leather cannot be bought in all localities, similar results can be obtained by using felt combined with silk and velvet. Bits of leather from gloves, however offer great possibilities as dress garnitures. Suede leather is very pretty cut



CROCHETED TEA COSEY.

into open work medallions for hat trimmings, and belts can also be made using silk or velvet as a foundation. A handsome collar and cuff set recently seen, was of light gray kid over two layers of chiffon. Tiny change purses are among some of the other small articles which can be made of material which is really too valuable to throw away.

Tatted Pillow and Bag

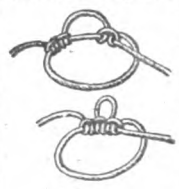
More and more is tatting being used in the making of fancy articles of all sorts. Both the bag and pillow which are made by combining two simple designs are very handsome. In these examples coarse cotton was used.

In doing this work there is really only one basic stitch and having acquired that it is an easy matter to work out any pattern.

This stitch, here illustrated is nothing more nor less than a double buttonhole stitch worked over a thread with a shuttle. Having provided one's self with a thread-filled tatting shuttle, proceed as follows:

Hold the shuttle between the right thumb and forefinger, and the cotton between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand passing the cotton around the back of the fingers and up between the thumb and forefinger again, then back of the fingers. Let about five inches of the end hang.

Now pass the shuttle into the ring from the right and out between the first and second fingers. Pull to the right with a jerk. At the same time raise the second finger within the ring to raise the latter, when the ring thread will form into a stitch upon the shuttle thread. This is in reality but half a stitch. To make the second half, pass the shuttle from the second finger of the left hand into the ring and above the shuttle thread, jerk the latter, raise the second finger of the left hand and the other half of the stitch will form, completing what is known as the double stitch of tatting. The important thing is to have the stitches form of the ring thread and not of the shuttle thread, as one would naturally suppose. When starting the first half of the stitch always have the shuttle thread lying over the fingers of the left hand back of the ring, and when starting the second half of the stitch you should always be sure to have the shuttle thread hanging in front of the ring. A beginner will have to be patient and probably practise quite a little before they get the peculiar hand movements of the tatting maker. The directions should be followed very carefully, for tatting though so simple, is something which is rather difficult to learn even with an oral teacher.



A Picot

Still if one will practise at first with a piece of cord the correct stitch can be made. The only hard part comes in getting the knack of forming the loops of the ring thread on the shuttle thread as is plainly shown in our illustration.

And even this is in fact very simple if one will only remember that the shuttle thread is the one to pull tight and hold tight after each stitch, and that the stitch itself is formed on this thread and not by it, but by the thread which goes around the fingers, the ring thread.

This is the thing to watch, as on it depends the slipping of the stitches. To prove if the work is correct after each stitch, pull the shuttle thread tight and then see if the stitches will slip back and forth on the shuttle thread.

Of the edgings the narrow row of rings is the simplest of all tatting patterns. Try it of No. 24 thread for edging ruffles for under clothes. Of finer thread this is a dainty edge for baby clothes.

In making this edging, form your ring first; in it put 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 3 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., close.

Leave a short space, begin as before, connecting with last picot of previously made ring.

For centerpieces, doilies and edges for any household linen No. 60 thread is usually used.

For trimming personal underwear No. 80 is the standard, but a beginner will do better to practise with coarser cotton.

For the pillow and bag here shown use coarse cotton, either No. 30 spool thread or a regular crochet cotton. One will get over the work much quicker and the coarse tatting is more effective for articles of this sort.

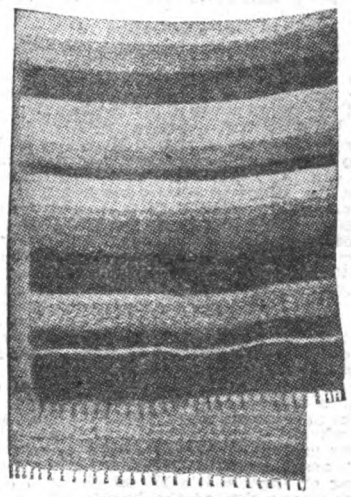
Tatted Pillow

Our illustration shows just half of this pillow which is one of the new oblong ones. To make the daisy like motifs begin, with ring of 8 p, with 1 d. s. between each picot, close. Surround this with 8 rings each of 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., close. Join to center by picot before making the second ring. Repeat making 8 rings in all fasten off and break thread. Join these daisies as made by the end picots of two rings.

The simplest form of tatting is done with one thread, that comes from the shuttle only. More complicated and elaborate designs are done with one shuttle and an extra thread, while still others require two shuttles.

Insertion

This is made with one shuttle and one extra thread. Begin by making 3 rings each of 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., joined to each by the picots as made. These 3 rings form the 2 on the end of each and the first ring in



SILK PORTIERE

the row. Next working with 2 threads, make a chain of 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., then 1 ring as before, joined to first ring in row, next 1 chain and so on. Join these rings to two of the daisy rings by the picots as shown.

Make 2 rings in turn on the other end, work in the same back again, joining the chains by the picots. The ends of both articles are furnished by full 2-inch tassels, made of the same cotton.

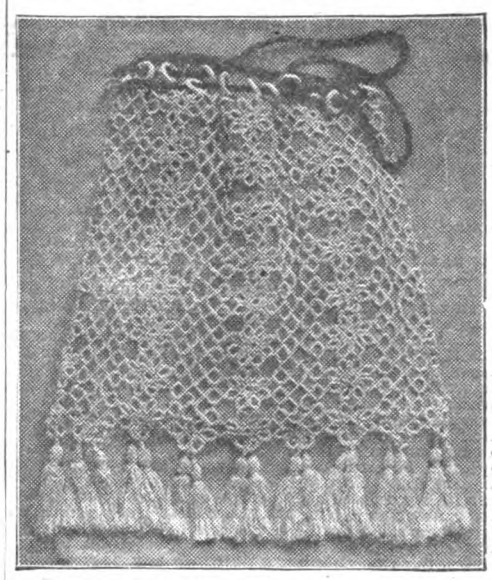
Uniformity in design is essential, and accuracy is most important in doing this work, as it is very hard to correct mistakes, practically impossible if one is using fine thread.

Making Old-Fashioned Rugs.

Within the last few years there has been an immense development in the making of attractive and serviceable home-made rugs. Long ago people used to collect old rags, sew them together, and make up into rugs regardless of the color or texture, but on the whole the rugs of today are of a much higher standard artistically. The color schemes are carefully planned and carried out with most pleasing results.

Some beautiful rugs were recently seen at an exhibition made wholly of new cotton flannel. This can be bought for ten or twelve and one half cents a yard, and comes in a variety of colors. Five yards of this material will make a rug about a yard in length.

The rug here shown was made by an eastern girl of new cotton flannel torn in strips and carefully braided. A canary yellow center, surrounded with bluish grey, then steel grey

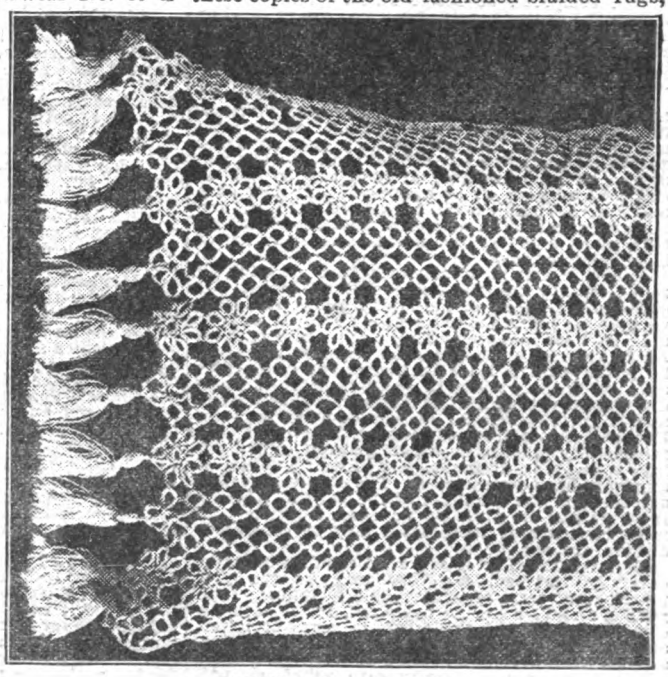


HAND BAG IN TATTING.

and the color once repeated, made a most cheery attractive combination.

Shades of old rose flannel harmonize beautifully with some of the modern wall papers.

But wherever the room or howeven furnished, there is nothing that lends such an atmosphere of thrift, comfort and hominess as these copies of the old-fashioned braided rugs,



TATTING SOFA PILLOW.

which used to be seen in almost every New England home.

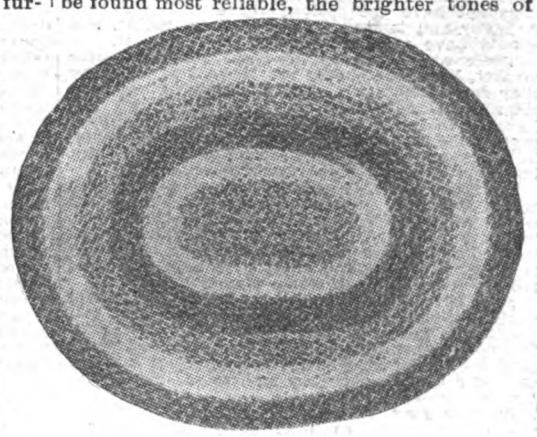
In sections of the country where these rugs are practically unknown the making of them will appeal emphatically to all economical housewives, for otherwise worthless material, can be sorted dyed and used. The process is very simple. A little practise, of course is necessary to find out what width the rags should be torn. A piece of old white muslin might have to be torn an inch and a half in width while a piece of denim would only need to be half that width. The point is that the plait when finished must be of equal thickness and these points are only learned by experience and experimenting.

However the joy of making a rag rug is a very real one, and the work fascinating as it shapes itself and grows so rapidly under your hands.

One of our clever readers very successfully combined the silk from worn waists, dress and petticoats in making this attractive portiere. The colors are arranged as much as possible so as to make stripes. The beginning being an eight-inch stripe of foundation, which forms sort of a foundation for the colors. All the silk should first be cut, sewed together and wound loosely into a ball. Cut taffetas about one third of an inch wide, while China or wash silks should be nearer an inch as they crush up more in the loom. Almost any odds and ends may be used, while tinsel or gilt braids are extremely effective if carefully placed.

From about three and a half to five pounds will be necessary for a portiere. The one here shown measures six feet by forty-two inches that being the width of the average loom.

Warp may differ in color and quality. But the common brown usually gives the best service. It shrinks as little as any upon removal from the loom, and the item of expense is the minimum. While one may choose orange, red, black or other colors of thread, which may be of linen or silk as well as cotton, the latter will be found most reliable, the brighter tones of



BRAIDED RUG.

warp having a tendency to domineer and overcast the entire color scheme. The average cost for weaving should not exceed five dollars, for warp and work.

Stocking the Home Medicine Chest and How to Use It

By Dr. C. F. Reade

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EVERY home should be prepared for the many emergencies that are constantly arising—little emergencies that do not require the skill of a physician, but which do need immediate and proper attention. A cut finger, a bad bruise, a burn, or possibly a case of fainting—they are all apt to happen in every home, and if the housewife is prepared to meet them with some sort of skill they should not cause any more than a slight break to the routine of the day's work.

For what may be termed an ordinary cut there is little to do beyond washing the wound well, first with warm water and afterwards with some antiseptic, hydrogen peroxide being a splendid medium for cleansing open cuts. Use gauze in washing out a wound, not cotton, for the lint of cotton sometimes sticks and may cause inflammation. When the wound is well cleaned it should be bound up with an antiseptic bandage and a fresh bandage put on every day until it has healed sufficiently to allow it to come in contact with the air. For small cuts adhesive plaster should not be used because it keeps all the air away, and for large cuts or deep puncture holes, such as running a nail into any part of the body, a doctor should be seen at once to guard against poisoning.

In a home where there are small children bruises are a frequent and sometimes very painful occurrence. A compress saturated with arnica will draw out most of the inflammation. To make a compress fold your gauze several times, wet it thoroughly with the arnica, and bandage it over the bruised flesh. Arnica is also used in sprains, though it is not advisable to try to treat a bad sprain without the aid of a physician. If for any reason the doctor cannot reach your home at once, a cold compress, or better still an ice bag will reduce the swelling, and also lessen the pain. For a slight sprain a cold compress and then one of arnica will often be sufficient treatment, especially if the sprained place is afterwards painted with iodine.

The treatment of a burn is simple, and there are various methods of extracting the inflammation from the wound. Rubbing butter on the burn makes it less painful, and equally good is either an application of bicarbonate of soda or weak ammonia. The bicarbonate of soda can be applied either as a paste, or as a solution. If used as a solution, a cloth should be soaked with it, and kept very wet. The ammonia must be diluted before using, and can be applied as the solution of bicarbonate of soda.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia is a splendid all round remedy for the home medicine chest. If one of the members of the family faints, it is very valuable to bring about consciousness. It may be used both for inhaling, and as an internal remedy. As an internal remedy a good teaspoonful should be mixed with a third of a glass of cold water and fed to the patient in small mouthfuls. This drug is very beneficial in cases of slight nausea and may be given as in the case of fainting. Partial collapse from excitement, heat or fatigue is generally relieved by a half glass of cold water into which a small quantity of aromatic spirits of ammonia have been poured. The dose used varies according to the condition of the patient, whether it is wanted in a strong or weak solution. No more than a half teaspoonful may be considered an average dose.

Stomach troubles of any kind should always be carefully watched, for they may be the first warnings of some serious trouble to follow. Indigestion should never be neglected, for it soon becomes chronic, and the result is years of miserable health. For a slight attack of indigestion, a pinch of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water will generally give relief, as will rhubarb and soda, or charcoal tablets. The charcoal tablets are particularly to be recommended as they are easy to keep in the medicine chest and are always ready. There are any number of reliable laxatives to be bought at the drug-stores, and one of them should always be kept in the house. It is also well to have Jamaica ginger on hand for quick relief in cases of cold or cramps.

There are several drugs which are of great benefit at times, but which are dangerous to keep in the house owing to the fact that they are poisonous. Iodine is valuable for drawing out the pain in a case of neuralgia, and is also beneficial in cases of slight sprains or bruises. However as it is a poison it should not be kept where some member of the family, blundering to the medicine chest in the night, will be able to get it "by mistake." The same may be said of a number of very valuable antiseptics. Bichloride of mercury is very valuable because of the sterile properties that it contains, yet it is one of the most deadly poisons that we have—a poison that carries off hundreds of people every year—and is very frequently taken in ignorance. Carbolic acid can be classed with bichloride of mercury.

The medicine chest should be ready to meet all emergencies and should always contain a small quantity of sweet oil and also some oil of cloves. This latter drug must be kept apart for it is poison when taken in a large quantity. The sweet oil when heated will generally give relief from an earache, and should be placed on a piece of cotton and put in the ear. For toothache a piece of cotton soaked with oil of cloves and applied to the aching tooth will ease the pain for a short time, though it is hardly probable that any treatment short of a visit to the dentist will bring permanent relief. In the case of a prolonged earache it is wise to see a doctor, for the ear is a sensitive member and any gathering of pus may mean deafness or even worse.

If, as frequently happens, a member of the family has a cold in the eye, or if the eyes become tired and inflamed, the use of an eye-cup will bring about relief. Half a teaspoonful of powdered boric acid mixed in half a glass of water is without doubt one of the very best eye washes that can be used. Fill the small eye-cup full of the solution and put it over the eye, holding the head back. Then open and close the eye several times. If this is done a number of times during the course of the day it is sure to have good effect.

To reduce a fever a small quantity of sweet spirits of niter should be kept on hand, and if this does not have the desired effect, call a doctor. A heavy and lasting fever indicates trouble, and should have professional skill to reduce it.

There are numerous headache tablets on the market, but these should not be kept at home for they spell temptation. The majority of headache remedies contain coal tar products which are harmful to the heart, and should not be used except in the case of a very severe headache. Asperin is perhaps the less dangerous headache remedy, but even this should be taken sparingly.

In the case of bleeding, except a nosebleed which is normal in most growing children, call a doctor at once. This is true too of a heavy cold. "Only a cold" sounds like a slight illness, but colds develop with surprising rapidity, and what is a slight cold of the chest or a sore throat of today is pneumonia or worse tomorrow.

Sore throats if attended to at once will not cause trouble. A gargle of half alcohol and half water will generally stop the progress of the inflammation, but if the throat continues to be sore send for a doctor at once. Never neglect a heavy cold or a sore throat, they lead to too many dangerous illnesses.

In arranging the medicine chest you should group the drugs so that those most needed will be near at hand, and those not often used and any that are harmful are away from the others, where they cannot be reached without an effort.

The best cabinet is a small wall affair about six inches deep and having four or five shelves. On the bottom shelf all surgical appliances should be kept. These should include at least a full roll of bandage, some antiseptic gauze, medicated cotton, and a pair of scissors. There is still room, the eye cup and eye dropper may be kept on this shelf. On the next shelf there should be a drinking glass, also a measuring glass so that given quantities in solution may be properly administered. A medicine dropper should be kept in a place where it will not be mistaken for the eye dropper, and with it may be kept the thermometer and a small brush for painting with such remedies as iodine or arnica. A spoon should always be kept in the medicine chest and it is now possible to obtain a half spoon, which is very valuable in the measuring of medicine.

On small hooks directly under the medicine chest the hot water and ice bags can be hung.

On the very topmost shelf it would be well for the housewife to have a small box with a cover and in it keep all the poisons or dangerous drugs. This box should be marked *poison* and each member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, should be made acquainted with its contents. If it is possible, it might be well to have this box made of wood with a key so that it can be locked, and the key kept in a place where it will not be available to all the family. Oil of cloves, iodine, paregoric, and any other drug, such as bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid should be kept up here, well out of the way.

The stocking of the medicine chest is not an easy matter, for there are many small medicines that one only wants occasionally, yet they should not be thrown away when finished with. These are generally medicines peculiar to the needs of each individual family and should be kept at one end of the top shelf, out of the way.

On the shelf immediately below can be kept the antiseptics and drugs peculiar to emergency accidents, such as cuts, bruises or burns, hydrogen peroxide, arnica, bicarbonate of soda, aromatic spirits of ammonia, alcohol, and the boric acid to be used as an eye wash.

All medicines which are at all apt to be used with frequency can be kept on one shelf together. The wise mother finds a place in her medicine chest for a good tonic which she gives her brood in the fall so as to build them up against the winter colds which come with the first snow fall. Cod liver oil is a splendid tonic for a run-down body, and any of the various maltine combinations are equally beneficial.

A properly stocked medicine chest saves many trips to the doctor, though the minute that the mother sees any sign of a stubborn case that does not immediately respond to her simple remedies, she is wise if she has the doctor as soon as he can get there.

The housewife should occasionally look over her medicines so that in case of emergency she will not find that she had an empty bottle instead of the drug she wishes to use. Each time any of the surgical apparatus is used it should be properly sterilized and put back, always in the place originally designed for it.

NOTE BY EDITOR

Hydrogen peroxide (often called peroxide of hydrogen) is one of the most valuable antiseptics for cleansing a cut or wound; it is also an excellent gargle for sore throat, and is good as a mouth wash and for occasional use after brushing the teeth. It is a colorless liquid, odorless and nearly tasteless. Applied, as a wash, to a festering wound it will destroy the pus and dead tissues without injury to the live flesh; yet it is not irritant or corrosive in its effect and causes no smarting. This wonderful substance is the only effective antiseptic that is not poisonous; if swallowed by mistake it is harmless—just drink a glass or two of water, or even if you don't you probably will never feel the peroxide. Do not use it as a wash for the scalp or hair unless you wish to bleach the hair, for which purpose it is used by brunettes desirous of wearing blonde hair. Hydrogen peroxide should be kept tightly cocked and away from the light, for if exposed to the air it loses strength rapidly and soon becomes worthless.

Always keep a good supply of pure alcohol on hand, a quart is none too much. Besides being an excellent antiseptic for washing cuts and wounds, and a good gargle for sore throat, it is valuable for external application to relieve lameness, soreness and reduce inflammation, and in case of typhoid and other fevers it is indispensable for frequent bathing to reduce the fever. Be sure to get the pure "grain" alcohol—never use the "denatured" or wood alcohol for medicinal purposes nor for bathing.

For sore eyes, especially if bloodshot and matterating as the result of exposure to wind, dust or glaring sun, drop into the eyes two or three times a day a few drops of strong black tea steeped a long time in a cup or earthen teapot (not in a metal dish) and strained through a cloth; bathe the eyes in hot water morning and night, and on retiring bandage them with a cloth saturated with witch-hazel. Use good black tea, not green tea. Witch-hazel should always be kept on hand for relieving soreness, inflammation and bruises, but be sure to get the best quality, regardless of cost, at a reliable druggist's. This advice applies also to all drugs; you can't afford to take chances with inferior or adulterated drugs.

Always keep on hand a liberal supply of epsom salts in a tightly cocked bottle. It is a quick, effective and harmless agent for clearing the bowels when clogged; one or two doses taken in time may prevent a threatened bilious attack. In case of acute intestinal indigestion or ptomain poisoning or appendicitis liberal doses to produce thorough evacuation of the bowels may save life while you are sending for the doctor. This or any other salts should not be taken daily as a remedy for chronic constipation.

No household should be without a bottle of syrup of ipecac. In large doses it acts as an effective emetic, not so quick in its action as some of the violent emetics, but sure and safe. With a grown person a teaspoonful will usually produce vomiting, for a child a smaller dose in proportion to age. Syrup of ipecac is an excellent remedy for colds, coughs, hoarseness and croup. For children in doses of ten to twenty drops every four hours (without producing nausea) it loosens and relieves a cough or hoarseness and often will prevent a cold from developing into croup. If it produces nausea reduce the dose. In case of actual croup give a half teaspoonful for an emetic and repeat the dose in half an hour if vomiting (which is the desired effect) has not set in. It is the prudent course to call in the doctor in case of croup; but croup comes on suddenly and you can't always get the doctor just on the moment.—meanwhile apply your home remedies. For grown people ipecac is equally effective in the treatment of colds, cough and hoarseness, but the dose should be increased.

For earache I have found a half teaspoonful of glycerine and laudanum—equal parts of each thoroughly mixed and warmed over a lamp, poured into the ear and allowed to remain two or three minutes, then permitted to run out—the most effective in giving immediate relief. This was prescribed by a prominent physician. The laudanum and the heat quiet the pain while the glycerine softens the ear wax so that a few hours later it can be easily removed by warm water used through an ear syringe which should be included in the equipment of every home medicine chest. Keep the laudanum bottle in the poison box, it is deadly.

Always keep on hand a plentiful supply of mustard plasters in a tin box.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

thirty-five to forty dollars a month. About homestead land, that is very scarce here in Grant county. Of course there is some vacant land but it is good only for grass. But in Malheur and Harney counties there is a great lot of vacant land that can be taken as desert land in this way; a married woman can take up three hundred and twenty acres and a man three hundred and twenty acres if he hasn't used his homestead right. This desert land is good if you want to follow dry-farming and drill for the water you use. Land sells very cheap here and people rent for half of what they can make off of it.

We have good schools here, and very good people; in fact, I think this is a good place for poor people like us to live in as it is easier to make a living here than most places.

I think I have answered all of your questions. I have answered some of the sisters and will write to all that sent stamps as time and health permit. Will some of the sisters write me who live near Polo, Caldwell county, Mo. or some who has lived there. I would also like to hear from someone living near St. Joseph, Mo. And remember I will be glad to hear from anyone who cares to write to me.

Hoping to hear from a great many, I am your COMFORT friend,

MRS. FLOY KINCAID.

RUMFORD FALLS, MAINE.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

After I had read Mrs. Thompson's letter and your kind invitation to Maine sisters I thought I would try my luck. I have been so happy and contented since we came here three years ago from Massachusetts. I have several reasons why I should be more happy here. In the first place there are no saloons or license for liquor, although there are a few kitchen barrooms; the climate is much better for our health, and wages are better; that is in the mills and I think they are better outside, too. My John has learned a trade since he came here, it is hard work, but he makes good money and supports the family well. In N. B. where we came from I had to leave my dear little ones at home in care of strangers and go to work in the cotton mill to keep the wolf from our door. I was so run down and tired that I weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds with a heavy suit on, and now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am strong again. We just love this place.

Some of the sisters might be interested to know just what Rumford Falls is like. Twenty years ago it was a wilderness, now a city of ten thousand people, located on the Androscoggin river, on line of Maine Central, eighty-three miles from Portland and twenty-five from the famous Rangeley Lake region.

We have seven churches and fine schools. The place is lighted by electricity; there is a fifteen-thousand H. P. Hydro Electric power station with the falls right below. It would make the finest snap shot for your camera you ever saw.

We have one of the largest paper manufacturing plants in the world; employing over three thousand people. Some of the pretty colored coffee bags got in the Philippine Islands come from here.

I won't say much about my looks for fear you will take to the woods. I am thirty-six years old; have six children, four girls and two boys, living, and two dead. I don't know what I should do without them. I should like to write something about children, but my letter is already too long, so I will close with sincere good wishes to all and may God bless Mr. Gannett and his staff of workers. Your sister,

MRS. MADELINE MONETTE.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years; but seldom see anything from old Vermont, my adopted home, as I was born under good Queen Victoria's reign. Have often thought, as I read the interesting letters others have written that I would add my mite to the Sisters' Corner. For years I was a poor, nervous invalid, and although not well today I have much to be thankful for.

My husband is a cripple and suffers much, but he gets about some with two canes; we are poor which is no disgrace. We live some seven miles from Vermont's beautiful and magnificent Green Mountain Range, where lots of snow falls and much lumbering is done. We are five miles from our nearest R. R. station and as we live alone of course we get lonely.

Years ago I joined the beautiful shut-in society and through its wonderful work blessed rays of sunshine often find us on our rural mail route. Were it not for this we would be more lonely than we are. Some reading comes to us and a dear friend sends us COMFORT this way for a year. Would be so glad to hear from COMFORT readers, if only a card, and dear ones, that isn't much. We both love post-cards, especially scenery, and never tire of looking at them.

What grand ideas Mrs. Charles D. Thomas and others give us on the solemn duty of child-training. No more sacred work could ever be given human beings than the training, by Godly precept and example, of the wonderful minds of future generations. However dear sisters don't think for one moment that you are alone in this work, for the Great Helper is always near to bless every effort for good.

Yours with best wishes for, and gentle memories of, your labor of love.

ORPHA M. BROWN JOHNSON.

BIRCH TREE, MO.

DEAR SISTERS:

How many of you have tried growing ginseng as a means of procuring money to supply the necessities of life? I have, and with good success. I first planted a small patch at the rear of my chicken-house, and later, planted more along the creek banks in the shade of the timber. It has done well, and I sell several dollars' worth each fall, receiving as high as seven dollars and forty cents per pound for it, to say nothing of the many seeds I get which sells readily at one dollar and fifty cents per thousand seed. I have often seen inquiries in dear old COMFORT, regarding ginseng, and trust this little information will interest some sister. I would not advise you to invest very heavily in ginseng at the start until you learn if you have a suitable place to grow it. It will not grow without shade, neither will it grow in low swampy places. If you have good rich soil, well shaded and drained, you may be reasonably sure of very good profits from the culture of this plant.

I fear I am taking up too much space, but cannot refrain from adding a word of praise for COMFORT. It is surely a comfort in many, many homes, and is indeed the greatest paper published for the home. Long live COMFORT! I would like to hear from all the sisters interested in homemaking, and those who know of practical ways of earning spending money. I will try and answer all letters.

MRS. L. E. DOUGLASS.

1117 Sandals Place N. E., CANTON, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for seven years. We had been getting COMFORT but a short time when I introduced the paper to others and have ever since been sending in subscriptions and receiving useful articles and have several times received cash prizes.

I will now tell you about myself. I was nineteen years old on the fourteenth day of December and am an ardent lover of flowers and love to work in a garden. I wonder how many of the sisters that live in a city, especially the younger set, find pleasure in a garden. I had a most beautiful garden last summer, everyone praised the beautiful flowers it grew. I also was in a contest with girls and boys and my garden received the first prize. The prizes given were a trip to Washington, New York and Philadelphia. The money for the cost of the trip was donated by several prominent business men of Canton. The party of winners in this contest went in connection with the Buckeye Corn boys from all parts of Ohio. They spent five days visiting various places and also were received by President Wilson in the famous East Room, a tour of the White House and grounds followed the reception. I had the honor of being the first prize winner but had to be content at home while the other contestants were having the time of their lives, for I became ill and was not able to make the trip with them, but expect to enter in the contest again this coming spring in hopes of being again a winner of a trip. Will some of the sisters who are interested in my letter give me some advice such as would be helpful to me and also name some good magazines which tell about gardening? I will answer all letters promptly to those writing to me; especially would I like to get the younger sisters interested in city gardening. I am sincerely,

MISS MINNIE SCHAFFER.

Remedies

FRESH COLDS.—When you commence sneezing, taking fresh cold, drink a good sup of poke berry wine, every two or three hours and at bedtime. Next day drink it three or four times a day. It is splendid for rheumatism also, to mix with French brandy and drink three times a day. Good also without the brandy. Both of these remedies have been tried successfully in our family.

CROUP.—Apply kerosene to chest after first greasing to keep the kerosene from blistering. Give a teaspoon of honey in which has been stirred about one quarter of a teaspoon of salt. This will produce vomiting. Relief is certain in a few minutes.

MRS. J. H. THOMAS, Marietta, R. R. 5, Ga.

STOMACH TROUBLE.—Roast an ear of corn till brown. Pour boiling water over it and when cool, drink. If stomach is very weak, take one tablespoon to begin with and increase.

RUTH UNDERWOOD, Essexville, R. R. 1, Mich.

SICK HEADACHE.—Take as much ground cinnamon as the point of a knife will hold. Repeat dose in half an hour if not relieved.

MISS ETHEL KILLION, Cecil, Ark.

When baby has colic give him a swallow of cold water.

For bowel trouble in infants give them a tablespoon of beaten raw egg, three or four times daily.

For carbolic acid burns apply vinegar immediately.

For sick headache drink a glass of hot water, to which has been added, the juice of a whole lemon, without sugar.

MRS. DELLA CHAPMAN, Clifton, Oregon.

POISON IVY.—Dissolve one half cup copperas in one cup of sweet milk and bathe affected parts freely.

MRS. M. E. NOOMAN, Greely, Nebr.

CHILBLAINS.—Apply to affected parts the following: One half pint alcohol, two ounces of aqua ammonia and two ounces spirits of turpentine. If raw, dilute with water.

H. C. WHEELER, Derby, N. Y.

TONSILITIS.—Gargle the throat three or four times a day with a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of water. This is a tried remedy.

MRS. R. WELLS, Bridgeville, Cal.

CHAPPED HANDS.—One quarter pound of honey, one quarter pound of sal-soda and one pint of water. Apply often.

MRS. JOHN E. DAVIS, Cedar City, Utah.

CAKED OR GATHERED BREAST.—One half cup of lard, one teaspoon camphor, two teaspoons turpentine, a piece of beeswax size of a thimble and twice as much mutton tallow and melt together. If breast is sore, just rub on; if caked or gathered, wash with hot water, apply ointment and cover with warm flannel. This is an old and tried remedy.

MRS. F. J. BRADY, Okmulgee, 807 So. Grand St., Oklahoma.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Fill several bobbins with thread before starting to sew. It saves time.

Rub salt in your milk vessel one half hour before putting milk into it, rinse just before putting milk in and it will remain sweet longer.

A little sweet milk in water will be enough starch for handkerchiefs and will whiten them.

Do not throw away old table linen, make tea towels of it.

MRS. LELIA HAGGARD, Norwood, Ohio.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen, without injury to the fabric, wet the stains in the mixture then put in sun to dry. Two or three applications may be necessary if stain is of long standing, but the remedy never fails.

MISS AGNES HALPIL, Scotia, Nebr.

How many know that a tablespoon of vinegar put in the lard when the fat is set over the fire will prevent doughnuts from soaking fat.

Soaking pecans and butternuts over night in water will make the meats come out without difficulty.

Gather green parsley, I also take the leaves from celery and dry, then rub between hands and put in a tin can, and it is ready to use in soup, potato salad, etc.

Dark eyeglasses will protect the eyes when sweeping the ceilings, also when preparing onions.

MRS. A. B. WEDGEWOOD, Dutch Flat, Cal.

Instead of washing hardwood floors with water, try wiping with coal oil. It gives a nicer finish. Also sweep carpets with broom dipped in coal oil and it will brighten the colors.

MRS. M. E. NOOMAN, Greely, Nebr.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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Helpful Household Hints

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The pasteboard boxes that crackers come in are fine to keep doughnuts or cookies in, as they will not dry up. They can be used to bake fruit cake in, as the oiled paper and stiff outside keep the cake from burning, which fruit cake is very apt to do.

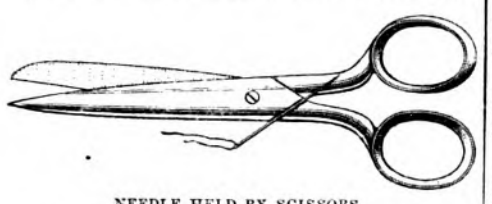
Do not make the mistake of putting hot water on machine oil stains. It will not remove the grease, but it may set it so firmly that it cannot be removed. If the garment stained is washable, rub the grease spot with cold water and soap immediately the accident has happened. If not washable apply a little French chalk or gasoline to the spot, taking the precaution, however, to insert underneath the material a piece of blotting paper. This to prevent a ring being perceivable when the grease has been removed.

Adding a pinch of salt and piece of butter, size of a bean, to coffee will make the flavor much better and also settle the coffee.

In extracting the juice of lemon or orange, much more juice will be obtained if the fruit is first covered with cold water and allowed to come to a boil before the fruit is cut.

Do away with papers on your pantry shelves by substituting for them two or three coatings of white enamel. The effect will appeal to housekeepers on account of its inviting and cleanly appearance, aside from its sanitary qualities.

When the needle sticks in heavy material, and you are unable to pull it through by thumb and finger, place needle carefully in joint of scissors,



NEEDLE HELD BY SCISSORS.

using the scissors as nippers to grasp the needle, as shown in sketch. A slight pressure of the scissors will hold the needle firmly and enable you to pull it through the cloth.

When a box of sardines is opened it should be drained of all oil possible, and then the little fish turned out and sprinkled with lemon juice. They should be drained again before serving. The lemon will cut the remaining oil and make the sardines more palatable.

When a wall is so soft that it will not hold a picture hook, mix a little plaster of Paris in a teacup; enlarge the hole to a fair size and fill it with the plaster and, a minute after, insert the hook and let it dry. The hook will be perfectly secure after the plaster has hardened and dried.

If you have difficulty in giving children powders, cut a banana down the middle, scoop out some of the pulp, and put the powder in; place together again, and the taste is hardly ever noticeable.

Plants will grow more quickly if a few drops of ammonia are added once a week to water with which they are watered. The water should be lukewarm, not colder than the atmosphere, when you water your plants.

Old hair brushes which have become soft can be made quite hard and firm by dipping them in a strong solution of alum.

If windows are cleaned with vinegar and water they will be brighter and stay clean longer than if cleaned with water alone. Polish in the usual way with soft linen cloth.

To make a muddy skirt wash easily and look white, take some sour milk, dilute with water and soak the skirt in it over night; then wash in the usual way. It will be found that the skirt washes more easily and looks whiter.

Bread should be kept in an earthenware jar or crock with cover. This crock and cover ought to be scalded once a week, and then carefully dried.

To clean the bean pot, fill with cold water, put in some kind of washing powder and cover tightly, put on stove and let it come to a boil. This will make it very easy to wash.

To save paint and furniture from being knocked and scratched when sweeping, nail pads of velvet or cloth on all brooms and brushes, especially those used for stairs.

To test eggs; put them in water. A fresh egg will sink, a poor egg will float midway and a bad egg will float on the surface.

When making a cup of cocoa put into it (when mixed) a pinch of salt, and you will find a great improvement in the flavor. This also takes the watery taste away.

Handkerchiefs and white clothes that have become yellow from use of too much soap or any other cause, may be whitened in the following manner; after washing let them soak overnight in a tub of clear water to which is added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When ironed they will be white as snow.

Mackintosh coats which have become hard and rigid may be easily cleaned with lime and water and made to look as good as new. A handful of the best gray lime dissolved in half a basket of water, applied with a small sponge, makes it better. Repeat after three hours.

When cooking vegetables remember that all vegetables which grow above ground should be put into boiling water, and all which grow under ground in cold water with the exception of new potatoes.

Hang woolens out on the line dripping wet, without wringing them at all. If dried in this way, they will not shrink.

To take stains from hands, use half cupful of coarse cornmeal and one cupful of strong vinegar. Wash and rub the hands well in this; rinse in warm water.

When boiling an old fowl or tough meat, add a pinch of soda to the water. Simmer gently, and the meat will be perfectly tender.

To prevent cheese from getting hard, cut a small piece off for present use and place the remainder in a cool place. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

If your shoe polish becomes hardened in the tin, do not moisten with water, but with milk, it will improve the polish.

If silver is to be stored away for some time, pack it with dry flour; it will remain untarnished.

A little lemon juice rubbed on tarnished faucets will easily and quickly brighten them.

To stop a small leak mix whiting and yellow soap into a thick paste with a little water. Apply this to the place where the leakage is and it will be instantly stopped. A visit from the plumber will still be necessary, but this will help out meanwhile.

Tumblers which have been used for milk should always be rinsed in cold water before they are washed in hot. When this is done the milk does not stick to the glass, and there is no danger of their looking cloudy.

To preserve the color of green vegetables, put them on to cook in boiling water into which a pinch of salt has been dropped. With green peas or sweet corn use a teaspoonful or two of sugar instead of salt, as salt hardens these.

Coffee stains may be removed by brushing the spot with pure glycerine. Rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side. This will not injure the most delicate material.

Even in summer, if you use a hot-air furnace, and it is not in use then, of course, never allow the cellar to be swept or cleaned up in any way without first covering every register in the house with a damp cloth. This prevents any dust from getting into the rooms.

Stoning raisins is a sticky job, but this can be easily avoided if the raisins are first soaked five minutes in boiling hot water and then plunged into ice water.

When threading a needle with black sewing material hold the eye against a light surface. When threading with white cotton or silk, hold the eye over a dark surface. This will make the threading much easier.

To clean light colored velvet, corduroy or felt, rub the soiled portion lightly with the cut surface of a day-old loaf of white bread, cutting off the surface as fast as it becomes discolored.

To frost a bathroom window make a very strong solution of Epsom salts and vinegar. Apply it with a brush, and afterward go over it with some white varnish.

To improve shiny serge or cloth lay it flat on the table and pass a piece of fine sandpaper very gently over the shiny part. The sandpaper will roughen up the nap again, but be careful not to rub too hard, as it may wear a hole in your material.

In cleaning ivory knife handles rub them well with half a lemon dipped in salt. This will make them beautifully white. After this treatment they should be well washed in cold water and thoroughly dried.

Cayenne pepper is excellent as a means of ridding a cupboard of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

Safety matches can be lighted by scratching on a piece of smooth coal, glass or cast iron (but this surface must be smooth), as well as on the safety match-box case.

Grate an apple into your horseradish, and you will have as fine a relish as you could possibly wish.

Put the small pieces of scouring soap that are left over through the meat chopper, using a fine knife, making them into powder. Another good way is to melt them with a little water to make a soft soap, if the soap has no grit in it.

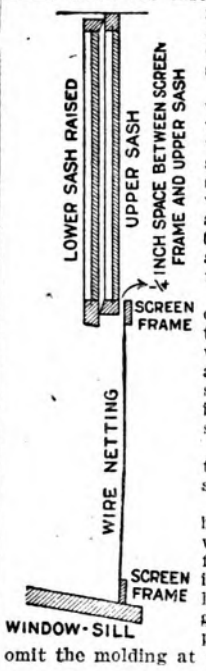
Flowers can be kept fresh for quite a long time by placing their stems in a potato. Bore holes in the potato with a skewer and insert the stems and place the potato in a dark bowl—and no water is required.

Loops for hanging garments are always wearing out and breaking. Take a strong cord, cover it with the kid from discarded gloves and sew this to the garment for a loop. It will last as long as the garment does.

A simple but absolute test as to whether milk is watered: Dip a steel needle in a vessel of milk and immediately withdraw it in an upright position. If it is pure, some of the fluid will adhere to the needle; if there is water in the milk, it will not cling to the needle at all.

When cane bottomed seats sag, sponge both sides of the cane with hot soapsuds in which a handful of salt has been dissolved, then stand the chair in the open air. Treated like this, the seats will become as firm as when new, shrinking into place.

The fly has ceased to be a problem in a certain home since the installation of a set of screens made as per following description and placed in window frames as shown in sketch.



The screen is constructed with the wire netting flush with inner surface of framework so as to afford a straight runway, and the screen placed outside the window and a full quarter of an inch away from the sash-top of screen to reach as high as putty line on lower rail of top sash.

The flies inside will crawl up the screen and out through the opening between window and screen and fly away but will not enter at same point because the opening is in shadow from outside

The flies which come in through the doorways are soon trapped out in this way.

An important thing is to have the wire netting flush with the framework. The old-fashioned method of fastening the wire by means of fillets forced down into plowed grooves is good or if wire is put on with moldings, to omit the molding at the top of the screen.

When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove and let it boil. No disagreeable odor will then be in the room.

To remove a scorch from linen, cut an onion in half and rub the scorched part with it, and then soak it in cold water. The mark will then disappear.

To prevent stove polish sticking to the hands while polishing a stove, first rub the hands thoroughly with soap and allow it to dry. The polish will then wash off without any trouble.

To prevent a plate from slipping when you set it on a cake of ice in the refrigerator, place an ordinary rubber ring, such as go with fruit jars, under the plate.

After washing your rice and placing it in the steamer stir sufficiently to allow any small white stones which you would not discover in looking it over, to settle at bottom. When cooked separate lower portion and give it to the cat—you may thus avoid considerable annoyance and a dentist's bill.

A pinch of baking soda added to a berry pie, before the upper crust is put on, will prevent the juice from running over. However only a trace of the soda should be used, sprinkled lightly over the fruit.

A little sugar or even molasses added to stove polish gives a brighter and more lasting finish. It also prevents so much dust.

To clean a stove pipe place a piece of zinc on the coals. The vapor produced carries off the soot.

A pinch of soda added to the scouring brick will clean knives more readily than the brick alone.

It is not necessary to scald tomatoes in order to remove skins easily. Rub the ripe tomatoes all over with back of kitchen knife and you will find the skin loosened and easy to peel off. Thus you retain the rich, fresh flavor.

If your gas plate is crowded and you want coffee and eggs, why not wash the eggs and boil them in the coffee.

Give a little shake to your shades before rolling them up in order to dislodge the chance fly.

In planning the new house figure a little on heights of bowls, sinks, etc. Also kitchen table. These are generally made "standard height" and many a backache might be avoided by adding a few inches to that dimension.

A very simple and satisfactory way to separate cream from milk in a milk bottle is to use a small piece of rubber tubing, costing only a few cents, and to siphon the milk from under the cream—with care almost the last drop of milk may thus be drained off.

A good substitute for cream in coffee is the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Pour the coffee into the yolk, stirring the while.

A few cups of coffee taken without sugar is enough to cure nine out of ten of the sugar habit.

Pour the coffee into the cream.

When your scissors grate—rub the edge of each blade lightly between thumb and finger—you will then find them to work smoothly.

BABY'S COLD

What to Do for It

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg

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THE child that has a cold ought to be separated from other children. One person can contract a cold from another. No man or woman with a cold should caress or kiss a baby. This practise is universally followed by many people and the results are most pitiful. The cold is transmitted to the little, helpless baby by someone who loves him. A massage treatment will give the baby that is suffering with a cold instant relief. The mother gives an olive oil rub, working from the feet to the hips with long, smooth strokes, from the hands to the shoulders, down over chest, over the abdomen from left to right, rubbing gently around repeatedly, with the palm of the hand, down the back from the base of the brain to the base of the spinal column. The room must be warm, with windows and doors closed. It is better to have the child near the radiator while the treatment is being given. The treatment draws the blood from all the congested areas to the surface and equalizes the circulation. A baby that has been unable to nurse or to sleep for hours will nurse without discomfort and will go off to sleep immediately. A little diluted listerine sprayed into the nostrils will reduce the inflammation of the membranous linings of throat and nose. A little coal oil or turpentine mixed with lard, rubbed into the chest is a good home remedy. One half teaspoonful of syrup of rhubarb will carry off the impurities through the intestinal canal. Baby should be kept warm and quiet in a room that is well ventilated. It is a mistake to give the baby any patent medicines for colds. The majority of them contain harmful drugs.

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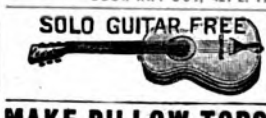
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby, Clifton Forge, Va.—It will be quite proper to send invitations and cards to the graduating exercises to your brother's friends though you have not met them. You can't get any better word than "farewell" for your valedictory. Use doesn't wear it out in the least. We can't suggest anything for your graduating gown because we don't know how much you want it to cost. We can advise, though, that the simpler it is the better.

Baby Doll, St. Joseph, Mo.—The mother should ask the young man to stay to supper and she should say when supper is ready. The daughter may act for the mother, but it is better for the mother to do it. The young man takes his leave at the proper hour, whether the old folks have gone to bed or not. We think every girl should know how to cook and keep house before she marries. The man she marries is expected to be able to attend to his business and she should be able to attend to hers.

Heartless, Richmond, Va.—Your receiving a letter from the young man whom you had only seen in a crowd and had not met which made you happier than you ever were in your life—your meeting him by appointment through the mails,—your afterwards meeting him elsewhere than at your own home, were all so unconventional that the young man probably wondered what kind of a girl you were and when you were so evidently delighted in his company he became frightened and concluded that it would be safer for him if he did not call and merely continued the acquaintance by mail so he could more easily get away when escape became necessary. As for caring for each other, you care so much more for him than he for you that you probably never will see him at your own home. Ask him to call formally, or you will discontinue the acquaintance and see what happens.

Violet, Greenback, Tenn.—It is proper enough for a girl to be the only one in a Sunday school class of eight boys, but we should think it would be rather embarrassing. It is not necessary to say anything when a gentleman takes a lady's arm to assist her to a train. It is no more than polite for a lady to ask a gentleman to share her umbrella with her in the rain, no matter what her age is, but if she needs all the umbrella, as often happens, she is entitled to it.

J. B., Jamestown, Tenn.—It will be quite proper to visit the sick friend if you are accompanied by a chaperon, either man or woman, who is also a friend of the sick man, as you should not take a stranger with you on such a visit.

Troubled, Sonora, Ark.—It is bad enough if your husband has grown cold and neglectful, and you should not make matters worse by accepting the "society of another young man to kill the trouble." We can assure you that instead of killing it it will make it a hundred times more alive. Accept no outside man's attentions until you are legally free to do so. Your first duty is to yourself and you must meet that whatever your husband may be, for he is your husband until the law releases you from your obligation to him.

Three, Shady Lane, W. Va.—If the man you had never met before was properly introduced it was proper for him to walk to your gate with you and you might have invited him into your house. If it were merely a pick-up acquaintance it was improper in every way. (2) The lady may do as she pleases about shaking hands with the gentleman who is introduced to her, and it is for her to offer the first hand, though usually if the man puts his hand out, as is often done, she should not ignore it. (3) Are you so anxious about the young man that you must write again to know why he doesn't answer your last letter? Why not let him be the anxious one? (4) Writing to unknown correspondents is permissible when both parties have mutual friends who endorse it, but not otherwise. Such practise is not to be encouraged.

Blue, Wilbur, Wash.—Something must be radically wrong with the husband or the wife when a young husband, married only seven months, can't prevent an old codger of sixty-three from winning his wife away from him. Whatever the wrong is, we don't know, but whatever it is, our advice to you is to let her go to her ancient admirer and for you to secure the legal redress made and provided in such cases. It may hurt, but you certainly can't have much respect or regard for a woman who has none for you, or for herself.

Hiawatha, Sharp's, Ind.—It not infrequently happens that a couple which has been divorced tries it again and the second time makes a success of married life. With such examples known to you, you might take him back, but from the tone of your letter we imagine you would break away again. However, it is better to try again the one you have tried than to try a new one and we advise that you try again. If the second trial is a failure, don't marry again. You are not built for it.

Anxious, Paris, Ky.—Many a girl engaged to one man has married another and possibly more happily than if she had married the first one. But you should have sent his engagement ring back to him when you married the other man. Now after nineteen months, it is somewhat embarrassing, we should think, but still, if your husband is a sensible man he will understand and think it is no more than right that you should return the ring. Under the circumstances you certainly have no use for it.

H. G., Tautle, Wash.—Don't be in such a raging hurry! How do you know the girl cares a continental for you and wants you to propose? Hadn't you better court her for a few minutes and find out whether she wants you or not? The way to keep up the acquaintance is to pay the usual attentions any gentleman pays to a lady and if she responds favorably, by and by, say, some time during the summer or fall, you pop the question, having in the mean time shown her that you are getting ready for business. It is plumb foolishness to meet a girl at a dance one evening and sling yourself at her the next time you meet her. If she has any sense she will refuse that kind of a man, and if you have any sense you won't want a girl who is so easy. So there you are.

Lonesome, Marvell, Iowa.—Don't you worry a minute about the young men not calling on you because you will not let them hug and kiss you. When a girl must do that to have young men callers we wonder what kind of wives those same young men expect to get from among the girls they call on. It is not altogether pleasant perhaps to be lonesome, but when girls pay young men for their calls by giving them kisses and hugs, it strikes us that both the young men and the girls should be enlightened and improved in their ideas of association. And still parents wonder why their daughters go wrong, and the world at large wonders why wives wander away from their husbands and husbands from their wives. One of the prime things you should teach the girls in your school is that self-respect which you have and which every good woman must have, or not be good.

M. M., Crow, Texas.—If you are engaged to him it is perfectly proper to permit him to kiss you, or you may kiss him if you want to, and you should want to if you love him right. We think it wise for you to wait until you are of age before you marry. You can be young and free only once and you should not be in too much of a hurry to be old and burdened with responsibility.

Discouraged, Plumb, Minn.—Your chief trouble is that you are thinking about yourself all the time instead of thinking about other people. Forget yourself and think of those in whose company you are—what they like, what you can do to please them, what interests them and similar things for their benefit, and before you know it you will be popular and everybody will love you for your unselfishness. Neither will you be nervous and have a feeling that you are under restraint, or are being criticized because you are not acting quite properly. You see you keep thinking about yourself all the time and naturally whatever you do is of the most importance to you and you forget everybody else and everybody else has to think about you or be left, so you are simply bound to be both uncomfortable and unpopular. Try forgetting yourself for a while.

C. G., Houstonville, N. C.—We can't suggest a name for a "babby" till we know what a babby is. If you mean a baby, we may say that you might have explained whether it was a Willie baby or a Susie baby. It's a long way from North Carolina to Maine and we can't guess that distance.

Inquirer, Mont Alto, Pa.—A lady may give a gentleman such jewelry as a scarf-pin, or some small silver article of use or ornament. An umbrella, cane, matchsafe, gloves, handkerchiefs and similar articles make appropriate gifts for men from young women to whom they may or may not be engaged. Something of use a little finer or nicer than he would buy for himself is ordinarily most appreciated.

Friend, Wheeler, Texas.—The late caller should not be asked to stay later. On the contrary he should be asked to go earlier. It is not nearly as bad manners to tell a caller it is time for him to go, as it is for him to stay so late that he must be told to go. It is quite proper for the lady to tell her escort that she appreciates his attention, but she should not do so in a formal way as though she were making a speech to him. Do it naturally and as you feel it. You are too young to "begin courtship." Wait until you are of age and then instead of your beginning it, the young man will, because it is his place to do that. In the mean time devote your spare hours to your writing, your grammar and your spelling. You need those ever so much more than you do etiquette or courtship.

Two Sisters, Palatka, Fla.—Etiquette is helpless in love affairs. All there is in the world of it couldn't make you love the young man who loves you, nor make the young man who loves your sister love you, nor make your sister love the young man you love. You'll have to settle it some other way than by the rules of etiquette.

P. T. C., Wakeville, Nevada.—There is no rule for how often you should buy a box of candy for your girl friend, but as you see her only on Saturday and Sunday, a small box each time would not be too much. It is all right to take the box along to the movies, though candy eating at theaters in the city is not the best form, except among girls at matinees. You may ask her if you may call, if she doesn't ask you, though as she lives at a private home other than her own probably it would be pleasanter to see her as you now do, either at the movies, or on your Sunday walks. It is a very good sign when you look at her to find her looking at you. It shows a common interest, at least. What has your duty got to do with continuing your very charming relations? You both like it and that's reason enough not to quit. What's the matter with you anyhow? Yes, it would be highly improper for you to attempt to put your arm around her—unless she didn't care. If you lose her, it will be entirely your fault.

Pink Rose, Portland, Oregon.—When the caller at your cousin's house says on leaving that he is very pleased to have met you, you may say that you were quite as well pleased as he. But don't say it as though you were reading it out of a book. Say it naturally and as though you really meant it.

Mischief, Belleville, Ohio.—We are glad you are of the "always tell mother" kind of girls and it's a pity they are not all of the same kind. The young man who talks to a girl about the "disrespect" shown to him when she accepts attention from other young fellows is the kind that no girl should respect. He has shown his yellow streak by condemning one of your girl friends and objecting to your associating with her and the first chance he gets when you are not around by going home from church with her. As you have stopped speaking to him, just let it continue that way indefinitely.

Two Girls, French Lick, Ind.—When a young fellow is all right and wishes to be attentive to a young lady she should appreciate his efforts and not snub him because she has plenty of others around. Some day she may not have the others and then she will be sorry enough she wasn't fair with this one. It is neither wise nor polite for a girl to be too independent. (2) Invitations to lunch or to entertainments of any kind from young men of good character should not be declined unless there is good excuse for it. Such invitations are forms of courtesy which should be respected. (3) We understand that Indiana spends more money on her public schools than any other state, but you two certainly never had a cent of it spent on your grammar and spelling.

Anxious, Blaine, Ida.—Because the young man stepped on your toes when dancing with you was no good reason why you should have declined to go to supper with him, and we think you owe him an apology, though just how you can explain to him, we do not know. If you judge men by the manner of their dancing, you are sure to make some serious mistakes in picking out good men.

The Athletic Corset

By Esther A. Cosse

ONE of the newest things women are making in these days is the athletic or summer corset. Every woman knows the trouble she has in procuring corsets to fit her, especially in the light weight, unless they are made to order, and then they cost a fabulous sum. Many women are not in a position to have these made to order, for one reason or another and go through the exercises feeling uncomfortable day in and day out.

One bright woman has solved the problem of this discomfort and has instituted a corset that women can make themselves if they would but take a short time, and each one can have them made to fit her own figure perfectly. Many dressmakers are now making them to go with each gown they make. Quite a new idea, isn't it?

It will require but one yard of material for these waists. Some would need muslin, some linen, others nainsook, depending entirely upon the person. The larger woman must use some material that is firm, and will not stretch or tear easily. The supporters can either be made at home, or procured from any notion store or counter for a small sum. Six four-inch supporters are needed. Many times these vary in color, depending upon the taste or ideas of person making the garment. If a colored waist is desired, procure some firm material, either in light weight or heavier. Quarter inch grommets can be purchased in a hardware store, which are used in the back to run in lacings through and half a dozen large hooks and eyes for the front are needed.

Take a plain waist pattern that will fit you and fit it to the waist, cutting off the upper portion just above the waistline, making it thirteen inches long when finished. Sew a whalebone, or an aluminum corset steel to the front, which has the bones in it and the hooks and eyes; three inches from that make a casing of the same material large enough to slip a bone in it; and three inches from that do the same. In fact these casings must be placed three inches apart for the large woman and four for the small woman. When you get one part made and are ready to make the back hammer in the grommets one inch apart. Many women do not care to have the bones so close together, but four inches is not too close, and women who are inclined to be stout need the support.

Two supporters are sewed very close to the front, one being right on the front steel and the next two inches from it. The third is sewed directly on the side. They are stitched on by machine. After bones are put in which are but seven inches long all the way around, stitch the casings by machine in order to keep the bones in place.

A woman can afford to have many of these and they are very comfortable, especially for the woman who stays around the house all the time, or for the one that is an athlete, as they are not injurious to such a person when she is exercising, even though it be ever so strenuous.



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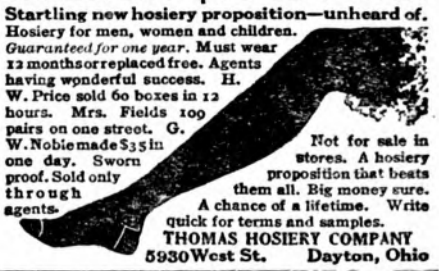
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No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

POLL-EVIL.—I have an eight-year-old mare that has poll evil. Its first appearance was a boil just back of ears, which started last August. I let a veterinarian have her for nearly three months. He thought he could cure her by treatment, failing to cure, there is nothing to do but operate. An operation would cost fifty dollars. F. B.

A.—Take the mare to a graduate veterinarian who should operate for much less than the sum you mention. He will open up the abscess and remove the dead cartilage and other diseased tissues. Ask him to inject bismuth paste. He may also give hypodermic injections of bacterin.

SICK DOG.—I have a small French poodle dog that is sick. He does not eat or drink, cannot bark and is too weak to stand. He acts as if he had rheumatism. MRS. J. C.

A.—The dog will have died before this reaches you and without making an examination we should suspect that poison has caused the trouble, although similar symptoms are seen in the dumb form of rabies. A local graduate veterinarian should have been employed.

COUGH.—I have a mare six years old. She has a had a cough for three weeks. Her throat is not swollen. She does not run at the nose. L. A.

A.—See that the stable is kept clean and well ventilated to prevent formation of irritating gases. Wet all feed and avoid dusty feed. If possible have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian. If the cough then persists give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until she is greatly improved, then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least a week to the work.

ABSCESS.—I have a five-year-old stallion in good condition and eats well. He has a swelling on the inside of left hind leg and is lame. The first time it came it did not break, but disappeared. That was two months ago. It swells and breaks now and is full of pus. The lump is about the size of a small water melon. R. G.

A.—The abscess may contain a snag, sliver or other foreign body which must be removed after opening freely. Then swab the lump once daily with tincture of iodine and inject a little of the tincture every other day. You must make sure, by a veterinary examination that farcy, or another contagious disease does not exist.

LAME MULE.—I have a mule that has been sick since early last spring. Her hind legs appear to be affected. She cannot stand still. She rests first one foot then the other. The leg she rests she holds out. From lying down so much she has shoe boils. One discharges all the time and the other appears to be getting smaller. I have fed sulphur. N. H. H.

A.—The mule should be supported in slings but the sores and shoe boils should be bathed two or three times a day with a lotion composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake well before use. Give the mule one dram of iodide of potash in drinking water night and morning for five consecutive days a week for several weeks. Keep the bowels active. Stop giving sulphur.

LAMENESS.—I have a dog ten months old, very healthy in every respect until the last six weeks. Her legs get stiff and seem painful. She holds them out at the side and whines pitifully. She eats heartily twice a day, won't eat any breakfast. MRS. E. R. H.

A.—The symptoms suggest cramps of the muscles, but it is possible that chorea (St. Vitus dance) is present. Feed only one small meal each evening. Do not allow any sweets or luxuries. Make her take abundant exercise every day. At time of attack give twenty grains of bromide of potash in a little water and repeat in twenty minutes if found necessary. Rub the leg briskly with druggist's soap liniment.

SWOLLEN JOINT.—I have a mare about eight years old. Two years ago she ran a thorn in front leg at the ankle and I pulled one thorn out, but she has a big ankle still and the ankle has little sores. She also has a knot on her back. A. A. H.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the joint clean, then poultice with hot flaxseed meal for two or three days. Probe and remove any thorn or other foreign body. After discontinuing the poultices swab the sores daily with tincture of iodine and inject a little of the tincture every other day. In all such cases an educated veterinarian should make an examination lest glanders farcy be present.

COUGH.—I have a calf seven months old. It has a trouble that affects the throat, having a strangling or rattling in her throat all of the time. It has been difficult for her to suckle. She has a sleepy look in her eyes. M. E. L.

A.—It is evident that the throat is badly diseased, or the tongue may be affected also. In such a case tuberculosis is to be suspected, affecting the glands of the throat, and it is incurable. [illegible] tongue and throat ulcerated from another disease (necro-bacillosis) which also affects the gums. Ulcers should be scraped, lightly rubbed with a lunar caustic pencil and the mouth then swabbed daily with a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash. It is unlikely that the calf will recover. You might also rub the throat with strong liniment.

ROLLING COLT.—I have a young horse four years old broken to ride and drive. He kicks and rolls all night in his stall. MRS. J. A. C.

A.—Let the colt roll out-of-doors before stabling at night. Tie him in the stall so that rolling will be impossible. Use a double rope on the halter, tying him from each side of the manger.

THOROUGHPIN FISTULA.—I have a Percheron mare seven years old weighing seventeen hundred pounds. She slipped last spring, hurting one of her hind legs, which is in the form of a soft enlargement. It is not on the cord and is not on the bone, but on the thin part between the cord and hock joint. (2) I have a Percheron mare colt two years old, which had distemper last spring. A sore gathered and broke under her jaw. She seemed better and I turned her out to pasture. When she was brought home I found the sore had not healed. What can I do? M. C.

A.—Such bursal distensions tend to prove incurable. Line-firing and blistering by a qualified veterinarian would be the best treatment, especially if lameness is present. If you cannot have this done clip off the hair and swab with tincture of iodine every other day, but do not blister the skin severely. (2) A fistula of the part is present and probably due to retention of diseased tissues which will have to be removed by operation. A veterinarian should do the work. If you cannot employ one and do not mind the expense inject a little of a two per cent solution of protargol once daily.

STIFF JOINT.—I have a colt that was struck by lightning about six months ago. His ankle is swollen and stiff. He can hardly walk on it at times. W. D.

A.—Clip off the hair and blister the joint and tendons with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard. Rub the blister in for fifteen minutes then tie the colt so that he will be unable to lick or bite the blistered surface. Wash the blister off in three days and then apply a little lard daily, the colt to be given his liberty in a box stall. Do not blister in very cold weather and be careful not to let the colt stand in a cold draft after the blister has been washed off.

SUMMER ITICH.—My nine-year-old horse breaks out every summer in little spots. He bites and rubs until he becomes raw. K. R.

A.—Do not feed this horse green grass or corn in summer. Clip him early in spring. Feed oats, wheat bran and hay. Cover him with a light sheet when at work. Once daily sponge affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip.

WORMS OF DOG.—I have a dog that suffers from worms. E. Mc.M.

A.—Starve the dog for eighteen hours or more and then give from half to two drams of freshly powdered kamala in a little cream or soup. The large dose if for a full grown dog of large breed. No Castor oil need be given after kamala, but the dose should be repeated in two days to two weeks. If the first dose has not effect it may be repeated inside of twenty-four hours.

SWEENY.—I have a horse that became sweenied in both shoulders about one year ago. T. O.

A.—Washing of the muscles of the shoulders often is due to chronic foot lameness. In such cases navicular disease commonly is present and that would require unnerving by an expert. Ringbone, sidebone, chronic corn and founder may have a similar effect. If there is no lameness the muscles may gradually grow in again if you massage the parts thoroughly three times a day and at night rub well with a mixture of one ounce ach of turpentine and aqua ammonia shaken up, in half a pint of oil. Stop for a few days when the liniment has caused soreness of the skin.

CARPITIS.—I have a mare; the right fore leg is swollen around the knee and has been that way since last June. It came on her while running. She does not limp, except when she runs. The joint appears stiff. W. J.

A.—There is deep seated inflammation of the joints and union has taken place among the bones (anchylosis.) Such a condition is incurable. Firing and blistering may reduce the enlargement and lessen the lameness a trifle.

THIN PONY.—I have a pony five years old that eats and drinks heartily, but is poor and will not fatten. Its hair looks bad. B. L. O.

A.—Have a veterinarian attend to the teeth as it is probable that molar milk tooth crowns or shells have lodged and interfere with mastication of feed; or sharp points, a split molar or diseased molar may be the cause of thin condition. If you are sure that the teeth are sound give worm medicine in the feed of oats and bran, twice daily, as so often prescribed here.

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So Dear a Foe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

to know the offender, a laudable resolution, but one not easy to carry out.

As this was Doris's first year out of school, she spent it studying Domestic Science at home, with her mother as teacher, but there was plenty of time left for the social life of the college, and Doris entered into it heartily. Perhaps the avoidance of her secret enemy, who so evidently chafed at his position, detracted nothing from the zest of the winter's amusements.

Day after day, Alfred Clennam and Doris Austin met; on the street where he bowed low, only to receive the cut direct; at parties, socials, or balls where he always asked and received an introduction, which was acknowledged with such freezing coldness that he never dared venture to enter into conversation with her; merry and friendly with others, she became an iceberg at his approach. His early admiration had grown into a great and absorbing passion, which Doris felt but repudiated even in her thoughts. But scorned and ill-treated as he was, he seemed determined to ignore defeat. He was a lover and a bold one, even though the case seemed hopeless.

He finally began a regular, though one-sided correspondence with the woman of his dreams. Every Tuesday morning brought her an ardent, tender, though not effusive missive. He wrote that he hoped he would not increase her hatred but he preferred even that to indifference.

Doris read the first letter, but as his initial misdemeanor remained unaccounted for, she began sending them back unopened. As they still came with undeviating regularity, she simply threw them into the fire. It seemed all one to the writer.

So the months passed away. Doris could not help hearing, on all sides, praises of the obnoxious disturber of her peace. It seemed that to all but her, he was the ideal of a brilliant, versatile, and agreeable college man. He was admired by the faculty for his scholarship; his prowess on the athletic field made him the idol of the undergraduate; no program was complete without his eloquence.

Gradually there grew up in Doris a hurt feeling that replaced the anger she had cherished so long. The weekly notes were always read now and often tears were shed over them. She still burned them and still snubbed their author; but she had grown to believe that there might be a possible explanation, though none occurred to her.

Commencement week was at hand. Doris, for some reason unacknowledged to herself, had refused all invitations for those last few days.

Tuesday night a party was to be given by a neighbor. Doris had promised to go if she might run across alone.

That afternoon, she received another letter from Alfred Clennam:

"My darling:

"I have almost given up all hopes of ever calling you that, dear one; but so I cherish you in my heart. Some day, you may learn all I would tell you if I could, and then, will your heart turn towards me, or will you still be indifferent and cold? I cannot believe in your indifference, sweetheart. I cannot think I could love you so if there were no special affinity between us.

"On my knees, I beg you to let me sun myself in your occasional presence, to give me an opportunity of overcoming your distrust of me, even if I fail to win the sole object of my present and future striving, your love.

"O love, your lover, ALFRED CLENNAM."

Doris read it with the perturbation these notes ever awakened, then again with an undefined pain, a vague longing. Finally, she unlocked a small desk and placed it within.

There would be no burnt offering today.

The evening's party was large and jolly. Doris gave herself up to the spirit of gaiety that prevailed, and when she drew No. 13 as the number for her partner for the evening, she laughingly exclaimed to those about her: "I know that means Pilcher," alluding to a bore who was the pet aversion of every girl in their crowd.

In a moment, however, Alfred Clennam approached and cried imploringly: "Has any one here got No. 13?"

"There!" cried Eleanor Douglas, "if that isn't the irony of fate! Doris, think of your No. 13 drawing the most popular man in college!"

The most popular man in college bowed. "Thank you, Miss Douglas," said he. "Since you think so well of me, may I not ask you to introduce me to my fair partner?"

Doris, aside, was vainly trying to exchange cards with Mabel Fairall, who naturally refused, as her sweetheart had just claimed her with the right number.

Before she could speak to any one else, the merry introduction was taking place. It was gravely acknowledged on both sides. With outward ease but much inward trepidation, Alfred offered his arm. Doris, determined to retain her dignity, accepted it and they walked out to their allotted places, which chanced to be in a cozy corner of the veranda.

To the relief of both, the other chairs were already occupied by Eleanor Douglas and Jerrold Benson, a fellow student.

Eleanor greeted them laughingly. "Well, did you two get acquainted on the way out here? You know," she added to Jerrold, "I just introduced them a moment ago."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jerrold. "That reminds me of the day when you really did meet for the first time. The day after you got home, wasn't it, Miss Austin? Trust old Clennam to lose no time!"

Doris's heart gave a jump. Was it of dismay or of hope?

Alfred had no doubt as to his feelings. If Jerrold would only go on! He mentally uttered a prayer. He tried to will him to proceed.

Nell to the rescue.

"What is it?" looking at each expressive countenance. "There is more here than meets the eye. I don't intend to be the only one out in the cold; so, Mr. Jerrold, you can just tell me all about it."

Accented by Jerrold's laughter, Nell's exclamations, Doris's changing color, and Alfred's unconcealed joy, the tale was told; how Alfred had been bidden as a part of his fraternity initiation, immediately to join the first woman he met and accompany her home; the glee of the boys who were on the watch; the administration, that night, of the oath of secrecy as to what he had done, made more iron-clad because of his frantic pleadings to be excused from taking it; all was divulged.

"By the way," he ended, turning to Doris, "how did he ever fix it up? I remember he said, that night that you were furious and would never forgive him."

Doris gasped for breath. Alfred leaned imploringly towards her, happy yet fearful. She glanced up at him; a slow flush beautified the sweet face. A little smile, the first she had ever given him, trembled on her lips, as she replied:

"Why—you—see—one of the boys told me all about it."

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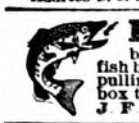
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Health and Endurance

HEALTH and endurance are the prime requisites of the human body, and have more to do with our happiness here on earth than any other qualities I know of. To the person fortunate enough to possess a strong and virile body, the mere physical or animal state of existence is natural, happy and unconscious. Every organ works smoothly and without effort; every function is performed as easily as seeing or breathing. Such a person has nothing to fret about in the way of pains or aches or chronic ills, or dull feeling or bad luck or poor prospects. He can devote all his mind, all his interest and enthusiasm, all the force and strength of his entire body to whatever he happens to have in hand. If it is play, his enjoyment will be keen; if it is work, his interest will be intense. He will not only have ambition, but the necessary driving force back of it; he will possess not only a strong desire to achieve and conquer but the will power and initiative to make a start, and the sustained courage and fine lasting qualities that will enable him to go the full distance. Success will not be his portion at the end of every race, but a loss will only make him try harder next time. He will be as eager for the prize as any contestant, but the mere striving will be almost if not quite as pleasurable as the actual winning, for when one has run his very



BOY SCOUT UNIFORM.

best over every inch of the course there is an inner sense of victory which temporary defeat cannot dampen. Everyone admires the lad who does his best, even those whom he may consider enemies.

Now the happy being I am talking about is not a fictitious boy from the pages of a story book; it is you, the ordinary American lad with some spare time and worlds of ambition. All the advantages I have pictured can and should be part of your life. They are co-existent with health and endurance. It may be that you are not endowed with a superb physique, but it is almost certain that the means to attain one is within your grasp. To help you to realize this fact and to put you in touch with truths that will enable you to gain both health and endurance is the purpose of this article. Likewise, I might say that nearly all the big juvenile organizations and especially the great world movement known as the Boy Scouts have this same aim as the chief purpose of their existence. Does not this prove how vitally important the leading teachers and educators consider the subject of bodily health and efficiency? They have reduced it to a definite science, have dispelled many false notions, and have proved beyond all doubt that regular play and wholesome amusement are indispensable to any proper scheme of development for boys. In short, to gain health and endurance, all you have to do is to have the right kind of amusement and recreation.

You need not tie down to a hard and fast system of training like a college athlete conditioning for a certain event. For growing boys, I think anything like a rigid routine is wrong. To get the greatest possible benefit from exercise, you must enjoy it. It should be spontaneous and natural like the playing of a kitten or the rolling about of a baby. The nearest approach to this and at the same time a very beneficial practise is friendly wrestling or good-natured mauling with three or four on each side. Of course, you will not indulge in this sort of play with your good clothes on or indoors. The Boy Scout uniform is just the thing for rough usage.

While I think of it, I will mention that every race under the sun and every species of animal has some sort of play. It seems to be as necessary and useful as it is enjoyable.

Because human beings are endowed with brains and have the power to think and plan, they have broken away from the primitive play habit and have substituted therefor certain muscle flexing motions called exercises. Well enough in their way, they are sometimes at fault because certain parts are over developed at the expense of others. For the most of us, big, knotty muscles are not necessary or even desirable. The strong boy is not always healthy, but the healthy boy is always strong. What you want is a sound, symmetrical body that can stand the strain when called upon for mental or physical exertion, and bodily strength and health are as necessary for brain work as for bodily labor.

I would like to tell you about the many different forms of exercise I have experimented with but space forbids it. For general development, I recommend the chart of setting up exercises shown on page 220 of the Boy Scouts' Handbook. Go through them every morning right after rising, before an open window. They will start your circulation properly for the day and if faithfully persisted in for years will keep your body supple and strong. But the hard part of it all is not the time or strength required to go through the motions, but the will power to keep at it day after day. The faithful persistence part of the scheme is the stumbling block for ninety out of a hundred. After a few days, enthusiasm dies down, the novelty of the thing is worn off and we are apt to look for a newer and more enjoyable sport. Quite a few will give up in disgust because they cannot notice any immediate improvement; some will lazily admit that life is too short for such things; some will lay off for a few days because of colds or muscle soreness and in the interim promptly forget the whole business, but the vast majority will fag out and lie down on the job because they are just naturally weak and lack the backbone and persistence necessary to make a success of any worth while enterprise. The average man of today, looking back over the mistakes and illusions of his past life knows that the reason he is still only an average man is because he failed to persevere in his good resolutions. Many a time he started out full of strength and ambition and courage, but somehow, he faltered and quit trying and started to drift. If he could live his life over again, he would not need any urging to make him give a large part of his time and attention to building up health and endurance. He knows now that upon the solid foundation of a strong, capable body, he could reasonably hope to build a successful career and that without it his chances narrow down to a vanishing point.

No doubt you have often heard it said that the human body is nothing more or less than a wonderful machine; but do you really take as good care of it as you would of a fine automobile? Do you realize that it is the vehicle that is going to carry you every inch of the road of life? Have you ever tried to study its needs or to figure out what is good for it or what is bad? It doesn't take great wisdom to do this. Common sense and perseverance are all that are necessary.

Be careful lest your body become the master. If you were driving a car and it started to skid, surely you would grasp the steerwheel and sit tight. Why not do the same with that precious machine of flesh and blood. It is full of appetites and passions and weaknesses that are always trying to get the upper hand. You cannot gain health and endurance if you violate natural laws. Nature is a stern master and never forgives. It is silly to try to cheat Her.

Take for instance the tobacco habit. You know full well it is bad and yet you may try to convince yourself that the little bit of harm it will do in your case will not matter much after all. What would you think of a man who would tie two fingers tightly together and explain the foolish act by saying that he could manage fairly well even with this handicap? This is just exactly what the tobacco user does. He takes an unnecessary burden upon himself. He ruthlessly squanders his vital force. He weakens his heart, brain, stomach and nerves and more important than all, his will power. One bad habit leads to another. The youthful tobacco user instead of being tough and hard as he fondly imagines, is in reality a coward and a weakling and in a measure a traitor to himself, his school or club and to society in general. The base of the brain is the source of all our physical power. It is the reservoir of human energy. A little bit of it is used up every time we move a muscle or talk or even breathe. Tobacco strikes directly at this precious vital spot and deadens it and robs us of a certain amount of life. Only a certain amount of this nervous energy exists at one time and it can be poured out of us like water out of a dish. Without it we would be exhausted, nerveless, flabby, and more like a piece of putty than a human being. Every chew or smoke you indulge in helps to put you in that condition. Beware of the cigarette. It is a little paper covered life destroyer. It strikes gentle blows but keeps at it until you are down and out. The first one will make you cough and gulp and sneeze and perhaps cause sickness. This is the warning kindly nature gives. Lucky is the boy who will obey it, for if he doesn't the habit may take hold of him and that is just the same as if he were inoculated with the virus of some disease.

For a growing boy or girl coffee and tea are nearly as bad as tobacco, but unfortunately most parents do not know it, and permit their children to drink tea or coffee or both.

The injurious effects of intoxicating liquors, even of the weaker kinds and though taken in small quantities, as a beverage, are so well and generally known that it is hardly necessary for us to say that no growing boy should ever taste alcoholic drink—neither should any grown man or woman—but it is especially ruinous to the young.

By all means give up the habits that you have to hide. In a week you will have forgotten all about them and will find yourself taking interest in better and nobler things. Your friends will notice the change and will wonder what has come over you. Your ambition and strength and knowledge will grow and you will soon begin to realize the benefit of health and endurance and plan to increase your share of the same.

Proper breathing should be the first thing to interest you. Remember your lungs reach to your waist-line and were made to be used all the way down. Don't merely sip the air. Take deep draughts of it. It is the great life giver. You could live for weeks without food, but not a minute without air. It is the only thing on earth that you cannot get too much of. Breathe through the nose, keeping the mouth closed, and if you find this difficult it is a sure indication that you have catarrh, adenoids or other disease that needs medical or surgical treatment, and a doctor should be consulted at once. It is beneficial to practise deep breathing for a few minutes each day, but this is not enough. Keep at it until your breathing deeply becomes a habit. The first requisite of deep breathing is an erect carriage. Hold your body straight, hips slightly forward, shoulders back.



SHOE ADOPTED BY THE SCOUTS.

To insure proper carriage you must see to it that your shoes are comfortable and easy. The Boy Scouts know the importance of right foot wear on hikes and marches and have officially the shoe shown herewith.

Next to breathing in importance comes eating. A growing boy needs plenty of wholesome food three times a day, but he must chew it well. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food gulped down is of little use and may cause serious trouble. Everything must be chewed fine and thoroughly mixed with saliva to be properly digested.

To be able to chew your food right you must have sound teeth. In late years doctors have brought to light facts which tend to show that bad teeth cause many diseases which they were thought formerly to be not connected with. Particles of food which remain in the crevices between the teeth decay and form an acid which eats away part of the tooth and causes pain and distress. Brush your teeth and rinse your mouth after every meal. Never pick the teeth with a pin or any metal point, as it punctures the enamel and starts decay. Use a wooden toothpick or a quill or a piece of thread.

As our eyes are in use every waking minute we cannot be too careful of them. We quote the following from the Boy Scouts' Handbook, which every boy should have.

"Most troubles with the eyes come from eye strain. Styes and red lids are usually due to this cause. See how foolish, therefore, it is to treat these conditions as causes, when really they are only the result of something else. Of course there are exceptions. Sometimes wild hairs and skin disease affect the eyes. Eye strain should be removed by wearing well-fitting glasses and then these other conditions will disappear. If constant headache is experienced or the eyes itch or become tired easily, there is possibly eye strain.

"One way to test the eye is for vision. Place the following letters fifteen feet from you. If you cannot read them clearly with both eyes and with each eye separately, consult a first-class oculist.

C L V F
E A C F D L
D V C L A E O T

"Never buy eye-glasses unless fitted by an expert. Such glasses should be worn in proper relation to the eyes. They should not be permitted to slide forward on the nose or tilt. They may need to be changed often as the eyes grow better.

"For reading, a good, steady light is needed. Never sit in front of a window facing it to read. Always have the light come from the rear and over the left shoulder preferably. The book should be held on a level with the face and not too close. Sit erect. Reading when lying down or by the light of a fire is unwise."

Of course this article would not be complete without some mention of bodily cleanliness. We really breathe through our skin for it contains myriads of little mouths called pores. These pores also exhude or throw off the waste matter of the circulation, which amounts to two pounds every day and is rank poison. When the poison has reached the surface of the skin, nature has done her part and it is up to us to wash it off. If we fail to do this the pores will become clogged, the effete matter will be absorbed back into the system and many evils will result. Bathing daily is a valuable habit. Here is a method anyone can try. Have a common basin full of water in a tub all night. After your quarter hour of exercising, which is taken immediately upon rising, strip and stand in the tub, one foot on each side of the basin. Beginning at the feet wet the entire body, sopping the water on with the bare hands or with a rubber sponge. As soon as the body is wet step out and dry with a coarse towel. Bring your skin to a red glow by stiff rubbing or by slapping. Dress quickly and you will feel fine. The bath should be taken in a fairly warm room and away from drafts. Besides this a soap and water scrub once or twice a week will keep you in fine shape. Keeping the skin active is the way to prevent colds and more to the point, it will give you a zest for outdoor play. The latter is essential to the upbuilding of a strong healthy body. The Boy Scouts are so earnestly in favor of it that they have been called a play organization. I think it is a pretty good name too for their chief object is to teach boys clean, beneficial play, for well the leaders know that it is the chief factor in bringing about health and endurance, without which a boy cannot be happy or successful or of much use in the world.

Cured His RUPTURE

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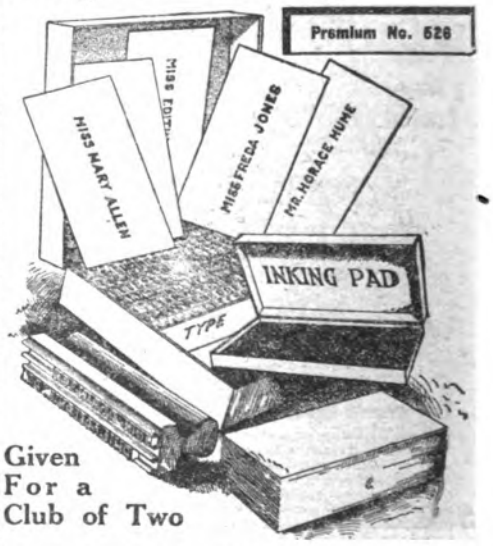
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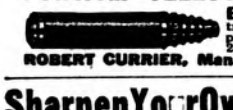


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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

me your wife and let me hereafter share your honor? yea, more than that, let me teach you to love me during the remainder of your life and mine?"

CHAPTER XVI.

ALICE TO THE RESCUE.

The man had stood with bowed head and corrugated brow during his companion's passionate appeal.

But when she ceased, he stood erect and faced her, searching her thin, wan countenance with keen, questioning eyes.

"Imogen," he began, in a tone of grave earnestness, "do you know anything about those missing documents?"

She started from him as if he had struck her a stinging blow with a lash.

She was white to her lips and quivering in every limb.

"Oh!" she cried, in a voice of agony, "can you think of nothing but those papers?

"No; naturally they occupy the chief place in my thoughts at this time," he quietly returned. "Do you know anything about them?"

"And if I do?" she questioned, bending closer to him and breathlessly awaiting his reply.

"Then you must tell me what you know," he sternly replied. "I command you—tell me!"

"I have asked you a question—answer you me," she curtly retorted.

"Very well; if I must I suppose I must; although I should have much preferred you not to press me upon so delicate a subject," Mr. Fletcher coldly observed. "Let me see—your question was this, in substance: 'If you will accomplish my release, prove me guiltless, restore my good name and the respect of my fellow men, will I make you my wife and share my future prestige with you?' No, Mrs. Ingraham, I cannot do that, for I believe that no man has a right to marry a woman whom he does not love, and I do not love you. But I am not unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, the care which you have bestowed upon my child, nor for the pleasant home which you have helped to make for us all for so many years. I thought I had made all this clear to you before, and I regret exceedingly that the subject should have been revived again, for I can see that it causes you suffering, and I would gladly spare you; for it is best now that we understand each other for all time; the plan you have proposed is impossible—I shall never call another woman wife while I live—that title is sacred to one alone. Now—about those papers; what can you tell me regarding them?" he concluded, his voice changing from cold restraint to intense eagerness.

"Nothing," Imogen exclaimed, and turning sharply from him, despair written upon every feature. "I have nothing to tell you."

The man regarded her curiously for a moment.

"Mrs. Ingraham—Imogen, did you take those papers from my safe?" he sternly demanded, and voicing the suspicion which had suddenly flashed into his mind.

She wheeled back upon him, her face now one sheet of flame.

"Am I the thief?" she cried, in a shrill though weak tone, for her strength was nearly spent. "Did I steal them for the purpose of compromising you and driving you into a marriage with me? Is that your thought? Then let me tell you, you are entirely at fault—I have never laid my eyes upon them; but—I have my suspicions regarding where they are."

"Then you must tell me your suspicions," said Mr. Fletcher, in an authoritative tone.

"I will not tell you."

"You will be compelled—I shall notify Judge Ashburton of this interview—you will be subpœnaed, and compelled to tell what you know or suspect," her companion sternly returned.

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed, in a hollow voice, "do you think to drive me to the wall like that? You will sadly miss your calculations, Roland Fletcher, if you attempt such a measure, for I swear that before an officer could execute his commission I would render these lips mute and lifeless. I have played my last card and lost—I am desperate, and care not what becomes of me, and now you may save yourself as best you can, for I will never stand in court to testify for you—mark that!"

He knew she would not—he saw that she was desperate, as she had said, and yet he felt that if she had anything to disclose that could save him, there ought to be some method adopted to make her reveal it.

"Have you no humanity?" he questioned, sternly.

"Oh, yes; I am very human," she responded, with a bitter, significant laugh.

"Have you no love for Olive?—no regard for her future or the fact that her name will be tarnished if her father's fair name is smirched?"

"I think no one can question my affection for Olive," Imogen returned, in a peculiar tone. "As for her reputation and her future, you alone have it in your power to regulate that."

It was a cruel taunt, even if it was a shameless one, and the man's face was as colorless as her own, as he threw out an imploring hand to her and exclaimed:

"Have you no mercy, Imogen?"

"No," she said, shortly, and without waiting to be questioned further, she turned and walked swiftly to the door, for she had heard the turnkey coming.

A moment more and she was gone.

Five minutes later a telephone message went quivering over the wires to Castleview, begging Judge Ashburton to go immediately to his son-in-law to confer on a matter of great importance.

The judge ordered the carriage at once, then sought Alice—who was to remain at Castleview during the trial that she might be within call at any moment he might need her—and informed her where he was going, requesting also that she remain up until his return, even though he might be late.

He rolled out of one entrance to the grounds just as Imogen, driven in the coupe, came in at the opposite gate.

He was absent nearly two hours, and was closeted with Alice for another on his return, after which both retired to get what rest and refreshment they could to brace them for the morrow.

The next morning broke light, but warm; yet, in spite of the heat, the courtroom was crowded to its utmost capacity with the curious, the critical and the sympathetic.

A few moments before the hour set for the opening of the case, Judge Ashburton and Alice took their seats at the table assigned them.

Both were perfectly self-possessed, but grave, and Alice looked very sweet, and cool, and fresh in a spotless linen costume, with here and there a dash of blue, and a small straw hat, trimmed with black and blue.

Presently the jury filed into their places, after which the judge took his seat.

Mr. Fletcher, nicely clad in a well-fitting suit of mixed goods and immaculate linen, followed the sheriff to his place with an air of calm dignity and conscious integrity that became him well and then the proceedings began.

It was a closely contested case, and occupied three weary days, for there were many witnesses, and the examinations and cross-examinations consumed a great deal of time.

But to the consternation of the friends of the defendant, Judge Ashburton was taken suddenly and violently ill just after the noon recess on the third day, and was carried almost helpless from the courtroom, when the physician, who had been summoned, declared that he must be taken immediately to Castleview and put under careful treatment.

"What shall we do?" Alice exclaimed, in dismay, as she attended him to the carriage to be sure that he was made comfortable for the drive.

He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment; then he said, gravely: "My dear girl, you must see this affair through. The evidence is almost all in—and it looks as if it is liable to go against us, too; but you know every point of the case as well as I; you know the line of argument I intended to take in my plea, and so you will have to take my place."

"Oh! Judge Ashburton! I can never make that plea!" the startled girl objected, shrinking back, appalled at the thought.

"You can—you must!" returned the man, almost sternly. "It will never do to have the case put over—you can use the English language as few can use it, and now, for the sake of Will and all the rest of us, do your best. Pour forth all your eloquence, and—God bless you!"

With that benediction he sat wearily back against the cushions and signaled the coachman to drive on, for he was in great pain and nearly spent, while Alice, white as her dress, but with a look of high resolve on her beautiful face, returned to the courtroom.

"Will—oh, Will! how I wish you were here," she murmured, as she went. "But I certainly will 'do my best' for the man who has done so much for you."

Will, be it known, was hourly expected, but as yet the vessel on which he was to have sailed had not arrived in port.

The counsel for the prosecution had just arisen to make his plea as the judge was obliged to leave, but had waited out of courtesy for him to come back. As Alice returned and slipped into her seat, he leaned towards her and asked:

"Shall we go on?"

She nodded a grave assent, and he launched forth, thinking that her colleague would, perhaps, return at any moment.

She gave her individual attention to him, making notes from time to time upon his arguments, and he spoke at considerable length, scoring several strong points which told hard against the defendant.

When he ceased, the young girl arose, and, addressing the judge, observed in clear, vibrant tones, which could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the room:

"Your honor, in the absence of Judge Ashburton, who is too ill to go on with the case, I have been commissioned by him to fill his place to the best of my ability."

A long sigh broke from many lips at this, and glances of dismay were exchanged, here and there, plainly showing that very faint hopes were entertained that this frail young girl would be able to do anything but muddle the whole case.

Over Mr. Fletcher's fine face there also flitted a look of anxiety; but it passed in a moment as he remembered the triumph she had won early in the spring, and realized that the judge would never have allowed her to stand in his place unless he had felt pretty sure that she was equal to the emergency.

Almost at the same instant his glance wandered to a newcomer, who had just entered the room and dropped into an obscure seat.

It was Will, who had sailed on an earlier vessel than he had intended, and who had hastened from Liverpool with all possible dispatch, and who now nodded and smiled fond encouragement and sympathy to the man whom he loved as a father.

It was, perhaps, well for Alice that she could not see him, else her joy over his coming might have interrupted her train of thought and embarrassed her.

For a moment she experienced a sense of shyness before the sea of faces, among which there were many whom she had known all her life, and some of which she now recognized as belonging to people who had scouted the idea of a woman ever amounting to anything as a lawyer.

An expression very like contempt also swept over the countenance of the judge, as she intimated that the case had been resigned by Judge Ashburton to her, and Alice observing it, was quick to interpret the man's thought.

It was the spur that goaded her to instant and determined action and made her forget everything except the object for which she was working—the vindication of a noble and innocent man—and she immediately launched forth into a plea which for beauty and elegance of language, clearness and conciseness of argument, which for shrewdness in seizing and meeting the points of her opponent, had seldom been heard in that room, and which held everyone enthralled from beginning to end.

Mr. Fletcher, who hitherto had been very pale, began to show a little color as she proceeded, and sitting erect, manifested an eagerness to catch every word that fell from her lips.

Once when he caught her glance he nodded cheerily at her.

Her eyes filled involuntarily, but she instantly checked all signs of emotion, while her thoughts and words flowed on with intensified eloquence, until she lost sight of self, of her audience, and of everything but that she was pleading for the honor of him who had rescued her lover from the slums of a great city and been both father and mother to him.

Her speech in New York, at the mock trial, had been nothing compared with this, for at that time her sentiment and sympathies had not been appealed to as in this instance.

She showed herself thoroughly posted on every point, and as she took up, one by one, the arguments of her opponent, meeting and reducing them to seeming insignificance, by introducing telling facts and subtle reasoning, by relentless analysis and dissection, that worthy gentleman regarded her with unfeigned astonishment. The jury were also absorbed.

The judge no longer wore his smile of contempt, but listened to the fair pleader with an air of grave respect, mingled with admiration. When she finally sat down a burst of applause, that made the rafters ring, testified to the sensation that she had created and was so prolonged that the court was called to order three times before silence was secured.

The opposing counsel then arose to make a counter plea, but it sounded tame and feeble, after the lava tide of her eloquence, and weakened rather than strengthened his former arguments.

When he closed, Alice was asked if she had anything more to offer, and quick to take advantage of the situation, she composedly replied:

"No, my lord, we rest our case here."

"Very, very clever," his honor muttered to himself, as he arose to give his charge to the jury.

This occupied some time, and it was then so late in the day that the court was adjourned to convene again the next morning at the usual hour.

As the jury filed out, Mr. Fletcher beckoned Alice to come to him, and she hastened to his side.

He grasped both her hands in his and shook them warmly.

"God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, with visible emotion. "I have no words to express what I feel; but whatever the outcome of this day may prove to be, you will always hold a very warm place in my heart. And now," he added, as he glanced smilingly at someone behind her, "I am sure you will be glad that there is a good friend here to take you home."

Alice turned.

"Oh, Will!" she gasped, with something very like a sob.

He clasped the hand she put out to him, and extended his other to Mr. Fletcher, who greeted him most affectionately.

But the sheriff now presented himself to conduct that gentleman to his room, whereupon Will and Alice hastened to Castleview, for they were anxious to ascertain how it fared with Judge Ashburton.

They found him very comfortable but under strict orders from his physician to remain in bed for at least a day or two.

He was greatly delighted when Will described Alice's wonderful speech and its effect upon her audience, and remarked, as he bestowed a glance of pride upon his fair student, that her triumph had done him more good than all the doctor's medicine.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, Will informed Alice that he must hasten in town and telegraph the fact of his arrival to Lady Marchmont, but that he would meet her at the courthouse—he would ride Mr. Fletcher's cob and she would, of course, go in the carriage as usual.

Neither Olive nor Imogen were present; indeed, they had made it a point not to sit at the table with Alice, but usually appeared as soon as she and the judge were through eating.

This morning they sailed down just as Alice was passing up-stairs to prepare for court.

She bade them a courteous good-morning, in response to which they barely nodded, and then she ran lightly on to her room, pausing at a window to toss a kiss at Will, who was just riding away.

Her rooms were on one corner of the west wing and adjoining the suite occupied by Imogen.

Under each of the windows, on one side, an elaborate iron balcony had been erected, and between the one outside Imogen's room and that outside Alice's, quite a sizable waste pipe extended from the ground to the gutter in the roof.

While Alice was standing before her glass, pinning on her hat, a sound as of someone moving on one of the balconies attracted her attention.

The next moment an angry oath fell upon her ear.

She started violently, for she was instantly impressed that she had heard that voice before—when or where she could not at that moment determine.

She glanced stealthily out of her window, and was amazed and startled to see a man in the act of climbing over the railing of the balcony of Imogen's window and evidently preparing to let himself down to the ground by means of the waste pipe.

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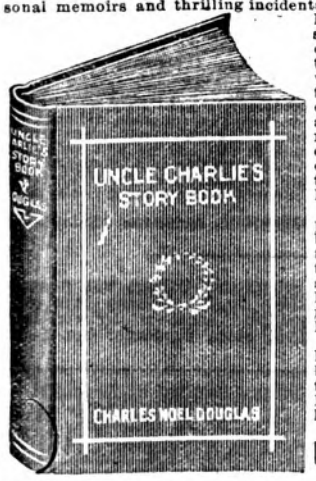
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

on her "sweetheart" for half of her meals, or be in danger of starving to death, as some girls are here in New York according to the evidence given before a state commission recently. The red light districts of our cities will have been banished forever and women will marry for love and not for food and shelter. Poverty will be a thing of the past. There will be a United States of Europe and a United States of Asia and Africa, and you will see Belgian, English, French, Austrian, German and Russian living together as brothers, neither one trying to shove his culture down the other fellow's throat, and all laughing at the thought that they ever could have been such fools as to have fought one another when they had absolutely no quarrel with one another. By the time you are fifty, my little namesake you will see this land converted into a paradise. Instead of boasting of being an American citizen you will glory in the thought that you are a citizen of the world, and you will be saying: "Gee whiz, don't I wish that old gink whose name I bear could have lived to have seen this and have reveled in the glorious times we are now having." Don't worry, my dear Charlie. I'm living today in spirit at least where you are going to live fifty years hence. It is pretty tough to live fifty years ahead of your time, gazing at the promised land as Moses did and watching the boneheads and boobs running away from it instead of marching straight for it. Humanity just needs a few more hard knocks, a little more chastening, a little more experience, and a little more education along right lines, and then it will throw off the sloth of centuries and awake like a giant refreshed and start in with a vengeance to set the world in order. The snow hangs to the mountain-side until the warm winds of spring loosen its hold and then with smashing force, thrusting everything aside, it dashes from the dizzy heights down into the valleys sweeping everything before it. The sun of education, knowledge and genuine democracy (no connection with the fraudulent thing that we have by that name today) is gradually loosening and thawing away the great glacier of ignorance and superstition, which has weighed upon humanity like a pall of death all through the centuries, and soon humanity will sweep like an avalanche from the rocky ledges of poverty to which it has painfully clung, into the verdure clad productive plains of smiling freedom and plenty that await to receive it with open arms. Charlie baby, when the snows of many winters begin to whiten your hair and you are joyously contemplating a world that knows nothing of the poverty, crime and wretchedness that is ours today, I shall be rubbering at you from an adjoining planet, and if you take an occasional glimpse skyward nightly, you will see me winking at you and waving my hand familiarly from somewhere near the golden gates, and when the time comes for you to move up higher, I'll meet you, and you can tell me then if everything I predicted didn't come true. God bless you little fellow. There's a wonderful future before you. Just thank your lucky stars you were born in this century and not in the last.

ROOSEVELT, ARIZ.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet and two inches tall and weigh a hundred and ten pounds, have blue eyes and brown hair, and dark complexion. The school which I go to is called the Clive school; I have three brothers and two sisters, I am sweet sixteen.

I have a nice horse and saddle. I heard cattle in the summer-time. We live on a large ranch, it is called Greenback ranch. I walk a mile to school. I like the teacher fine. I am the champion foot racer of Clive. It is very cold here now. It snows up in the mountains, about nine miles from here. My mamma takes the COMFORT and we like it very much. I love to read the letters and replies. I have a sweetheart. Do you think I am too young to have one? (Go and play with your dolls child and leave boys alone.—Uncle C.)

With love to you, GEORGIA CONWAY.

Georgia, you say: "I heard cattle in the summer-time." Strange thing, so did I. From your remark I should imagine it is very unusual to hear cattle in the summer-time in Arizona, so unusual indeed that you think it necessary to make the fact known to about half of the United States. Well, my dear, I know when I heard cattle, I too felt like telling all the world. You see I went up to Peekskill on the Hudson years ago for a little rest, peace and change of air. The doctor said I must have quiet. I'd been living with my mother-in-law for about two days and had got my nerves all unstrung, listening to her tell me what her husband would have done to me if he hadn't died just before I made his acquaintance. It was at an old-fashioned farmhouse I stayed, called Restville. I got there about supper-time. The waitress wore rubber shoes, and served me a poached egg on a rubber plate. They went out into the woods to break the egg so that the noise of cracking the shell would not disturb me. I retired early and hadn't been asleep more than two weeks when I heard a knock on the door. It was the landlord, who wanted to know the time as he had stopped his watch so that the ticking would not annoy me. I had no sooner got back into bed and gone off to sleep, than there was another knock at the door. This time it was the landlady who had found that the chambermaid had left two towels in my room and the man next door didn't have any. I cheerfully surrendered the extra towel (which was about the size of a female pocket handkerchief and you know how big they are) and went back to bed again and had just got off to sleep when the landlord came up again, knocked gently on my door, and asked me if I said it was twenty-three minutes past eight or twenty-four as he wasn't quite sure. Having settled the time question—this time I hoped finally, I again retired and was soon in the middle of an awful dream. I dreamed the Kaiser was trying to bore a hole through my beanery with the spiked ends of his mustache. With the perspiration pouring from my fevered brow I sat bolt upright in bed, and as I did so I felt some tremendous monster towering over me, while the noise in the room reminded me of a busy day in a boiler factory. The room was full of mosquitoes. Some of them were so big they had to crawl around the room on their hands and knees so as to keep from knocking the plaster off the ceiling. I screamed: "Murder!" and finally the landlord and his wife and all the help rushed to my assistance and just saved me as the biggest mosquito of all was trying to thrust me head first into his pant's pocket, preparatory to flying away with me through the window. The landlord apologized for the mosquito's intrusion, which it appears was a nightly occurrence, and after he had left the room, I grabbed the pillow and crawled under the bed, as under the circumstances that seemed about the safest place to locate. Tired to death I dozed off again and began to dream that it was my wedding day. I could hear bells, bells, nothing but bells. First they seemed like wedding bells, then they grew louder and louder until I thought I was in a bella-donna factory or Bellevue hospital. The terrific noise finally awoke me. I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window, for it was in that direction the sounds seemed to come. Under my window was a band of cattle, and two cows with bells around their necks, had come down to give me a bell symphony. I made them a nice little speech, told them all about the troubles I had with my mother-in-law (whereat they all burst into tears) and how the New York noises had broken down my nervous system and how much I needed rest. The cow with the bell apologized for disturbing me and promised not to do it again. Then they went off with those discordant bells jangling on the night air. They'd no sooner departed than a dog began to bark, then another dog about half a mile away butted in and they kept up an animated discussion in canine language the whole night through, interlarding the conversation with occasional duets which annoyed me beyond endurance. Weary and disgusted I went back to my couch, when something that looked like a high silk hat with wings, hit me in the face. I thought my end had come sure. I struck a match and lit the lamp as soon as I possibly could. The high hat with wings turned out to be a bat. The house was old and there was a large disused chimney in the room and the bat had hired the upper part of the chimney from the landlord at nominal rent for himself and family. At least that was what I surmised until I heard a most unearthly racket coming from the direction of the chimney. It sounded like the moaning of a whole world full of lost souls. It got on my nerves to such an extent that I determined to investigate. After I had been climbing for what seemed to be a couple of months, getting smothered with dust and dirt, I found myself engaged in a deadly battle with a whole tribe of owls. I hurriedly withdrew taking half the chimney with me in my descent and wheeled a bureau that looked as if it had come over in the Mayflower or the Ark, up against the chimney, much to the disgust of the owls. Once more I retired, feeling sure that all my troubles must be over at last, when the wedding bells began to ring once more. But I wasn't going to be fooled so easily this time and I whistled in my sleep: "No wedding bells for me." The racket however, got so fierce I had to again get up and remonstrate with the cows for disturbing my sleep and breaking the treaty I had made with them. They informed me that treaties were mere scraps of paper and they would do just as they pleased. At this juncture I threw a chair and a marble-topped table out of the window and again I "heard" cattle, this time angrily retreating into the darkness of the night. Again I retired, determined to sleep at any cost, but I'd barely closed my eyes when two cats began a discussion about the war just outside my window. The noise was terrific. I threw the soap-dish and the wash-bowl at Tom and Maria but all in vain. I would have thrown the bureau at them, but thought if I did the owl family would come down the chimney and that would only be making a bad matter worse. There was a big chromo of George Washington over the mantelpiece and out of the window it sailed sweeping Thomas and Maria in opposite directions. Back I once more flopped on the bed thoroughly exhausted and was half in dreamland, with a pillow stuck in each ear to keep out any noise that might arise when the wedding bells suddenly returned again and the cows began to talk about the price of milk and the high cost of beef. You see if it wasn't cat it was cattle. By this time however, I'd got used to the cow bells, and was nearly asleep when there came a knock at the door. It was the landlord. His watch had stopped and he wanted to know if it was time to get up. I presented him with my watch and told him to stay up all night and watch it, and not to bother me any more. I thought surely this would settle matters and I would be left in peace. Poor chump that I was. I had just drifted nicely into dreamland when I heard another awful racket. It sounded like a lot of children calling for their mothers: "Ma, ma, ma." Dazed and disgusted I staggered to the window and in the gloom made out a band of sheep, also armed with bells. As I gazed at them they greeted me with a yell of "Ma," and right there I informed them I was not their ma, neither was I their pa. By this time I was a nervous wreck, and what was more I'd had enough of the country and was going home to Broadway to get a little peace and quiet, so I went and woke up the landlord and got my watch and told him what I thought of Restville, and asked him to direct me to the depot. I started off with a heavy heart and shattered nerves, lost my way, knocked over a beehive, walked into a duck pond, and had all the ducks yell "Quack" at me, a mean insinuation for I never engaged in the pill business in my life. Then I climbed over a fence, and fell slap bang on top of the cow with the bell who was lying down chewing the cud and taking a rest after the strenuous musical exercises of the night, I was too exhausted to go further, and grabbing the tongue of the bell with both hands so that it could not disturb my slumbers, I fell asleep in Bossy's arms. In my dreams I "heard" cattle all night. That experience didn't end pleasantly, for when I woke up I was arrested for trying to steal a cow. When I finally landed back in New York it seemed like a city of the dead, a regular morgue in comparison with the dreadful racket of the noisy, nerve-racking country. Georgia, the Goat informs me you didn't mean "heard" cattle, what you meant to say was you were in the habit of rounding the cattle up and herding them. I'm so relieved. If you had only left the a out of that fateful word, I would have been spared a whole lot of painful reminiscences.

TENN.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

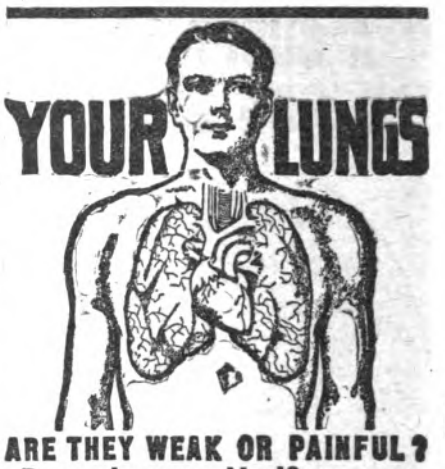
Last Saturday morning our house and most everything we had was burned, so if any of you have ever had a similar misfortune you can imagine how I feel, with winter here and my little children not clothed sufficiently and my beds were all burned up but one. Pray for me each and all of you and write me a good letter or card or send me some good reading as everything I had to read was burned. Everyone here has been so kind to us. I never can repay them for their kindness. We hope to get enough to begin housekeeping again soon, but times are hard with us; we have had so much sickness and cotton not worth anything. What with our house burning and all our other troubles, it seems more than we can bear, but the good Lord never puts more on us than we can bear. "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

This is the eighth day of November, and we are having nice weather here.

With love to all, MRS. G. H.

How would you like to get bunches of letters like that? Make you feel badly wouldn't they? I must confess I felt all broken up when I received the first letter of this kind, but when in a few months I'd reached the thirty-first, I was no longer sad, but mad. People who own homes and won't insure them haven't even the instincts of self preservation. They say: "Oh, don't let us bother about insurance. There's Jones across the road, he has had his house insured for thirty years and never has had a fire yet." So they comfort themselves with the thought that because Jones has never had a fire they will never have one. They know very well if fire did come along, they would be swept clean of everything they had in the world, have probably to beg for clothes to cover their half naked bodies. In vain the fire insurance man goes from house to house and farm to farm trying to induce people to insure their property, in the majority of cases only to be laughed at. Then one sorry day up goes the home in smoke and nothing but ashes and a dismal heap of ruins remain. Then you hear the usual lamentations to which the thoughtless, careless and heedless always give vent: "Oh, why didn't we insure our home? If we had only spent two or three dollars a year, we'd have from one to three thousand dollars in hand to build a new and better home than we ever had. Now we've got to depend on the charity of neighbors for food, shelter and clothing." Vain regrets. We can always see the wisdom of doing a thing when it's too late. When the steed is stolen we are ready to lock the door, but before it is stolen we'll see creation darned before we will lock up the stable. Again let me din into your heads that in this life it is always better to be safe than sorry. Just a little thought, a little precaution, a little horse sense would automatically do away with at least half of the suffering and misery in this world. There's an old saying that two things are sure in this world—death and taxes. There are a lot of other afflictions that are almost as sure, enemies that ever threaten our existence, our health, happiness and life. When the soldier goes out to battle he takes along his gun. He digs trenches, spreads wire entanglements, destroys bridges to impede the enemy's progress, has ambulances near to pick him up when he is wounded, and uses more sense, thought and science in war than he would use in peace in a thousand years. He can realize that a Jap or Mexican armed and in uniform, are enemies, and he goes out to kill them so they won't kill him. In peace time he's too big a chump, too big a bonehead, to recognize the fact that he is still surrounded by enemies. He doesn't realize that fire is his enemy, so he doesn't in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



YOUR LUNGS

ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
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Are you continually hawking and coughing?
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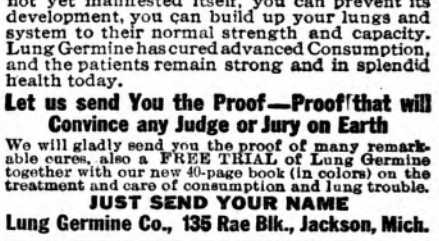
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Every Little Movement — All That I Ask of You is Love — Little Boy Blue
I Wish I Had a Girl — Put On Your Grey Bonnet — Red Rose Rag
Sail On Silvery Moon — By Light of the Silvery Moon — Temptation Rag
I Want to Be in Dixie — Will the Angels Let Me Play — School Days
Oh You Beautiful Doll — Let Me Call You Sweetheart — Way Down South
I Long for You Tonight — Roses Bring Dreams of You — Casey Jones
Somebody Else Is Getting It — Call Me Some Day Afternoon — Steamboat Bill
If You Talk In Your Sleep — Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now — O You Circus Day
You for Me When Sweet 16 — If I Only Had the Nerve — Rag Time Violin
Alexander's Ragtime Band — You'll Do the Same Thing Over — Grizzly Bear
Rainbow — Red Wing — When I Get You Alone Tonight — Row, Row, Row
Cheyenne — Napanee — Green Grass Grew All Around — Because I'm in
Silver Bell — Pony Boy — Waiting for the Robert E. Lee — Love With You
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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

ful sympathy the next. How beautiful she looks, like a wax flower, like—oh, God! he shudders—like a dead child!

White himself under the thought, he carries her to the little fountain on the cathedral square, and sprinkles some water upon the sweet face; the Holy Mother, from her niche above, looks down pitifully, the crowd murmurs in the distance. Cyril sprinkles the white face and unpins the antimacassar; and in a minute or so the dreamy eyes open upon him.

Very dreamy for a moment, and then she recognizes the fair, handsome face—not careless and nonchalant now, but wretched with anxiety and—what? A faint flush, like the first streak of sunrise, creeps into her face, and she sighs—sighs and nestles, all unconsciously, still closer to his heart.

At this sign of returning life Cyril's heart gives a great leap, and his face reddens. For the life of him he cannot refrain from pressing her to him; he cannot keep back the most grateful words:

"My darling—my little Edna!"

With a little, timid, frightened start at the dream—for he cannot have spoken, she thinks—Edna stands upright and draws away from him.

"Are you all right?" he asks, frightened at her movement of withdrawal. "Quite all right?"

"Yes," she says, looking up at him with a soft, little ashamed laugh, that quickly melts into a few silent tears.

"Don't look at me! I am so ashamed! I have never fainted before in all my life—have I fainted really? Don't say I have if I haven't quite! And all for a stupid, foolish man——"

Cyril growls.

"Oh!" she exclaims, turning pale. "I remember," with a shudder. "You," catching his arm, and turning a suddenly wild and terrified face up to him—"perhaps you killed him!"

"No such luck!" says Cyril, laughing, as he wraps the antimacassar round her.

"Oh, don't say that!" she pleads, with a little shudder. "I saw the blow, I heard it," glancing at his hand. "How strong you must be!"

"Not half hard enough," says Cyril, regretfully. "Brutal cad! Another moment and he would have——"

Edna interrupts him with a shudder.

"I know! I shall see his face all night. It was all in a minute, too," she adds, ruefully. "What should I have done if it hadn't been for you?—yes, but you did hit him very, very hard," and then, with genuine inconsistency, she bent her sweet head and lightly, swiftly, touched with her lips the hand that had dealt the blow.

Cyril quivered in every nerve; but he controlled himself; something, the new, sensitive honor that had been born within him, gave him strength to protect her own innocence against himself, and he did not take her in his arms, as the childlike caress made him long to do.

But no words were possible for some minutes, and it was not until they were stumbling through the garden that Edna said:

"Aunt—what will aunt say?"

"You will tell her?"

"Of course; I tell aunt everything," she answered, quite simply.

"Then tell where you have been, everything—but the—the—accident," said Cyril.

Edna hesitated.

"It is no fault of yours—or mine," said Cyril. "There can be no harm in keeping from her what would only distress and annoy her for no good reason or result. Tell her everything else and throw the blame—if there is any—on me."

Edna laughed softly.

"Ah, you would find your strength all weakness before aunt—you see, you could not knock her down——"

"Although she could blow me up!" says Cyril. And, so they reenter the pension as they had left it, laughing.

Edna finds Aunt Martha half asleep in her own room, easy in the belief that her charge has been safe in the drawing-room. There is only one candle in the pretty bedroom, and Aunt Martha has given up even the pretense of reading for an hour past; her eyes are dim and she does not notice the bright flush on Edna's face, and the strange, abstracted restlessness of Edna's manner. She is a little startled at Edna's account of her jaunt to the town, and inclined to be slightly rebukeful, but Edna looks tired and it ends in a good night kiss.

Edna's room is next to her aunt's, and communicates with it by a door. As Edna passes into it she bolts the door—a thing she has never done before. Then she drops into a low chair before the glass and hides her face in her hands. When it comes up from this concealment it is redder than ever, and there are tears in the sweet, brown eyes which seek their reflection in the glass, and having found it sink again suddenly, as if fearing the story that is written there.

What is the matter? Only this; that the child is trembling on the brink that divides maidenhood from womanhood; trembling, not so much at the little harmless brook, that is indeed no obstacle, but at the figure of love which stands on the other side and beckons her.

Yes, love! For the first time in her life Edna is hiding and shrinking from herself; for behind that self is the shadow, more than the shadow, of another.

"Yes," she murmurs; "he is handsome! How stupid, how blind they must be to doubt it! There's no one in the world handsomer; and how strong he is! Is he cross with me for being so weak and silly? No, he is too kind for that, he only looks upon me as a child—a child! Shall I never grow old and a woman," she sighs. "He has called me 'child' twice, and tonight—tonight—No! No! I dreamed that. He could not have called me—what I fancied he did."

But though she refuses to believe that he ever uttered them, she murmurs the words, "Edna, my darling! My darling!"

"How sweet, how nice it sounds! It was a beautiful dream. "Perhaps"—looking at the bed wistfully—"perhaps I shall dream that he said it again! How I wish I could! They say that if you think of anyone upon going to sleep, that you are sure to dream of him—or her—I'll think of him—Ah! how can I help doing so, when I remember how he saved me tonight; how kind, how good, how gentle—and he so strong!—he always is to me! 'Edna! My darling.' Oh!"—hiding her face again—"How I wish that it had not been a dream; that it was true!"

Not very far from her sits Cyril, his head resting on his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes fixed ruefully on a piece of paper upon which he has scribbled, with much labor, some complicated calculations.

"Poor! I'm as poor as a church mouse; and to think that I've got through all this in such a short time! Is there enough left for me to marry on? Something—some mad idea—seems to tell me that I could make her happy even with this remnant. I've read of clerks and that kind of people marrying on a good deal less than this; I wonder if she could ever be got to care for me? Dear, sweet little Edna! Oh, God! what a fool I have been! I am not fit to look at her, and I might have been less unworthy of her—not worthy of her?—no man could be that! Could it be possible for her ever to—to—care for me! Pure little lily, she turned to me tonight; to me"—he added bitterly—"who am not fit to touch the edge of her dress!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"On the right rises the majestic Pilatus, close behind it is the snow-capped range of Titlis, while in the distance——" and so on, reads Miss Robinson from the inevitable guidebook, and the group of listeners who are standing on the top of the Rigi, listen with that over-done air of attention which is so palpably the result of politeness, rather than interest.

They are all here—the baron, the professor, the Robinsons, Aunt Martha, Edna—and even Sir Cyril, who has often been heard to declare that nothing should induce him to travel in herds and flocks. And being here with the avowed object of seeing the "magnificent panorama of sunlit lakes and snow-clad mountains," as the guidebook says, they are all clustered together, staring their eyes out, and wonder at what hour the big hotel, which some enterprising folks have built and furnished up here among the clouds, holds its table d'hote; for though they have come up in the wonderful train instead of climbing as they ought to have done, they are all hungry and interested in the luncheon question, Cyril feeling particularly empty of everything excepting good humor, of which he deals out a supply at regular intervals.

"Wonderful—quite too wonderful!" exclaims the youngest Miss Robinson, as her sister finishes the usual guidebook dose.

"Splendid view!" murmurs the authoress. "How full of noble suggestiveness—how——"

"Jingo, there's the dinner bell!" breaks in Cyril, irreverently. "Come along—they'll cram the upper end of the table if we don't get there in time. I know them. Here you are, Mrs. Weston—now, Miss Edna——" and away he strides, the group only too willing to follow him.

Prompt as Cyril's action had been, the long table is filling fast, and there is a little rush between him and another party of hungry tourists. But utterly regardless of the others, Cyril secures a seat on each side of him for Edna and her aunt, and then, as is usual with him, relapses into his ordinary cheerful serenity.

Two days have passed since that night of the fete, and they have seemed to Cyril long, never-ending ones, for, as might have been expected, the escapade had resulted, as far as Edna was concerned in a feverish cold, and in the quietude of own room she has been afforded a valuable opportunity for reflecting on the insufficiency of an antimacassar as a protection against the night air and the humors of a holiday crowd. Two horrible days for Cyril, during which the sun seemed to have left the sky, and a dull, dreary despair to have taken its place. But it is all bright again today, and though she is unusually quiet and a little, just a little, pale, she is here, close by his side, within reach of him, the sleeve of her dainty ulster touching his, the whole of her under his wing, and Cyril is happy. And when he is happy, how difficult, how impossible it is to resist the power of his lightheartedness! He has made them laugh—all but the baron, who slept soundly—all the way up in the train, to the utter disregard of the exquisite scenery above, below and all round them.

He makes them laugh now, calling for unheard-of dishes in unheard-of languages, grumbling good-humoredly over the wine list, keeping up a running commentary on the strange and awful costumes which the gangs of ever-arriving tourists, male and female, have arrayed themselves in. It is impossible to be glum—to be even serious, under the straight downpour of his sunny humor, the baron, who does not understand one word, included; and it is not until the bill comes that they sober down sufficiently to think of the hour of returning.

"Now there is one thing I may be permitted to say," says Cyril, breaking in upon a babel of contradictory chatter concerning the starting of the trains, "and that is that, of course, we shan't all be expected to go down by that very clever but confounded train——"

"How will you go down, then?" comes a general question.

"There are three ways—to walk on your own legs, to roll on your own back, or ride on a pony's."

"How glorious!" exclaims Miss Robinson, the younger.

"What, to roll?" queries Cyril, dryly. "Now I propose that those who intend to adopt either of my suggested means of locomotion start at once, and meet those who go by train at Weggi's—down below, you know."

"Capital!" exclaims the baron, when this is translated to him—"and I will go by train!"

"Very good," says Cyril, when the burst of laughter had subsided. "Now, how many ponies?"

In a quarter of an hour all arrangements are made and the parties have started. The descent, so says the guide who has engaged to lead them to the bottom in safety, will take three hours. There is a good path for the ponies, there is also a pretty plainly marked track, leading by a little further way, for the pedestrians. Cyril has picked out the best pony for Edna, has placed her on it with as much anxious care as he could have displayed if she had been Dresden china; he lit a cigar and now strides alongside, one hand upon the pony's neck, the other wielding a little twig, with which to admonish him.

It is exquisitely clear, surprisingly lovely, but for the life of him Cyril cannot be got to study the scenery, and tramps on, occasionally looking up to see if Edna is comfortable, or to tickle the pony into something exceeding a snail's crawl, but is silent. They go on for some few miles, and then arriving at a turn in the path, catch up the "caravan," as Cyril calls it, which has been up to this time a little ahead of them.

Then the guide explains that now is the time for those who walk to take the short road, if they so choose, to see the waterfall and great, overhanging rocks.

Some of the party have already gone on; the path is quite distinct, there is no danger. Cyril looks down it, and then up at Edna, and meets her eyes above looking down wistfully.

"Which will you do," he asks; "vill you take ze narrow road," the guide beautifully remarks, "or stick to the pony?"

"I should like to walk."

"Hurrah! says the pony, and so say I," says Cyril; and he lifts her off.

"Keep to the right," says the guide, as they commence the descent, "and do not leave ze track, shentleman. We will await you at ze bottom."

And then the equestrian cavalcade disappears.

"Ah, this is better," says Edna, laughing. "Do you know—I can confess now—that I didn't like the look of that pony? Hadn't he an odd way with his ears?"

"Poor beast!" laughs Cyril, "there wasn't an inch of vice in him from nose to tail. Dab half-a-dozen black spots on him, and he'd have done for a rocking-horse. Yes, this is better."

It is, the guide says, quite safe, but it is rather steep; and after they have "chopped"—no other word will explain the sort of quick half run half walk that is necessary—down for a little while, the path gets steeper and more uneven; and once Edna's foot slips slightly.

They have been going independently of each other till now, Edna seeming rather shy of accepting any assistance; but now Cyril holds out his hand, and without a word she puts hers into it.

"Hold fast," he says, and her little fingers cling tight. "That's better—now we shall get on. I'll admit this is glorious scenery, now we're alone, and Miss Robinson and the guidebook is out of sight and hearing; simply glorious—almost as nice as England," he adds.

Edna smiles.

"Are you laughing at me again? Isn't it delightful—I am so glad the pony has gone!"

"Look at the lake shadowed by that cloud!" says Cyril.

Edna glances down and then looks up quickly shading her eyes with her hands, and Cyril, who is watching her face, sees it grow suddenly grave.

"Hadn't we better overtake the others?"

"You can't go any faster than you are going unless you roll. What is the matter—rain?"

She shakes her head.

"Mist."

"All right!" responds Cyril, with the cheerful indifference of ignorance. "You've got your ulster."

Edna laughs softly.

"That wouldn't help us to find our way."

"I see," he says. "Mind that stone. What's that moving down there—our party? Yes; there is no fear of losing them—if we cut off the corner we shall keep them in sight."

It is a very palpable corner, at a distance; but it would have been wiser to keep to the path, perhaps, for when they are half across the near cut they are brought up by a rock, and have to make a detour. They can still see the heads of their party beneath them, five or ten minutes will bring them together; but in less than five minutes the thick cloud comes stealing across the blue, and the mist is gradually blotting out the scene.

"I expected this," said Edna, cheerfully. "We must be quick."

"Let us wait until you have pulled the collar of your ulster round your throat," Cyril says, as the fleecy cloud-shower settles on them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Prize Winners in January Contest!

THOSE of our readers who won a January Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the February Prizes. The names of the winners in our February Contest will be printed in April COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still **two months of it left.** Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the two remaining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. **Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes.** These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are **extra** and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and **in addition** any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the March prizes. **It costs you nothing to try.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the March Prizes.

We Have Paid The Following Prizes for January!

The 44 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following January Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a January prize DOUBLED OR THRIBBLED.

Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	1st Prize doubled	$60.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.,	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.,	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
E. Wagoner, Ill.,	4th Prize doubled	10.00
Miss Almena R. Hartpence, Pa.,	5th prize	5.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.,	6th Prize thribbled	15.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.,	7th Prize doubled	6.00
Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.,	8th Prize	3.00
Mrs. Ruth Crow, Tenn.,	9th Prize doubled	6.00
Carl Sjungberg, Wyo.,	10th Prize	3.00
Mrs. George [illegible]tz, Kans.,	11th Prize doubled	4.00
Ada Humphrey, Ky.,	12th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Clara Brown, Pa.,	13th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Adam Scharrar, N. J.,	14th Prize doubled	4.00
Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Wash.,	15th Prize doubled	4.00
Miss Agnes Pitts, Mich.,	16th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Chapen Terris, Atla.,	17th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Geo F. Grussing, Minn.,	18th Prize	2.00

The Next Three Received a $1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

D. L. Havens, Pa., Clara B. West, Conn., Mrs. Mary Wood, Mont.

The Next 23 Received A $1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Mr. Norman Borgen, Wis.; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Harry E. Brouse, Pa; Mrs. M. A. Pearl, Conn.; Miss Ruth L. Costley, Maine,; Mrs. R. E. Chambers, Ga.; Annie Hale, Oregon; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Herman Gabler, Missouri; Mrs. Pearl Riley, Miss.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Mr. Frank Syling, Pa.; Mrs. Oscar Hile, Missouri; Florence Barrington, Wash.; Harris Hazelton, N. Y.; Mrs. Fred Myers, Idaho.; Mattie B. Boggs, Ga.; Mrs. Alta Cundiff, Oregon; Mrs. Blanche Flagle, Texas; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Julia Carter, N. C.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. T. E. Vinson, Kans.

We Paid Each Of These Women A $1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Mary E. McConnell, Missouri; Mrs. D. V. Ruckman, Indiana; Mrs. Bessie Raymond, Iowa; Mary Coleman, Ohio; Mollie Ehrler, Texas; Mrs. H. C. Williams, Tenn.; Irma Dice, Kans.; Miss Mary Manwarren, Iowa; Mrs. Bettie Anderson, N. C.; Mrs. Jas. Kelly, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Webner, N. J.; Sadie Denham, Missouri; Mrs. Elsie Simmons, Ohio; Mrs. W. C. Criner, W. Va.; Amanda Kitchen, W. Va.; Mrs. J. L. Hicks, Missouri; Mary Breeden, Missouri; Mrs. R. C. Stone, Pa.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Aileen M. Shepherd, Missouri; Miss Natalie Bodem, Calif.; Mrs. N. A. Lusk, Texas; Mrs. Vesta Hayes, Calif.; Mrs. Harvey Powell, Fla.; Mrs. Alice Marsh, Ky.; Ora B. Mohon, Ky.; Mrs. C. M. Gary, Va.; Mrs. C. F. Connell, Nebr.; Mary E. Well, Ark.; Manda Courtney, Okla.; Mrs. Jane Melott, Ohio; Marion Woods, Missouri; Mrs. Bessie Price, W. Va.; Miss Ella Spry, Ky.; Clara Bryant, W. Va.; Callie Dennis, Okla.; Mrs. Jeffie Mosley, Texas.; Tesse Black, Kans.; Florence Heath, Kans.; Mrs. Georgia Perkins, Texas; Mrs. Prentice Beach, Pa.; Mrs. Clara V. Fish, W. Va.; Maggie J. Lees, Mass.; Miss Wilma Lewis, Iowa; Mrs. Mark Hall, Mich.; Katie Frye, Pa.; Mrs. Claud Leffler, Indiana; Juanita Q. Torrez, N. Mex.; Miss Marie Neuffer, Ill.; Mrs. Geo. Redmond, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul Jerman, Missouri; Mrs. Wilson Kemp, Va.; Miss Blanche Meredith, Kans.; Miss Adah Dill, Colo.; Miss M. Jayne, Ala.; Nellie Aergerter, Missouri; Mrs. G. H. Holt, Tenn.; Mrs. Zora A. Hicks, Miss.; Miss Mary Sanders, Va.; Mrs. Hade Kerley, N. C.; Miss Katie McWilliams, Missouri; Miss Alice Helman, Mich.; Miss Norma Thompson, Ohio; Mrs. Nora Schoenberger, Ohio; Mrs. H. Lake, Wis.; Mrs. J. D. Sullivan, Oregon; Susan Zackmire, Indiana; Mrs. R. C. Logue, N. Y.; Miss Agnes Moore, Nebr.; Ruth L. Tyler, N. Y.; Mrs. Cassie Atkins, Ill.; Beatrice Cairns, Mich.; Mrs. Jane O. James, La.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla. Thelma Legg, Wash.; Mrs. Jennie Hayes, Ohio; Mrs. Henry Hoyem, N. Dak.; Mrs. A. A. Mahnke, Mich.; Mrs. Emma Boyless, Ohio; Mrs. Myrtle Keith, Ill.; Emma Jane Ward, Ohio; Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana; Mrs. L. R. Bates, Fla.; Mrs. Rosa Boles, Indiana; Mrs. Lizzie Wolf, Ark.; Mrs. Ellis Corwin, Minn.; Miss Emily McDowell, N. J.; Miss Robbie Eubank, Texas; Miss Julia Bartholomew, N. Y.; Mrs. S. W. Gerow, Mich.; Miss Pluma Haywood, N. Y.; Mrs. Mariette Loomis, N. Y.; Miss Frances M. Brough, Ohio.; Genevieve Caron, Kans.; Cora Merryman, Tenn.; Lillie Mullins, Ky.; Miss Bernice Elrod, Tenn.; Gladys Moore, Tenn.; Mrs. Noah Putman, Va.

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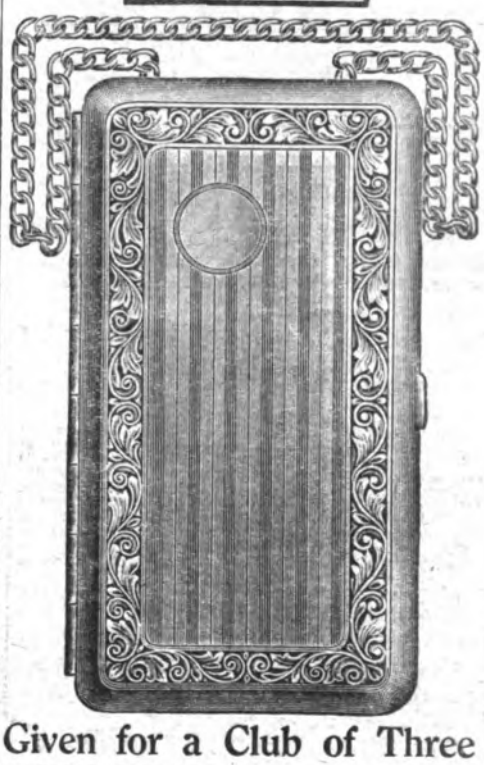
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Thousands of them are being sold in the stores and by agents on the streets in the cities. Any energetic man, woman, boy or girl can make good money selling "Kross-Keys" puzzle in their respective neighborhoods because it is something that sells on sight. We are going to give you an opportunity to first secure one of these puzzles for yourself. Then after you see it and try it, we know that you will want more of them to sell to your friends and neighbors at a good profit. We will supply the puzzles free, you can easily sell them for 10 cents apiece and every cent you take in will be **100% clear profit to you.**



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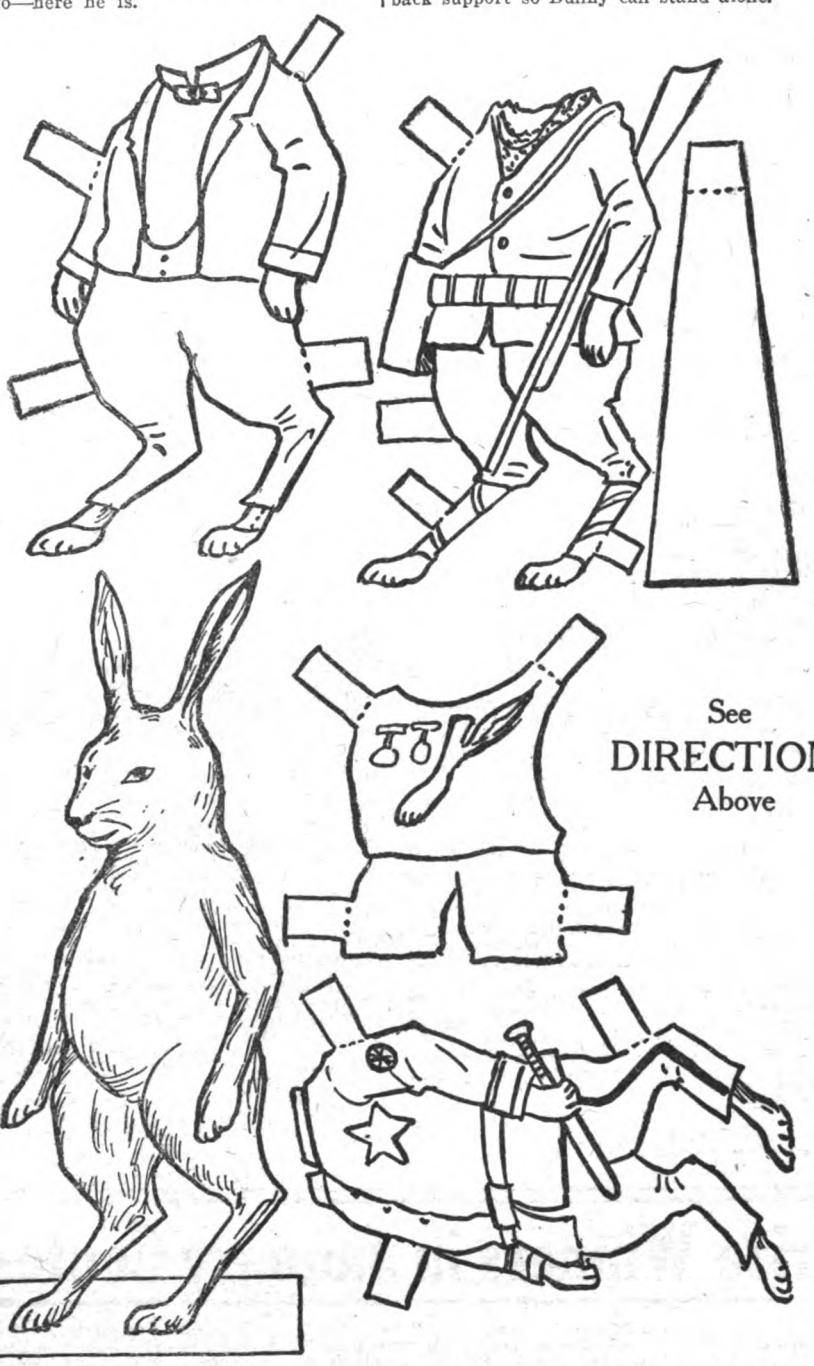
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Bunny Rabbit Dolly

HOW happy I am to greet all you little children with such happy faces and shining eyes. I want to give you all a big hug and kiss and then seat you on my knee to have a nice talk. How did you enjoy dressing up the Teddy Bear doll we had in January COMFORT? A great number of you tots and some of your mammas wrote kind notes in which you expressed yourselves as very well pleased, and asked that the cut-out feature be continued. Of course, I gladly consented, but in thinking the matter over I could not decide just what kind of a dolly you would like best. Then a happy thought came to me. I knew everyone of you liked Bunny Rabbit, so why not draw him up and have some cute little suits to cut out and put on him. No sooner said then done, and, presto—here he is.

DIRECTIONS:—Before you do any cutting at all paste the picture on cardboard and put a heavy weight such as a large book on it so that it will dry, flat and smooth. The white of an egg is good paste or you can use the common cooked mixture of flour and water. Mucilage is not very good for this. Press first upon the middle and work toward the outer edges gradually to smooth it out. The surplus paste that is squeezed out must be wiped up before the sheets are placed under the book. Cut with shears and bend back the little wing like tabs to hold the dress on. A nice effect is produced by tinting the costumes with water colors, crayons or chalk. The small end of the long tapering piece should be stuck to the doll's back and bent away at the dotted line. This is for a back support so Bunny can stand alone.



See DIRECTIONS Above

Story about Bunny Rabbit

Once there was a little girl who lived away out on a farm in a lonely region where there were no other children with whom she could play. To make matters worse she did not even have a doll because they were many miles from a store and, too, her parents were too poor to buy her one. Her heart just ached for a dolly and lots of times she was so lonesome that she would cry herself to sleep under the big maple tree that grew in the yard. One autumn day as she lay sleeping amid the dead leaves with tears still showing on her cheeks a little bunny rabbit, whose mother had been shot by a hunter, came hopping along and snuggled up against her soft, warm cheek and went to sleep. The child was having a beautiful dream and did not awaken. She dreamed that while she was playing all alone and sighing for a dolly, a real live bunny rabbit came up to her and adopted her for a mother. This made her feel so happy that she awoke with a start, and sure enough there was the furry creature sleeping right beside her. With a glad cry, she began to fondle and pet him, and soon they were the best of friends. With the help of her mother, she made some dresses for him and they made him look a good deal like the picture I have drawn for you.

UNCLE JOHN.

Cubby Bear and the Baby Bunnies

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I HAVE come to ask a favor of you," said Bunny Rabbit, one sunny September day.

"What is it?" asked little Cubby Bear. "I am always glad to do kind things for my friends."

"I knew it, and that is why I came to you. I have to go away to be gone a night and a day, and my Baby Bunnies must not be left alone. Could you stay with them, Cubby Bear?"

"I would love to take care of them if Mamma Bruin is willing. I will ask her."

Mamma Bruin was glad to have her little Cubby Bear kind and helpful, and said he might go.

When Bunny Rabbit had kissed the Baby Bunnies three times around, and gone hurrying away, Cubby Bear gathered the little ones around him and told them stories. He felt quite grown up and important. His heart swelled with pride to think that Bunny Rabbit had thought him old enough and wise enough to be left alone in charge of the dear little Bunnies!

He fed them carefully, washed their little faces and hung their little bibs away on the nail in the corner.

"Now, please take us walking," said one.

"Yes," cried the others, "we love to go walking! We will be very, very good, and not slap or pinch one another all day if you will take us!"

So good little Cubby Bear, wanting to make them happy, took them walking. Soon they came to the Big Brook. Busy Beaver and Molly Muskrat were swimming in the sparkling water.

"Come and play with us, Cubby Bear!" they called.

"Oh, no! I cannot play," said Cubby Bear. "Can you not see that I am taking care of these Baby Bunnies? Bunny Rabbit has gone away to stay a night and a day."

"Let the Baby Bunnies play too," cried merry Molly Muskrat. "I will teach them to swim, and it will be great fun!"

"Yes, yes, we will swim!" two Baby Bunnies said with glee, but the other Baby Bunnies said:

"No, no, we will sit on the bank and watch."

Cubby Bear sat on the bank, too, while Busy Beaver took one Baby Bunny and Molly Muskrat took the other, to teach them to swim. They all laughed a great deal, and were very happy.

The September air was warm and beautiful, and a tiny breeze blew in and out among the leaves, which kept up a gentle whispering.

By and by Cubby Bear said, "Come now, we must go home, for it will soon be supper-time."

The Baby Bunnies politely thanked Busy Beaver and Molly Muskrat for their good time, but shivered as the little breeze touched their wet fur.

Baby Bunnies should not be shivery and wet," thought Cubb Bear. Feeling a little troubled, he took them in their little cart and hurried to their home, where he made a good fire and put them to bed.

"Too early, too early!" they wailed. "We want to sit up and watch the pretty, pretty fire!"

In the night little Cubby Bear woke, and rubbed his eyes sleepily. What was it he heard?

One of the Baby Bunnies was coughing—a big, choking cough. Then another Baby Bunny coughed—a bigger, harder cough!

Cubby Bear was wide awake now. The two Baby Bunnies had the croup! And they were the two who had gone swimming in the Big Brook!

Oh, oh, what should he do? He could not leave them, poor, sick, choking babies, to go for help. Never had Cubby Bear been in such trouble as this!

Then he heard the voice of a night bird calling. "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

"Oh, I will ask Brownie Whippoorwill to go for Squilly Porcupine, who is a good doctor, and will know what to do for choky, coughy Bunny Babies!"

Brownie Whippoorwill stopped his lonesome song and kindly went for the doctor, who lived not far away.

Such a long, unhappy night it was!

"You will stay with me until Bunny Rabbit gets back, please, Dr. Squilly?" asked little Cubby Bear, and Squilly Porcupine stayed.

When Bunny Rabbit came home next day the little Bunnies were almost well, and were playing "Bean porridge hot," sitting in their little cradle. When he heard how sick they had been, tears were in his eyes as he held Cubby Bear's paw in both of his.

"How good you are, Cubby Bear!" he said. "Only think—if it had not been for you, my Baby Bunnies might have died! Some little bears would have been afraid, and left little sick Bunnies all alone. Oh, Cubby Bear, you are a hero, a real hero!"

Cubby Bear could not look into Bunny Rabbit's eyes. Cubby Bear was blushing guiltily. He liked to be praised—he did not want to tell Bunny Rabbit that the babies were sick because he had not taken good care of them! But he must tell! It would be no better than a lie to say nothing.

Then little Cubby Bear *was* a hero, because he told the truth when it was hard.

"No, no, Bunny Rabbit," he said. "Do not praise me. I was not good! I let your babies play in the Big Brook, and they were shivery and wet. Oh, you will always hate me now!"

"I shall never hate you," answered Bunny Rabbit. "You are a dear, good little Cubby Bear, and I shall always love you!"

"We love Cubby Bear, too!" cried the Baby Bunnies, "and we want him to stay with us all times when you go away!"

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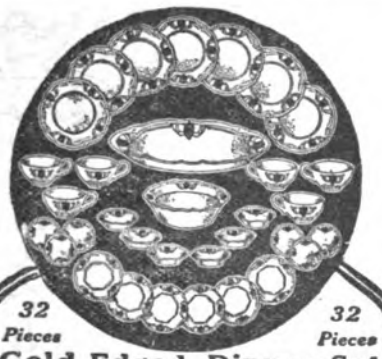


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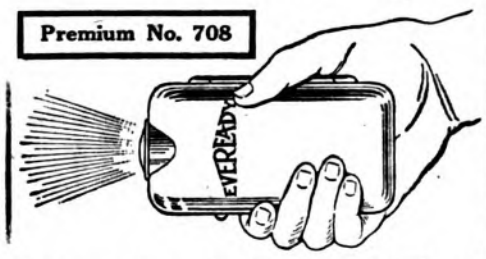
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. J. R., Huntsville, Ala.—The pains in your back, shoulder, sides and abdomen may have been from strain originally, but they are rather neuralgic now as a result of the weakness. Neuralgia is a very difficult ailment to handle and any definite cure for it is not known. Hot applications over the seat of pain will be of benefit, or chloroform liniment applied on a cloth and held tight until it almost blisters, then removed for a minute, will be found a good remedy to have handy for use at any time. If the pain is persistent, lasting over a day, take a five grain tablet of salicylate of soda morning, noon and night, for two days. Don't continue it as it will do your digestion more harm than it will do your neuralgia good. By the way, have you any indigeston? Nerves respond to that very quickly and neuralgic pains will follow, especially about the sides, back and abdomen.

M. B., Walthill, Nebr.—The chances are that the quantity of galega is too small to be injurious, but in the case of all drugs, whenever you have any doubt of the efficacy of one, stop using it. Galega, or goat's rue, in an over-dose is poison and deadly.

O. B., Hebron, N. Dak.—Try red precipitate ointment on your frost bites. Better have a doctor examine them and see if they are not chilblains requiring more particular treatment.

Mrs. A. E., Bonita, Ariz.—After being frozen half to death in a mining camp and exposed for a long time to the cold besides, you must expect to have a great variety of rheumatic and neuralgic pains, with the chances that they never will leave you. No definite remedy can be given because conditions vary. Part of your trouble is careless eating and you have indigestion. Stop the coffee drinking and go on a diet of milk, rice, eggs, stewed fruit, brown bread and cold slaw as a salad. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing and once or twice a week take a dose of Epsom salts, strong, in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

W. S. L., Bonner, Mont.—The trouble with your back is an affection of the intercostal and chest nerves which is in your case mild lumbago. It results from cold or dampness but just why and just what to do with it puzzles most doctors. Chloroform liniment applied on a cloth until it almost blisters and removed for a minute affords temporary relief. So also will hot, wet applications. But lumbago is too serious an ailment for anyone to attempt self-cure and the sufferer should get a physician's treatment at once. It may be staved off if the person is of good health otherwise, but there must be no delay in going after it promptly and properly. With your weight it will give you much pain and trouble if you neglect it.

Mrs. A. P., Douglas, Alaska.—The cold, damp climate of your part of Alaska would give a stone statue catarrh and unless your husband gets into the interior where the climate is dry, he can't be cured and it is a waste of money to buy medicine or pay doctors. Our advice is to leave Alaska and go to Colorado or Arizona, where the air is dry, if his catarrh continues to grow worse. That huge mountain of damp darkness across the Channel from Douglas is enough to give a man catarrh just to look at it every day in the year.

Miss L. M., Berryburg, W. Va.—It isn't uric acid that makes the pains in your joints and the shrinking in your arms and the numb feelings and the dull pains all over your body, it is simple ignorance of how you should live. You don't eat the right kind of food and you don't eat right what you do eat and you don't follow any of the rules of health that you should know something about and live according to. Ignorance of yourself is what ails you more than anything else, and it is what ails more COMFORT readers than anything else. Now go to a doctor, tell him how you ache and pain and ask him not to give you medicine, but to tell you how you ought to live to have the least amount of ills of the body. You are bound to have some, but with a fair constitution, you should keep them at the minimum if you will learn how and use the knowledge you acquire. One trouble with people who know is that they won't do what they know is right and will do what they know is wrong. Try our advice for six months and see how much better you will feel and will be.

Mrs. H. D., Cadillac, Mich.—There is no one cure for constipation as there is no one definite form of constipation. It is due to many causes, some curable and others only to be remedied temporarily. You should study your diet and learn what you can digest and assimilate and you should be careful to eat nothing that will not digest properly. A dose of salts, or other laxative, may be taken at intervals, but not often as that only interferes with nature. In addition to the dieting, such exercise should be taken as will reach the muscles about the stomach and intestines as far as possible in order that they be kept active. Massaging the abdomen and sides is good to get action. Deep breathing is also of value in keeping the blood in good condition, that is plenty of oxygen in it. It's no easy matter to overcome constipation and all your attention will be necessary. Read up on the subject in various health magazines.

Julia, Greenville, Texas.—You are large for seventeen, but a woman five feet, five inches tall may weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, though one pound heavier is the maximum and one hundred and forty is the minimum. If you wish to reduce, eat less than you now eat and eat no fats or sweets and no potatoes.

E. M. M., Infanta, Tayabas, P. I.—If your wife is as well as usual, being fairly active and no definite complaint, it is well not to worry about lack of weight. In fact she is pretty sure to become thinner if she worries. She might gain in flesh by a diet of red meats, potatoes, sweets and plenty of milk and eggs, taking as much sleep and rest as possible. Probably the climate, unless she is accustomed to it, has something to do with keeping her thin. As for the child, any ailment it has now at seven years should have the attention of a physician who can make a personal examination and determine the proper treatment. Attention at this time may save her many years of suffering during her later life.

Troubled, Hannibal, Ill.—We don't know what kind of shoes you wear, or have been wearing, or what you have been doing to your feet to make them look small, but whatever it is a sixteen-year-old girl should not have bunions. It must be from bad foot wear, unless there is something else wrong, and we advise that you wear bunion-proof shoes having two pairs so that you may change them every day. No matter if they do look less pretty than you wish, you had better be comfortable with healthy feet, than be pretty and a cripple. Did you ever talk to a doctor to find out if it really were bunions that was causing the trouble?

Mrs. H. T., New Cumberland, W. Va.—Prunes, or prune juice, is a mild laxative for the baby and pure olive oil is good, say a teaspoonful morning and night more or less as the need may be. At the same time watch the child's diet and see that she gets nothing that will be binding. Talk to a physician, not to get medicine from him, but advice as to the feeding of the child and other care of it. Constipation beginning as a baby may continue through life if not prevented now. The cure of a disease is less to be sought after than the prevention of it.

S. Z., Lexington, Va.—If the swelling, or enlarging of the neck in front, is incipient goiter, ordinary massaging or other mechanical treatment will not be of value, as goiter is not superficial and requires constitutional treatment. See a physician at once and have the matter decided positively whether you have goiter or not, and if you have, begin treatment to prevent its growth. Unless you do this, the goiter will grow and permanently disfigure you if it does no worse. It is not a matter for you to attempt to treat yourself

Subscriber, Kiron, Iowa.—Climate, as a rule, has little or no effect upon kidney and bladder troubles, though with other complications the climate might have some effect. Probably in a warm, dry climate, as catarrh is so prevalent in the cold and damp, you might have a better degree of health than in Iowa or Illinois. Florida might be some improvement, as it is at least warm down there, but you would probably find Arizona or New Mexico better as they are drier. However, do not move to any location until you have looked it over yourself, or have positive information from someone who knows and has nothing to make out of you. Going from the North to the South you will have to become acclimated, but it usually takes only a short time and no serious effects are experienced.

G. H., Winslow, Ind.—The peculiar feeling of worms crawling around your toes results from disordered nerves. The pain is neuralgic, which is also more nerves. When your baby is older and you have regained your normal health, this will all no doubt disappear, but in the mean time you should see a physician and have him determine if there is any other cause why your nerves should be affected. Your good appetite is a favorable indication, but because you can eat "most anything," don't do it. Watch your appetite and your stomach and eat only what you need and can digest thoroughly. Bad digestion is sure to make bad nerves.

J. M. W., Milwaukee, Wis.—Epilepsy is a disease which is practically incurable and when several competent physicians have decided that any particular case is beyond their power, about the only thing that can be done is to give the patient the best care possible at home and await the end. Sometimes epileptics live long lives and, barring the one trouble, are quite up to the average and often above it, but they must always be watched and tided over the difficulty when it becomes acute. Attacks are often at long intervals and such patients usually live long, but when the attacks are frequent the mind becomes affected and the body as well and death follows within a comparatively short time. Knowledge of how to care for an epileptic patient is of more value than medicine, except certain established tonics or other simples.

E. M. P., Sparks, Nebr.—Asafœtida is good for the digestion and also for depression, but its odor is so rank that it is very seldom used, except in small quantities in connection with other ingredients. Ask your doctor about it.

E. A. E., St. Louis, Mo.—The bursa on the back of your wrist is not uncommon at that point and it usually may be reduced by a sharp blow with a wooden mallet. This breaks it up and it is absorbed, but it may return, in fact, it usually does, but the same treatment will remove it again. You had better have it done by a physician than to try it yourself. You have let yours continue so long that it may have assumed a wen form and will require the knife, but in any event the operation is a simple one.

Worried, Fairdale, N. Dak.—A mail carrier in North Dakota driving thirty-one miles a day, six days in the week should get all the fresh air he needs and with that as a base he should build up a very good superstructure of health. You have constipation and backache because you sit too much. Get out and walk eight or ten miles a day—not all at once, but up the hills—if you have any—where walking will be some effort. Or let the horse trot and run alongside of your wagon. That will get your blood to going, warm your feet and start the peristaltic action in your stomach. Stop eating meat and potatoes and take rice, eggs, milk, raw cabbage, brown bread, cottage cheese, stewed fruit, and drink cocoa, with plenty of pure water between meals. Your weight, one hundred and forty-two is just right for five feet, seven, at twenty-one years. For your weak wrists take some kind of exercise requiring grip. Begin with a little and gradually increase. Your doctor was right when he said your nerves were out whack, but he should not have given you medicine, he should have told you pretty much what we have told you and also told you to stop thinking about your condition and worry because you weren't as well as you thought you should be. Get your mind off of yourself and you won't have any nerves.

D. G., Lake Arthur, La.—You say you would be willing to do anything for your husband's health, a big, strong, young man, with some kind of growth in his nose and you ask us a whole lot of questions which we can't answer by guessing, but you don't take him to a physician in your neighborhood who can make a personal examination and remove the obstruction, with nearly every chance of making him well? Why don't you do that? Why haven't you done it long ago? Such nasal growths are very common and a simple operation nearly always removes the trouble, especially in the cases of children, as his should have been done when he was a child. Take him to a doctor now it will cost you much less than moving out to Arizona for catarrh—And have whatever is obstructing his nasal passages removed and he will be all right, unless it has run too long. Anyway, he will be greatly improved. And to all other COMFORT readers we want to say that when they find they can't breathe well and think they have catarrh, if they will submit to a physician's examination and have the real obstruction removed they will save themselves much future suffering and a lot of expense for catarrh and cold medicines.

C. C. D., Union, Miss.—The consensus of medical opinion seems to be that the best anti-catarrhal climates are in the cold dry air of Colorado, or the warm dry air of Arizona or New Mexico. Certainly dry air is a prime factor in improving, if not always curing, catarrh. As to the hot or the cold, that depends upon which the patient likes better for his personal comfort. Northern New York and the highlands of North Carolina are also given as of the proper dryness. For that matter, anywhere that is thoroughly dry, catarrh does not thrive, though there may be individual cases anywhere and everywhere. Arizona or New Mexico would be our personal choice. But before deciding upon any location, first go and look it over to see for yourself and know what you are getting.

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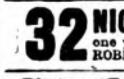
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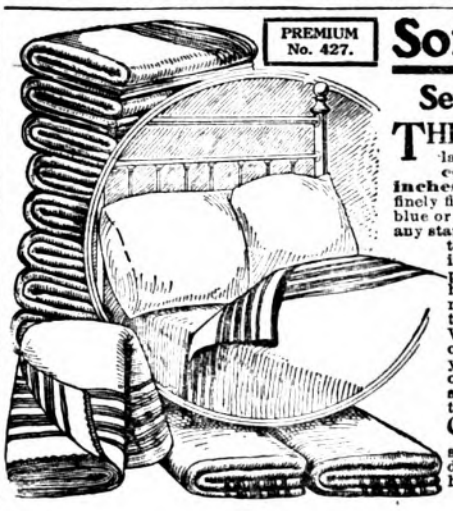
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

E. E. W.—I have a bunch of mixed chickens. All seem to be healthy; are laying fine. One of my Plymouth Rocks passed a long worm about twenty-five feet long, thin, like a number ten thread. What is the cause of same and what can I do for it? They are penned up most of the time. Don't see how I could get along without COMFORT.

A.—Fowls and birds of all sorts are liable to have worms. They don't seem to do very much damage unless they are very plentiful, but it will be a wise precaution to examine all your birds and pick out any that are thin, have pale combs, or show any other signs of debility. Confine them in a comparatively small coop, the bottom of which is made of slats. Put short legs at each corner, or raise it above the ground by means of bricks or blocks—anything so that the bottom of the coop is a few inches above the ground, so that the droppings will fall through out of the birds' reach. Give a very light supper, and the next morning, while still fasting, give each bird from two to thirty drops of the following mixture: Oil of turpentine and olive oil in equal parts. About two hours later give each bird two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil. If you have many birds to doctor, the best plan is to mix a little ground grain with the oil. Roll it up into pills, and see that each bird gets an equal share. Examine the droppings, and satisfy yourself that the treatment was necessary, and then burn them. If there are signs of worms in the droppings of the first few birds you take out of the flock, continue the dosing until you have treated every bird there is on the farm. As worms are transmitted from bird to bird by means of their droppings, keep the henhouse scrupulously clean, and remove droppings after it is light in the morning, as soon as possible, for several weeks.

F. R.—As I have not seen anything like our chickens have, I thought I would ask your advice. We have one hundred chickens in a very small house. We have Black Spanish, Rhode Island Reds, Black Leghorns, Mottled Anconas and Brown Leghorns, all mixed. Their heads and eyes get sore, and inside their mouths are big white scabs. One rooster's windpipe was full of white scabs. We scrape the scabs off, and they bleed. Is this contagious? And what is good for it? I know they are two-crawed. Could that be the cause? Please tell me how much and what corn to feed one hundred chickens at night, and how much mash for morning. They have oyster shells all the time, and free range. We feed them Alfalfa in their mash. We don't get any eggs.

A.—It is worse than useless to keep more hens than can be comfortably housed. When birds are crowded they sweat at night, and receive a chill when they go out into the cold morning air. This of course affects the egg organs, and usually ends in the development of some disease. It is better to have ten profitable, well-housed hens than a hundred half-sick drones. From your description, the birds have canker, which is mildly contagious, and being caused usually by a cold, is apt to develop into roup if neglected. In fact, the sores in the mouth and throat are one of the symtoms of roup. The only sure distinction between the two diseases is an unmistakable offensive odor which is always present with roup. If there is no odor on your birds' breath, you can safely treat for canker. Use equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid and sub-nitrate of bismuth, all well mixed. Partly fill a stiff, clean straw about ten inches long, and blow the mixture into the birds' throat and nostrils. Give the bird plenty of green vegetable food and light nourishing diet. It is impossible to tell just how much to feed any given number of birds, as every breed and individual fowl varies in the matter of appetite. The only way to find out what a flock really needs is to test it one morning by giving them all the mash they will eat up in fifteen minutes. Then, for the future, give them half that quantity. At night, however, I believe in their having all they want to eat. Feed slowly, and scatter all the feed wide enough to give every bird a chance to get her full share.

O. M. N.—Will you please tell me how to get rid of the red mites? They have killed about ten of my hens. I have used ashes and coal oil, but it does not seem to do any good.

A.—Red mites live in the woodwork and the walls of the henhouse; not on the birds themselves. The only way to get rid of them is to clean, thoroughly, disinfect, and whitewash the henhouse, using freshly slaked lime, with a good supply of crude carbolic acid, and kerosene in it. Scrape the perches, and paint them with strong sheep dip, and wrap rags around the ends where they touch the walls of the house, and keep the rags saturated with kerosene oil. Clean out the nests, burn all the old bedding, and then paint thoroughly with dip, being careful to go into all the cracks and crevices. Or, you can turn the nests upside down over the burning bedding so that the flame and the smoke are forced through the cracks and crevices; of course, being careful that the wood does not take fire. When they have cooled and aired off for an hour or two, go over them with whitewash. Put clean hay in, and destroy once a week at least, giving the boxes a dose of dip for each time. It may take several weeks of constant work to get rid of these pests, but until you do your hens will not be profitable.

O. S.—What is the cause of weak leg among young chicks, and also the cure? I hatched some chicks in December and they were getting along fine until lately they have shown signs of weak legs. I always start hatching chickens in December and January, and never had any trouble with my chicks. I keep the chicks indoors in a moderately heated room, but there is always plenty of Alfalfa for them to scratch in on the floor. They always have grit, and I gave the fine cracked oats and baby chick feed. When one day old, oats; when one and one half weeks old, chick feed. They are now one and one half months old, and I give to them and the old hens mixed corn. I also gave them boiled milk when one half to two weeks old.

A.—There are many causes for leg weakness; inbreeding of parent stock, want of proper exercise; too much or too little heat in a brooder; rheumatic tendencies transmitted from breeding stock; which has at some time suffered from roup. But in this case I think it is due to too heavy feeding, as you say they are only a month and a half old, and you are giving them the same mixed grains that you are feeding to the old hens. Little chicks confined to rooms or brooders must be furnished with a constant supply of green vegetable food. Sprouted oats, chopped lettuce, chard—in fact, greens of any sort. They also need some animal food to take the place of the worms and bugs which they would get if they were running at large with the hens. There are several good brands of beef scraps and bone meal on the market, specially prepared for small chicks. If your feed man keeps none of this, buy a little liver, partly boil it, and chop fine. When you first commence to feed animal food of any description, give very little at first, and increase the quantity slowly, otherwise you may have trouble with their bowels.

A. P.—Will you please tell us, if you can, what to do for our chickens. We have the large Buff Orpington hens. During moulting time, they fail to lose their feathers and go drooping around. They don't seem to get very sick, but gradually die. They eat with the fattening hogs, corn, Kafir, milo-maize, cane and broom corn seed. Before dying, their feathers get very rough. We have other hens which have a cankered sore on their windpipe, causing them to gasp for breath all the time. One lived three days after we noticed it on her.

A.—Orpingtons, being of the heavy type of fowl, are very liable to contract liver trouble if allowed too much fattening food. Your hens, feeding with the hogs, have naturally eaten more than is good for them, especially of fattening food. Your only course is to confine the birds in yards, feed very lightly on grain and plenty of green vegetables, and give each bird a teaspoonful of Castor oil, or add one half teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to the drinking water for each bird. Repeat the treament once each week until they have had three doses, after which you can go back to ordinary rations, but their morning mash should be composed of corn meal and ground oats, wheat bran and clover or Alfalfa hay; equal parts of each. At noon, give them vegetables of some sort, and a very small quantity of oats, Kafir corn or barley, scattered over the scratch-material in their house, so that they will have to scratch and exercise for every grain they get. If you cannot yard your birds, or safeguard the hog feed, you had better give up Orpingtons and keep Leghorns, for they are light, active birds, which won't suffer so much from the heavy food.

W. M.—Could you tell me what was the matter with my chickens last year? I had a couple of hens that seemed healthy, but they would grow weak in the legs. They would try to walk and just fall over. One hen—a Rhode Island Red—would even get to the nest and lay, and at times she couldn't get off. I would have to take her off. She would eat and drink good. I fed corn, wheat and scratch food. Another one of my hens went to setting, and sat about two weeks. She left the nest with the same complaint as the other hen. They grew weaker and weaker; wherever they were put they would lie, until finally they died. I would like to know what the disease was, and whether it is contagious or not. I have one more question to ask. I ran an incubator last year and set my own eggs; had good hatches. After the chicks were three or four weeks old, they seemed to take fits. They would go round and round as if they were trying to catch their tails, and then fall out with a stiff neck. Their heads would be turned around over their backs. They would lie out that way for an indefinite length of time and would come to again. I had quite a few die from this trouble, and some did recover. We fed the small chick-feed and cracked corn. Had good brooders, well ventilated.

A.—The general condition of your fowls is very poor. This is undoubtedly, from your description of the old hens and the young chickens you hatched in an incubator last spring, for it leaves little doubt that the old birds have tuberculosis in an advanced stage. One of the last symptoms is lameness. Eggs laid by hens in the first stages of this disease would produce chickens with weak legs and epileptic tendencies, which would show the symptoms you describe in your brooder chicks. Your only course is to kill old hens that seem unduly thin, have pale combs, dull eyes, or any other sign of want of strength and activity. After culling out the flock, clean up the henhouse and yards. Have the latter plowed deeply, and sown to some quick crop, like oats or rye, that the birds can eat. Put a little nux vomica or tincture of iron in the drinking water, for a week or two, to tone up the constitution of the birds you keep for this spring's breeding pens.

N. McL.—I have just an ordinary canary bird past four years old. Each time he moults feathers, it is a longer period before he commences singing again, but the last time he began the middle of July. He still is moulting, or rather, he picks them out, as though he is oiling them, so there are new feathers coming in all the time. If there are lice or mites on him I can't see them, as I have looked close. He bathes regularly enough. He eats apple, cabbage, bread, cookies, cuttle bone, sand, crackers peppers but he has not had as much pepper as usual. He don't seem to eat any of what I buy. I gave him a drop of parogoric on cabbage leaf, rock candy in drinking water, as I read in a recent paper to restore his voice, but he does not sing. One of his toes turned purple over a year ago. His toe-nails grow so long they are a hindrance. I clip them off some. Do you think a warm or cold room is best for him? He can't stand much heat. He begins a few notes as though he was going to sing, but then he quits. How long do canary birds live?

A.—Give the bird's cage a thorough disinfecting. Unscrew the plates at the top which hold the ring for the cage to hang by. It is usually the place where red mites congregate. If these pests get into a canary's cage, they irritate his skin so much that he is sure to pick and pull out feathers during the day. Add a good quantity of household ammonia to some boiling hot soapy water, and dip the whole cage up and down in it. The poor little chap may have indigestion. As cage birds get older, one has to be more careful with their diet. Cakes, and such rich treats, are altogether too heavy. Give him a little hard-boiled egg now and then, and put a little saffron in his drinking water. Canaries thrive best in a moderately cool room where the temperature is even. They often live to be fourteen or six teen years old when not overfed.

C. H. D.—Will you please tell me through COMFORT how to remedy dampness in my chicken coops? the cheapest and quickest way? I have three coops. No. 1. Matched lumber with matched floor; tar paper roof, sixteen by twelve feet. Slanting roof, five feet back and seven feet front. One window, forty-eight inches by thirty inches, always out. No. 2. Matched lumber, covered all over with tar paper, and dirt floor and slanting roof, size eight by twelve feet. This coop has an open window, twenty by fourteen inches, covered with cloth. No. 3. Rough lumber covered all over with tar paper, dirt floor, slanting roof twenty-four by eight feet. This coop has two open windows, one twenty-four by twenty-four inches, and one twenty-eight by thirty-two inches, covered with cloth. All of these coops have other windows on the south side or front, and have sunlight on clear days. All of these coops get white frost on the inside from the hens' breathing, I think, and remain damp, causing the hens to catch cold. Do double wall coops with air space ever get this way?

A.—The ground on which the coops stand is poorly drained, most probably, or you have got too many birds crowded into the house. Try putting small ventilators in the corners of the back wall, high up near the roof. Even double walled houses will get damp if not properly ventilated.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

sure. He doesn't realize that poverty is his enemy, and so he doesn't organize with his fellow workers to get a wage that will support himself and his family comfortably. He doesn't realize that alcohol is his enemy (a deadlier enemy than any armed soldier he will ever confront) and so he swallows gallons of whiskey until it puts him under the sod. He doesn't realize that sickness is his enemy, and so he doesn't force his government to give him national insurance. He doesn't realize that old age, with its accompanying dependence, is his enemy, and so he doesn't cry out for old age pensions. All he does is to act like a first-class nut, then when trouble, sickness and misfortune come, he either gives up and perishes or starts to try and use the one thing he has scarcely ever used before, his brains. Does his brain reproach him? Not a bit. He begins to pity himself and the only thought that his disused thinking box produces is a suggestion that he convert himself into a suppliant and a beggar, for all his think box can tell him is to throw himself on the mercy and charity of those who have used their brains a little more than he has, with the result that one gives up a blanket, the other a chair, another a few platters, still another a frying pan and some moth-eathen duds. Other people have to make up his deficiencies because he would not think, and there is not one thinking person in this world who has not got at least a dozen thoughtless persons leaning on him or her. You don't think for a moment do you that if my junk were burned up I would have to beg. Every stick I have is insured. When a man can get two thousand dollars' worth of insurance on his goods and chattels, manuscripts and other possessions for three or four dollars a year, if he doesn't insure them he should have neither pity nor help when trouble comes. Now get busy you people who have not insured your homes nor your lives. You are constantly menaced by fire. Fire is a good friend but a bad enemy. Give it a little encouragement, be a little careless, and up goes your home and out you go. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts you. Fire is a fact and not a dream. Men with more brains than you, have given you an opportunity to set fire almost at defiance. It only costs a trifle to get protection. Get it and make yourselves safe, and not throw the burden of your stupidity on those who have enough troubles of their own. The value of property that is burned up in this country every year by careless people would pay for the construction of the Panama Canal. Will you never think? Will you never wise up and use a little common sense?

STORMOUT, VIRIGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have just finished reading your letter in the COMFORT and think they are so interesting. I have decided to write one. I am a country girl fifteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds.

I have light hair, dark gray eyes, and have dark skin. My mother and father are living, and also have three brothers and no sisters.

I can do all kinds of house work, and can hitch horses. Now Uncle Charlie don't you think I am smart.

We have lots of fruit in Virginia. Wish you could be here to get some of our nice June apples. Can you ride horsesback? I can. We have three horses and one cow and about three hundred chickens and fifty young turkeys. Tell Billy the Goat to correct all of my mistakes but please don't eat my letter. If this escapes the waste basket I will come again. May God bless you and all the cousins forever.

I remain your niece, OLIVE NEW.

P. S. Please send me your advice about being a train nurse.

Give my love to the turkeys, Olive. It does not seem right that you should have fifty turkeys while we haven't one. Times were so hard this year and business so fierce that the only thing we got in the turkey line at Thanksgiving and Christmas was the turkey trot from Billy the Goat. They always have Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, but we don't always have turkey where we live. Billy the Goat got me to buy an atlas for Christmas. Do you know why? Because it had Turkey in it. When this war is over there won't be any Turkey in Europe. If we want Turkey we'll have to go to Asia for it. We'd have starved to death last Christmas if it hadn't been for a lady who gave us a canary, but a canary don't make much of a meal for three, especially when one is a goat. So Olive you want my advice about becoming a "train nurse." I'm sure I shall be very glad to give you any information I can on the subject, though to tell you the truth I don't know much about it. Of course if you were a train nurse your duty would be to take care of the train and see it didn't get sick. You'd have to wrap the cars up all snug at night, so they didn't get cold. You never can tell what would happen to a freight car that got cold. The car might get pneumonia and die. The car might also get a *car*buncle on its *car*case, and if it did you'd have to dose it with car*scara*. After you graduate from the car hospital, Olive, we'll all come and watch you, when you're putting a sick pullman car to bed, feeling its pulse or taking its temperature and applying a hot water bag to its feet, I mean its wheels. If a day coach gets a cough we'll all hop round to see you rubbing goose grease on its chest. When you put the pullman car to bed you must see that it does not get bed sores and kick off the clothes when it gets delirious. If there's a train wreck you'll have to bandage up all the wounded cars so they don't bleed to death. You see the work of a "train" nurse is quite varied and strenuous. You must particularly watch the dining car, as it is usually so chock full of grub, it is liable to get dyspepsia. Keep an eye too on the pullman sleeper and see that it doesn't snore too much. Now if you do all this Olive, I think you'll make a first-rate train nurse. What's that Billy? Olive means trained nurse? Oh, if that's the case Olive, I suggest you go to school for another couple of years and stay there until you have graduated from high school, for no hospital of any repute nowadays will admit a girl to training, unless she can show a high school diploma. We place our lives more in the hands of the trained nurse than we do of the doctor, and the better educated the nurse the more she will know about her business, and the better chance she will have of pulling us through and keeping the doctor from murdering us. Most of the girls who write to me about being trained nurses have not enough education to take care of a sick umbrella. People who want to wear smart uniforms and earn twenty-five to thirty dollars a week must at least be able to spell simple words. If they can't do that they had better take up general housework, as trained nursing of all things calls for an education.

MOTT, NORTH DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I take the liberty of writing to you to pray for me with all your heart, mind and soul to our Father in Heaven. I am afflicted with those terrible noises in the ears, and my eye sight is poor. You do not know how I suffer. I know you are a good man and love God and I hope He will hear you. Please drop me a few lines. My affliction is something awful. Pray for me. Please insert this in COMFORT and ask for the prayers of all its subscribers in behalf of your suffering sister.

With love, MRS. CHARLES ROBSON.

Here is a cry from a soul in distress, and I hope you will implore the aid of heaven in her behalf. Her affliction may seem very trifling, but there is nothing under heaven more maddening or more hard to endure than these terrible noises in the ear of which she complains. I speak from experience, for I have for many years had the most terrific noises in my ears. If you have ever heard a dozen engines blowing off steam, half-a-dozen threshing machines running at full pressure, with three or four boiler foundries thrown in for good measure and all joining in chorus and trying to drown each other out, you will get a faint conception of the kind of aural concert I have to listen to day in and night out. When that racket first began and I'd endured it for about steen minutes, I began inquiring about various makes of revolvers and their prices. I wanted to make a target of the place that noise was coming from. This dreadful scourge which has never let up for eighteen years drove me at first almost to the verge of insanity. There was no getting away from it for a second's relief. Relentless and cruel as fate it gripped and never let go. The angry waves of the ocean sometimes rest, there is at times a lull in their murmuring, but the aural safety valve blows off steam from one year's end to the other, and the more you pay attention to it the worse it becomes. There is only one thing to do and that is to learn to *shut out and ignore*. It seems incredible that anyone can ever school himself, and by a supreme exercise of will power set this torturing racket at defiance. I however have succeeded in doing just this and I know a lady who has been completely deaf for a number of years who has also learned to do the same thing. This is another instance of the triumph of mind over matter. Sometimes the bodily anguish is too great for the mind to conquer. I fear that is so in Mrs. Robson's case. Prayer is a good thing, so is an aurist, or ear specialist.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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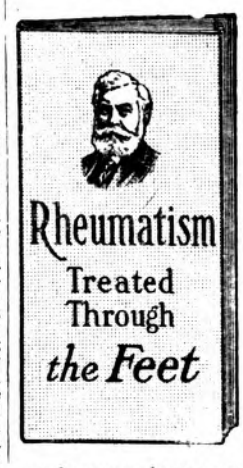


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ALL THE ladies and girls who like to be in style will want one of these beautiful German Silver Mesh Bags to carry this season because they are now the very height of fashion. The bag we offer here is of the very best quality and is **guaranteed** for five years. The handsomely engraved frame, the 12-inch linked chain, the extra close ring mesh, in fact the whole bag is made of **very fine German Silver,** and it is lined on the inside with beautiful **soft, white kid.** It is of such good size, 6 inches wide and 4½ inches deep, that it is of real practical use for all occasions, in fact it is one of the most **useful** as well as the most beautiful and stylish bags that will be seen this season. The regular retail value of this bag is $2.50, but we buy direct from the factory at factory prices, therefore are able to offer it as a premium for a very small club of subscriptions. We will make any lady or girl a present of this beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag upon the terms of the following club offer:

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, well, my dears, here we are at the first spring month and the winter hardly seems to have been at all. Still, we can't be too sure that March is as full of spring as it might be and we might as well keep on our winter flannels until the April showers come along with the flowers. Anyhow, those of us who live to the North of Mason and Dixon's line. If you don't know where that is located, suppose you ask your school teachers or your cyclopedias. But it won't be long till the warm sun will be shining and the whole world will be in bloom and make us all feel light and cheerful. Also will come spring fever when we won't want to work, so to get ahead of it, I'll begin now.

The first is from Loneliness of Wyndemere, N. Dak., and she is a school teacher aged nineteen and in great trouble. And she should be, for she says she met a young man on a train, entire stranger he was, too, and she became "deeply infatuated" with him on the spot. I wonder if she teaches her girl pupils to be as foolish as that. However, the young man now wants her to marry him and she doesn't know what to do because she doesn't know a thing about him, except what he tells her. I'm sure I can't tell her, for I don't know the young man any better than she does. I know though that she hadn't better marry him until she knows more about him than he tells her. But what makes grown up young women, so utterly silly about the men?

Troubled, Norfolk, Va.—Let me see—you met him seven years ago, and it was a case of love at first sight. Then five years elapsed and during that time he never saw you, but was forced by another girl to become engaged to her. Next, two years ago, you met again and he realized that he loved you and not the other girl. Four months ago you discovered that you were perfectly devoted to each other, but the other girl would not give him up, and as he is not free, you want to know what you should do. Well, if he doesn't love the other girl and does love you, he should not marry the other girl. Whether he marries you or not, is to be settled between yourselves, regardless of the other girl. Better break an engagement than go into a divorce court.

Blue Eyes, Bryan, Texas.—Better not be popular with young men than sacrifice your self-respect to do so. If other girls get all the beaus that way, you let them have them.

Sister, Castle Rock, Colo.—Many times a man who has known a woman for years suddenly realizes that she is the one for him and at once falls in love with, or lets the latent love break out, as this one has done. I think it is sincere. As to whether you can live with his mother or not, that can only be settled by trial. As far as he is concerned, I think you can risk him.

Cousin E., Osborn, Idaho.—I think you are ever so much better off without a sweetheart with such an ugly temper that he quits you for a month because you won't say you love him, when he knows you do. Give him back his presents and letters, get yours back and have nothing more to do with him. (2) Practise is the only way to write a good hand and some people can't ever learn. I am one.

Clehm, Olympia, Wash.—Accept all the attention you can from other young men and if this particular one objects, tell him he has never proved any claim on you and you are free to do as you please until he does. Lots of young men have a way of demanding the exclusive attention of girls and never say a word or show a sign of having any right to do so. Even if you become engaged to him he has no right to make a hermit of you. I'd hate to marry a man of that disposition. If you like that kind, it is none of my business, but remember I warned you in time.

J. C. J., Allardt, Tenn.—By all means give him back the engagement ring, if he wants it, and give it back to him anyway. A man who drinks and refuses to stop when his sweetheart asks him to, is the very kind of man no sensible girl would marry and no other kind of girl should. Let him go, quick.

Blue Eyes, Billings, Mont.—Indeed, there are exceptions to the rule that the husband should be older than the wife, and enough of them to prove the rule. If your young man is really in love with you and you with him, don't let your being the older prevent your marrying.

Doubtful, Wapato, Wash.—It is not proper for a girl of fifteen and a man of twenty-three to exchange "cool, but friendly letters." The girl of fifteen should be putting in her time over her school books.

Virginia, Trevilians, Va.—A young man of good family and good habits who has been devoted for five years is, I think, the very kind to make the best kind of husband. But he is too young yet to think of marrying. Wait until he is at least twenty-five. Both of you will have saved money, too, in that time and have a nest egg to start with. You have my blessing.

Lonely, Moneta, Va.—A seventeen-year-old girl in school has no business whatever to be disturbed in her mind, or heart, about which of two young men she should choose. Her books are her business and there will be plenty of time for beau troubles when she is done with her books. Cut out the beaus for the present, my dear.

Undecided, Hancock, Wis.—When you don't know which one of two to be happy with, don't try to be happy with either, and you stand a much better chance of being happy.

V. V., Tennessee, Texas.—Unless you wish to be as your mother is, wholly devoted to society and her clubs don't marry the city man, but choose the quiet country lad, even if you have to wait a dozen years until he overcomes his bashfulness sufficiently to tell you he loves you, as you know he does now in silence.

Blue Eyes, Whigham, Ga.—You say, "I love him to my very soul," and ask me if you should tell him so. Well, my dear, don't if you don't want to scare him clear away. Let him do the telling. And don't let him give you those tender little love taps on the cheeks. He wants to be too familiar and you should have better sense than to permit him.

Teacher, Jonesboro, Ark.—You did quite right, I think, in sending back all letters, presents, the ring, etc., when without explanation or apparent cause your fiance stopped writing and paid no attention to your inquiries as to the cause. He may be all right, but he takes a wretchedly poor way of showing it. Continue your correspondence with his sister, if you like her and she likes you. There is no reason why you should lose a good friend, because she happens to have an unworthy brother.

Sunny Peg, Hunt, Ill.—Perhaps you would be happy with a man who as your sweetheart never took you any place, or went any place himself, and didn't want you to go with anyone else, but I doubt it. Still, if at seventeen, you think he is your only chance and you feel that you must marry, maybe you had better take him. But I'd hate to be you.

Unhappy, Ashville, N. C.—I certainly would not go with a young man who not only would not buy my box at the box supper but wouldn't even go to the supper. And he never goes any place with you, or ever makes a date to come to see you, and gets mad if you talk to other young men! Well, he sure is the limit and I'll never forgive you if you don't throw him over, right away. And don't be unhappy any longer over one like him.

Faithful, Howard, N. Y.—Don't worry, my dear, and don't get married until you are eighteen at least, even if your present home isn't just what you wish it to be. Very many of the cousins have written me to say how glad they were that they had taken my advice and not married at sixteen, and some of them had far more disagreeable homes than yours, for yours seems to be fairly nice. The young man is all right and I'm sure he doesn't object to waiting until you are old enough to marry. And while you are waiting, take up the study of spelling and grammar. No girl in the state of New York should lose all the opportunities of education that that state offers. You write a good hand and a well expressed letter, but your grammar is faulty and your spelling worse, both of which you could easily correct.

Dred, Allhardt, Tenn.—Don't elope with him, and if he loves you right he won't insist on it. You haven't a year to wait until you are of age and then you can assume the responsibility yourself. In any event, don't marry to suit your parents unless it suits you. Parents should know better than to ask that of a child.

Lonely, Santa Fe, N. M.—You would be ever so much better fitted to be a wife if instead of marrying now at eighteen, you waited until you were twenty-one and put in the extra years securing the education you are so desirous of having. If the young man doesn't want to wait that long, tell him kindly he doesn't have to. An ignorant wife means an ignorant husband and ignorant children. Do you want a record of that kind?

Blue Eyes, Pineville, La.—School girls should not have beaus on Sunday afternoons, but if your parents have no objection I don't suppose I should make trouble about it. I know if I had daughters in school the beaus would be few and far between. At the same time I should want them to associate with boys and girls of their age and have a good time without any beau business and regular callers. (2) The best way to cure the flirting youth is to laugh at him when he tries it on you. This is for now and when you are older.

Troubled, Shady Lane, W. Va.—The girl who offers herself as a reformer for a young man that drinks is taking about one chance in a million that she won't be making a serious mistake with herself as chief sufferer. (2) An eighteen-year-old boy had much better be sent to the nursery than to the marriage altar.

Troubled Heart, Ishpeming, Mich.—For goodness sake, don't think marrying a boy only sixteen years old. You are old enough to know better, or ought to be. If he hasn't any more sense, you insist on waiting until he is twenty-five and see what he thinks about it by that time. If he wants to marry you then, and you twenty-eight, it will be lovely and you may have my blessing. And don't you do the card writing and sending for him and other courting. Haven't I said a thousand times that it is the man's place to do the courting? It isn't for you to chase him, but him to chase you. My, but you are slow to learn!

There, my dears, I've answered all the questions that were for me to answer and I've been perfectly sweet about it, haven't I? Scolded just enough and where it was needed, didn't I? You see I know. Now be good little girls, remembering that while you have hearts to throb you also have heads to have some sense with. May the good Lord watch over us all and lead us aright. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

Possibly an operation would relieve her. The ear is an exceedingly delicate and important organ. Ear noises may come from a variety of causes. Often wax adheres to the ear drums. When this is the case the ear should be syringed with warm boric water. Don't be too strenuous in the operation. Use half a teaspoonful of boric powder to a pint of warm water. If one has a steady hand and will go to work very gently he or she can get a piece of absorbent cotton and wind it round the end of a toothpick, then dip it in warm glycerine, and any accumulated matter in the ear can be easily removed. Often with the removal of wax, the noise subsides. If there is pain in the ear there is nothing better than warm glycerine dropped in the outer ear. I have to use this constantly, and often have to lie with my head on an ice bag to prevent inflammation of the inner ear. One cannot be too careful about the ears for if inflammation starts in the inner ear, one is liable to get that most terrible of diseases, mastoiditis. The mastoid bone is that big bone behind the ear and necrosis or rotting of this bone quickly takes place when an inflammatory condition arises. It is a delicate and dangerous operation to have the mastoid bone chiseled open and the brain exposed. Of course if you are a democrat or a republican it is not so dangerous, as there is no brain to be exposed. ("Uncle Charlie you'll get hammered for that.—Billy the Goat.) People who have any discharge from the ear are considered a bad risk by an insurance company. There is a passage from the back of the throat that leads up to the ear called the eustachian tube. There is a good deal of sympathy between the ear and the throat as you will readily understand now that you know about that connecting passage. Quite recently that great genius Edison had mastoiditis. When there is an acute catarrhal condition of the throat or nose it is apt to extend up the eustachian tube and involve the middle ear. In this way the tubes beome choked and obstructed with the over secretion or by swelling. The air in the middle ear then becomes absorbed in part and a species of vacuum is produced with increased pressure from without on the ear drum; the drum membrane will be pressed in, and through the little ones pressure will be made against the sensitive nervous apparatus irritating it and giving rise to deafness, dizziness and the sensation of noises in the ear. Every fresh cold in the head and throat has a tendency to start trouble in the ear. Mrs. Robson should consult an ear specialist in Minneapolis or St. Paul, or pay a trip to Rochester, Minn., where the greatest surgeons in the United States will be found. Perhaps by the time this letter appears in print Mrs. Robson will by sheer force of will power have learned to shut out and ignore those dreadful ear noises to a certain extent. It is an awful task, but it can be done. The shutting out process can be applied to many of the hard, unpleasant things of life. I've got it down to a fine point, but sometimes pain is too terrible, too agonizing to conquer and subdue. Perhaps Mrs. Robson has reached that point. I fervently hope not. Give her the benefit of your prayers and any advice that from experience you have found helpful.

MILNER, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have black eyes and light brown hair. I am four feet eleven inches tall. We are old subscribers to COMFORT and I like to read your's and the cousin's letters. I have one little sister and three brothers. I can churn iron and milk the cows, and cook and sweep the floor up. I go to school. I have to walk about two miles. I like to ride a horse. My father lets me ride one of his horses sometimes. Well Uncle Charlie I hope to see my letter in print next month. I remain your niece,

ROSA TODD.

Rosa, you are quite a cute clever little girl, and can do some remarkable things. I used to have quite a few accomplishments myself, but I never succeeded yet in ironing and churning a cow. It surely would be exceedingly cruel to iron a cow, especially if the iron was good and hot. I should think that would be a case of pasteurizing the milk at the source. What methods do you use in churning a cow? Do you give her an anæsthetic, and while she's under the influence of the dope, dreaming of the happy days of calfhood, turn the crank until you get her all buttered up? If you don't do that what do you do? Well I hope after you've churned the cow, she churns for you, for as you know "one good *churn* deserves another." Rosa, you'd better go to the punctuation box and dust a few commas into your sentences, and so save that poor cow a lot of needless torture. You also inform us that you cook and sweep the floor up. What is your object in cooking the floor? Billy the Goat says he thinks you do it to keep your feet warm. Excellent idea, but why do you want to sweep the floor up? The girl who does a job of that kind must be some sweeper believe me. You must be a regular human cyclone. I've seen a cyclone sweep a floor up and drop half of it in the gulf of Mexico, the other half in Hudson Bay, but I never saw a young lady sweep a floor up. You must keep the folks pretty busy putting floors down, for it is not very pleasant to be walking around a room that has no floor, especially when there's a cellar under it. The Goat says you mean that you sweep the dirt up and leave the floor in its usual position. I sincerely trust that the Goat's surmises are correct, as I hate to see such astounding energy employed in such destructive methods of housekeeping. You sweep the floor down next time, Rosa, instead of sweeping it up. If that does not get results you sit on the floor and sweep it with a tooth-brush. I like to see a nicely manicured floor, but don't be too strenuous when you are doing the job.

BANON, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a boy seventeen years of age, five foot eleven inches short. I have light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complected and my weigth (what's weigth? Uncle C.) is one hundred and fifty pounds. I have four sisters and one brother two of my sisters are married. I live on a farm with my mother and father and two sisters. We live eight miles north of the Northern Pacific railway. My youngest sister has been teaching school. The land around here is rather poor for wheat and the hot southwest wind comes some years and burn growing plants. But they did not reach us last year, for we got rain and it cooled them. There is lots of cattle raising done in this country. Would you be as kind as to give me a little advise in reporter work. I have written a few poems but, they have came back from the places I have sent them with the unavailable mark. Could I learn the trade without going to some town or city? Is there any difference in learn the author or fiction work to that of the reporter work?

I close with my best regards to you and the cousins, I remain,

OLE NEWLAND, JR.

So Ole, you want to be a reporter do you? If not a reporter, then a poet or an author. I've been standing on my head for about half an hour trying to read your letter, and my poor eyes are still aching and so are Maria's. Why didn't you mix a little ink with the water that you used, or why did you put so much water in the ink? Now the last sentence in your letter and a word which is the key to the whole sense of the matter have got me woozy. Now fancy a would-be author who wants to spread his thoughts before the millions of earth addressing such a query as this to a man: "Is there any difference in learn the author or fiction work to that of the reporter work?" I have unraveled some mighty knotty propositions, but you have my acrobatic brain tied in umpty steen knots. I suppose you want to know if the terms for making you an author would be greater than those that would be charged for making you a reporter. I don't see that there is anything else that you can mean. Let me tell you right now Ole, you can't learn to be an author, and judging from your letter I am rather doubtful whether you can learn to be a reporter, though you might have a good nose for news and be able to get the skeleton of a story for other hands to write out. Authors are born, not made. It's wonderful what humanity can do in the development of poor material at times, but you cannot make something out of nothing and what is the use of trying? If there were any seeds of authorship in your composition you would have been writing bright, newsy stuff four years ago, and at your present age you would be doing creditable work. No matter what line of effort you enter today, you will find it crowded with brilliant and clever men, men who even in the cradle develop a talent for one or other of the arts or professions they are to follow in later years. Before I could speak and while in the cradle I hummed some of the airs my father played on his violin and piano. My mother foolishly wept for she felt this infantile precocity meant my early decease. Now Ole if your mother had found you with a pad and pencil when you were three weeks old writing sonnets to your nurse's eyebrows, you would have been well on the road to authorship by now, and you would not have needed the aid of a correspondence school to help you achieve success. The plodder can do wonderful things, though almost devoid of talent, but he can never rise above mediocrity, and there is absolutely no market for mediocrity—that is the merely good. The world is full of clever people, people with a vast amount of natural talent, and with a great deal of education and culture to give the polish that even talent requires to make it acceptable and marketable. The plodder is an excellent man in business and trade and he may get there to a certain degree as a reporter, but nobody ever won distinction in literary work unless nature gave them a flash of genius, a spark of inspiration, or a modicum of talent when they entered the world. What I would advise you to do Ole, is to learn to spell simple words first of all, next read good books, and keep on reading good books, just revel in them and glory in them. Far better live and walk with the great minds of all the ages, than

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to Tell You FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 602 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.



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She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*



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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss B. M. Y., Kingston, N. Y.—For information concerning the Philippines write to Hon. Edw. T. Williams, Chief Far Eastern Affairs, State Dep't, Washington, D. C. Ask him for all the information you want, special and general. Whatever he tells you will be authentic. If you want direct information you might get it by writing to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, Manila, P. I.

N. R., Taylorsville, Ky.—We hardly think you would be justified in attempting to raise guinea pigs unless you had your market in advance. Guinea pigs are chiefly used in medical laboratories to try out serums on and the demand is not rushing. Write to some animal dealer in Cincinnati or Louisville and get a few to start a local demand for them as pets. The cost per pair is small—just what we can't say, as prices vary.

Kiddie, Owensboro, Ky.—Your question about the Salvation Army was answered. The national headquarters in New York City, Mrs. Evangeline Booth in charge, with Col. William Peart as Chief Secretary. Write to either of them. As to the others you ask about, we do not know of any persons of the kind who are reliable. Glad to hear your married son has been reading COMFORT ever since he was a small boy. We'll venture he is a good citizen.

B. E., Commerce, Mo.—Last Leap Year was 1912 and the next will be 1916. 1900 was not a Leap Year. Every year that is exactly divisible by four is a Leap Year, except those that are divisible by 100 and not by 400. Now figure it out for yourself.

Mrs. C. E., Elkhart, Kans.—We cannot tell you where you can find a market for home-made things such as tea and counter aprons and other sewing, because there is no definite market. The only way to do is to build up a local trade among the women of your neighborhood who would prefer to buy such things at reasonable prices than to make them themselves. There is a very fair field for such sewing if you can get in touch with those who want to buy. In many cities and towns there is a "Woman's Exchange" established and maintained for the purpose of selling needlework, home-made bread, cake, pastry and other products of woman's labor. Under proper management these "Women's Exchanges" are successful, a great benefit to the community. Every town of any size should have one.

H. D., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—We suppose a man could be a fair sort of Christian, and be a detective, but the work is such as does not tend to develop a man's spiritual nature. Don't know about Allan Pinkerton's religion, if he had any. Born in Scotland in 1819; died in U. S. in 1884. (2) A person of real ability can qualify as a member of the U. S. Secret Service as soon as he is of age. But he will have to have some pull to get the job. Write to W. J. Flynn, Chief, Secret Service, Treasury Dep't, Washington, D. C. for detailed information.

Miss V. H. Rumford, Maine.—There is no difference in meaning between Yours truly and Truly yours. Couldn't you have guessed it without asking?

Mrs. S. P., Pocatello, Idaho.—Property laws vary in different states and we advise that you consult a lawyer and have him draw a will just as you want it between you, making all the provisions you wish for your children. With that in good and regular shape there will be no trouble in the future that cannot be very readily remedied. If the property is all in the husband's name he can secure the widow for life, if he should die. What difficulties might arise if he died without a will depends upon what the property laws are in Idaho. A will should by all means be made and at once. No one need know its contents, except your husband, yourself and the lawyer who writes it.

V. B., Richardson, Ky.—You are like a good many other COMFORT inquirers who being entirely ignorant of a certain line think by asking a few questions they will be competent to handle a business in which competent persons are engaged. You must learn from those in the business. Unless you have the capacity and energy to find out from whom you can learn the necessary knowledge and then learn it, you certainly haven't the capacity or energy to do anything about it. We don't know an earthly thing about rosin and pine needles in Kentucky, but if we wanted to know we never would write to Maine to find out. We would go right after the people in Kentucky who knew and find out from them. Suppose you try that, if you really mean business.

F. P., Clark, Wyo.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York and Pittsburgh has established a Hero Fund and if you will write to Chas. L. Wilmot, Secretary Carnegie Hero Fund, Pittsburgh, Pa., you may secure the information you wish. The money and the hero medals are there, all right, but it is not an easy matter to get either, unless you have the goods to deliver and can come highly recommended.

Subscriber, Greenwood, Ark.—The ruling religion in Germany is Protestant. There is a strong Catholic party there and it is not at all shut out of political affairs, though it does not rule, nor can it. There were by the latest returns 35,400,000 Protestants and 29,300,000 Roman Catholics in Germany.

Mrs. G. H., Ravenna, Ohio.—Jeremiah Curtin, translator of "Quo Vadis" and many other works in foreign languages, was born at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1840 and died in 1906. He was said to have known seventy languages and was one of the best known translators in the world. For several years he was connected with the Smithsonian Institution. Stop in at the Ravenna Public library some day and read up on him from any cyclopedia.

X. Y. Z., Caldwell, Texas.—Our silver dollar weighs 412.5 grains, 371.25 grains silver, 41.25 grains alloy. The value of the silver bullion is at present between 48 and 49 cents, varying with the market, so that our silver dollar, without the United States back of it, would be worth a little less than fifty cents. (2) It is proper and better for one seeking employment to meet the employer himself, unless the position is a very small one, or the firm is a very large one, where each department has its individual manager (3) Cats with different colored eyes are not uncommon and there is no especial demand for them.

Inquisitive, Waunakee, Wis.—The Civil War widow had better write to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., and state her case for adjudication. That is the quickest way to get at it. (2) If the estate is good for the debts of the deceased it must pay them. The just debts come out of it before the heirs can divide it. (3) Any place big enough to have a name as a post-office is usually called a town, though in New England it is called a village, as a town there is what a township is in western states. Write COMFORT'S Home Lawyer for answers to your law questions.

Miss M. G., Gambier, Ohio.—The headquarters of the American National Red Cross are at 1624 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Charles L. Vagee is Secretary. The Red Cross was incorporated by Congress in 1905.

F. R., Barns, Tenn.—The only way to find out if the Secretary of the Treasury will give you a list of the names of makers of counterfeit money is to write and ask him for it. His address is Washington, D. C. and the Secret Service Chief has the list.

C. A. K., Milan, Ind.—You are doing your detective work too easy by writing to COMFORT for information which you should have before thinking about becoming a detective, just like a lot of other COMFORT young men have done who have the detective bug. If you have got detective stuff in you you will find out these details through their proper sources. Now go to it and detect.

Miss M. L., Shelton, Nebr.—We advise you to let hypnotism alone unless you can study it under the personal direction of an expert. It is a peculiar power much more apt to do harm than good if one possesses it without the knowledge of how to use it properly. If you haven't the natural faculty it is money wasted trying to learn it, for it cannot be learned. It is valuable only to a physician, or to a man who can use it in the show business. Amateurs have frequently seriously affected the health of persons whom they could influence and measures are being taken to restrict its practise to those only who pass examination and are duly licensed by law.

A. D. Z., Mossyrock, Wash.—It's a long way from Maine to the Pacific coast and we really are not informed and have no means of ascertaining as to whether the turtle raising business would pay where you are, or not.

W. J. L., Lemonville, Missouri.—Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arkansas, Arizona, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Washington and Wyoming and in some of them is declared to be incestuous and void.

D. R. T., Independence, Mo.—You'll find just the information you are looking for by reading the advertising columns in COMFORT. We suggest to inquirers in this column that by reading COMFORT advertisements they will frequently find answers to what they ask us and thereby save time, labor and postage.

The Alligator Pear

By C. B. Irvine

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TWENTY-SEVEN hundred dollars from a single tree in one season—twenty-seven hundred big round dollars—just think of it! That is the record of one avacado or Alligator pear tree near Whittier, Cal., for the year. But perhaps you do not know what an avocado is? Some call it alligator pear; but the name is meaningless, since its fruit is neither alligator nor pear. The proper name is ahuacate, though it is commonly called avocado or alligator pear; but of the name, more later on. With the neat sum aforementioned already in hand, the tree still contains more than one half of its crop, in different stages of maturity. It is estimated that the yield of the one tree for the year will be not less than thirty-five hundred dollars, including the sale of fruit, seeds and bud wood. The harvest up to date has consisted of fourteen hundred fruits, which sell readily at five dollars per dozen. The bud wood is worth ten cents for each bud and the seeds command the same price, but there is only one seed in each fruit. This marvelous tree, which is fifty feet high and thirty feet across, promises to yield for many years.

This splendid tropical fruit has recently been attracting much attention, since it has been found by experiment that it can be grown with success in sections where the orange and lemon thrive. The results have been such that the planting will no doubt be on a large scale and it will become one of the best paying orchard crops. It is one of the most wholesome and nutritious of all fruits and in those countries where it is grown extensively it is a staple article of food. Owing to the high price of the fruit it is consequently enjoyed by the wealthy class only, but being as easy to grow as other fruit crops it will without doubt be planted on a large scale and the fruit will fall to a price that will bring it within the reach of all. The profit of production will still be large, as the trees are generous producers, the variety being such that specimens may be grown which will ripen their fruit during every month of the year. As the fruit stands shipment well the market is almost unlimited. The tree is of rapid growth and particularly handsome, ever green, with large, deep green leaves.

"Persea gratissima." That is the name under which you will find the avocado listed in the catalogues of the nursery folk, should you be successful in finding it at all, and they will tell you that it "bears a large, pear-shaped, green or deep purple drupe, with firm, yellowish-green pulp of a pleasant flavor, used as a salad. The pulp contains an abundance of oil, which may be used for illuminating purposes, or for soap making. The seeds yield a deep, indelible black stain and are employed in marking linen." But these descriptions of the fruit are wholly inadequate. To taste it is to like it; to devour one calls for more. That the taste, when once acquired, amounts to almost a craving is attested by the prices paid for the fruit on the market, good specimens selling readily at from fifty to seventy-five cents each. It is destined to become one of the leading commercial fruits and a staple article of diet, for so appetizing is it that when once known and its worth appreciated it becomes a household necessity.



So far as records go, the first ahuacate was planted in California in 1871, but the fruit has been slow in being generally introduced. The tree was brought to California from Mexico, where it seems to be a native, and the name ahuacate came direct to us from the descendants of Montezuma.

The Whittier tree is eighteen years of age and has for a number of years been yielding rich returns. However, such enormous profits cannot be hoped for with the increased production, even though the supply today is not sufficient to give everyone even so much as a taste. Practically the entire supply on the market today is imported from Mexico. Several hundred acres are being planted each year in Southern California. For the most part these are of budded varieties, which mature earlier and produce a larger fruit than the seedlings. There are at this time at least a dozen named budded varieties, although there is but little difference between them.

THIN FOR YEARS—"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.



"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

Plump, well developed men and women attract attention at the beach as well as in the city.

50c BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 12-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON

This Coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter today with coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

1928 TEXAS TWINS.—The vital statistics department of Austin, Texas, reports that during the last two years 870 sets of white twins and 94 sets of negro twins were born in Texas. During the same period, eight sets of white triplets and two sets of negro triplets were born.

FIRST OPERATOR OF SEWING MACHINE.—Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourn, eighty-six years old, the first woman to take a stitch on a sewing machine, died at the home of H. L. Streeter in Winsted, Conn., following a few days' illness. In the early 50's she was teaching in a private school in New Hartford, when Elias Howe was experimenting with his invention. She became interested and Howe invited her to operate it.

NEW RUPTURE CURE

Don't Wear a Truss.



Brooks' Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet **FREE.**

C. E. BROOKS

1702 D State St., Marshall, Mich.



TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco** or **snuff.** One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other 9 it is **poisonous** and seriously **injurious to health** in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy,** neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** enervation, lassitude, **lack of ambition,** falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by sudden stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 8 days Method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars including my **book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit** mailed in plain wrapper, **free.** Don't delay. **Keep this; show to others.** This advt. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew. Address:

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

SECRET FREE

EDW. J. WOODS, S 147. Station E, New York, N. Y.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial** of a **home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

have never heard of the application being given without beneficial results in preventing worm infesting of animals. These remarks of course apply only to pastures which cannot be plowed, worked to crops and seeded down again and to districts where rock salt is plentiful and consequently cheap.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

BABY BEEF.—I am a boy reader of COMFORT and would like to have you tell me anything you can about the raising of "baby beef." As I understand it, "baby beef" is produced by feeding steer calves from the age of a month or six weeks to the time they are yearlings on a heavy balanced feed, and that by this means the animals are in prime condition when a year old. I would like to know the best and cheapest rations to feed a steer calf during the different periods of its growth to make baby beef.

D. E. W., Kennerdell, Pa.

A.—Breed is the first requisite. The tendency to fatten quickly and at an early age is hereditary. It would be waste of time and money to feed a scrub or common steer calf with the hope of making a profitable carcase at twenty months of age. If you can start with a cross-bred steer calf, between a Shorthorn and Hereford (pure bred) or between a Shorthorn and Aberdeen-Angus or Galloway, or with a good calf by a pure bred beef breed bull out of a high grade beef breed cow you may succeed. We cannot give specific advice about the feed except that the calf should have lots of milk as well as meals when it is quite young and then all the good grain and meals and clover hay it will clean up daily as it grows, adding roots or silage and also feeding grain on grass. You will have to decide the matter on the basis of the feed you can most cheaply buy or provide at home. Ask your State Agricultural Experiment Station for free bulletins on the subject.

TO GET RID OF MOLES.—Kindly advise me how to rid my lawn of moles. They are destroying my lawn and young fruit trees and the bulbs in my flower bed. Our cat used to catch three or four every day until some bad boys shot her, and now the moles are so numerous and active that I can't keep anything in the ground. MRS. F. K., Elm Grove, W. Va.

A.—It will be necessary to set special mole traps in the runs. The traps may be bought at the hardware store, or ordered there. It often is possible to see a mole at work, by watching the movement of the earth of the burrow, and quickly throw it out of the ground and kill it, by means of a spade or fork. We think the moles are not likely to injure your fruit trees, as they would hardly dig deep enough for that. Although moles are a nuisance in the lawn and flower bed, on the whole they do the farmer more good than harm by eating multitudes of destructive worms, grubs and insects that infest the soil; that is what they live on and what they burrow for. Moles do not feed on roots or other vegetation.

TOMATOES FOR CANNING.—I am thinking of raising tomatoes and canning them (by the steam pressure method) for the market. How many bushels ought a thousand plants to produce? How many No. 2 cans could I fill from a bushel? J. E. B., Rockland, R. I.

A.—One thousand plants should yield not less than 250 bushels. If the season is favorable, the soil suitable and the plants are of a good variety this yield may go to 400 bushels. With tomatoes, as with all other crops so much depends on soil, variety, climatic conditions, methods of planting and subsequent culture that no accurate estimate can be made. A bushel should fill about fifteen quart cans if there is not too much waste in canning.

FEEDING COWS.—Do green corn stalks fed to cows dry them up? (2) Is there any nourishment in bean pods after they have been thrashed? (3) Is oat straw good feed for milch cows? WM. K., Machias, Maine.

A.—Green corn fodder is an excellent feed for dairy cows in the dry weather of July and August when the pastures tend to become brown and bare. Feed them lightly at first. It is the sudden feeding of large quantities of green stalks or any other feed that does the harm. As the stalks mature snap off half of the ears or more before feeding. (2) Hogs eat bean pods and get some good out of them, if they have plenty of other good feed, but they cannot be considered of much value for such feeding and are unfit feed for other animals. (3) Let the cows eat oat straw in the yard when let out for water. Such straw, if bright and fresh, is a good adjunct to other hay, fodder and grain or meals. It is fine for idle horses and growing colts.

ALFALFA HAY FOR HORSES.—Can you give me any information as to the effect of feeding Alfalfa hay to horses? Is it the growing of Alfalfa that makes the Argentine a great stockraising country?

R. B., Easton, Pa.

A.—In some of the mountain states Alfalfa hay is the sole roughage ration of work horses. In those states Alfalfa cures perfectly without molding. This rarely is the case in states where rain is plentiful and the sunlight less strong and prevalent. Moldy silage is bad for horses. It may cause forage poisoning or act too strongly on the kidneys and bowels. Feed Alfalfa hay as a part ration with other sound hay under ordinary circumstances and reduce the amount if the bowels loosen too much or if the kidneys are irritated. Do not feed any hay that is moldy. The Argentine is famous as a grazing country on account of its natural pastures or pampas as well as its fine crops of Alfalfa.

FOAMY BITTER CREAM.—I have a good milch cow about six years old. She has had three calves and is about four months with calf again. For the last two weeks, although she has given her usual amount of milk and the cream looks nice but it is impossible to get butter from it. It will get thick in the churn so you can scarcely turn the dasher, but instead of the butter coming it whips up as light as sea foam and has a bitter taste. I have tried it with fresh sweet cream and with older cream, also with sour buttermilk added, and have churned it at cooler and warmer temperatures but with the same result. Is something wrong with the cow or is the trouble due to the feed? She has good Alfalfa hay, raw potatoes, beets and carrots of which she eats heartily. W. H., West Bishop, Cal.

A.—Often this trouble is from bacteria in the milk utensils and so you should scrupulously cleanse, scald and sundry the vessels or the germs may get in the milk during milking if carelessly done. Give the cow a pound dose of epsom salts with a cupful of molasses and half a cupful of salt in three pints of warm water as one dose, and then mix and once each of powdered wood charcoal and half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda in her feed twice daily for a while. Stop the roots and add wheat bran, corn-meal, gluten or hominy and oilmeal to the ration for a time. If possible feed Alfalfa only as a part ration of roughage.

WHERE TO GET THE INFORMATION.—I have a nice colt just weaned and I want some remedies to keep off diseases such as the distemper, worms and others. I also have a nice flock of hens and I want a remedy to make them lay. Give me full information on doctoring all kinds of young stock such as calves, pigs and colts. Please give me the best remedies to keep off disease and keep them in a growing, thrifty condition, remedies that are not poisonous. L. A., Roy, Ky.

A.—Do you realize what you are asking? Your questions cover the entire field of veterinary medicine and surgery, and all that is known about breeding, feeding and care of the various kinds of farm stock. To give you the full information you request on these subjects would take up every page of this issue and of every issue of COMFORT for months and years to come. Very many books and government bulletins have been issued on these subjects and we must refer you to these for information concerning so extensive a field of inquiry. Write to the Department of Agriculture of your state and the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for their bulletins on the subjects in which you are interested. They may be had free for the asking; but take care to name the subjects you wish to be informed about. We are glad to answer specific questions and give advice in regard to particular cases and special conditions, but of course we cannot print such extensive and general information as you ask. Another great mistake you make in asking for "remedies that will keep off disease and keep them (young stock) in a growing, thrifty condition" and "a remedy to make them (hens) lay." There is no such remedy or set of remedies as will keep off disease and keep young stock in a growing, thrifty condition or that will make hens lay. A remedy is medical or surgical treatment to restore diseased creatures to health and should never be administered to healthy animals, except a few well-known preventives such, for instance, as the hog cholera vacine, to be given only when the animals are threatened with some particular disease. Proper feed, care, shelter, good air and good water and clean, sanitary conditions are the only reliable and effective means of keeping stock in growing, thrifty condition and of making hens lay. If your stock and hens are healthy this will keep them healthy, growing and thrifty. Drugs are only for the sick and are injurious to those that are well. When your stock is sick employ a good veterinarian if there is one within reach, if not, then treat the animal yourself the best you can with such remedies as you understand. This is sound advice for all farmers. If you would start a scrap book and cut out and paste into it, month after month, all the articles as they appear in this department and the questions and answers in COMFORT'S Veterinary and Poultry departments, and index them for future reference, you will soon have quite an extensive and thoroughly reliable source of information ready at hand.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Add a tablespoon of sugar to starch; it produces a fine gloss. MRS. DELLA CHAPMAN, Clifton, Oregon.

Chill the dough of which cookies are made and they will be crisper and it will keep the dough from sticking to the board when it is rolled.

When baking sponge cake sprinkle with granulated sugar and it will form a thin crisp crust.

MISS CLARA LOFGREN, Ponca, Nebr.

For cooking purposes, if sour milk is not available, two tablespoons vinegar added to one cup sweet milk, may be used exactly the same as that amount of sour milk. If one has no sweet milk, water will do just as well.

To keep green corn from turning sallow and tough, put one tablespoon vinegar and three tablespoons brown sugar in water and it will be tender, juicy and delicious. Always put corn in cold water and let come to a boil.

MRS. C. M. HILL, San Francisco, 1121 Guerrero St. Cal.

To clean paint. Save tea leaves for a few days and when sufficient are collected, steep, not boil them, for half an hour in a tin pan. Strain and use liquid to wash all varnished paint. It removes spots and gives a new, fresh appearance.

Try flavoring your apple pies with one teaspoon of lemon extract.

MISS ANNA HEDLUND, Elmira, R. R. 1, Mich.

Requests

Mrs. F. H. Bussie, 338 West 69th St., Chicago, Ill., would like to correspond with sisters living in the South.

How to make Peppery Pot with tripe.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 410 So. First St., DeKalb, Ill., would like to hear from some sister who has successfully grown Feijoa Sellowiana, the new fruit shrub, and also to know how far North it can be grown.

Cure for rupture.

Will Mrs. McRie of Thomasville, Ga., kindly send her complete address to Miss Reine Harriger, Du Bois, R. R. 3, Pa.

Full directions for honey and sulphur cure for rheumatism.

How to make Mexican Chili and hot tomales.

How to make hominy with soda instead of lye.

Mrs. James Fairweather wants to know where she can get the book, "Lady Isabel's Daughter."

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of George Van Patten, last heard of in Grand Rapids, Mich. Five feet, six inches tall, dark hair and mustache, brown eyes, blind in one eye. Notify, T. E. Van Patten, Owasso, R. R. 5, Michigan.

Wanted—Information of whereabouts of Gotleob Munz, born in Underweisack Beacknand, Germany, came to America in 1886. Inform Mrs. P. Gehringer, Bucyrus, 424 S. Spring St., Ohio.

Wanted—To hear from or of my cousin, Emmet Little, who was at Great Bend, Kansas in June, 1911. Write to Jessie McDaniel, Beloit, R. R. 2, Ohio.

Wanted—Information of Thomas Benj. Thompson, age thirty last heard from in Alliance, Nebr. His mother wants him to come home. Esther Ann Grey, Stockton, Box 136, Kans.

Wanted—Information of my sister, maiden name Ann Nicholson, last heard of in Bolton, England; thought now to be in America. John Nicholson, Centerville, Iowa.

Information of Miss Stella Zepp, Mrs. Nora Zepp and Mr. Albert Adams, have not heard from them since 1902. Wm. Zepp, Beach, N. Dak.

Information of John Adams, last heard of at Camden, Ark. Detailed from war about fifty years ago for gunsmith. Write Mrs. G. G. Hanelly Ballinger, Texas.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James Smith, 205 Delmar Ave., Alton, Ill. Mae Vickery, Box 79, Atmore, Ala. Miss Carrie Wiggins, Care Russells' Ranch, Owensmouth, Cal. Allen Richmond, Greenfield, Tenn. Mrs. E. M. Siddons, Sandy Hook, Va.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Edna pulled up her collar and gave him her hand again, and they pass on; but the mist had longer legs, and overtook them, throwing a wet blanket over the hills, hiding the lake, then the trees near them, then the stones at their feet, and then——

"Bad as a London fog," said Cyril, trying to proceed. "I can understand some of the stories they tell you about people being lost."

Edna, who has been looking down at her feet for some time in silence, stopped dead short, and crept a little closer to him.

"Yes," she says, with a little, soft laugh, "for we are lost now."

Cyril pulls up as if he had been shot.

"What!"

"Where is the track?"

Cyril stoops down—he does not loose his hold of her hand.

"By George! we have missed it!"

There is a moment's silence; then Cyril feels for his wax matches and strikes one. It is about as much use as a glowworm.

Edna smiles.

"We must wait," she says.

"How long?"

"Until it clears."

"It is coming thicker still, why——" feeling the sleeve of her ulster, which is not so thick as it looks—"you are nearly wet through already; and you were in bed—well in your room yesterday with a cold! Here——" slipping off his ulster—"put this on."

"No!" firmly.

"Yes," decisively.

"No, please!" imploringly.

"Edna! I insist. This coat I have on is quite thick enough—there!"

With anxious care he brushes the light, feathery moisture from her, then wraps his ulster round her. She seems very small in the great thing.

"I'm doubly lost now," she says, with a merry laugh.

But Cyril is in no laughing mood.

He is answerable for this sweet, innocent, peerless child.

"How long will this confounded mist last?" he says; "you know something about them."

Edna thinks a moment and crosses her arms over her bosom.

"It is so thick, it may last till night."

"What?" says Cyril, then he says in an altered tone—"Child, I must get you home before night if I die for it——"

Then, after a moment's silence, he can feel that she is trembling; her own words have brought a dread to her hitherto fearless young heart. All night! They may be lost all night! And Aunt Martha—what will she do—what will she say? All in a moment her mood changes from courageous to timid and imploring.

One hand goes to her face to stem the tear that suddenly springs to her eyes.

Cyril literally shakes with agony at her sudden misery.

"Don't!" he says, sharply; her tears stab him. "It all my cursed stupidity! Edna, I'll take you home before night or—that brook, we must be near it! If I could think—— Ah! where is that ball of crochet cotton you had in the train?"

"My crochet cotton! What do you want with that?" Edna says, but she takes it out of her pocket and hands it to him.

Cyril takes the ball, unwinds a round of the cotton, and tries it; it is not very strong. Edna waits, and watches, after a fashion, in smiling curiosity.

"See here, child," he says, "I must find that track, and we must push on—we must! There is no use waiting for this beastly mist, it may last for hours; there is only one resource. You take hold of this end and hold tight, I'll go with the matches and hunt for the track, and run out the ball as I go, so that I can feel my way back to you."

Edna shudders.

"Oh, no—no!"

"Yes," says Cyril. "Courage, my child! Keep tight hold of the cotton. You don't mind being left for a few minutes. If you knew how I hate leaving you; but it can't be helped."

Edna chokes back her tears and shakes her head.

"Do you think I am afraid to be left? It is not that!"

"What, then? Have you got it tight?"

"No! You don't know which way to go! We may be on the edge of a precipice——"

Cyril laughs carelessly.

"Oh, I shall be all right. I must find the track; keep hold of the cotton, and if I happen to slip, or it should break, stop where you are—don't move an inch; the ulster's warm."

As he speaks he presses her hand, and then loosens his hold of it.

Edna clutches his arm and holds it like a tiny vise.

"No—no! I don't mind staying!" she sobs. "You must not go—I——"

Cyril puts her hand away tenderly but firmly.

"Child, you don't know what you say. I'd rather die than you should stay here all night."

She puts her hands up to her face and shudders; then she catches him again, and, in a low voice, says:

"Give me the ball a moment—it isn't strong enough."

"Yes, I think so," he says, and puts it into her hand.

With a long breath she holds it aloft a moment, then flings it boldly into space.

"What's that?" exclaims Cyril. "The ball—good God! you haven't thrown the ball——"

For answer she falls on his breast, her hands upon his shoulders, her sweet, piteous face upturned to him.

"Yes—I—have thrown it away! I would rather stay here forever—I would rather die here than you should go."

The strong arm trembles like a leaf; he clasps her to him with a low cry, and hides her sweet, fair face upon his bosom.

"Oh, Edna! my darling—my darling!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

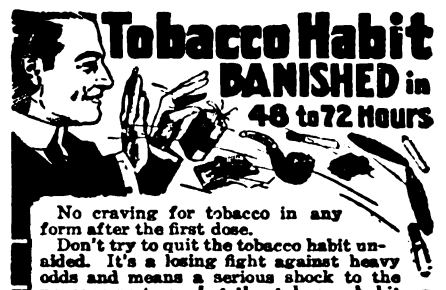
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PUT PLANTS TO SLEEP.—Dr. J. C. Bose, a British botanist, before a distinguished gathering of the Botanical Society of America in the medical Laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania successfully anæsthetized a mimosa plant and then measured its "nerve" currents. By means of a microscopic lantern Dr. Bose showed that a poisonous solution injected into the plant by means of a small cylindrical instrument of his own construction produced the same effect on the mimosa that it would on animal life. "Plant nerve tissue corresponds with animal nerve tissue," he said. "There are constant rhythmic movements in these plant tissues resembling rhythmic movements in animal muscles."



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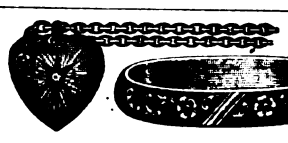
YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Four Wheel Chairs in February

268 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four wheel chairs in February isn't bad, though I had hoped it might be six as it was in January. But in January we had two wheel-chair clubs of full 200 subscriptions each, and that just accounts for the difference.

Following are the names of the shut-ins who are made happy by the four February wheel chairs. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients sent in their behalf.

Lucy Fuller, Tacoma, Wash., 100; Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, Owensboro, Ky., 96; Harvey Martin, Dallas City, Ill., 90; Miss Golden Gertie Fippen, R. F. D. 19, Atlanta, Ind., 87.

Lucy Fuller sent the 100 subscriptions, that put her at the head of the February list, all in less than one month which seems to have kept her so busy that she has not found time to send me a description of herself.

Fitzhugh Lee Johnston is a bright boy of sixteen crippled by paralysis of the right side of his body which has checked the development and growth of his right arm and right leg and rendered them nearly useless. He bears his affliction patiently and makes the best of what facilities he has by pushing himself about in a rocking chair, but never gets out of the back yard. You can imagine what a blessing the COMFORT wheel chair will be by enabling him to get out of the back yard and see something of the world about him.

Harvey Martin is another smart little boy cripple of ten years. Although he cannot walk at all his arms and hands are strong and he manages to roll himself about in his little express wagon. His mother thinks he will be able to handle the wheel chair which I have ordered for him.

Miss Fippen is a young woman. For the last three years she has suffered severely from rheumatism which has drawn up her lower limbs to a sitting posture so that she is unable to walk or even stand. She has the use of her arms and hands with which she expects to be able to move herself about in the wheel chair which is on its way to her.

I need scarce remind you that on our list of shut-ins is a host of other poor unfortunates whose sufferings are as acute as either of these, all needing your help to get a necessary wheel chair. Will you not help them, and do it now? Send one subscription, at least, this month to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

We have an interesting Roll of Honor this month, printed below. And in this connection let me correct an error in last month's Roll of Honor which should have contained two names omitted by mistake; they are Mrs. E. M. Henninger, Pa., 9 subscriptions, and Miss Sophronia M. Day, Pa., 5, and Mrs. Henry Crawley, Texas, should have read Crowley, Okla.

The gratitude expressed in some of the letters of thanks from recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs is touching. I wish especially to call attention to the the letters of J. E. Carter and Mrs. S. C. Jones. They did not stop working for the Wheel-Chair Club as soon as they got the chair for Mr. Carter, but have kept on sending in subscriptions to help provide chairs for other shut-ins. I am happy to say that some others do likewise, though some stop work the minute they get what they are after for themselves or their friends.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Hope Other Shut-Ins Will be Fortunate as he in Getting a COMFORT Wheel Chair

DUBLIN, Feb. 1, 1915, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT:

This morning I received the rolling chair well crated and in good order. I am thankful to COMFORT for a substantial, well built chair and I hope to be faithful to get enough more subscriptions to make a full 200 for my chair, and I believe my friends who have worked to get mine for me will stay with me until we get you the full 200 and maybe more, as I want to do all I can to help other invalid shut-ins to get wheel chairs, and I hope they will be as fortunate as I am to get a nice wheel chair free by the aid of COMFORT subscribers. So wishing COMFORT to continue the good work for the unfortunate invalids, I am, Yours very truly,

J. E. CARTER.

Thanks from Those Who Worked to get the Wheel Chair for J. E. Carter

DUBLIN, Feb. 2, 1915, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

We are all thanking you very much for the nice wheel chair you sent Mr. Carter. He is almost overjoyed with it. We will continue to send subscriptions as we can get them. I am with you in trying to help suffering humanity. Sincerely your friend,

MRS. S. C. JONES.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. Addie Skillman, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 46; Lucy Fuller, Wash., for own wheel chair, 40; S. J. Varner, N. C., for Sarah Varner, 35; Mrs. H. J. Ball, Miss., for own wheel chair, 26; Hettie Burleson, La., for Robie Springer, 20; Julia Saunders, Ark., for Mrs. Callie Grubbs, 20; Mrs. Luella Menkel, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 20; Greasie Hensley, N. C., for James Roland, 20; Mrs. Sarah Fénner, N. J., for Mrs. Louise or Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 20; Mrs. M. V. Hartman, N. J., for Mrs. Louise or Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 20; Mrs. S. C. Jones, Texas, for J. C. Carter, 20; Mrs. Rosa Newkirk, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 18; Mrs. C. A. Purtle, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 17; Sadie Jordan, Miss., for Lawrence Beech, 16; Mrs. Harry Newer, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 15; Dollie Briggs, N. C., for James Roland, 15; Floyd Malott, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 14; Mrs. O. H. Burr, Ill., for Harvey Martin, 14; Naomi Roll, Kans., for George Roll, 14; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 12; Carrie Titler, Iowa, 11; Mrs. Florence Tuell, N. Y., for Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, 10; Louise Watson, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 10; Miss Lucinda Menkel, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 10; Mrs. S. B. Luley, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 10; J. C. Carter, Texas, for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. J. Smith, Mich., 9; Mrs. M. Bongardner, Pa., 9; Mrs. Carrie B. Coran, Okla., for child or old person, 8; Mrs. S. P. Hanley, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 8; Mrs. Florence Newcomb, Neb., 7; Mrs. Adella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. Jerry Olmstead, N. Y., 6; Mrs. J. Winterringer, Mont., 6; Mrs. T. I. Macon, Ga., 5; Mrs. W. L. Helyer, Ore., for Margaret Newton, 5; Mrs. Dora Wilson, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 5; Mrs. Anna Vanasdal, Ohio, 5; Miss Annie Davis, Va., 5; Mrs. Mary F. Grothers, Ill., 5; Mrs. Dollie Arbaugh, Va., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. B. F. Parker, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 5; Mrs. R. Burgess, Mich., 5; Vivvel Carter, Okla., for J. C. Carter, 5; Miss Edith Standley, Utah, for Adella Porritt, 5; Mrs. W. W. Shock, Texas, 5; Mrs. Alice Morse, Wis., for Pearl Knece, 5; Maye Mattox, Texas, 5.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. M., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the laws of your state require that, an alderman, magistrate or justice of the peace shall not drink intoxicating liquor during the term of office.

O. B., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we think that except for some small provision for the widow and minor children, the just claims against a decedent's estate must be paid before any share therefrom goes to the heirs at law or next of kin; we think that if a creditor accepts the individual note of some other person in payment of his claim, he releases the estate and must look to the maker of the note for the payment of such claim.

A Subscriber, Indiana.—We think it customary for the holder of a mortgage to be secured by a fire insurance policy or policies which read that the loss, if any, shall first be payable to such mortgagee as his interest may appear; we think that it is necessary for the mortgagee to have the policy properly drawn in order to hold the insurance company in case of loss.

A. M., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the estate would go three quarters to the surviving widow and one quarter to the father or mother of the intestate or the survivor of them, except that it is provided that if the estate does not exceed ten thousand dollars and there are no children or descendants of children the whole descends to the surviving widow absolutely.

E. W. S., New Jersey.—Under the laws of Massachusetts we are of the opinion that an executor should pay claims after one year and within ten years after his appointment, and that he must render an account at least once a year and at such other times as shall be required by the court, but may be excused in any year if the court is satisfied that it is not necessary or expedient, and that he must pay legacies at such times and in such proportions as the court may direct in a judgment or decree entered upon such accounting, but we do not think an executor can be compelled to pay legacies, in any event, in less than one year from the time of his appointment.

L. A. H., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a one third interest absolutely in the personal estate, the same rule holding in cases where the children belonged to the deceased by a former marriage. We think life insurance is payable to the beneficiary named in the policy, and if the man's estate is named as such beneficiary, the same would be divided according to the rule for the division of other personal property.

L. M. S., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that the usual grounds upon which to base a will contest would be lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will was not legally drawn or executed or that same did not express testator's true intent; we can form no opinion as to whether the testator you mention possessed testamentary capacity, or whether undue influence was exercised upon him, these questions being questions of fact and proper ones for a court or jury to decide after hearing the testimony of the witnesses produced by both sides on the trial. We think the life tenant should produce evidence at the time payments are made to her, to show that she is entitled to receive same; we think the executor or trustee would be personally liable for over payments made to her or her estate; we think that in case fraudulent payments are made to the life tenant or her estate, the persons guilty of the fraud could be punished.

Miss L. O., Oregon.—We think the postmaster, who borrowed from you the papers concerning the company you mention, should return the same to you, and if the same are of any value we think you can compel him to return them or to reimburse you to the extent of your damages.

E. J. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the payment of a judgment will be presumed after twenty years, and that the statute of limitations runs against an action for slanderous words spoken one year or more previous.

B., California.—We think that in disposing of the property, owned by you and standing in your maiden name, you should sign your present name and write below it or after it the word "formerly" followed by your maiden name. To illustrate: supposing your present name to be Mary Brown and that your maiden name was Jones, you would sign Mary Brown formerly Mary Jones. It is not necessary for you to execute a deed from yourself under your maiden name to yourself under your widowed name.

E. E. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is necessary for a wife to survive her husband in order for her to acquire any vested or alienable interest in the property owned by him and standing in his name, except that he can be compelled to support her; we think, in your state, if she survives him, and he leaves no will, and leaves no child or descendants, she would receive the whole estate both real and personal to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, in addition to the widow's exemption; and that if the estate exceeds such sum she will receive absolutely five thousand dollars, and in addition one half of the balance of the personal property absolutely together with one half of the balance of the real estate for the term of her natural life, except that if he leaves no heirs she takes all in fee.

Gus., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the husband can release by deed his interest in his wife's property similar to dower, but that such interest can only be released by deed and that in almost all cases the husband's signature is necessary to the conveyance of his wife's property; we think if no provision is made for after born issue, in the will you mention, it would be better for the woman you mention to execute a new will.

Jennie, Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that there is no limitation as to the amount a husband or wife may by will, leave away from his family except that a husband or wife cannot deprive the survivor of them of the right to a one third of the surplus of the personal estate absolutely, and to dower to the widow of a one third interest for life in the real estate in any event; and courtesy of a life estate of the whole of the real estate for life to the husband, provided they leave issue born alive; we do not think the signature of either is necessary to the will of the other; we think the rights to dower or courtesy may be wavered by acceptance of the terms of the will, or by any proper instrument in writing. We think that in cases of intestacy children share equally regardless of whether they are children by a former wife, or children by the surviving widow. We think that the claims of a child for services performed for the decedent would have to be proved as a claim against the estate in order to legally entitle such child to payment of same.

B. J. J., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts, would descend to his surviving spouse.

E. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that no signature or acknowledgment of the wife is necessary to the sale of the husband's real estate, except it be a sale of homestead; we think, in your state, the husband can, during marriage, dispose of the community property without the wife's consent.

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Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my **regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid,** combined **course of treatment on trial** without a penny's expense, **charges paid, just as my unequaled offer states.** I don't mean a small, worthless sample, or a trial test treatment, that you can't tell anything about. I mean a **regular, full treatment,** and when I say a **full treatment,** I mean a **full treatment,** just as I say. I will send it to you **complete—charges paid—delivered to your door—ready for you to use—so you can commence it at once.**

My treatment has helped thousands to **regain** their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and **urinary troubles,** others stiff and bent with **rheumatism**—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing, obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they **tried** had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands **write for my treatment without a minute's delay.**

Don't Continue Suffering

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else they tried had failed. I am successful in my life work, because I love it. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life, and enjoy **true health and happiness.**

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My new scientific course of medicines—soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to **drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.**

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Now here is my offer—I will send you a **regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense,** just as I promise. Remember, I don't mean a **sample** or a **trial,** or a **test,** such as others call **proof treatments. I mean a regular, full, complete course of remedies.**

Take it when it comes. **Use half of it, and see just what it does.** Then when you know it is helping you, **when you know you are getting better,** just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I'll ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part **when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me.** It should help you quickly. But you are to pay nothing **unless it does.** Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, **not before. When you have used half of it,** if you are not satisfied, return **what's left and pay nothing. It doesn't cost you a penny to try my treatment**—I will send it to you, charges paid, **take it, try it, and find out.**

A Full Treatment on Trial

I am the only one to-day making this offer, sending a full treatment, on trial for such diseases. You know I could not afford to do it, if I did not feel sure it would help you—if I did not know what it would do. That's why I can afford to send it first—**but you are the one to decide:** you are the one to be the judge, it must help you, it must satisfy you—**before you send a penny.** And you are the one to say. **I will take your word.** It's all left right with you yourself what you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny unless it helps you. I would not take a cent th. t I am not entitled to. I believe in giving everyone a square deal—in being honest—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the **broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal one-sided offer ever made.** When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you'll be willing to try it and that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this, **DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH,**

264 Lexold Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money; Just this Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH,
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Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as you promised above, all charges paid, so I can try it without a penny's expense to me. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

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MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

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GOITRE

DISAPPEAR



A Beautiful Neck Again and Perfect Health. No Danger.

Let Dr. Bobo's simple and safe home treatment remove your Goitre disfigurement and danger quickly, easily. Successful in both acute and chronic cases where other means have failed. **Immediate results.** Hundreds of letters from grateful people like this one. Mrs. H. Rebecca Thompson, Linville Depot, Va., who says, "There is no sign of Goitre on my neck now, and I only took one treatment." Quickly stops choking, shortness of breath and other disagreeable symptoms. Prevents operation. No interference with your work. **Prove without paying.** No obligation. Complete $2.50 Test Treatment **mailed in plain** package free on request from anyone afflicted with Goitre.

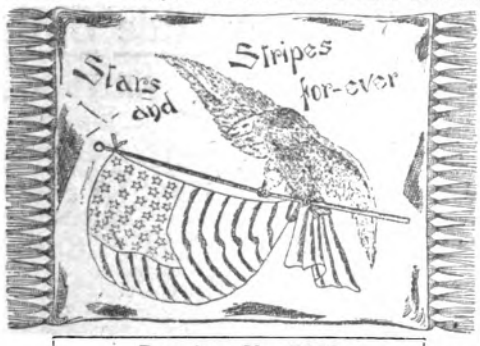
$2.50 Test Treatment FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, 915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich. is good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

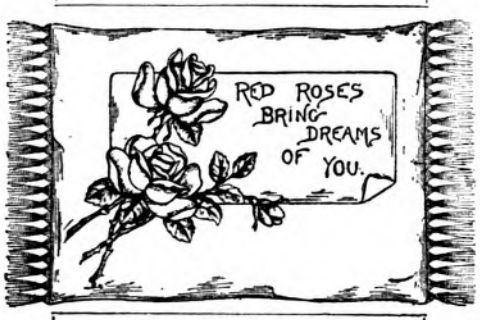
Age.....How old is goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?..... .....Hands tremble?..... .....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name.....
Address.....

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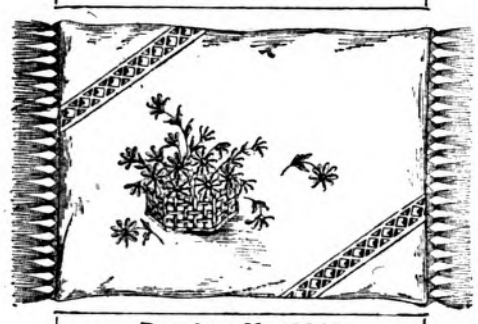
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YOU CAN have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is **17x21 inches** in size, made of good quality **art cloth** that will stand lots of wear and the designs are stamped and tinted in **colors** that are correct and true to nature. We include free **the back, three-inch wide fringe** and sufficient **embroidery cotton** to work each top, also a lesson in embroidery. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following

Club Offers. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three 15-month subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of 3-inch fringe and enough embroidery cotton to work it with. **When ordering be sure to specify number or numbers of tops wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

to be trying to turn out crude stuff of your own. The world is full of square pegs which are trying to get into round holes because the majority of the human race will insist on thinking they are square pegs when they are round, and round pegs when they are square. It takes education and lots of it before we find out just what we really are, and if you had a little more education Ole, instead of dreaming of authorship you would be turning your attention to agriculture, a far more important and necessary calling.

PRESCOTT, MICH.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

In reading in COMFORT the article on "Our ten billion dollar harvest," it came to my mind to ask you some questions. What does this wonderful crop profit the day laborer? His wages are no higher, but flour (of which there is such a great plenty), is higher than ever before. Think of paying one dollar and fifteen cents for a twenty-five pound sack of flour. The farmer can get one dollar a bushel now for his wheat. That's fine for the farmer. But the farmer only pays his laborers a dollar for a ten-hour day's work and that won't buy a sack of flour. I really can't see where the bountiful crop benefits the poor fellow. When women vote we'll see if they have better judgment than the men. I hope so at any rate.

A COMFORT reader from the unprogressive state of Michigan where the men don't let their women vote.

MRS. JULIA STALKER.

You ask what a wonderful crop does to help the day laborer and mention that he has to pay a dollar fifteen for a twenty-five pound sack of flour. You are not looking at the matter in the right light, my dear friend. The big crop has helped everybody indirectly if not directly, and it has helped you. If there had only been half a crop instead of a big crop that twenty-five pound bag of flour would probably have cost you two dollars instead of a dollar fifteen. If we had had a crop failure most of us would be starving to death, so let us be thankful for that big crop whether the profits that accrued from it reach the right hands or not. Don't be hard on the farmer if he is getting a dollar for his wheat, and isn't able to pay big wages. The average income of the farmer is only six hundred and forty dollars a year, that's twelve dollars a week and a man can't pay very high wages on that sum, though according to government statistics the workers on the farm are getting more pay, and country wages are increasing faster than those paid in the factories. Farm wages differ a great deal of course according to the locality. A farm hand in Nevada without board gets fifty-six dollars a month, in South Carolina he gets seventeen dollars and ninety cents. It would be some fun to note how the farm laborer in South Carolina blows in that princely sum of seventeen dollars and ninety cents. My rent alone is twenty-five dollars a month and I have the cheapest kind of a flat. If I lived in the suburbs of Pittsburg I'd have to pay more still. The wage earner in Nevada however, has not any cinch for when I lived out West board was a dollar a day in any old kind of boarding house, and you couldn't get a room bigger than a dog kennel for less than fifteen dollars a month. You must remember that the farmer only gets thirty-five cents of the consumer's dollar. That's what Governor Glynn of New York State told the Co-operative Farm Societies at Utica, N. Y. Another thing dear friend, you must remember, not all farmers own their farms. Many pay rent, or farm on shares, and at that rate perhaps the farmer in your vicinity got fifty cents a bushel for his wheat instead of a dollar. If you turn to Senate Document No. 847, Vol. 2, page 410, you will find a conversation between Senator Smoot of Utah and a Mr. Eubank that is very interesting. Senator Smoot: "Do you think the wages you pay have advanced as much in proportion as the prices of groceries and the stuff that you sell?" Mr. Eubank: "I do not think they have, because if I had to work for the salary that some of my clerks get—and I pay them sixty dollars a month—I could not live on it. At the same time, sixty dollars is right good pay for a grocer's clerk." Senator Smoot: "You could live on it if you lived the way they do?" Mr. Eubank: "Yes sir; but they hardly live. I know that." Don't blame the farmer if you are paying too much for your flour, but just cast your eyes in the direction of Chicago. There is a little old food trust out there that in the monopoly line can give pointers to the Standard Oil. This trust does a business and handles nearly as much money as Uncle Sam. It is butting into nearly every line of business you can think of from toy elephants to shoe laces, hog squeals to fancy soaps. The whole country is throttled and exploited by this trust of trusts and probably no one feels its iron heel more than the farmer. What are you going to do about it? The people of Illinois know all about it even if some people in Michigan do not, and the odds are, and I'm writing this before election, they will send the very men to Congress who are most instrumental in perpetuating the ravages of this monopoly. In other words if Mr. Cannon is not back in Congress by the time this appears in print I shall be a very astonished man. The women will do a great deal with their votes eventually but you've got to give them time to study conditions. Women are doing more reading and thinking today than men are and they are getting more education, but progressive women have got a tremendous task before them. They've not only got to fight the liquor trust and reconstruct the unprogressive man but they've got to educate and put a social conscience into millions of their unprogressive sisters who are still in the hat, bonnet and Willie's pants stage and haven't glimpsed the great future that is before them and the great part they are destined to play in making this a safe, sane and sensible world to live in.

GHENT, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little blonde rustic maid of fourteen years. Although I have never ventured within your happy circle, I long to come just once if I can succeed in jumping way over the waste basket, with this dreadful "hobble" skirt.

We are a family of four, Daddy, Mamma, brother Joe and I. My brother is nineteen, and finishes high school this year. I am in the country school. We have a nice home band, Daddy playing the cornet and clarinet, Joe the violin and I the piano. I'll mention several selections which I play; Grande "Polka De Concert," "Poet and Pheasant," by Suppe; "Last Hope," by Gottschalk; "Tanhauser," by Wagner; "Le Ruisseau," by Wollenhaupt; "The Butterfly," by Calixa Lavallee. Wish you could hear me play, and our band also. I think music better than any of the fine arts, and have high ambitions in that line. I also want a good education. I like farm life, with its many pleasures. We live in a thickly settled neighborhood, three and one half miles from Ghent, that place being situated on the Ohio river, half way between Cincinnati and Louisville.

I am a little "Tom boy" girl and can say am not so foolish to want beaus yet a while. Mamma says my only beau will be my brother for several years. I wish you lived near our farm, Uncle Charlie. I would bring you eggs which my bantys lay, and Jersey cow's milk, with yellow cream for your dinner every day.

You are doing a fine work Uncle Charlie. A man of your high principles exerts an influence which will live on, and on. I have gained so much by your good advice. With best wishes, from your cousin,

MILDRED SCHIRMER.

So you are a little blonde, rustic maid, are you Mildred? Glad to hear it. It's a good thing you are a rustic maid, and not a rusty maid as some of the girl cousins describe themselves. It's strange what queer mistakes some people will make. My waste basket is as big as a house. The only way you could get over it in a hobble skirt would be to crawl into the mouth of a cannon and get shot over it. Couldn't you use a step ladder? Well not unless you'd let me turn my head. So you are in the country school, eh? Talking of school reminds me of a little incident that happened in the receptive days of my youth. The master wrote on the blackboard three words: "Tripping, conclusion, elephant." and told us to write a sentence including these three words. After a few minutes Bill Brown who sat in the next seat to me wrote as follows: "An elephant went tripping down the hill with a tin can tied to his conclusion." I'm just delighted Mildred to find your family is so musical. I'm familiar with practically all the pieces you play, and congratulate you that there is no ragtime or jagtime among them; but why haven't you got one of my pieces in your program? I used to have to hide my songs so Wagner would not steal all my melodies. There is one piece you have on your list that appeals to me immensely and that is: "The Poet and the Pheasant." I'm passionately fond of pheasant. They are delicious eating but very classy and expensive. But what however I can't understand is the association of a poet with a pheasant. If this piece of music had been entitled "The Poet and the Free Lunch," I could have understood the connection. The average poet is supposed to live on fried moonbeams and boiled hyacinths with fricassed water lilies on the side. As a matter of fact when the poet lives at all you'll find him in a corner saloon grabbing a pig's foot from the free lunch counter when the bar tender isn't looking. Don't think that I am speaking from personal experience, as I'm no poet and don't want to be. I'm just a verse juggler and that's good enough for me. But I have a friend who is a poet and I know how he lives. If I were to even show him a picture of a pheasant e would drop dead. No, my dear, please don't associate poets with pheasants, it's cruelty to animals. Now Mildred, if you will look at that sheet of music again you will find it's entitled: "The Poet And The Peasant" and not the "Poet and The Pheasant." A peasant is a rustic laborer, and like the poet, as poor as a church mouse, or an American citizen under a democratic or republican administration. Poet and peasant make a very fine combination, so do the poet and the pig's foot, but the pheasant is food for kings and the only way a poet could ever get a pheasant would be to steal it from the ice box of a swell city restaurant or grab it by the left ear while it was sleeping in the tree top on some ancestral estate. I congratulate you Mildred, on being able to play Von Suppe's glorious overture to his opera "Poet and Peasant." There is nothing more delightful in all music. I remember I went simply wild the first time I heard it. Music is the spice of life and I would to heaven all people were really musical, not only when they are eating soup, but at other times as well. Nothing has helped to kill the musical taste of this country so much as the atrocious slush that is sung in country churches where the so-called Gospel hymns in all their malignant crudity have a strangle hold on people who would devour fine devotional music if they had a chance to get it. We want devotional, not emotional music. We have good music in our city churches, but the country church music is mostly made in Chicago and is the most awful junk that was ever foisted on a suffering people. You who have any love of music or influence in your churches, should secure the Episcopal hyman book, and have the glorious hymns it contains introduced in your churches. These hymns suit any and all denominations. The words of the hymns are written by real poets, not slush writers, and the music is gathered from the works of all the great composers, devotional and beautiful, inspiring and uplifting. It's impossible to make people vote right, but I think there is a slight hope of getting them to sing right. Remember God has a musical ear, and I can imagine on Sunday when some of the rural music floats up to the great White Throne, though the sincerity of the effort is apreciated, the doors of paradise are closed to keep the awful noise out. If there is any music in heaven rest assured it's good. Mildred you can thank heaven you are living near Ghent, Kentucky, and not Ghent, Belgium. If you were in the latter place that poet would be full of bullet holes and the pheasant would probably be in the Kaiser's stomach. I should like to see daddy playing both the cornet and clarinet in your band. I suppose he plays the cornet one side of his mouth and the clarinet the other, and you play the piano in between. Nothing like having a daddy who can blow himself once in a while.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.—Dr. A. M. Low gave a demonstration for the first time with an apparatus he has invented for seeing by electricity, in London. He claims that it is possible for persons using a telephone to see each other at the same time.

SEND NO MONEY **FREE TO LADIES**

6 ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS

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We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous *White Cloverine Salve*, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 16 x 20 in. Sell the *Cloverine* at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us $3.00 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pairs) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge $1.00 each for them.

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GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted Coulter Optical Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

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WANTED At once—men and women everywhere to aid us in our Great National Adv. Campaign on **MAKE 'EM WHITE Washing Wax**—$15 to $50 per week—liberal credit—free goods—adv. help. Write at once to NEWBERRY CO. Inc., 208 N. Peoria Street, Chicago U. S. A.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does it. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa

CANCERS We Guarantee to remove CANCERS or no pay. Health Herald FREE. Address, Dr. S. A. Boynton, & Co., Lawrence, Mass.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a **FREE** trial treatment of **Infallible Pile Tablets** and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 177 Marshall, Mich.



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A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



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This Box is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried this thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

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Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from Shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Margaret Watts, Boomer, N. C. Invalid. Only son has heart disease and is unable to work. Have to depend on charity. Give them a boost. Polk Thornton, Augusta, Ill. Back broken as a result of accident in a coal mine. Has wife and two little children. Mrs. Thornton tries to support the family by taking in washing, but finds it a very hard struggle. Send them some help. Tom Bishop, Dorsey, Miss. Paralyzed and helpless. Very worthy and needy. Remember him. Mrs. Margaret C. Hammond, 153 River St., Hillsdale Mich. Poor lonely shut-in. Not able to walk. Send her cheery letters and put something in them. Mrs. Mary A. Thompson, North Main St., Brockport, N. Y. Seventy-five years of age. Lonely and needy and crippled. Send her some cheer. Tony Brittle, Lloyd, Fla. Helpless from rheumatism. Needs money for treatment. Would appreciate books and other good reading matter. Is very needy. Highly recommended. Mrs. Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Mo. Shut-in. No means of support. Very worthy case. Remember her. R. M. Thomas, Freestone, Pa. Has chronic rheumatism. Is helpless as a child. Very worthy case. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Arthur Portwood, Blue Springs, Mo. Invalid fourteen years of age. Father also a cripple. Highly recommended. Send him some substantial cheer. Mrs. Daisy Huff, Spencer, Va. Is in poor health. Has one little boy two years old. Husband deserted her. Give her a boost. Laura E. Hipp, Maryville, Tenn. Invalid. Unable to walk. Parents dead. No means of support. Highly recommended. Do something for her. Thomas C. Sumler, Christiansburg, Va. Bedridden for six years from rheumatism. Has wife and little boy. Send them some cheer. Eliza Roork, Altoona, Kans. Helpless invalid. Widowed sister her only support. Help these poor souls. Mrs. James West, Waynesboro, Miss. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Arthur White, Piedmont, S. C. Crippled from rheumatism for eleven years. Would appreciate a letter shower, or any cheer you care to send him. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Geo. W. Kuykendall, 230 Campbell St., Marietta, Ga. Has kidney and stomach trouble. Bedridden for five years. Widowed mother his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Invalid for thirty-three years. Send him some cheer. Mrs. W. H. Campbell, Twin Branch, W. Va. Invalid. Husband also sick. Has four little girls too young to work. Send them some cheer. Mollie McDow, Keyser, N. C. Has tuberculosis. Aged widowed mother her only support. She needs nourishing food and medicine to enable her to fight her disease. Who will help her? Highly recommended. Hugh C. Jones, 717 Boush St., Norfolk, Va. Shut-in. Nineteen years of age. Would appreciate postal cards and cheery letters. Mrs. H. J. Cannell, Alhamzra, R. R. 8, Box 48, Cal. Has tuberculosis. Would appreciate good reading matter, cheery letters and postal cards. Don't send tracts. Mrs. Ella S. Whitcomb, Hyde Park, R. R., Vt. Invalid. Would like silk or print and worsted pieces. Joe Barker, Stanley, R. R. 2, N. C. Invalid. Would like cheery letters.

Open your hearts and pocketbooks, for these are hard times for the best of us, and especially for the sick and needy. Lovingly,

Uncle Charlie

Says Uncle Charlie's Poems are Simply Grand!

That's what Nelson Hill, Maple Ave., Danbury, Conn. says, and that is what they all say, and it takes a lot to amuse the people who live in the cities. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a gorgeous lilac silk bound, gilt top, autumn leaf lined, 160-page volume of rhymed riotous delight. It makes you forget your troubles and is the best cure for blues in the world. For the young and the old it is the ideal birthday present. Why not hustle around among your neighbors and get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and capture a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems and make yourself and the rest of the household happy for the rest of the year? This superb volume contains an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, and some splendid photographic pictures of him and his family. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains Some of the Prettiest Songs Ever Written

You will find twenty-eight of the dandiest, classiest songs, every song a hit and worth fifty cents a piece, songs for all occasions, church, parlor and platform, in this superb volume of mirth, melody and sentiment. Five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Both books free for a club of six. No home complete without them. Work for them today.

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing The Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

DR. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten day's treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. H. Kiester of Dayton, Ohio, Dr C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few month's use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 501 Franklin, St. Louis, Mo.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

CANCER

It's successful treatment without use of the knife. Hundreds of satisfied patients testify to this mild method. Write for free book. Tells how to care for patients suffering from cancer. Address Dr. W. O. Bye, Kansas City, Mo.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 463.

ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!



BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure **without money cost** a rare collection of **six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants** that will bloom and bloom **all summer** transforming your flower garden into a veritable **paradise** of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden **as soon as you receive them** and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you **at the proper time to plant** according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from **ten to fifteen days** in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you **free** on this great offer:

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.	1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mch.	1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	"	15
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.,	1
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	"	15
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States		May	1

Crimson Crown For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

Killarney Queen In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

Nita Weldon Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

Lady Hillingdon In this variety has been found every valuable feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember These roses are all strong healthy plants **on their own roots** and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in **wet moss** so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow **we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.**

Offer 672 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them **immediately** be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMIUM NO. 672

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give **free** to **your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** "Golden Locks" is almost as big as **a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **lifelike way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or suarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Read all about our surprisingly liberal prize offer explained below and enter now for this month's prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium **sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, **if you request it.** It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is **extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is $30.00 to $120.00 for February, $30.00 to $150.00 for March and $30.00 to $180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1 00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date_____191

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say Whether SUB- or RENEWAL for 15 Mo	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium_____

Name_____P. O._____St., Box or R.F.D._____State_____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription **25 Cents;** 3-years **50 Cents;** 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents. 50 Cents** a year in Canada.

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

Rules and Conditions

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize for which two or more contestants are tied will be awarded and **paid** in **full to each** contestant tied for that prize, doubling or thribbling such prize to such, if any, of the tied contestants as are entitled to double or thribble.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you the premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win a March prize and a Grand Prize too.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and **wears like Solid Gold.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb is black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dress or Coat Collar



THE new style high hair dressing demands that the collars stand very high at the back to cover the long neck line and roll away in the front. We illustrate such a collar here and it is one of the most popular designs because it is so simple and requires very little time and labor to embroider. The material is **fine lawn** and there is enough of it so that it can be made **double** as it should be to lend the required stiffness. In making this collar you should use the solid and outline stitch. We include free a sufficient quantity of white embroidery cotton for working. You can secure this collar by accepting one of the following offers.

Offer No. 714A. For one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this collar with embroidery cotton to work either free and postpaid.

Offer No. 714B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) you get this collar and embroidery cotton free and postpaid. **Premium No. 714.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



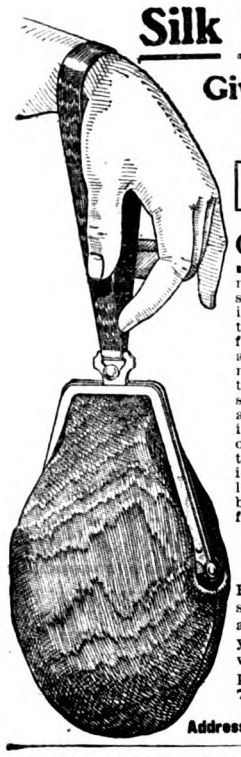
Premium No. 716

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have **loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Silk Wrist Bag



Given For Two Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002

ONE of the latest styles is this handsome **black moire silk wrist bag** with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7½ inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following

Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7002.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Premium No. 331.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Chatelaine Watch



Given for a Club of Eight

THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl **it is the queen of all gifts.** The watch is about the size of illustration, a **thin model** with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a **guaranteed** timekeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fasten the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both Watch and pin will come to you in a **handsome black leatherette, satin lined case.** You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 359.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



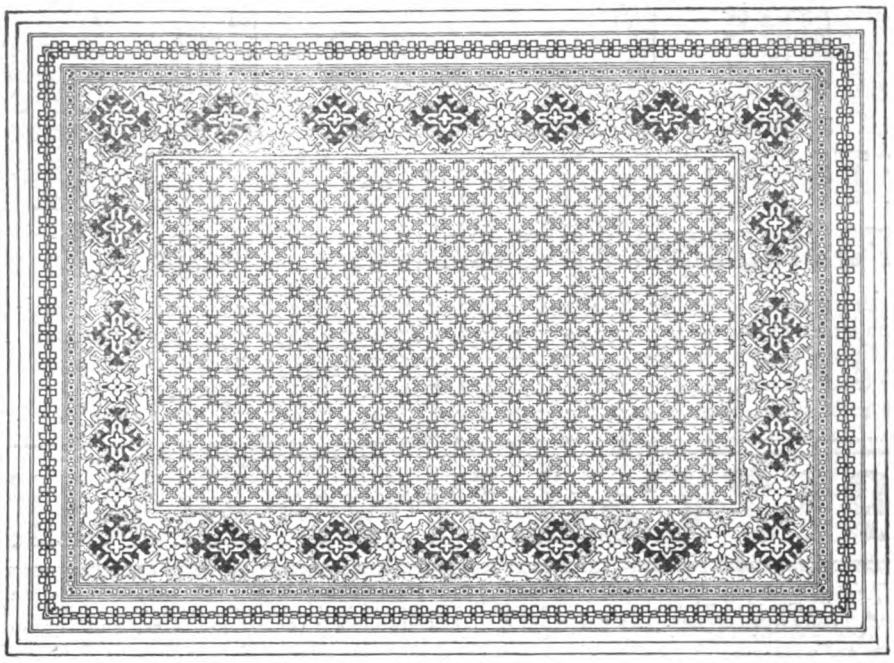
Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something **as good as a circus** for the children **the year round**—an indestructible, new style, **Stereoscope** made of **all metal** with powerful, magnifying **lens,** and with it we give you **free** a big collection of **100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes,** all kinds of **trained and wild animals, hunting scenes,** views from the **Arctic** and **tropical** countries, and **happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the most **delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful **entertainment** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the **fifty** beautiful **scenes of home life,** the **fifty** exciting **animal views** will furnish them with a **regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo,** and all kinds of **wild and savage animals** as well as **horses, dogs, cats** and other domestic animals standing out **real and life-like** when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price **low enough** to enable us to **give them away** on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only **one** new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or **your own** subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. **Premium No. 646.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG



Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Five!

Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs or oil cloths. Every woman who has had experience with a single one of these old-fashioned methods of floor coverings knows how unsatisfactory they are, and expensive too, because they wear out so fast it is necessary to keep buying new ones all the time Here, however, is a rug that will actually give **years** of constant service—a rug which is absolutely **waterproof all the way through**—which is not injured or **even affected** by heat, cold, water or changes of temperature—which **neither fades nor rots** no matter where you put it **in-doors or out.** It is not oilcloth—it is not linoleum—it is not made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other form of floor covering in the world. It is known as "Congoleum," a combination of a special wool mixture, waterproof paint and asphaltum. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it out on the porch all summer or all winter or the year round and it will not rot, fade or get that jaded look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. You can use it on the bathroom floor, the pantry floor, under the refrigerator, under the stove or as an ordinary rug in any room in the house, in fact, there is not a single requirement that this rug will not fill. It is **absolutely sanitary** because having a hard solid surface the dust, dirt and disease germs positively cannot get into it. No nails, tacks or paste are necessary to keep it down because **it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle,** thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear **ten times** as long, therefore they are the most **economical** as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

Club Offer. For a club of five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7205.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For A Club of 12

Premium No. 72112

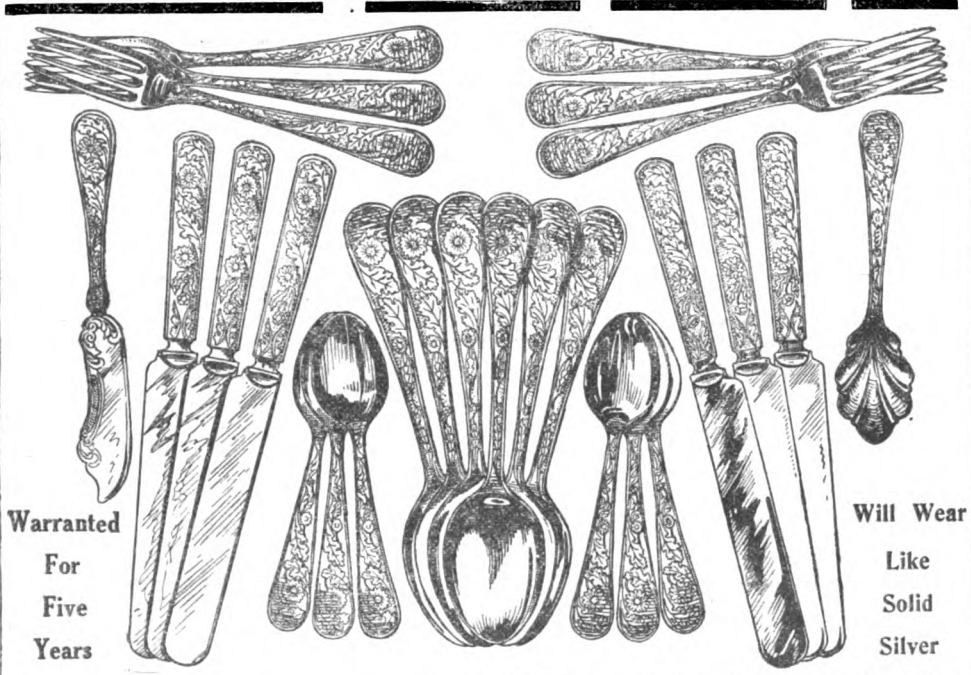
Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle

THIS is the new **Daisy** pump air rifle—a real rifle with genuine **pump action.** It is a **repeater**—you fill the magazine full of shot—pull the slide toward the stock and it is all loaded and ready to fire the first shot. You can fire the Daisy almost as fast as you can pull the trigger **without taking it from your shoulder.** This is why it is so far ahead of any other air rifle you ever saw. It not only **looks** like a real gun but **shoots** like one. Its shooting power is tremendous. It will shoot farther and with greater force and precision than any other air rifle made. In appearance it is a beauty. From end of stock to end of barrel it is 38 inches long, weighs 3 1-4 pounds, all metal parts are of steel with **non-rusting** blue gun metal finish, the stock is of genuine **black walnut,** hand polished, and it has **adjustable sights** front and rear. It is a **take-down model,** or in other words, the barrel may be removed from the stock which makes it a very gun convenient to carry on long trips as it can be packed in a very small space. The "Daisy" costs $3.00 in the stores, but we are going to give our boy readers a chance to get one without spending a cent for it. We will make you a present of a "Pump Action Daisy" and send it to you by Parcel Post **prepaid** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a Daisy Pump Action Pepeating Air Rifle exactly as described above by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 72112.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

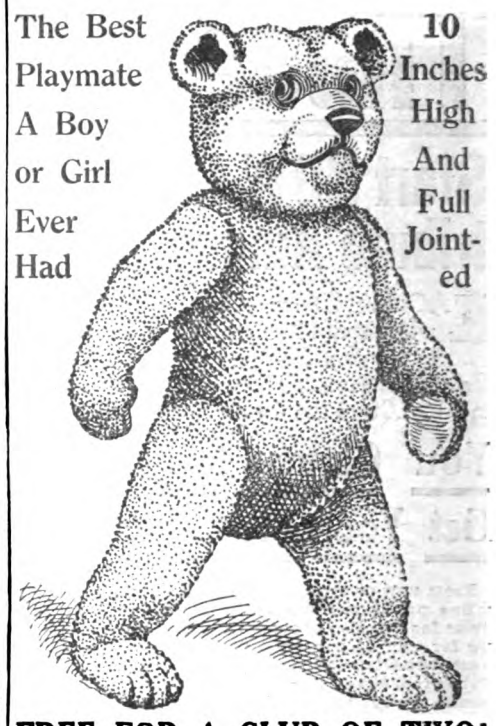
Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



10 Inches High And Full Jointed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavallieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of **tiny French pearls** and set with either four **Emeralds** or four **Rubies** whichever you prefer. The gold plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalliere free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf

67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide



Made of PURE FLAX woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only **two** 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Prem. No. 7252

Five Different Varieties

Gorgeous Giant Flowering
GLADIOLUS

We Will Give You Five Bulbs And Every One Of Them Will Bloom This Season

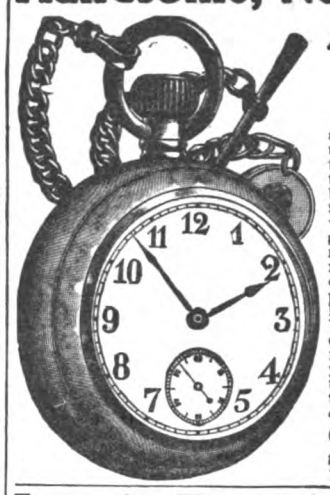
WE have arranged with one of the largest flower growers in the country to supply our readers with **five different varieties** of the new improved type of Gladiolus. They are the most gorgeous and brilliant you ever saw and can in no way be compared with the kinds seen in the ordinary flower garden. They bloom more than any other spring planting bulbs and require but very little care. They are unequalled for cutting as they last two weeks in water. They start blooming in early summer and keep at it until cut off by frost. In this splendid collection we give you the **America** which grows erect flower spikes two to three feet long bearing a great number of large spreading blossoms. Its color is an exquisitely soft lavender **pink**, the same as seen in the most beautiful Cattleya Orchids. The **Augusta** is the finest **white** Gladiolus in existence, with blue antlers and a slight tinge of pink on the interior of the petals. If you cut the spikes of this variety before the flowers are open and allow them to open in water you will get a pure white flower. The **Baron Hulot** grows long graceful spikes of good size bearing well opened flowers of a beautiful dark rich indigo **blue**. The **Canary Bird** grows spikes which show eight and sometimes ten blossoms open at one time and the color is a pure canary **yellow** that is both pleasing and attractive. **Mrs. Frances King** is the finest Gladiolus for decorative purposes owing to its immense size and brilliant color. Its spikes are four feet high with from eighteen to twenty flowers on a spike, six or eight flowers being open at one time. The flowers measure from four to six inches across and the color is a handsome light **scarlet**. Remember we give you free **all five varieties** described above on this offer and we positively guarantee that **every one of them will bloom this season.** We will cheerfully replace free any bulb or bulbs that do not prove absolutely satisfactory. The bulbs will be ready for planting as soon as you receive them or if you prefer you can plant them at any later date as they will keep indefinitely if you put them in a dark, dry place.

BY PARCEL POST PREPAID FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!

FOR a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid these five different varieties of beautiful giant flowering Gladiolus, every one of them guaranteed to bloom this season. **Premium No. 7252.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

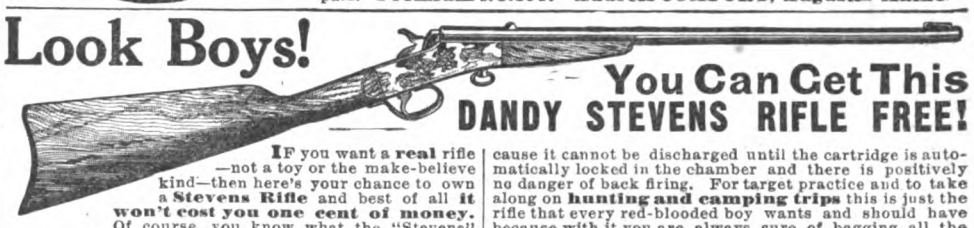


A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.

Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because **it is always on the dot**—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from $20.00 to $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** with an unusually thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures** on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the **hour, minute** and **second hands** like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome stylish chain and fob,** if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No.399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

IF you want a **real** rifle —not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long,or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel,casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a **"Great Coat,"** it covers the entire person from **"Head to Foot,"** affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of **waterproof rubber sheeting,** in two colors, **Olive Drab** or **Tan** and **Gray** with **Plaid Lining,** every seam is both **sewed** and **cemented,** has standing **Military Collar, two side pockets** and **five** large **buttons.**

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellant imaginable.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for $5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. **Premium No. 530.**

Club Offer. For a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six three-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this coat by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to name color wanted, also give size or bust measure. Men's sizes are 34 to 44, length 51 inches, women's size 32 to 44, length 54 inches, misses' sizes are 14, 16 and 18. Address

COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a **"Great Coat,"** it covers the entire person from **"Head to Foot,"** affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of **waterproof rubber sheeting,** in two colors, **Olive Drab** or **Tan** and **Gray** with **Plaid Lining,** every seam is both **sewed** and **cemented,** has standing **Military Collar, two side pockets** and **five** large **buttons.**

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellant imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravenetted materials, being lighter in weight.

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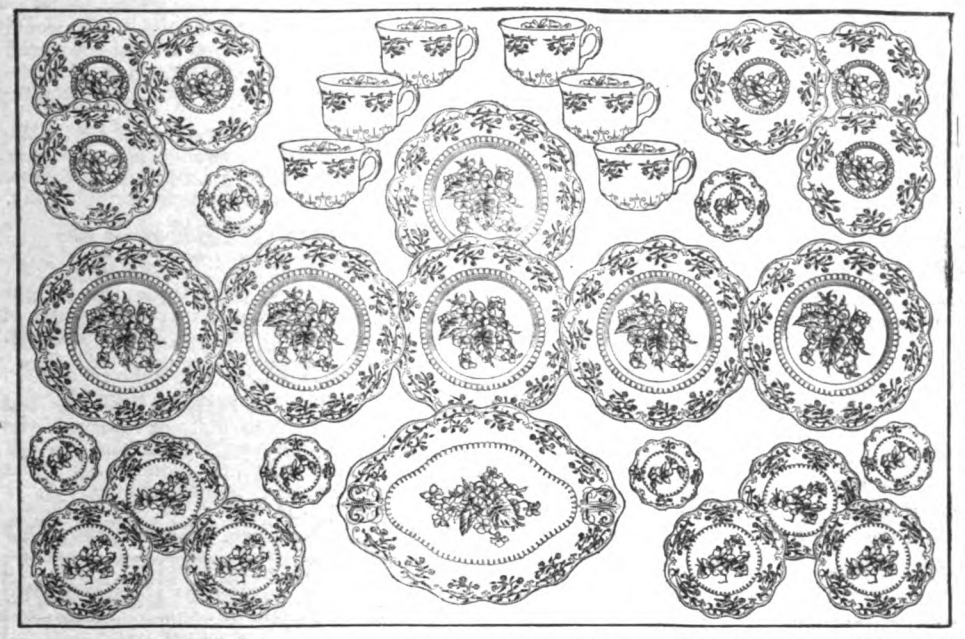
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THE SCOFFER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

for coloring, a mixture that he had been unable to dispose of by drinking it himself. This he handed to the dumfounded Saul Barber.

"Why, yes," he drawled, his eyes twinkling, "he left this here for you."

"I—I'm shore much obliged, Berry," stammered Barber. He turned, stumbled, and walked away rapidly.

Half an hour later he stopped in a grassy dell surrounded by pines and blooming laurels, a spot as beautiful as it was isolated. He sat down jerkily, with the strange jug between his knees. His mind, alert and cunning in its own peculiar way, began at once to work over the problem. For some ten minutes he wrestled with the mystery; then the jug itself became of more interest than the problem connected with it. He drew from it the corncob stopper, a pleased expression gradually taking place of the puzzled look that had been on his uncomely face. He put one bony forefinger into the handle, tilted the jug on his elbow, and drank deeply.

Thus passed the remainder of the day.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Preacher, I wouldn't go to yore blamed old meetin'-house if it was to save yore life!"

The sound of Saul Barber's voice, rasping and hoarse, awoke him. His face felt thick, his lips heavy; his eyes flashed with specks like tiny sparks of fire, and his head swam. He looked upward without moving a muscle except those in his eyelids. It was night, and all was still save for the forlorn cry of an owl somewhere in the distance, and the mournful whispering of the stately pines that stood about the dell. In the firmament above majestic Orion was dancing a jig, as though to the tune of his fiddle. He looked about him, and shuddered at the figures in ghostly white that beckoned unceasingly—then he knew that it was only the heavy, snowy bloom of the laurels, and he laughed at his nervousness. He went unsteadily to his feet. The earth sprang up and struck him in the face. He rose again, and a stately pine leaped from its rooting place to give him a blow across the temple.

He lay back down, and silently, absently, gave himself over to further contemplation of the dancing of majestic Orion.

But soon the unsteady lights of the heavens were hidden by the advance of a great, dark bank of cloud, and the long, low rumble of thunder came ominously. Saul Barber knew a mountain storm was coming, and he had no wish to brave its fury. He went to his feet, this time with more care, picked up his fiddle, and, ignoring the half empty jug, made tor an old trail that ran past his tumbledown hut. He found the dim road after crossing and recrossing it half a dozen times; and he required its full width when he set out for his temporary home.

"Better luck'n I expected," he drawled sluggishly when the dark shape of a cabin loomed suddenly up at his left.

The wind had sprung up, and the door had been blown open. Barber went up the rotting steps on his hands and knees, zealously guarding his fiddle, and entered the black room. He felt for a match with which to light the stub of a candle; he had no match, and he swore. He tried to guide himself to his crude bed by following a wall; but things came in his way. After five minutes spent thus, his left foot caught and he stumbled, bringing his right foot down so hard that it went through the saprotted edge of a thick floorboard; his whole weight lurched forward, driving the foot on down between a pair of closely, round joists, and bruising his ankle seriously.

He cried out at the sudden twinge of pain. His old violin clattered down beside him. He tried to liberate himself; but the limb was held as tightly as though clamped in a vise. He felt for his jack-knife, with which he meant to cut the wood away; he had lost the knife. The bruised member became numb, and he sank back, face upward, and quickly fell into a troubled, throbbing slumber.

The wild howling of the quickening wind and the savage threshing of the hemlock boughs on the roof awoke him before he had been asleep an hour. He sat up, involuntarily drawing at the tightly pinned limb; but a keen streak of pain caused him to remember and to desist. Somehow the beating of the rain outside, the shrieking of the wind, and the slashing of the tree-branches, were depressing in the extreme. He reminded himself of some marauding animal caught in a trap. Then a dim flash of the stormlight showed him, on the log wall before him, something that sent tinges into his cheeks.

He rubbed his eyes, and riveted them on the spot, waiting for another flash to come. A strange fear possessed him. He shivered to the marrow and unconsciously began to wring his thin, bony hands. Soon there was a protracted lighting of the valley—it seemed almost as though the storm had done it for Barber's especial benefit—and Saul Barber the scoffer saw painly that which to him was as the handwriting on the wall to Belshazzar the reveler.

He saw a Man being mocked by the rabble!

A Man whose face was filled with a compassion that outweighed His own suffering; a Man who was toiling wearily yet bravely up a long hill upon the brow of which three crosses, two of them inverted, stood out in sharp relief against the darkening of the world! And in bold letters beheath shone forth these words:

"And when they had mocked Him, they took off the purple from Him, and put His own clothes on Him, and led Him out to crucify Him."

Saul Barber saw it all in the long, ragged flash. He uttered a strange cry, a cry that seemed to his ears not to have come from his own throat, and sank back on the floor, pallid, like one who has suddenly felt the finger of death on his heart.

When he became conscious again, the night had passed and the storm had gone. He lay still, his eyes closed, remembering little or nothing of the events that had taken place during the twenty-four hours just past. He heard the sweet, incessant twittering of a wren somewhere near; a little farther away he heard a pair of mating yellow hammers haying a love quarrel. Then he opened his eyes, and looked about him.

He saw first a broad shaft of silent, golden sunlight that seemed a herald of peace on earth, lying aslant on the log wall before him. Then his gaze wandered above the yellow bar, and he saw with a wild throb in his breast a large Sunday School chart, and on it a picture of the Lord ascending the Hill of Calvary——

Saul Barber gasped, as though for breath to live. He knew he had gone the wrong way when he had found the old trail the night before. He had come, not to his tumbledown hut, but to Preacher Primrose's log church, the holy place he had sworn he would never enter while life dwelt within him! And he was a prisoner there!

He reflected gloomily, and a number of unpleasant facts came before him. The church stood in an isolated spot, and no shout he could give would reach other ears save by the barest accident. The trail that led past the old cabin was never frequented except on Sundays, when the people of the valley turned out to hear Primrose preach. And if his attempted damaging of the minister's character took root, there was a smart chance that even on Sunday no one would come.

Truly, it seemed that he had woven with his own hands the rope of his execution.

The day passed with leaden slowness, every minute of it dragging heavily, wearily, silently. The picture on the chart became indelibly imprinted on the mind of the helpless man, and the shutting of his eyes brought no relief whatever from the burning accusation the beautiful, compassionate face threw over his sinful spirit. He was usually slow to regret; but he now regretted that he had done what he had done.

The night and the day that followed were to Saul Barber eternities of shadow and light; they were far too long to be classed within the common divisions of time. He had tugged hard at his bruised and swollen ankle, much as the action had hurt him, all to no avail. He had shouted as loudly as he could shout; but there had come no answer to his piteous appeals for help.

Another eternity of blackness came and dragged soddenly past, and morning came once more. The prisoner in the poor, crude house of the Lord was now delirious. His tongue and lips were swollen and parched from thirst; his dry throat seemed full of sand; his pale blue eyes were bloodshot, and filled with queer lights that came and went irregularly. Just as the golden bar of sunlight, herald of peace on earth, broke aslant the wall, Saul Barber cried out thickly to the picture of the Man whom the rabble mocked:

"Save me, Lord—me, who has bore false witness ag'inst my neighbor—save me, Lord!" He held out his hands.

His eyes failed in their work of seeing. The atmosphere between him and the picture became hazy, then purple, then dark—dark—dark. He was sinking, he felt, into some bottomless, silent pit. And then his imagination showed him a wonderful thing:

He saw an old, sweet-faced woman sitting beside an open fireplace, with the firelight playing caressingly over her gentle features. In her hands she held an open Book, from which she was reading the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm to a barefoot boy who knelt on the floor at her knee. He was the boy. The sweet-faced woman was the little mother whose early going to the mystic bourne had been largely responsible for his undoing. Again he stretched out his arms. The picture faded, even as the other had faded.

His sight came back suddenly. Some forgotten chord within his soul had been set to throbbing. Instinctively he caught up the violin, his mute companion for so many painracked hours, and put it under his beared chin. The other hand took up the bow. He had pleased others with his playing—perhaps——

Out of the violin's heart he drew a weird, nameless whirl of sound, a sound that was his failing life's tribute to the Man in the picture.

But he stopped playing before a minute had passed. It seemed so little to do in acknowledgment of his faith. As he put the instrument down, there came the sound of footsteps at the door, the footsteps for which he had waited centuries and centuries. He peered around the corner of the pulpit; he saw Preacher Primrose walking slowly up the aisle, his hands behind him, his head bent dejectedly. And in this attitude of dejection Saul Barber read the fact that his attempt to belittle the minister had taken root in the minds of the people of the valley.

The deep feeling of guilt that came at the sight caused Barber to stifle the cry for help that came to his lips. He knew that he had played the part of an utter villain, and he was ashamed. But his suffering was great, and he called tremulously:

"Preacher?"

Primrose went straightway to the prisoner. His kindly old face filled with the light of pity as he gazed down upon the haggard features, upon the parched and swollen lips, of the man who had so basely and so wantonly wronged him.

"Water!" begged the scoffer, and he sank back weakly.

The minister caught up a small pail from its place on a corner of the pulpit, and ran to a brook that flowed nearby. When he came back, he took Barber's head upon his knee, and helped the poor, weak hands to hold the precious liquid to the swollen lips. Then Primrose found a short-handled axe, and, after half an hour of plying it, set Barber free.

"Preacher," began Barber, the water sending a new life into him, "it was me who—done it. I put them thar two jugs under yore cabin floor I——"

"You!" Primrose straightened.

"Yes, me, the low-down dawg that I am," said Barber. And he hastily told it all.

Primrose's eyes were watching the old trail. Suddenly his face became grave; he stooped, caught Barber under the arms, and dragged him into the shelter of the boxlike pulpit.

"What's the matter?" gasped the man in the frayed Prince Albert.

The minister did not say. He frowned down toward Barber and mutteerd. "Be still!" and began to walk toward the doorway.

But Barber was not long kept in ignorance. A score of stamping feet entered the log church, and the big voice of Bill Lindsey boomed out angrily:

"We give you two days to leave this here community, Primrose"! Why hain't you went? If you was a young man, Primrose, we'd hang you right here!"

"Yes," added Sam Dorsett's voice, hoarse with anger—"acause thar hain't no man can come into this here community and pull the wool over our eyes and git away with it unless he's too old to hang! Why, you old moonshiner, you had us all a doin' without things to eat, and without clo'es, to help keep you and this here church up—and you a sellin' licker!"

"I've told you," said Primrose, quietly, "that I never done no sech a thing."

"Then how can you explain them thar two jugs o' moonshine—and watered moonshine, at that—which we found hid under yore floor?" demanded Bill Lindsey.

"I never put 'em thar," said Primrose.

Saul Barber gasped. Plainly, the old minister was trying to defend him! Saul Barber knew that the angry men would not feel disposed to spare him if the truth became known. And how a man could defend one who had wronged him was a thing that was dumfounding; Barber hadn't thought it possible.

"All the same, they was thar," snorted Lindsey. "Now you gether up yore baggage and light out o' this here community, Primrose. This is yore last warnin'."

"And if you ever try this here combination o' preachin' and sellin' licker ag'in——"

Saul Barber himself interrupted Sam Dorsett. He crept from his hiding place, pitifully haggard, and cried out:

"Stop—stop! He never done it. I put them thar jugs thar."

The crowd of men eyed the uncouth figure in amazement. Slowly it sank into their understanding. Bill Lindsey, an oath on his lips, started for Barber, with the other angry men at his heels.

But Norris Primrose blocked the way, his arms raised, his face firm.

"Hold on, Brothers!" he exclaimed. "You've wronged me, and I ax that nobody harm this man in return for that wrong!" He continued, seeing that his words had a great effect: "Come back tonight, everybody. Thar'll be preachin' here at early candlelight."

Then he helped him who had been a scoffer to his home and to his own bed, where he cared for him as though he had been a near and dear relative.

IMMIGRATION FALLS OFF.—Immigration for 1914, according to the report given out by the Commissioner, fell off 601,410 or 45 per cent. During 1913, arrivals numbered 1,334,914 persons, of whom 1,163,993 were aliens and 170,921 returning American citizens. During the year ending, arrivals were only 733,504, and of these 573,675 were aliens and 159,829 citizens. In July, 1914, arrivals at New York were 50,546 against 108,909 in July, 1913. Immigration officials explain the falling off in immigration aside from the war, which is the chief factor, to the curtailment of work in the United States and to foreign countries' efforts to restrict emigration.

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VOL. XXVII No. 6



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Crumbs of Comfort

A bad tempered dog must be tied short.

Every wife is the architect of her own husband.

Love, unrest and sorrow always journey together.

Old acquaintances are better than new friends.

Many wish to be pious, but few wish to be humble.

He who stumbles and falls not should mend his pace.

Better paddle your own canoe than owe for a motor-boat.

Every person is at times what he should be all the time.

We please others oftener by our defects than by our virtues.

The hand never tires of writing when the heart dictates.

Marriage is a treaty in which the conditions should be mutual.

Matrimony doth shape our ends, rough hew them as we may.

Good to hear is the laughter that opens the lips and the heart.

An indifferent agreement is better than carrying a cause to law.

To be happy is not to possess much, but to hope and to love much.

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining and dies disappointed.

It would be better were we as slow to give advice as we are to take it.

He who boasts of his descent boasts of that which he had no part in making.

To blame a young man for being in love is like blaming anyone for being ill.

If you put all your eggs in one basket you should put your basket in cold storage.

The lives of some people remind us we can make our own sublime by doing different.

Flowers that come from a loved hand are more prized than diamonds from any other.

When death consents to let us live a long time we pay for the privilege by giving up to all those we have loved.

Geneva's Easter Bonnet

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

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GENEVA WILSEY loved beautiful clothes as some women love flowers, and others, jewels;—for their own sake; not merely because they enhanced her own attractiveness, for she admired them on others as much as on herself; and not for the desire of public approval, for on the stormiest days, when she remained indoors, or even when convalescing from occasional illnesses, she was as critical in the arrangements of ribbons and laces as if she were about to be presented at Court.

The saying that pretty babies grow up homely did not apply to Geneva, for from earliest infancy she was dainty and winsome. Even at the awkward age, when the hair is gradually going up and the skirts gradually coming down, and one's hands and feet are constantly thrusting themselves into notice, Geneva gracefully typified Longfellow's "Maidenhood."

It was but natural that Geneva's father and mother should endeavor to provide a suitable setting for so charming a picture, and from the beginning of her existence she was clad in the finest and daintiest materials, carefully designed, and made to express her individuality and personal charm.

When Geneva was five years old the firm of Warren and Wilsey failed, and Mr. Wilsey, for many years a semi-invalid, fell a victim to nervous prostration as a result of worry over his financial losses. Death claimed him shortly afterward, and his widow found that she and the little daughter were nearly penniless.

Realizing full well the strain of providing the child with impractical, however beautiful, garments, she procured a number of sturdy little dresses in ginghams and percales, made for hard wear and much laundering. Geneva, always charming, was still a beautiful child in the plain, sensible frocks, but her fairylike daintiness was gone, and the alteration was so radical that the tender mother-heart could not endure it. The percales and ginghams were laid away, and thereafter, though it cost Mrs. Wilsey many a sacrifice, Geneva wore her customary organdies and dimities and pongees, and laughed and played her baby way through life as though she were indeed a carefree fay.

The handsome residence of the Wilseys was sold, and an unpretentious little cottage secured in an unassuming section of the town. Part of the furniture was retained, and among other treasured possessions was the beautiful and costly piano. Later, when affairs had been straightened out as well as possible, and Mrs. Wilsey could calmly face the future, she decided to utilize the instrument and her own musical ability for the support of Geneva and herself, by giving piano lessons and preliminary vocal training.

Her venture proved successful, and she was enabled to carry out her cherished plans for Geneva's education. The child's every whim was gratified; hers was the prettiest bouquet when she graduated from grammar school; hers was the costliest gown, when the high school honored her as valedictorian; hers was the most extensive wardrobe of elaborate toilettes, at college; and all without the slightest effort on her part. Naturally she grew thoughtless,—even somewhat selfish; but the affection between mother and daughter was so great that neither realized the injustice to the other.

At college, Geneva developed a certain amount of literary talent, and a few compliments from the learned professors set her brain whirling with dreams of being the Charlotte Bronte or the George Eliot of the future.

So when college days were over, and she had returned to reside with her mother, one of the first things she did was to purchase a bright new typewriter, which was an inspiration in itself, and "go to work."

Hours upon hours she sat with her chin between her dimpled white hands, thinking out plots: and hours upon hours she spent in shops and parks, at ball games and matinees, seeking material and studying types.

And now, for the first time, she began to observe her mother's labors. The "one, two, three! One, two, three!" and the "Do, re, mi," sometimes set her nerves on edge, and she thought how patient her mother must be to listen to it day after day, week in and week out. Pursuing this line of thought, she began to consider what an expense it must have been, to provide her with so many pretty hats and gowns and slippers, and all the accessories of dainty apparel, which had been lavished on her from earliest childhood. Housekeeping, too;—if she wanted strawberries in January, she had but to express her wish and they were set before her. Naturally, somebody paid for those luxuries; and naturally, that somebody was—Mother.

Geneva was grateful, certainly; and now, repenting her former thoughtlessness, she resolved that the proceeds of the very first story she sold would go to mother, for mother's own use. And having thus disposed of her troublesome reflections, she turned to her typewriter again.

At last that miracle did come to pass; a story was accepted, and a check forwarded—quite a generous check, too. And Geneva, in her ecstasy, remembered nothing save a "love of a dress," hand-painted in rosebuds, with slippers and buckles to match, which she had seen displayed in a shop-window a few days previously. It was so expensive that she had not dared to look twice at it; but now she could buy it, with her very own money! And after all, there would be other checks.

So there were; and though she frequently remembered mother on these occasions, and bought her some pretty gift, or generously presented her with the check itself, there were so many pretty and costly things that a girl must have—actually *must* have—that Geneva's intentions of relieving her mother of the burden of maintaining the household were never fulfilled.

Easter Sunday, the formal beginning of spring, was Geneva's gala day. Then, like the blossoming orchards, she was at her sweetest and daintiest, in new and beautiful apparel, in the freshness of her child-face and rosebud mouth.

Easter, when all is again made new! When the lilies nod their waxen blossoms, and the shy violets peep forth from the tender blades of grass; when birds begin to carol, and skies grow bluer, knowing it is spring! And when people gazed on Geneva Wilsey's sweet face and graceful, girlish figure, gowned in pretty, new apparel, they could not help regarding her as a personification of spring, and smiling appreciatively and indulgently.

This Easter, she wanted to look particularly charming—for Victor Scott was expected home from Europe. When the great war had broken out, a prominent magazine sent him abroad as special correspondent, and he had remained there ever since—now following the armies, now in the great capitals, delving into the depths of diplomatic intrigue—here and there and everywhere.

But his father, Doctor Scott, pastor of the church which Geneva attended, had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, and feeling that his days on earth were nearly numbered, had asked his son to come home. So, on Easter Sunday, Dr. Scott would preach his farewell sermon—and Victor would be there to hear him.

Her heart quickened a little, as she wondered if he really cared for her. He had written her some charming letters from Europe—a few of them very tender in tone; and yet—! She rested her dimpled chin in her dimpled hands and wondered.

At any rate, if he admired beauty—as what man does not?—he would have to admire her! For she had in mind one of the most exquisite frocks imaginable—all pink and white, like a drift of apple blossoms, with the quaintest and prettiest poke bonnet in the world, that matched the dress perfectly. So costly were they that even Geneva had hesitated; but when she thought of Victor she forgot all about the number of dimes in a dollar, and resolved to wear that frock and bonnet on Easter Sunday morning.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Of course you'll go to hear Dr. Scott's farewell sermon on Easter morning, mother; you and he have been friends for years and years."

Mrs. Wilsey flushed a little. "I think I shall wait and attend the evening service," she said quietly.

"The evening service! But there's to be a new minister at the evening service!" And then Geneva, in a flash of comprehension, flushed a great deal.

She had been spending a lot of money lately—all she had earned by her literary work, and some that her mother had earned by teaching one-two-threes and do-re-mis. And—now that she paused to think about it—it had been ages and ages since mother had bought even a moderately dressy gown. Mrs. Wilsey had pride—ever so little, but still it was there—and it would be too embarrassing for her to attend the morning service with Geneva—the daughter fashionable and beautiful—the mother in garments that dated from year-before-last.

All this Geneva realized in an instant. She said no more on the subject, but later in the day she surreptitiously examined Mrs. Wilsey's wardrobe. She was amazed, astounded. The gowns were so out-of-date as to be conspicuous, and shabby as well; and as for the cloaks and hats!

She went to her desk and took from it two checks that she had received a few days previously. She fingered them lovingly, as she thought how surprised her mother would be. Before her eyes rose a vision of a dress like a drift of apple blossoms, and the quaintest, prettiest poke bonnet in the world; but she shook her head impatiently, as if the thoughts were a troublesome insect, and straightway went forth to shop.

She did not stop until she had spent every penny represented by those two checks. Then, happier in her self-sacrifice than she had ever been in the gratification of her own desires, she walked serenely homeward. She had put away resolutely the thought of the rose-pink gown and the old-fashioned poke bonnet, and if now and then a thought of Victor obtruded itself, she told her heart that she didn't care whether Victor cared or not, so there!

* * * * * * * * * * *

When Mrs. Wilsey woke on Easter morning, she reached sleepily for the lavender housegown that should have hung on the chair beside her bed. Instead, her fingers encountered something unfamiliar, and she sat up in surprise—surprise that grew to amazement when she saw the things that hung on the chair and lay on the shirt-waist box.

There was a soft silken gown, of a shade that matched perfectly the deep blue of her eyes; a wrap that seemed as if it must have been designed expressly for her; a hat that could not have been more becoming had it been made to order; and all the dainty accessories that such an outfit required—new gloves, handkerchiefs, neckwear, shoes—even a corsage bouquet of violets.

"Geneva!" she called, "Geneva!"

"Yes!" answered Geneva, in the adjoining room. "A happy Easter, mother!"

She entered her mother's room a moment later, smiling brightly, but with a guilty flush on her cheek.

"So!" said Mrs. Wilsey. "Your face betrays you, Geneva! *You* bought all these things for me—with your own money!"

She said it so sternly, as if it were a crime, that Geneva burst out laughing.

"Why, yes, mother, I did. And you want to know why I didn't tell you? Why, because, in your unselfishness, you'd have sent them all back. And it's only your due, mother, that you should have pretty things for Easter—and always! I've been thoughtless and selfish, and I'm sorry. Now, dress quickly, and we'll be away to church."

"Geneva, I'll warrant you spent all the money you received from the Continental magazine—yes, and from Lister's Monthly, too! You *did!* I see that you did! Now, what are *you* going to wear?"

"I'm going to wear that lilac frock I had made last summer—it's as good as new. If I had thought of it, I'd have got a new hat, but as I didn't think until I'd spent all the money, I just took my old spring hat and put a new flower and bow of ribbon on it—and now *it's* as good as new, too."

As Geneva and her mother entered the church, people turned their heads a little. People always looked for Geneva, and at her; but now—they openly stared. Pretty, as always; but surely they had seen her in that gown before! And certainly that hat was not of *this* year's design! Geneva's cheeks flamed, knowing their thoughts; but she held her head high, and appeared unconscious of their whispered comment.

They walked side by side, Geneva and her mother; and a few, noting Mrs. Wilsey's new toilette, understood and murmured a blessing on Geneva's pretty head; others, not so well acquainted with the Wilseys or their circumstances, secretly wondered.

The little church was crowded, and the usher had some difficulty in finding a seat. He preceded them up the aisle until they reached the Scott pew. Victor was there, and as they approached he rose and made place for them, with a smile and nod. Then, he, too, for a moment stared, and Geneva told herself again that she didn't care whether he cared or not, so there!

Throughout the service she felt that his eyes were fixed upon her, but now she really did not care. She wondered whether every Easter service and the clear, sweet voices of the choir-boys, had been so beautiful as this, and if so, why it had never seemed so before. Why had the music, never before carried so direct an appeal to her heart? Why had Dr. Scott's sermons never before seemed so earnest and convincing? Why had her soul never before been touched with the true inward beauty of the day? Was it because she had, as she herself admitted, made it a day for dress parade?

When the service was over, and people were departing from the edifice, after a few words with the retiring minister, Victor Scott, in the vestibule, found himself surrounded by friends who were anxious to greet him after his long sojourn in troubled Europe. Geneva had no opportunity to converse with him, but as she passed out she gave him a friendly smile as she murmured, "Welcome home!"

It was a beautiful day to Geneva, though she scarcely realized that her own beautiful unselfishness had made all the difference.

In the afternoon the bell rang, and answering it, she found Victor Scott at the door. She was surprised, for she had not expected him to call so soon. His modest recital of his European adventures charmed both Geneva and her mother, but when Mrs. Wilsey excused herself and left the room, in order to look after some household arrangements, Victor rose and crossed the room, seating himself close to Geneva.

"That's enough about the war, Geneva—now I want to talk about you. First of all, I want to apologize for having entertained an erroneous and unflattering opinion of you. To be candid, I always thought you were a selfish little prig! Sweet and lovable, and I couldn't help loving

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

"A Sacrifice to Love"

By Hapsburg Liebe

is a grand story of noble, rugged manhood that commands admiration, of woman's devotion and fortitude such as glorified the martyrs. Though it sounds the depths of pathos in a sacrifice of what is dearer than life for what is dearest of all, the somber shades are relieved by a bright thread of tender, charming romance, and the interest in the narrative is intensified by thrilling incidents and startling situations. It is a story of 4500 words, but we shall print it

All Complete In May COMFORT

After half a century the animosities engendered by our Civil War have been so far replaced, both North and South, by sentiments of mutual respect, confidence and friendship that the survivors of two armies that had fought each other at Gettysburg met there a year ago last summer, as guests of the State of Pennsylvania, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle, and last year the representatives of the G. A. R. and of the United Confederate Veterans with President Wilson and other government officials assembled in the great National Cemetary, at Arlington, to dedicate the majestic monument there erected in honor of those who gave their lives for the "lost cause." May COMFORT will contain an interesting account of the impressive ceremonies in which the President took part, extracts from the inspiring addresses, and a description and full page picture of the monument showing its beautiful sculptures in detail. And there will be a lot of other fine things in May COMFORT.

Your Last Chance

Now is your last chance to win cash prizes. April is the last month of our Grand Prize Contest. Enter now, for you may win two good cash prizes this month, an April monthly prize and a Grand Prize too. Others have done so. Why not you? Get your friends and neighbors to subscribe or renew their subscriptions and help you earn a nice premium and win a good cash prize, too,—perhaps two cash prizes. Read Grand Prize offer elsewhere in this paper. Enter now and win your share of the cash prizes. But LOOK OUT for YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION so not to miss May COMFORT.

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April, 1915.



Beware of Adulterated Bread

ARE you eating ground plaster in your bread? Not if you know it, of course, for nobody would eat it knowingly. Yet finely powdered plaster of Paris is one of the adulterants that some people are eating in their bread and don't know it, according to Dr. James O. Jordan's investigation and report to the Boston Board of Health.

Dr. Jordan reports that in the mixing room of a large Boston bakery he found a bin containing between 200 and 300 pounds of a mixture called "A. B. C." flour composed of plaster of Paris, salt, ammonium chloride and flour in the following proportions:

Plaster of Paris	24 parts.
Salt	24.9 parts.
Ammonium Chloride	11.6 parts.
Flour	39.5 parts.

In the basement of the bakery he found 5180 pounds of this mixture in bags, and he was informed that it was used in bread-making; one of the officers of the bakery company claimed "that it aided in breaking down the gluten in the flour, that it saved yeast and also gave an added bloom to the loaves."

Dr. Jordan says it appears to be a fact that loaves of bread prepared with plaster of Paris and ammonium chloride are much larger and lighter than would be obtained from the same quantity of flour not combined with these materials.

He speaks of an investigation of two bakeries in a city in an adjoining State and the discovery of more of the "A. B. C." mixture.

He urges that these conditions necessitate the enactment of a State law to give the Board of Health oversight of the substances kept in bakeries for bread-making.

Dr. Jordan is professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and is regarded as one of the best analytical chemists in Boston, especially with regard to food, milk and drugs. His investigation and report were made at the request of the Boston Board of Health.

The Doctor is certainly right. Not only Massachusetts but every State ought to have a stringent law to prohibit the manufacture and sale of fraudulent bread and adulterated bread materials, including impure baking powders.

Pure cream of tartar is one of the chief constituents of high-grade baking powders but, as it is costly, you can't expect to find much of it in the cheap ones. The latter are likely to contain some inferior substitute, even alum which we believe to be unwholesome. We have known cream of tartar to be heavily adulterated with alum. Buy the pure article and see that you get it.

Dope Habit Hard Hit by National Law that Regulates Sale of Opium and Cocain

AT last our government has learned a lesson from China which for some years past has prohibited the sale of opium and even stopped the raising of the poppy from which the drug is obtained. On the first day of March the United States government assumed control of all opium and cocain in the country, so that on and after that date opium and cocain cannot be imported, manufactured, kept, distributed, sold or given away in any manner or form in any part of Uncle Sam's dominions except under the very strictest government supervision and regulation. It is the most thorough-going law of that kind ever enacted by Congress and undoubtedly will accomplish the beneficent purpose for which it is designed.

The use of habit-forming narcotic drugs, especially those derived from opium and cocain, has grown to alarming proportions in the United States and has become an evil of magnitude second only to the liquor habit.

The efforts to mitigate it by State laws have proved disappointing in their results. The previous legislation by Congress prohibiting the importation of these drugs except for medical purposes and requiring the per cent of either of them contained in any remedy to be printed on the label has fallen far short of accomplishing its purpose.

Opium smuggling flourished, Chinese opium joints in the cities throughout the land persisted not only in serving their Asiatic votaries but also in dragging down to the lowest depths of degradation an ever increasing legion of American victims of the irresistible opium pipe, and besides these the drug-stores were supplying cocain, morphine, codeine and various other preparations and derivitives of coca leaves and opium to hundreds of thousands of poor wretches who in one way or another had become slaves to the dope habit.

While drinking is a social vice and the drunkard makes himself conspicuous, the use of dope is indulged in secretly so that the extent to which it prevails and the evils it results in are not generally known. The habitual use of any of the various forms of opium or cocain ruins the health, destroys the will power, weakens the mind, dethrones conscience and subverts morality. The dope habit is more difficult to cure than the liquor habit, and is more disastrous in its consequences. Most drunkards have intervals of sobriety between drunks, but the dope-user's constitution soon becomes so affected that he has to keep himself continually saturated with the drug and to increase the dose as time goes on; if deprived of it for a short time he suffers crazing agony that often impels to suicide.

The law which went into effect the first day of last month requires every person who imports, manufactures, keeps, sells, gives away, compounds or distributes coca leaves, cocain, opium or any preparation or derivative of either, to register his full name and place of business with the Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue for the district in which he resides and pay an annual tax of one dollar; and they are all required to make an inventory and report the respective quantities of these drugs on hand on the first day of March. This applies to doctors, dentists and veterinary surgeons as well as to retail, wholesale and manufacturing druggists; all must be registered and report.

None of these drugs can now be imported, compounded, sold, dispensed or given away except for legitimate medicinal purposes. Sale or delivery of these drugs is not permitted, even by one registered dealer to another, except in pursurance of signed orders made out in duplicate on government order blanks furnished by the Internal Revenue Department at one cent each. The purchaser and seller are required each to retain a duplicate of every sale order and keep it on file for two years to enable the government to keep track of every bit of cocain and opium products in the country.

The druggists are not permitted to sell or dispense cocain or opium in any form to the public except to fill prescriptions issued and signed by physicians, dentists or veterinary surgeons registered as required by this law, and are obliged to keep the prescriptions on file for two years after they are filled. Each prescription must be dated the day when issued, must bear the registry number of the physician, dentist or veterinary who signs it and the name and address of the person for whom it is given, and it can be filled only once.

Physicians, dentists and veterinary surgeons registered under this law may dispense these drugs to their patients provided they make and preserve a record showing the quantity of the drug, name and address of the patient and the date when dispensed.

The law does not require officers in charge of Federal and State medical departments and institutions to register or pay the tax for purchasing and keeping these drugs in the performance of their official duties.

Liniments and ointments for external use, though containing opiates, and internal remedies containing certain small specified portions of opium or its derivitives are permitted to be sold freely as heretofore.

The penalties for violation of this law are very severe, and its terms are so stringent and far-reaching as to give strong promise of being effective in banishing the cocain, opium and morphine dope evil from the United States.

The noticeable feature of this law is the completeness of the control that the National government has assumed over the manufacture, sale, distribution and use of opium and cocain. But it is equally interesting to those versed in the intricacies of constitutional law to note how this is accomplished by an application of the taxing power of the government. None but a lawyer would dream of classing this as a tax law, and yet it is as a tax law only that Congress has the constitutional power to make and enforce it, except as to interstate and foreign commerce. If the little one dollar registration tax and the one cent tax for the order blanks were cut out all the rest of this law applying to manufacture, sale and distribution within any State would be null and void.

The power to prohibit or directly regulate any business within a State belongs to the State legislature and not to Congress. But Congress has the power to tax, and so when it wishes to regulate business within the States it does so indirectly by imposing a moderate or even trifling tax and making the regulative features incidental to the assessment or collection; and when it wishes to drive out of existence a business or manufacture that it cannot directly prohibit, it accomplishes that object by the thoroughly effective means of imposing a tax so excessive as to be absolutely prohibitive. By taxing it to death Congress rid the country of the dangerous yellow phosphorus match, and the same method was employed to abolish the issue of currency by State banks.

I have discussed these interesting points of law to bring out clearly the proposition that

Congress Can Establish Nation-Wide Prohibition of Liquor by the Exercise of its Taxing Power

IT appears to have been erroneously assumed by the friends of temperance that an amendment of the Constitution of the United States was necessary in order to empower Congress to prohibit or assume control of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the country. Therefore they have been laboring for the adoption of such an amendment, which is a slow and difficult task requiring for its accomplishment favorable action by a two-thirds vote by both branches of Congress and acceptance by the legislatures of three-quarters of the States.

The resolution for a prohibitory amendment introduced and urged in the last Congress by Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, was favored by a majority vote in both the Senate and House of Representatives but failed of a passage because it fell a little short of the requisite two-thirds.

Now here is the vital point. While it requires a two-thirds vote of Congress to submit a constitutional amendment for consideration by the States, and then a long delay with the final action of the States in doubt, only a bare majority of both Senate and House (without reference to the States) is necessary to make a law that becomes immediately effective.

It must be assumed that the senators and congressmen who voted last winter in favor of the prohibitory amendment were sincerely in favor of nation-wide prohibition and would have voted for a law designed to accomplish that object, and therefore had it been a proposed prohibitory law, instead of a constitutional amendment, it would have been enacted and we should now have nation-wide prohibition.

Let us not wait for the slow, tedious and doubtful process of a constitutional amendment, but rather let us demand that Congress, at its next session which begins in December, make a law whereby in the exercise of its taxing power the National government shall prohibit the sale of liquor for a beverage and shall assume full and effective control of the manufacture, sale and distribution of alcohol and alcoholic liquors and restrict their use to mechanical and medicinal purposes.

Now that Congress has strangled the dope evil it should immediately attack the greater demon, alcohol, by a law similar in its design but somewhat different in detail.

How many of our readers will give their active support to such a campaign by circulating petitions to their Congressmen and Senators if COMFORT will lead the fight and supply the ammunition?

I would like to hear from you, to get your views on the subject and to see whether enough are interested to make it worth while to launch the movement through COMFORT.

In the million and a quarter homes that take COMFORT there are enough to make a big army and exert a powerful influence if you will enlist in support of this cause. I shall be grateful for a letter or a post card in reply.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Agents make $10 a day selling rugs at $1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first 8 hours. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 793 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents—$1,000 to $3,000 yearly selling over eighty every day articles to farmers. Pleasant permanent business. Full Instructions. Big Chance. Write quick. Dept. 40, Duoform Company, North Java, N. Y.

Agents—here's a big money maker for you—Thermozone, a simple, successful home treatment for all common diseases. You can sell it because it is a big money saver for the user. Write Badger, Oneida, N. Y.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4077 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Ladies Wanted to sell patented nursing shirt waists to mothers. An exceptional opportunity is offered. Write Chas. M. Lewis Co., 184-5 Ave. N. Y. City.

Everybody sings, or plays! That's why it's so easy to make money with our "special" offer. Just send your name and 35c (coin) for samples and increase your income. The Song Shop, Dept. M, Louisville, Ky.

Agents To Sell Hosiery. 6 pairs guaranteed Holeproof 6 months for $1. Big Commissions. Send $1. for samples and instructions. Giant Strength Hosiery Co., Shamokin, Pa.

If We Had Your Address we'd show you how to earn $25 not one week, but weekly. Send 10c for samples. Money back if you want it. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Y, Warren St., N. Y.

Ward's "Key" tells how to start a mail order business at home for 20c. Send 10c for "Key" and circulars. Ward Publishing Co., Box 433, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 261, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 503, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women Make Money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 65, Trenton, N. J.

Make $35 Weekly Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stork Pants, Bolero Shields. Sample Free. Climax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays: $50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

$50 to $100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T. Z. Chicago.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form: Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 71, Smethport, Pa.

Write Moving Picture Plays, $75 each. Literary experience unnecessary. Send for Free book "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Lundeen Pub. Co., 303, Fergus Falls, Minn.

POULTRY

Gibson White Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks, White Wyandots are properly bred. They lay and pay. Baby Chicks, Strong, livable, safe delivery guaranteed. Eggs for Hatching, guaranteed highly fertile, give large hatches. Breeding Stock, large size, vigorous, healthy. Write for free catalog—Today. G. F. Gibson, Galen Farms, Drawer D, Clyde, N. Y.

Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, and Dogs. Send 10 cents for book (fowls in color) tells how to make money with Poultry. Largest producers of poultry in the world. United Poultry Farms, Box 60, Hope, Ind.

Cornish Indians. Fine in station, shape and color. 15 eggs $1.50 prepaid. S. A. White, Box C, Timberville, Va.

Chicks, Hatching Eggs, Record 266, trap nested Leghorns & Light Brahmas. Send for catalogue Free. Box CT, The Underhill Farms, Fort Ann, N. Y.

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. $75 to $125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations—can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial examination free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Increase Your Income $8 to $40 weekly raising mushrooms in cellars, sheds, boxes. Free booklet. H. Barton, 404 W. 48th St., N. Y.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted. $75 Month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't S-9, Rochester, N. Y.

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$80 Monthly and expenses to travel and distribute samples, take orders, appoint agents, permanent. Manager, 2144 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Optometry—means money to you. New, uncrowded profession—the art of fitting glasses. Our "Home Study" method will quickly and thoroughly prepare you for practice. Diploma granted. Liberal payment plans. Catalog free. Chicago School of Refraction, Office, 501 Journal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman $250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

FARMS FOR SALE

Strout's 1915 Farm Catalogue, just out; describes hundreds of going farms and country homes throughout 14 Eastern States, photographs of many; one acre to 1000 from $10 per acre up; copy free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 West 34th St., New York.

FARM LANDS WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

FARM LANDS

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

HELP WANTED

Secret Service Operatives work everywhere. Be one, big pay, easy work. Travel. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.

Men-Women Wanted—Government Jobs, $100 month. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dep't. S 12, Rochester, N. Y.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows; $5. for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illus'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

Buffalo Nickels—High Prices Paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for all old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

POST CARD CLUBS

Receive Post Cards from everywhere. Membership in best club 10c. H. J. Teeple. Box M, Decatur, Indiana.

You'll have friends and sweethearts the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

San Francisco Exposition postals all handsomely colored. A rare opportunity. Write now. 10c. Ravenswood, 9 Edna Ave., Bradford, Pa

REAL ESTATE

Virginia Farms $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted, Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Money-Making Farms thruout 14 states; one acre to 1,000 acres, $500 to $50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Write for Strout's New Catalogue No. 38. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Sta. 3027, 47 W. 34th St., N. Y.

Real Estate Wanted. Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 11, Lincoln, Nebr.

Farm Homes in best districts of South make large yields grains, hay, give best stock raising and dairying opportunities, reasonable prices. Information on request. M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agri. Commissioner, Room 19 Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 694 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Developing 10c, prints 2c. Quick returns. Free Sample prints and enlargement. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS

Old Letters Wanted. I pay high prices for original letters of famous people. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Your Name embossed in gold on 12 beautiful pencils 50c postpaid. Sample 5c. C. L. Larew, Box 127-C, Knoxville, Tenn.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key to Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit Poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

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Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2¼x3¼ to 3¼x4¼, 3c.; 4x5 to 3¼x5½, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1062 Third Ave., New York City Box S.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A. Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

BY PARCEL POST

Special—Get acquainted offer. Self-filling Fountain Pen $1.50, New Shoe Polish in tube 15c and family Needle Case, 115 needles 25c, all $1.00 Postpaid. Framingham Novelty Co., Framingham, Mass.

Baby Shoes, sample pair and price list 20c. R. D. Fiegenbaum, 1330 Lydia, Kansas City, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn $35 to $50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdse. Co., 255 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Pub's' Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Ladies; We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$2.50 Per Day Salary Paid One Lady in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7D East Harrison, Chicago.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

An American Woman's Success in England

By Clara Berwick Colby

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Thirty years ago Mrs. Mary B. Wilson was left a young widow in Indianapolis, Indiana, to face the world with limited resources, and a son to educate. She pondered long, considering what course she should pursue—whether to give her son or herself the first opportunity at college. She had graduated with honor from the Indianapolis High School, and had before her marriage been a successful teacher in that city. But she had always had a great longing for a University training. This had never left her during her married life. She could now put her son at some paying employment, use her money to put herself through College and thus not only realize her day-dream but be in a better position to help her son through College afterwards. Ah, but if he once felt the charm of money-making might he not lose his desire for a higher education. This thought decided her, and she sent her son to Cornell while she resumed the work of teaching to support herself and him.

The young man graduated in 1892 and the autumn of that year saw Mrs. Wilson enrolled among the students of the scientific and medical departments of Cornell University, while the young man took his turn as a breadwinner. After five years study Mrs. Wilson graduated from both departments, remained another year for post-graduate research and the practise of her chosen work as an oculist. Then she continued her studies abroad taking clinical work at the hospitals in Berlin, Paris, and other cities. In 1900 she went to Moorfields, London, for the same purpose. This is the oldest and the largest Eye Hospital in the world, and she found such opportunities that she remained nineteen months as clinical student under the senior surgeon. Leaving for a visit to her old home she was offered if she would return, the position of chief clinical assistant in this great hospital. Such a position had never been held before by an American, not to say by an American, woman, and coming to her unsought it was a marked recognition of her ability. For the honor of her country, and especially to demonstrate woman's capacity for a responsible position, and one requiring unusual skill and stability, Mrs. Wilson determined to serve seven years. During this time, although her services were, like those of the staff surgeons, rendered without any payment, she was never absent or tardy and had a record of more than one hundred and five thousand cases that had passed through her hands. The fascination of the work and her attachment to her co-laborers who like herself were putting their talents freely at the disposal of those in need, grew upon her so that she has remained twice as long as she had planned, making it possible to give her services without remuneration, by other work outside of hospital attendance.

I had long intended to visit my fellow-countrywoman at her work, and the morning I happened in was a favorable time for her staff-surgeon was absent; and she had full charge of his clinic. There were about five hundred patients that morning, and a fair share of these were attended to by Mrs. Wilson. (Surgeons in England are not called Doctor, but simply Mr. or Mrs.) As I was presumably a student I was able to follow Mrs. Wilson to the dark room where she critically examined the eye to its innermost parts with the opthalmoscope; to the testing room, and to the operating chamber. I noted the gentleness and certainty with which she handled the various cases, and that many of the patients waited long rather than be treated by another. Her whole mentality was concentrated on each patient as she quickly and skillfully attended to the case; yet as she told me afterwards, she was very sad that morning, as she just learned of the death of a friend who had for many years been in charge of a clinic at an Eye Hospital in Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson used to spend her Cornell vacations studying with him, and he gave her the first encouragement to enter the profession, she said with emotion.

Moorfield's Hospital is attended by students from all parts of the world. The morning I was there men were present from Egypt, India, Australia, Canada, and the United States. A California doctor whom I met elsewhere expressed his regret that he had spent so much time at clinics on the continent when he could learn so much more from Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson's career is an encouragement to other women not to be afraid to take up a profession after early womanhood has passed even though that profession be one that requires long and arduous preparations. Dr. Wilson was the mother of a grown son when she began her special education, and now after twenty-two years of training and experience she feels her life-work is still before her. It is not the fashion for women to grow old nowadays. They may not live longer than women used to, but while they do live they are alive to what is going on, and if they wish to beguile what would otherwise be the tedium of old age by taking up a new pursuit or some line of education there is nothing in conventions, or in public opinion to prevent them. I know a woman who after sixty, entered a medical college, and entered upon a successful career after graduating; and another friend of mine attended the University of Wisconsin after she was eighty years of age, and nobody laughed at her, but all appreciated her pluck, and as she said of herself, she was having the time of her life. There is nothing like getting hold of new knowledge to fill a vacant or to cheer a sorrowful life, even if no other practical use is made of such acquirements.

A Man Who Paints Under the Ocean

Oddities, of no matter of what kind, have always appealed to the great majority of people, so that paintings representing odd subjects painted in odd places attract much attention. But to Walter Pritchard of California must be given the credit for doing the oddest work and in the oddest place.

Mr. Pritchard is a marine painter, but quite different from the ordinary marine painter, who merely paints the usual ocean scenery. Mr. Pritchard paints under the ocean. In a sort of a diving costume he remains under the water twenty minutes at a time, standing on the bed of the ocean, getting impressions of the clear sea which will be true reproductions.

Mr. Pritchard uses solid oil pencils on a canvas of solid oiled leather, secured to a heavy iron easel, when working in the ocean.

He has produced some wonderful views, full of irridescent color, of the hidden beauties of the sea.

Another artist that is attracting attention for his odd work, is Earl Durant, an Englishman who is studying art in Rome.

His specialty is doing night scenes. His work is all done in the night, and represents scenes by moonlight or by artificial illuminations. He introduces women into his pictures in order to secure extraordinary effects of different lights on the skin and the complexion. Each light, he believes, changes the color and appearance of the skin and complexion as well.

The Bolometer

"You don't know what a bolometer is, do you?" inquired the professor party when somebody has been talking about thermometers. "No? I thought not. Most people don't, but it is very useful to science just the same and science is doing a while lot for most people, though as a rule it is very quiet about it. All of you know what a thermometer is and that it measures heat in degrees and none that you ever see in public make it any finer than one degree, but the bolometer is different. It measures heat, but not by mercury in a glass tube out in the weather. On the contrary it must be carefully protected from the air by a case. Its gauge is a strip of fine platinum wire acted upon by electricity and it is so sensitive that it will measure to one hundred millionth of a degree. A lighted candle brought into a room with a bolometer will have a noticeable effect upon it and the heat of the hand several feet away will be registered. So sensitive is the bolometer that it can be used only at night when few or no people are moving about and when there is nothing likely to disturb it."

Against Desecration of Flag

A bill has just been passed by the senate which provides a fine of $500 for desecration of the American flag, the coat of arms or other insignia; by use in advertisements, trade-marks, labels, etc. Also, the person who tears down, tramples upon, treats with indignity or destroys wantonly the flag or coat of arms would be guilty of a misdemeanor.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE selfish mother—nine times out of ten that means YOU, even though you heartily deny it and say you do everything in your power for your children and right there you convict yourself. You do too much, for in the fullness of your mother love you run here and there doing for the different members of your family what they should learn to do for themselves and thus plant the seed of selfishness which will be the cause of unhappiness when the child is among strangers who do not see with your eyes. The mother who continually gives up her own time, money and strength for the gratification of her children, teaches them to expect it. If the mother wears an old dress or coat that the daughter may have new ones, she is fostering a spirit of vanity that may be the cause of sorrow later.

As a general rule the mother has more care and anxiety than any other member of the family and neither husband nor children will love her any more for sacrificing herself to their comfort—perhaps they will appreciate it but that appreciation is likely to come too late. She should be just to herself. I do not mean that she should make slaves of her children any more than they should make a slave of her. Children like to be useful and feel they are a help, and if a little praise, with occasionally a small amount of money, is given them they will learn to enjoy the work for the pleasure of helping mother and of earning spending money for themselves. Thus the mother has time to devote to study and can keep abreast of the times and be able to converse intelligently on matters of current interest. Remember that "Unselfish mothers make selfish children."

LYNN HAVEN, FLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in a few minutes to tell you how delighted I am with this corner? I will tell you some of the things I wanted to know about Florida and could not find out till I came here.

First, so many people have the idea that it is expensive living here. It may be in the eastern part of the state but here in the western part the land is good for farming, back a few miles from the Gulf and bays of which I think Florida has her full share. Good farm land can be bought from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre; much of the land that is not cleared can be bought for five dollars an acre.

People coming from the North learn by bitter experience that farming methods differ here and the crops one raises here are different. There is no reason why one may not make a good living on twenty acres here easier and better and with much less work than on a sixty-acre farm in the North. I can speak from experience for I was born and reared in Michigan, and then the difference in the amount of fuel and heavy clothing in one year more than makes up for the expense of coming here.

Fruit will grow here but don't make the mistake of thinking that it is plentiful now for it is not, as this is comparatively a new country and must be considered as such. However, as soon as the fruit is planted it grows just as fast as anywhere. Apples are about the only one of the old home fruits we cannot grow here.

Lynn Haven is one of the new cities of Florida, on St. Andrews Bay and is sixteen miles from the pass out to the Gulf of Mexico so while we have the salt water of the beautiful bay and fine bathing beach and the air from the Gulf we are away from the storms and breakers.

I fear my letter is too long now so will close by saying to any that want reliable information about homes here I will write if they will send me self-addressed, stamped envelope. I have no land for sale, but know of some that is cheap and good as any in Florida on a good, rolling ridge with water in abundance, and in a good community.

I wish the COMFORT staff would come and go fishing with me this morning, just pin on your sunhat, put on a jersey jacket for a wrap and we will have a mess of trout in short order.

Success to COMFORT'S staff and love to all the sisters. MRS. M. E. PARTRIDGE.

Mrs. Partridge. I am relieved to learn that I am not the only follower, among the sisters, of Izaak Walton and wish it were possible for me to accept your invitation, as fishing is a favorite sport of mine and I always join my children on their fishing trips whenever my work will permit and, to be perfectly truthful, sometimes when it doesn't. All the sisters tell of their work, which we want to know about, but why not tell of your play and amusements also, for a certain amount of the latter is conducive of better results in the former—do you not agree with me?—Ed.

REDWOOD, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a lonely blind girl into your social circle just for a little while? Although I am blind I am a subscriber to COMFORT and it is a great pleasure to me to have my mother read your interesting letters.

I will describe myself so you may have some idea how I look. I am five feet four inches tall, black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

I live in the country on a farm with my mother, father and two brothers.

Sisters, my life is a very sad one. I was stricken blind at the age of seventeen years, after a long spell of sickness. I have been blind just half my life, seventeen years. While I was very sick I awoke one morning and everything was in darkness to me. I asked my mother to light the lamp. She told me the sun was shining brightly. I could not believe it and told her to light the lamp and bring it to my bedside. She brought it and when I felt its burning blaze I said: "Oh, mother I am blind."

It was a great grief to me and my people to know I was blind just in the bloom of my girlhood, and it was a long time before I could be reconciled to God's will. I would weep and my sadness is beyond expression. I often think how bright and beautiful the world is, but everything is all darkness to me.

I went to the blind school at Staunton, Va., but stayed only two weeks. I grew homesick and went home. I suppose it would have been better for me to have stayed in school but I missed my dear mother and the loved ones at home so much I could not.

Sisters, I have a good home and one of the best mothers in the world.

Although blind there are many things I can do to pass away the lonely hours. I can sweep the floors, make beds, wash dishes and wait on myself. I play the organ, violin and banjo. My music is a great comfort to me. I was once a jolly girl and very fond of music and dancing.

Sisters, I could tell you much more but guess this will be enough this time.

My birthday will be the 25th of April. I will be thirty-four years old. And if any of you wish to send me a card or a letter it will be greatly appreciated.

I think I know how to sympathize with the lonely shut-ins. My best wishes to all.

The lonely blind girl, JOSEPHINE DUDLEY.

Josephine Dudley. Your lot is indeed a sad one, but you have many blessings, a home with loved ones to care for you and the memory of seventeen years of the world as it was before your misfortune. So many blind people can form no correct idea of even the simplest of nature's wonders, that they are to be doubly pitied. By this time you, no doubt, have received my personal letter, explaining that your letter came too late for insertion in the March issue and that I was taking the liberty of changing your birthday to a month later. I feel that your appeal will meet with a ready response from the kind-hearted, noble women who are links in this chain of friendship which extends across the continent, and beyond, and with whom I feel it an honor to be editorially connected.—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—In a buttered baking dish put a layer of rolled crackers, cover with a layer of oysters drained, sprinkle with pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, moisten with a little of the liquor mixed with milk; then another layer of crumbs and so on until the dish is full, having crumbs on top; beat an egg into a little milk and pour over the whole, sprinkle with small bits of butter and bake half an hour, then remove cover and let brown before sending to table.—Ed.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Dip oysters in egg, well-beaten, then roll in fine cracker crumbs. Fry in sweet lard or drippings, have enough to cover them, very hot, and brown nicely on both sides.

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI.—One and one half cups of grated Roman cheese, one fowl cut in cubes, one quart tomatoes, one quarter of a cup chopped parsley, one medium-sized onion, four cloves, garlic; season with cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, pepper and two bay leaves. Brown the fowl in butter and oil, add onion, garlic, parsley and spices; let all brown and add tomatoes; cook slowly for two hours. Pour over the paste which has been cooked and to which add the grated cheese.

MEAT ROLLS.—Take thin slices of lean meat, cover with parsley and a little garlic chopped fine; season with salt and pepper, put on a small thin slice of fat-back and roll, tie with white thread; brown in butter. When almost done, put in small potatoes. If it gets too dry add a little water. Should cook about three hours, slowly.

MRS. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round of beefsteak, salt and pepper either side; prepare bread or crackers with oysters, or without; lay your stuffing on the meat and sew up. Roast about one hour.

MRS. BERTHA STOVALL, Freeburg, Mo.

WHITE SAUCE.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour and one cup of milk or cream. Melt the butter and blend the flour into it, adding slowly the heated milk or cream. Cook thoroughly but do not boil.

EGG SAUCE.—Make same as White Sauce and add two hard-boiled eggs, sliced. This is particularly good with fish.

SALMON SALAD.—Put a can of salmon into boiling water and after boiling a quarter of an hour, remove from the can; sprinkle with pepper and salt after draining off the oil; cover with vinegar and let stand twenty-four hours, then remove from vinegar, add a head of finely chopped lettuce, pour over all a salad dressing and sprinkle ground walnuts over the top and garnish with lettuce leaves and serve.—Ed.

GRAPENUT SALAD.—Put two cups of grapenuts in a dish, cover with hot water and let stand till soft; dissolve one package of gelatine, when cold, add grapenuts, walnuts, orange and pineapple, and bananas, chopped into small pieces, one tablespoon of sugar; serve with whipped cream.

MRS. ETHEL ROGERS, Aberdeen, S. Dak.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash and put into a pan; set into a moderate oven and bake slowly; when cooked soft, remove the skins and dress to taste.—Ed.

FRIED GREEN BEANS.—Have your green beans broken into small pieces; take a slice of good bacon, cut into small dices, fry. Put your beans into the skillet, pour in water until the skillet is full, let water boil out, and let beans fry in the bacon and fat, salt and pepper, of course. It takes about half an hour for them to cook. We think them better, than when boiled, and in a quicker way.

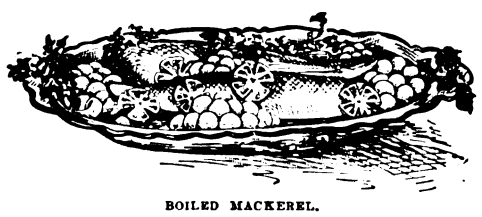
MRS. RUDOLPH SCHLEIN, Garden Valley, Cal.

SCALLOPED CELERY.—Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of white potatoes and chopped celery, using potatoes for top layer; add salt, pepper, butter and cover with sweet milk, and bake until brown on top. If too much celery is used it will curdle.

MRS. F. HANDEL, Holtwood, Pa.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup of corn-meal, one cup of graham flour, one cup of sour milk, one cup of warm water, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of sugar, a little salt; steam two hours and serve while hot.

BOILED MACKEREL.—Cook mackerel in enough water to cover to which has been added salt and lemon juice



BOILED MACKEREL.

or vinegar. Salt gives the necessary flavor and lemon juice or vinegar keeps the flesh white. Place on platter and serve with potato balls and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes.

CORN BREAD WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of cornmeal, one cup of flour, two cups of milk, two tablespoons of melted butter two tablespoons baking powder, and two tablespoons of sugar.

DYSPEPSIA BREAD.—One pint of graham flour; dissolve one half teaspoon of soda in two thirds of a cup of home-made yeast, and add to the mixture one cup of molasses; add sufficient water to make it somewhat thinner than flour bread.—Ed.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One cup white flour, one cup graham flour, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one quarter cup of sugar, one teaspoon melted butter, one cup of sweet milk and four level teaspoons of baking powder.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER ROHRER, Waterford, Ohio.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Take cold boiled rice, add three eggs, with sugar and lemon to taste, also a little grated nutmeg if preferred, make into small round cakes, dip in egg and rub in bread crumbs and fry in butter. —Ed.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Three cups mashed potatoes, two cold boiled eggs and one medium-sized onion, cut fine, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together thoroughly and shape. Dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs (or flour or bread crumbs may be used) and fry in hot fat. Serve warm. This recipe makes croquettes sufficient for three people.

CORA CLINE, Potter Place, N. H.

CREAM CHOCOLATE PIE.—Two cups of sweet milk, four tablespoons of sugar and four of chocolate or cocoa and two of flour; mix with a little of the milk until smooth then add to the boiling milk. Beat the yolks of two eggs light and beat in the last thing with a teaspoon of vanilla and a little butter. Put in a baked crust, use whites for top or if preferred whipped cream is very nice.

MRS. G. GUNDERSON, Sandford Dene, Sask. Can.

ORANGE PIE.—Three quarters cup of sugar, a little more than a cup of milk, three heaping teaspoons flour, juice of one large orange or two small ones and a little of the grated rind, three eggs, leaving out the whites of two for top. Cook and fill baked crust.

CUSTARD PIE.—Use a plate about an inch and a half deep, with not too flaring edge. Roll out crust an inch larger than the plate, turn the edge under, first being sure that no bubbles of air are left between crust and plate, and pinch the crust into a fluted rim. Heat three cups milk, beat yolks of three eggs with one half cup sugar till light, add one half teaspoon salt and a little grated nutmeg, if you like it; add the hot milk and the whites of eggs beaten only until foamy. Beating the whites separately may seem unnecessary, but it gives a more uniformly browned crust of fine grain, like that of nice cake, instead of the blistered patches of brown over a yellow, uneven surface which is often seen. Brush the under crust with a little white of egg left in bowl; dredge lightly with flour and then strain the custard into the dish, adding the last portion after setting the dish in the oven if it seems to be too full. Bake slowly till it puffs up all over, and a knife inserted in the center will come out clean and not milky.

WOODFORD PUDDING.—Take three eggs, one cup jam or preserves (it is best to use something with small seeds, such as gooseberries or raspberries), one half cup sugar, one half cup butter, one and one half cups flour, one teaspoon soda dissolved in three teaspoons sour milk. Flavor with vanilla, cinnamon and nutmeg, and bake slowly.

SAUCE.—One cup sugar, butter size of an egg, one tablespoon flour, one cup boiling water. Flavor with vanilla. Pour the sauce over the pudding and serve while warm.

MRS. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrero St., San Francisco Cal.

PERSIMMON PUDDING.—(Requested). One quart persimmons, one quart flour, one quart sweet milk, one cup sugar one egg, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt, butter size of an egg; flavor with nutmeg. Rub persimmons through colander to remove seeds. Bake forty-five minutes in bread pan. Let pudding get perfectly cold and cut in squares.

MRS. STELLA SHOLDERS, Ablong, Ill.

DYSPEPTICS' PUDDING.—Boil a cup of rice till soft; then take two eggs, a cup of sugar, and a cup of milk, stir all together and add to the rice; pare six cooking apples, slice small and place in bottom of pudding dish and pour the above mixture over them. Bake until the apples are thoroughly cooked. To be eaten warm, with or without cream.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Cream three tablespoons of butter, adding gradually two thirds of a cup of sugar, and one egg, well beaten. Mix and sift two and one fourth cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, each a



CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

little more than level, and one fourth teaspoon salt. Add to the creamed mixture with one cup of milk, then add two and one half ounces of chocolate, melted. Turn into greased mould and steam two hours. Serve with Cream Sauce.

CREAM SAUCE.—Cream one fourth cup of butter and add gradually one teaspoon vanilla and one fourth cup heavy cream beaten until stiff.—Ed.

FIG PUDDING.—One quarter pound figs, chopped fine, one quarter pound bread crumbs, one quarter pound brown sugar, one quarter pound suet, one quarter pound candied lemon peel and citron, one half nutmeg, grated and five eggs; mix thoroughly, put in mold and boil or steam four hours.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Scald together one quart of milk and three ounces of grated chocolate, and set aside to cool; then add two thirds of a cup of sugar and yolks of three eggs; bake and when done spread whites on top, beaten stiff with sugar and brown.

MOLASSES PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one cup of chopped suet, one cup currants and raisins, one teaspoon of soda, a little cloves, allspice, cinnamon and enough flour to thicken. Steam from one and a half to two hours.

HARD SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—One cup butter, three cups sugar, beat very hard, flavoring with lemon juice.

Strawberry Sauce.—Rub half cup of butter and one cup of sugar to a cream; add the beaten white of an egg and one cup of strawberries, thoroughly mashed. Various other fruits may be substituted with equally good results.—Ed.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two cups dried apples, soak in cold water over night, then chop; one and one half cups molasses, one and one half cups brown sugar, three quarters cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two cups currants, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cloves, one half teaspoon mace, one tablespoon cinnamon. Make stiff with flour. Bake slowly.

POTATO CARMEL CAKE.—Two thirds cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup mashed potatoes, hot; one half cup milk; one cup grated, unsweetened chocolate; one cup chopped walnuts, one teaspoon cinnamon, cloves and nutmegs; four eggs, two teaspoons baking powder; two cups flour. Cream butter and sugar; add yolks, milk, potatoes, spices and chocolate. Sift baking powder with flour and, lastly, beat whites stiff and add. Then the nuts just before putting in to the oven. Bake in a moderate oven one hour.

ICING.—One cup sugar, five tablespoons of milk, two teaspoons of butter, two tablespoons of chocolate. Beat well and boil seven minutes.

ROCKS.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, creamed; then add one cup nuts and one cup raisins, chopped; one and one half teaspoons soda dissolved in one quarter cup boiling water; three eggs, well beaten, and three cups flour. Mix in one tablespoon spices and drop. Bake in quick oven.

MRS. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour one cup of lard, whites of three eggs, one cup of water, one teaspoon flavoring, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layers MRS. F. HANDEL, Holtwood, Pa.

ONE EGG CAKE.—Cream one quarter cup of butter, one cup of sugar and one egg. When very light add one half cup of milk, then one and two thirds cups of flour and one and one half teaspoons of baking powder. Stir and bake in a quick oven.

MISS WILHELMINA STRAHL, Danville, Ill.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.—Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely dissolve and you will have a delicious substitute for whipped cream.

MRS JOHN W. NOONAN, Leo Valley, Nebr.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—One cup of sugar, one quarter cup of molasses, one tablespoon of vinegar, two tablespoons of boiling water, one half cup of butter. Boil ingredients together until they will become brittle when tried in cold water. Turn into a well-buttered pan and when slightly cool, mark into squares.

VINEGAR CANDY.—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of butter. Put butter into kettle, when melted, add sugar and vinegar. Stir until sugar is dissolved and cook until mixture becomes brittle when tried in cold water. Turn on buttered tin to cool. Pull and cut same as molasses.—Ed.

ALMOND CREAM.—Two cups of sugar, enough water to cover, teaspoon of vinegar or a little cream of tartar (one half teaspoon). Cook until it ropes in water. Pull in chopped almonds. Can pull chocolate instead of almonds. MRS. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—(Requested.) Pick berries, mash and let set for three days; strain, to juice add four gallons of water to one gallon of juice. Put one and one half pounds of sugar to the gallon of liquid. Dissolve sugar in water before mixing with juice. When it works, skim three or four times a day.

MARY BOYD, Crofton, R. R. 2, Ky.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.—Two cups of suger, one half cup of butter, one half cup of thick sour milk, three eggs, one and one half teaspoon of vanilla, one level teaspoon of soda, three eighths cake of chocolate, dissolved in a cup of hot water. About three cups of flour for stiff batter.

FROSTING.—One cup of unsalted butter, one teaspoon of vanilla, and one cup powdered sugar. Mix and spread on cake; cover with one tablespoon of sweet cream, mixed with powdered sugar enough so it won't run when spread. MARGARET FISCHER, Lakefield, Minn.

GINGER CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of milk, half cup of lard, one teaspoon of ginger, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, enough flour for a stiff batter. Pour into a well greased pan and bake.

MRS. STELLA STATON, Greenville, S. C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



Ask the Man

If you don't know the right Baked Beans, ask the man of the house to compare them. We promise you he'll pick Van Camp's.

To men's taste the difference is enormous. Van Camp's are whole and mealy. None are crisp, none hard, none broken.

The sauce, exclusive to Van Camp's, has a wondrous tang and zest.

The tinge of bitterness left in most beans is removed by the Van Camp process.

But the greatest difference shows an hour after eating. Underbaked beans then seem heavy. Van Camp's are half-digested. For we bake them for hours, in small parcels, by super-heated steam under pressure. Even the hulls are mellow.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

No need to compare them with home-baked beans. They are impossible if you seek easy digestion. No home oven half bakes beans.

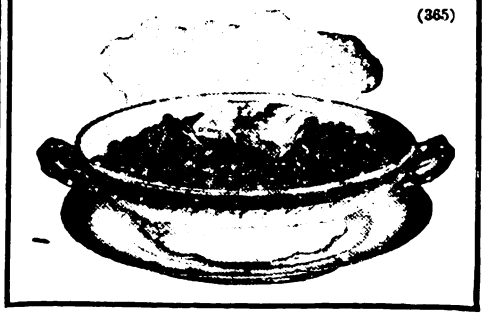
The question lies between ready-baked beans. And the masculine world has chosen Van Camp's. Today thousands of restaurants which cater to men are serving Van Camp's alone.

This dish will change your standards on baked beans. It will lead you to serve this nutritious dainty oftener. It will save you many an hour of cooking. It will make bean dinners more attractive to the man.

Van Camp's has done that in a million homes. Now it's your turn. Try it.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(365)



Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms.

CHAPTER VII.

IN LOVE'S LIGHT.

IT was in no dream this time that she heard those words, "Edna, my darling, my darling!" It had come true, that hysterical fancy of hers, and he did love her; love!—what did it mean?

She raised her head slowly and shyly, and slowly found courage to look up at him. It was a goodly sight, for there was that on Sir Cyril's face that had never been there before, and that made him look more than handsome—noble; it was the glow and light of an honest, passionate love.

"Edna—my Edna! you threw the cotton away because I should not leave; do you—can it be possible that you love me?"

She draws her head back, and with her hands resting—pushing against—his breast, looks up at him curiously, almost breathlessly; her lips slightly apart, eyes soft and tenderly dreamy, a delicious languor settling on her whole face—a bewitching face truly to have so near one's own.

"Do I love you?" she repeats slowly, a beautiful blush coloring her loveliness; "do you love me?"

"With all my heart and soul!" responds Cyril in a low, deep voice. "Oh! tell me, Edna—little fairy—do you really love me?"

She shakes her head slowly, and answers softly:

"I do not know. How can I know? Tell me."

Cyril draws her closer to him, and gently forces her cheek against his heart; she resigns herself with a sigh, and looks up at him expectantly.

"My child," he says—whispers almost, for this sweet innocence of hers is so sacred to him—the worldworn, pleasure-sated man—that he feels as if he were communing with a spirit in some holy place.

"My child, do you not know? Why did you not want me to leave you? You were not afraid to be left alone?"

She shakes her head.

"I was afraid for you; we may be near some dangerous precipice—you might fall;"—she shudders—"No; I could not let you go, could I? But tell me, do I love you? What is love? I feel so strange, so—so happy? Is it like a dream? Oh, if I knew!"

Cyril's eyes devour her with a lover's eagerness.

"Do you love me?" he says; "let us see. Tell me, Edna, the truth—nothing but the truth—and I will answer the question for you. My darling, you are happy, you say; is it because I am here?"

A rapt, wistful look came into the eyes upraised to his.

"Yes," she answers, "I think so, I am sure; I have never been so happy before—no, never. I am always happy when you are near me, and I feel so lonely and restless when you are away. Is that love?"

There is a pause of a moment; Cyril will not speak—will not, by word or movement, break the exquisite delight of her artless confession.

"How long is it since we saw each other? Not long, and yet it seems years and years ago! Oh, what did I do before you came? All that time—before, I mean—seems so dark, so long ago. Do you remember how we sat and looked at the lake, and I told you about all my life, and what we were to do, Aunt Martha and I, in London? What made me tell you? It seemed as if I must, did it not? Did I love you then?"

"God knows! Perhaps," whispers Cyril.

"And you listened, and spoke so gently; I liked to hear your voice even then. I did not mind talking to you—it was good to be sitting near you, and to look into your kind face! And then you came to the pension. Did you come because of my being there—oh, did you come for my sake?"

And a vivid blush glows upon her eager face.

"For whose else, sweet?"

"For mine," she repeats, with dreamy content, "and I never knew it! Yet I was glad when you came; it was like an old friend, and yet quite, quite different, when you came in at the door and I was glad that you sat near me. Did I love you then, I wonder? Ah, no!" with a swift, intense look, "perhaps I was growing to—was I? How strange it is! Yes, I was beginning to—if I do really love you now—for the days all seemed brighter, and at night, when you said good night, and used to hold my hand, it seemed so nice to think that I should see you in the morning—that you would be sure to be at the garden door waiting for me—for you always waited for me, did you not?—and that the flowers beside my plate were yours. I kept one bunch on the pillow beside me one night; they smelled so sweet, and they made me think of you."

"My darling!"

"And then came that dreadful crowd, and when I seemed sinking, sinking under a horrible sea, some strong arm bore me up and carried me away. Through it all—when I had lost all—the crowd—that horrible man—I knew you were near, and I was happy! And now, when the mist came, I did not care; I laughed, did I not? Ah, yes, I should laugh if I were on a rock, and the sea rising, if you were near; I could not be afraid or sad at anything if I could hear your voice, touch your hand—Is that love—do I love you?"

Cyril drank in the fervent gaze of her questioning eyes.

"What do you think, yourself?" he asks, with a smile. "Tell me, Edna?"

Her eyes dropped as she thought for a moment, then she raised them bravely.

"I think it is love," she answered, "and that I do love you."

Rapidly, boldly, as it descended, the mist rises, and in great clouds of vapor is gradually disappearing.

While the two have been communing, Pilatus has reappeared—the lake, at first gloomily and darkly, throws back the reflection of the hills; then, from the far west, streams outward a fan-like radiance from the dying sun, and slowly, gradually the sky clears.

Slowly, happily, hand-in-hand the two, for whom that mist has brought so much of new and wondrous joy, descend the narrow path.

They are silent now, but each has for the other more than words in the close clinging of the hand, the lingering tenderness in the glances that meet and part to meet again. It is all dreamland as yet, but to them it seems as if there would be no waking.

The king of day, sinking slowly but surely, throws his arm upward with a gesture of defiance, and covers the near and distant hills with his purple mantle—then dies. It is twilight; before long it will be dark, and they are still far from home.

Edna looks down the path.

"There is the last of the sun—for today; happy day! It seems to me as if everybody must know, and that they will all stare at me when we meet them—if we do," and she laughs a low, contented laugh.

"We must," says Cyril, "or the steamer for Lucerne will be gone, and we shall be left on this desert island."

"Like Robinson Crusoe. I can walk faster. Oh, no, I am not tired.

But her face belies her words; nothing is more fatiguing than excitement, and of that surely the child has had full measure and running over.

"I could carry you," suggests Cyril, longingly.

"It would only be a fitting termination," responds Edna, with a blush and a smile. "I can go much faster—poor auntie, what a state she will be in; perhaps they have already started a hue and cry; she will be so delighted to see us, and," with accented inflexion, "so surprised."

Cyril pulls his mustache. He had been so wrapt in his happiness that he had forgotten Aunt Martha. Edna's speech aroused him.

Certainly Mrs. Weston would be surprised, but would she be pleased?

The question did not receive a very satisfactory answer; the more Cyril considered the position, the less hopeful did it seem.

Edna looked up at last and pressed his arm.

"How silent you are—are you thinking, and of what?"

"Of you," says Cyril, pressing her arm.

"Of me; what an unsatisfactory subject. Of what are you thinking? Are you thinking," with a sudden questioning glance, "that it would have been better after all if we had gone down with the Robinsons?"

It is so difficult to believe that this great, handsome giant can really love her.

"Oh, sweet, silly goose," responds Cyril. "I was thinking—hoping, rather, that you hadn't any money; that you were quite poor, you know, as poor as I am."

Edna laughs. Real poverty she has never known, so it is easy to laugh.



Edna, will you marry me?



The Curate gabbles over the ceremony after the approved fashion and Sir Cyril More and Edna Weston are one



Leaving her victim like a flower bruised and crushed, upon the cathedral steps

"Dispel all doubts," she says, lightly; "we are as poor as mice, Aunt Martha and I. Oh, quite poor."

"Come," says Cyril, "that's good so far."

"But I can't see why you should rejoice in our poverty," replies Edna, stroking his ulster, which she still has on.

"Can you not?" says Cyril. "What a little ignoramus it is! Let us suppose for an instant that you were rich—an heiress, in fact—don't you think that would make some difference?"

"Oh, yes," she says, with a half sigh, "it would be so much nicer. Ah, I wish I were rich; it would be so sweet to bring it all to you, and say, 'See, here is some more rubbish to go with the other rubbish,' meaning me."

Who can resist the arch, innocent face, the eyes in which the tears of a new-born love-tenderness are trembling?

"All that is very well, as far as you are concerned," says Cyril, with a slightly rueful look; "but you don't suppose they'll let me have you—your people, you know?"

"Would they not?" says Edna, quietly; "then I am glad I am poor. There is nothing to come between us."

"Nothing shall!" says Cyril, and the quiet determination of the tone calls up the color to her cheek.

"I like you when you speak like that," she murmurs.

There is silence for a moment; Cyril is still looking to future and probable impediments to the free course of his first true love.

"And is Aunt Martha to be told all tonight?" he asks, bending down and kissing the pale little forehead.

Edna nods.

"Why not? Why should I not make her happy? There has never been anything between Aunt Martha and me."

"Do I not know that, my darling?" responds Cyril, with an inward thrill of gratitude at the spotless purity of her young life. "But, this is a strange, cold kind of world, of which you know so little, birdie, and I who know too much of it, am looking for the enemy, for there is generally a battle to be fought before one gets such a prize as my Edna. Do you really think Aunt Martha will be as pleased as you pretend to be, little one?"

"Why not?" says Edna, thoughtfully. "Auntie is always happy to see me happy; she has never denied me anything since—since I was born. Oh, no!" Then she stops short and looks up at him with a swift glance of apprehension. "Of what are you thinking? Do you think that something will happen when we go to London—at the lawyers—to come between us!"

She has put his half doubt into words, and Cyril nods.

Edna stands pale and almost breathless.

"Don't look so frightened, my darling," he says, reassuringly; "but I wish I knew more about this coming interview. You see I am not altogether a suitable sweetheart for anyone; perhaps, who knows, there may be something in these coming revelations that may render me less so than ever."

He has been following out the train of thought more to himself than to her, but she listens, wrapt in a kind of apprehensive terror. Instinctively her clasp on his arm grows tighter.

"Do you really think so—do you mean——" with a little stare and smile of incredulity—"that anyone would think you were not good enough!"

"That's it!" says Cyril, with humble emphasis. "Ah, you see, I know the world better than you do; Edna; it's a queer world, but"—with a sudden fervor—"it shall never part us little darling! say that, Edna, my Edna!"

"Yes, I am yours," she says, looking up at him, "and—and it shall never part us."

Cyril looks down at her, as he holds her to him, wistfully.

"Edna," he says, "I am not satisfied yet; some uneasy demon seems to whisper evil prophecy in my ear. Give me tonight to think over matters—one clear night—then let me tell Aunt Martha in the morning!"

All Edna's love asks for at present is an opportunity for displaying obedience. She inclines her head dutifully to her lord and master.

"If you wish it, you shall tell Aunt Martha in the morning. Dear auntie."

Talking as only lovers and such lovers can talk, they reach Weggi's at last, and find an anxious, curious and not altogether amiable group awaiting them.

There is not much time for questioning, for the steamer is puffing and snorting at the quay, and the passengers are already hurrying on board; and Miss Robinson, who looks very tired and frigid and disagreeable, finds time to say, in a mock sympathetic voice:

"So sorry for you, my dear Miss Weston—so very sorry! Of course, it was an accident, but no one will ever believe it. It is quite dreadful to think of—all the afternoon alone, quite alone, with a comparative stranger! I know how dreadfully you must feel it."

It is not the only stab or claw from talons pushed out beyond the velvet, but Edna makes no retort or defense—all the spiteful little arrows which those of the party who are of her sex let fly at her strike aslant and roll from her as water from a duck's back; she nestles under the wing of Aunt Martha, too glad to have regained her to think of reproaches or questions even, and is silent.

As for Cyril, he offers no explanation of the simple truth, and takes himself and a cigar to the other end of the vessel.

It is close upon dusk when the steamer reaches Lucerne, and Cyril, though he gets as close as he can to the landing gangway, and succeeds in securing Enda's hand, cannot put in a word; for Aunt Martha has suddenly awakened to a sense of her responsibility and the danger that may attend this too close companionship of handsome strangers, and does not give Master Cyril a chance to hedge in a whispered word. Indeed it almost seems that he has seen the last of her for that day, for Aunt Martha requests that the tea for herself and niece may be served in her own room; and Cyril, as a last resource, takes to watching under the balcony—that balcony on which he first saw her—on the chance that she may divine his presence by the instinct of love—or the aroma of his cigar.

One of the two does attract her; for just when Cyril has smoked his third cigar, and is inclined to retire in despair, the window opens, and a voice, soft and musical, whispers:

"Are you there? I have come to say good night."

"Good night!" echoes Cyril, with dismay. "Are you not coming down again?"

"No, not tonight," she replies, with a little sigh; "auntie is tired, very tired, and has a bad headache—all my fault, and I am to stay up-stairs and be scolded." Another sigh. "Is it beautiful and cool out there?"

"Yes," says Cyril.

"I wish I were there, but no—no—I must not. Hush! that is auntie's voice. Good night," and she bends with lithe grace over the iron railing of the balcony.

Cyril looks round for something to stand on, sees and drags forward an old block and stands on tiptoe. He can just reach her hand to kiss it, and she, with a bright flush, kisses the fingers he has kissed, as she turns at the door and looks down upon him for the last time that day, with the ineffable tenderness of first love. Now Cyril has time to think, though it is not to be done here, for from the open window of the drawing-room comes Mr. Howley Jones' weak voice, straining at "The Vagabond." Why will all small, weak men choose great baritone songs? Cyril goes down to the lake, and with the inevitable cigar, without which men, it seems, never can accomplish any brain work, sets to work.

Phew! what a task lies before him in the morning! It is worse than taking a stiff hedge with a ten-foot ditch on the other side; it is worse than that terrible meeting of creditors which he had to face when the smash came; it is worse than an interview with his brother Edward, and as Cyril contemplates it, he asks himself, ruefully, what good can be expected to come of it?

"First of all, I suppose," he muses, "I shall have to tell the old lady my right name, then she'll ask me why I concealed it? Cropper number one! Then she'll most likely have heard of some of my foolery, for most people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows evidently, and will probably request me to leave the room. If by some lucky chance the ill-odor of my name has not reached her nostrils, she will want to know the extent of my resources. Cropper number two. And then, why, of course, at the very best, she will ask us to wait until she has seen Burdon, and, in fact, there will be an end to the whole thing."

As the probable results settled upon him with the persistence of conviction, Cyril's frank, careless face grew strained and uneasy. This was the turning point of his life—if he had but known it—if he had but known it! But when does our good angel whisper in our ear any such useful information?

The more Cyril looked at the prospect the darker and less promising it grew, and, at last, as he flung his cigar away, thrust his hands into his pockets, he muttered wistfully:

"Jove! I never thought I could have been so hard hit as this! Do I love her? I'd give up all the world for her. I wish we were married off-hand. Ah!" and he stopped short in his talk with a sudden flush, "I wonder whether she would marry me at once—straight off! That would end it all; and where would be the harm? The dear little angel is no heiress to run away with. Why wait until the whole thing has got complicated, and have to wade through an acre of explanations? Oh, Edna, little Edna! if you were only my little wife—now at this moment."

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS GLITTERS SPEAKS.

"Edna, will you marry me?"

It is the next morning, and they are standing on the brow of the hill on the spot where Edna saw her lover for the second time. She is leaning her sweet head, with its wealth of golden hair smoothed down in thick coils, against his heart, her hands clasped round his arm, her heart in her eyes as they look over to the snow-capped hills.

They have been talking of that sweet yesterday which seems so long, long ago, and now Cyril puts the question which has kept him awake the whole night.

Edna starts and looks at him with a surprised, almost fearful intensity.

"Will—I—marry—you? Oh!"

"Yes, my darling," he says; "will you marry me?"

Her eyes droop and a timid smile curves her delicate lips.

"Who knows? perhaps I may, some day," she murmurs softly.

"I don't mean some day," says Cyril, "I mean now—next week!"

"Next week!" she echoes, starting in earnest this time and turning a vivid crimson. "Are you joking?"

"I never was more serious in my life," says Cyril, and he puts his arm round her waist.

"Why next week—why so soon?" whispers Edna, a delicious thrill running through her at the idea, absurd as it is.

"Because," says Cyril, "if it can't be as soon, if it should not be next week, it may never be at all!"

At the unwonted gravity, at the horrible plainness of the assertion, she pales suddenly and draws her head back to look at his face. No, it is still tender and loving, though anxious and perplexed.

"Listen," says Cyril. "Today I am to go to Mrs. Weston and tell her all, to ask her to give you to me; shall I tell you the answer? It will be 'no!' All I can say will not alter that, all we could do will not prevent our being separated. She will take you to England, obstacles will arise—remember that meeting at the lawyers on the first, darling!—and we shall be parted."

Edna's face grows pale with an intense look in her eyes, and her grasp on his arm grows tighter.

"It is Heaven's own truth," says Cyril, with a touch of the earnestness which has recently discovered itself. "I know it, I feel it, as certainly as that we are standing here. What can we do? They will say 'wait,' and I cannot wait with the chance of waiting forever! Once married we are safe—you are mine, my very own—you will not have to face this mysterious revelation alone—alone, my poor little birdie—but with me by to protect and guard you. Be my wife, Edna, my darling! Why should you not?"

"Why not?" she asks, in a faltering voice, her eyes filled with tears; "Oh, why not! How can you ask? How could I leave Aunt Martha?"

"Do not leave her," says Cyril. "Do you think I'd have you desert the best, the only friend you have! Steal away with me one morning to Basle—there is an English church there; I will make all arrangements. Oh, don't look so frightened, my darling! I have thought it out, all of it, and though I'm not strong at the headpiece I can see my way quite clear—quite! We shall disappear for one morning—and then we will come back for Aunt Martha and take her with us wherever you like to go. It sounds worse than it is, my child! far worse. You will marry me some day, you say; you have said that nothing shall part us; let us put it out of the way of anything to step in between. If you knew how I loved you, you little witch! If you knew how you have changed my life with your sweet little face, with those great eyes of yours; if you knew how I'd give up all the world, if I had it to give, to be able to call you mine now, you wouldn't hesitate. Only be my wife, Edna darling, it is all I ask."

"It isn't much!" murmurs Edna, with a little plaintive smile, that is broken by a sob.

"It is more than all the world to me!" says Cyril, straining her to him. "Ah, it is a poor sort of thing I offer you, my sweet darling!" he added, with a half groan; "perhaps it would be better if you put it aside." His face grew grave and mournful as it looked down on hers. "For all your sweet, pure beauty and spotless youth, what have I to offer in exchange?"

Edna looks up at him, her face aglow with rapt devotion.

"Yourself," she says, with a sob. "What was I before yesterday? What was my life till you came and showed me how much of joy it could possess? Oh, my love! my love! you say you love me, but I tremble when I think how much I love you! If we were to be parted, if you were to go from me, I should die! I could not live; it makes my heart stand still and turn to ice to hear you hint at it. I love you so that I must do what you will; I must marry you if they will not let me keep you without!"

"You will marry me soon—at once!" exclaims Cyril, almost mad with delight.

The girl looks up at him with a sweet, solemn gaze of devotion, her lips half parted, her hair pushed off her forehead by his caressing hand, her face like a sculptured saint's.

"Yes, I will marry you soon—at once!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is a warm morning, and the curate in charge of the little Protestant church at which the English and American visitors to Basle came during the season to worship their common God, and stare at the new bonnets, draws his surplice over his head with a sleepy yawn that is a tolerably eloquent protest against the adverse fate that compels him to perform the marriage service for a mad young English couple, instead of lounging beside the Rhine, with a book in his hand and slumber under his eyelids. It is hard that English people cannot stop at home and be married, he thinks; and the pew-opener, a little Swiss woman, whose knowledge of English is as limited as it is unintelligible, agrees with him. Now that there is much to grumble at in this case, for the bridegroom is not only a handsome, but a pleasant and a liberal gentleman, who has paved the short, few yards of the road to matrimony with gold—has heavily tipped the pew-opener before the ceremony, and promised her a still heavier guerdon after its consummation.

And now, as the little bell is swung slowly to and fro, producing a tintinabulation more like a dirge than a marriage peal, a modest fly crawls, after the manner of its species, to the little gate, and a fair, tall gentleman, with handsome eyes and a mustache of tawny gold, gets out and assists the bride to alight. She is wondrously pretty, although there is a complete absence of the usual paraphernalia—no white satin dress, no pearls, no white veil, no wreath, no attempt at anything bridal in the way of costume, from the simple, pretty little hat on her silken hair to the equally little shoon. One white rose she wears at her bosom, but that might be worn by any maiden going a-shopping, and reveals nothing.

The bridegroom himself is clad in a well-cut and undeniably useful traveling suit, and he, too, has nothing about him suggestive of a wedding. But that they have come to be married there can be no manner of doubt, for the gentleman draws

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER VII.

MOUNTAIN CLIMB IN QUEST OF LOST GOATS.

TO turn the goats from the big pasture, where they remained during the day, into the inclosure about Pecan Hollow, steer them safely across the creek bottom and past the sorghum stacks and into the little coral behind Isum's cabin, where they were penned for the night, was a privilege sometimes claimed by the children and readily yielded by the old negro.

In the morning Isum would turn them again into the big pasture, at which time his duties would cease and Monte's begin. From morning until early evening the Mexican stayed with the goats. All day he followed them up the steep sides of the mountains, guided them around impossible cedar brakes and through entangling thickets whose reaching hands had the grip of steel on the long hair of the Angoras. By his presence he protected them from wolves, and now and then he would arrive home with a lame doe on his back or a puny kid under his arm.

In the evening, after he had rounded up his flock and turned it over to Isum, he would go to his little log house by the roadside, where he might be seen any evening preparing his supper of cornmeal cakes at an outside fire and with the help of a few hot stones.

Toughey and the children had learned to say "Buenos dias" and "Buenos noches" to him, but beyond a civil response to their greeting the white-haired old fellow had little to say. Even Mr. Deering's efforts to draw him out failed and his hopeless taciturnity was now recognized and respected.

Frequently Toughey and the children would leave on his doorstep a basket of fresh eggs or vegetables, and at their next visit would find it filled with wild plums or grapes, or as the season advanced a few early pecans, with now and then a whistle made from a willow twig.

So that through these expressions of mutual good will, there grew up between the old Mexican and the little girls a real friendship. His arrival on the Plantation in the wake of the goats had seemed at the time like a providential answer to their pressing need of a herder. Drifting there, apparently without motive, his faithful service had satisfied abundantly the expectations of his employer.

One evening, early in September, Toughey and the children, returning from a brisk canter on the turning row, found Isum carefully counting the goats as they squeezed one by one through the big gate. The little girls watched him with interest, for while they had many times witnessed this same scene, they never tired of it.

"They're not all here," said Toughey suddenly.

The old negro shook his head.

"Not mor'n haf," he said, "an' dey cum up scatterin'."

"Where's Monte?" asked Toughey in surprise.

"Dunno," answered Isum.

"Perhaps he's sick," suggested Toughey looking towards the cabin, which was set in plain view of the gate. "We'll go and see," she said.

"Yo' won't fine him," said the old negro slowly, "I done ben thar."

"Well, we'll go anyway," she said and followed by the children she rode in a lope to the cabin. There was no sign of Monte. Riding close to the half open door she peered in and then pushed it wide open. The room was empty. They all shouted his name but got only echoes in response, until, after a strained attention they discovered the faint sound of a goat's bell far up the mountain. The little girls began to get excited.

Returning to the gate they found Mr. and Mrs. Deering there, discussing with Isum the possible reasons for Morte's absence.

"Yo can't tel nuffin' 'bout Greasers," said the old negro with mysterious shakes of the head.

The children thought he might have been eaten by wolves, but withdrew the suggestion under fire of Toughey's gibes.

"We will never see him again," predicted Mr. Deering. "When a Mexican gets ready to quit your service he usually does so without any formalities."

Toughey and the children now volunteered to go up the mountain and drive down the goat whose bell they were sure they had heard.

Slipping from their ponies, they raced towards the big hill, beginning the ascent just behind Monte's house, which was built in its shadow. At the steeper parts they pulled themselves up by the cedars which here grew thickly from base to summit. Arriving at the top, they paused to regain breath and to listen for the sound of the bell.

"Let's be Indians," suggested Toughey, appreciating the value of discipline and silence throughout the expedition. The children looked at each other and hesitated.

"I'll be the big chief," explained Toughey, "and you will be young braves on your first war path."

The children still looked dubious.

"Why it's the very thing," urged Toughey, "your sandals are just like moccasins, and if here aren't our war feathers!" she exclaimed delightedly, pouncing upon two crow feathers which fate seemed to have provided on the spot for her benefit.

"You know Indians always wear feathers when they are on the war path," she said. "The enemy, you see, are the goats and we'll ambush them; that means we'll slip up on them before they know it and then we'll rush down upon them with blood-curdling war whoops and scalp some and take the rest prisoners and lead them back to our camp fire for torture."

Won by this enticing picture, the children were about to yield and become braves when Toughey stuck both feathers in her own hair. This was too much for even the most downtrodden of small sisters! They flatly refused to be braves without feathers. Toughey argued, then stormed, then gave in.

"All right," she said finally, "if you *will* be greedy I can't help it."

Arming themselves with stick tomahawks, they were soon threading their way stealthily among the cedars, stepping in each other's tracks in order to make but a single trail.

All went well until the Braves began to lose their feathers. They *would* slip out and then the young warriors had to stop and try to put them in again, and then race after the chief, who kept steadily on, and try to act as if they had been right behind all the time. Once they fell so far behind that they gave a frightened call for "Toughey," which brought back upon them such a wrathy chief, so full of mighty talk that they began to wish they had never seen the feathers which they had finally succeeded in sticking through mats of tangled hair at the back of their little heads.

"If you're going to be *Indians*, be *Indians*," said Toughey who liked to do thoroughly whatever she undertook.

"We *do* want to be Indians," insisted the children miserably, conscious that they were not coming up to the standard in spite of their feathers.

"When Indians get separated, they call to each other like some bird or animal," said Toughey. "Now if you should lose anything"—with a wicked smile and glance at their bedraggled head ornaments—"and have to stop, and get lost from the chief, you must—must—caw like a crow," she ended with sudden inspiration. The children felt their spirits rising again.

"Now you understand?" questioned Toughey, "you are to caw twice and I'll answer with one caw. Indians *never* talk except in council."

Laying her finger on her lips in final warning, Toughey started forward again, the children following in silence.

For sometime they proceeded rapidly in the direction from which came the sound of the bell, now quite distinct.

It was evident that at any moment they might expect to come upon some of the scattered goats, and Toughey turned to show her followers, in pantomime, what they must do with their tomahawks to the enemy. The children answered with such vicious swings of their weapons that Toughey again gave the precautionary signal for silence before proceeding at a stealthier pace in order to take the foe unawares.

At this fateful moment both feathers fell from the loosened knots of hair, a sandal buckle dropped off, and the Braves were reduced to the necessity of stopping and applying themselves to the task of repairing the mischief and putting themselves in fighting shape.

Toughey with a glance backward went on. After a few more turns among the cedars, she found herself approaching the margin of an open glade across which she saw something that made her shrink into the shadow of a friendly cedar.

Hanging from the limb of a tree, head downward, was a goat. Underneath, three wolves circled and leaped savagely at the carcase, vainly endeavoring to bring it down but succeeding only in touching it occasionally.

Before Toughey could recover from her astonishment, there was a slight flurry and the wolves disappeared so swiftly that she might have wondered if she had really seen them, but for another vision that altogether diverted her thoughts.

Fom the brush on the opposite side of the glade emerged two mules, each ridden by a Mexican. Toughey started forward as she recognized Monte on one of them, and a moment later cowered to her knees under the low sheltering branches of the cedar. The other man was the young convict who had broken Bruce. They rode straight to the goat, and Monte drawing two knives from his blouse handed one to his companion, while with the other he cut the thick cord by which the goat was tied. Dismounting, the Mexicans tore the skin from the animal and began to cut off long strips of the smoking flesh.

Just then two quavering "caws" broke the silence. Toughey started. This was the call of the Braves. She hardly breathed as she watched Monte wrap the goat flesh in the long hair of the Angora and thrust it into his blouse.

Again came the cry of the crows, this time high and insistent.

The convict glanced in the direction from which the sounds came, and Toughey felt suddenly cold. She now saw the Mexicans hurriedly remount and ride swiftly away into the brush. They were hardly out of sight when two indignant Braves, cawing vigorously, burst upon the trail and fell upon her with their tomahawks. She received the attack so soberly, at the same time hurrying them away from the spot, that the children became suspicious and stopped to ask if there was anything the matter.

"There's no use going any further; the bell's stopped ringing," explained Toughey, with a nervous glance over her shoulder, and seizing the children's hands she began to run. To their half frightened questions she would only answer, "Wait 'till we get home," and presently they were speeding along at such a rate that when they reached the mountain's edge they could not stop and went tumbling over and down its steep side so recklessly, the loose, shaly soil raining along with them, that mamma, watching from the big gate, was horrified and papa was sure that he had never seen the goats make better time. They reached the bottom without mishap, however, and a few minutes later Toughey was pouring forth her story to a little group of attentive listeners.

After Isum had been dispatched to the Camp to inform the Manager, it began to dawn upon the children that they had been cheated out of an adventure that could very properly have served them a lifetime. Toughey was to blame. *She* had seen everything, *they* had seen nothing. If she had only answered their "caws," they would have been witnesses to the thrilling drama.

"Did you want to see a poor little kid cut to pieces?" asked Toughey.

"Yes, we did!" retorted the children, indignantly.

"Oh!" said Toughey with a shrug, "I thought you had some feeling."

This made matters worse. The children were sure that they had just as much feeling as anybody, but they were not mean and selfish and didn't go around the country seeing wolves, and run-away convicts and goats with their throats cut, and never tell her.

"Didn't I tell you?" asked Toughey.

Didn't she tell them indeed! Yes, after it was all over! But when they ran across any of these things they would *never, never* tell her.

"I don't want you to," said Toughey, with a smile that made them realize the emptiness of their threat. But Toughey was really sorry that the children had missed all the "fun" as she now began to term the occurrence, and she finally succeeded in partially reconciling them to their disappointment, with a promise to take them the next day to see what the wolves and buzzards had left of the dead goat.

* * * * * * * * *

Although the Manager made every effort to capture the Mexicans, he never succeeded in finding even so much as a trace of them. The dogs, trained to trail men, were unable to follow the track of a horse or mule. The sheriffs of adjoining counties were notified, and rewards were offered, but to no purpose. The Mexicans had disappeared.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Machmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home, Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcote a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that sex makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher, who has important documents stolen from his safe. He reports the loss to the proper officials. Failing to find them Mr. Fletcher is arrested upon the charge of treason. Imogen visits Roland Fletcher in the jail. If she can give him back his freedom, restore his good name and the respect of his fellowmen will he make her his wife. Declaring it impossible to call another woman wife Imogen realizes she has lost all and refuses to help Mr. Fletcher. The court opens; the third day Judge Ashburton is taken violently ill; he insists that Alice shall continue the case. Thoroughly posted on every point she takes up the argument of her opponent and reduces it to insignificance. Will arrives and conducts Alice to Castleview. The next morning Alice detects a man climbing over the railing to Imogen's window, preparing to let himself to the ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF THE STOLEN PAPERS.

ALICE was very quick to think and arrive at conclusions. The familiar voice; the stealthy movements of the man who had evidently come from Imogen's room; the fact that the woman had made her boast that she had some knowledge or suspicions regarding the stolen papers upon which Mr. Fletcher's vindication depended; the memory of the man whom she had encountered in that underground passage the previous year and who had forced her to mail a letter to Imogen, all flashed like lightning through her mind, and, blending into one chain of circumstatial evidence, instantly aroused the suspicion that, possibly, the key to the whole situation lay almost within her grasp.

She was as quick to act as to think.

Slipping noiselessly out of her room she darted down-stairs with the swiftness of a deer.

She met the butler in the hall.

"William, the gardner, is just outside," she said, in low, rapid tones, "I want you both to come with me to the west wing. Be quick, be brave, for we have a burglar there and maybe he is the man who should be where your master is now."

The man needed no second bidding.

He was out of the house like a flash.

"Come, Jack, there be a proacher around 'ere," he said to the gardener who was weeding a bed just opposite the entrance, whereupon he sprang to his feet and both men sped toward the end of the west wing, Alice leading the way, and where, sure enough, they found a somewhat disreputable party just in the act of touching the ground after a laborious descent of the waste pipe.

A curse, loud and deep, burst from the man as he realized that he was caught, and at the same time convinced Alice of his identity as the person she had met in the cave.

The next moment the butler and gardener had seized him. "William, hold his hands behind," Alice commanded in a resolute tone, "and Jack, you take care of his legs, while I go through his pockets and see what I can find."

She could not have adopted a more efficacious method to prove her suspicions correct, for the man at once began to swear lustily and to struggle fiercely with his captors.

"Stop that, now," said William, as he gave his wrists a wrench that made him groan with pain, while Jack, with a dexterous and powerful blow from behind, brought him to his knees, where he was powerless in the hands of the two men.

"Now, miss, go fur 'im," said the gardener, with a nod and a grin of satisfaction.

With gleaming eyes and rapid movements the girl searched every pocket in his coat and vest, and finally, with a cry of joy, drew forth from the inner receptacle of his vest the very package of papers which she sought and which, one quick anxious glance showed her was still unopened; that their secrets were safe.

"William!—Jack!—your master is saved!" she cried, in triumphant but tremulous tones.

"Thank the Lord, miss!" was their almost simultaneous reply.

"Now, take your captive to the stable and bind him securely with some stout rope," Alice continued, "then put him into the carriage and both of you must also go to the courthouse with me, to testify against him; be quick, too, for it is getting late."

"All right, miss," the men replied, respectfully, and hurried their man away to do her bidding.

Alice was sorely tempted to go to Judge Ashburton and tell him the glorious news, but she was not sure that he was awake, and she decided that it would be best not to excite him; the good tidings would be just as welcome an hour or two later, and he would not be kept in a state of suspense while awaiting the action of the court.

Neither Olive nor Imogen had heard or seen what had occurred, as the dining-room was in the east wing and remote from the scene just described, and Alice would not take the precious time to go and explain the situation to them; they also could wait, she thought.

It was later than she wished when the carriage drove to the door, the butler and his prisoner, the latter securely bound, occupying the front seat, and Jack riding on the box with the driver.

Alice sprang in and took the back seat and told the coachman to put his horses over the ground lively.

But with all their speed, it was past the hour for the court to open when they arrived, and Will was outside impatiently awaiting the appearance of his betrothed and fearing that some accident had detained her.

She hurriedly explained what had kept her and begged him to see that the thief was safely delivered to an officer, then she hurried inside.

The judge had just risen to address the jury as Alice, with a flushed and eager face, passed to her place and signaled him that she had something to say.

He paid no attention to her, however, but put the question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have, my lord," the foreman replied.

Again Alice attempted to attract the judge's attention, but he continued, without heeding her:

"What is your decision?"

"We do not find the evidence against the prisoner sufficiently sustained, and recommend that he be discharged," was the reply.

Roland Fletcher's head sank upon his breast. The result was even as he had feared, and yet he was not prepared for it. He was to go free, but he was not cleared—a cloud would always rest upon his hitherto untarnished name—the blight of doubt would blast his whole future.

Alice caught the look of despair that overspread his face and she could bear no more—even at the risk of being charged with contempt of court for interrupting his honor, she must speak.

"Your lordship, the defendant is guiltless! the papers are found!" she cried, in clarion tones, as she held the package aloft and thus made a striking picture with her gleaming eyes, her scarlet cheeks, her slender, graceful form drawn to its utmost height.

Instantly the entire audience was thrown into the wildest excitement. Cheer after cheer rent the air; hands were vigorously clapped; handkerchiefs were waved and every face beamed with delight over the glorious but unexpected news.

Roland Fletcher alone sat pale, trembling and silent, hardly daring to credit the evidence of his senses.

As soon as order could be restored the judge demanded an explanation of this wonderful *denouement;* whereupon Alice briefly related to the now breathless throng when and how the papers had been found.

In order to make the links in the chain of our story complete, we must take the reader back to the night on which Mr. Fletcher was called away from home, and on which, also, the papers that had been committed to him were stolen.

Olive was also away on a visit to a friend in London, and thus Imogen, except for the presence of the servants, was entirely alone.

She sat reading in the library until about half-past ten, when she retired to her own room, where, as the evening was chilly, she had ordered a fire to be made in the grate.

She was not sleepy and the room was so cozy and cheerful she pulled the heavy draperies across the windows, turned the lights low and sat down before the glowing fire, where she soon fell into deep thought.

Evidently her reflections were not altogether pleasant, judging from the frown upon her brow and her tightly compressed lips. She sat there a long time, and was finally aroused to a sense of lateness of the hour by hearing the hall clock strike twelve.

She immediately arose, and, turning up the lights, began to prepare for bed.

Suddenly she paused.

"I wonder if I fastened that window in the library," she muttered, a shade of anxiety sweeping over her face as she remembered having opened a window to fasten a swinging shutter.

She stood irresolute for a moment; then, lighting a candle, passed out of her room, noiselessly and swiftly threading the corridor and the long flight of stairs leading below.

The house was very still, and an unusual feeling of loneliness swept over her as she proceeded toward the library through the solemn silence and darkness of the great hall below.

A pang of angry bitterness shot through her heart as she thought of her desolate condition with no one there to keep her company. No one in all the world appeared to give her thought, beyond a certain comfortable reliance upon her because of her efficiency to direct the household in an orderly manner. There was no one whom she could claim, as her very own, to love, and no one to claim kinship with her; no one to care whether she were happy or miserable or to be concerned if she were left solitary and alone, as she was tonight.

Pausing, with a sigh, as she reached the library door, she softly turned the handle and entered the room.

A muttered oath fell upon her startled ear as she did so, and a figure, crouching in the farthest corner before Roland Fletcher's safe, sprang to his feet and confronted her and bearing in his own hand a lighted candle.

For the moment she was too frightened either to speak or move; but she instantly recognized the detective and human sponge who for many years had been such a thorn in her flesh.

"Ha! so it is you who have caught me!" the man observed, and instantly recovering his self-possession, as he realized who had discovered him there. "Well, I'm glad it was not one of the servants, for then, most likely, there'd have been a row or—something worse. On the whole, I'm rather glad to see you, Mrs. Ingraham. Sit down and make yourself comfortable—you are looking a trifle pale and upset," he concluded, shoving a chair toward her with his foot.

"Why are you here?" Imogen now found voice to say, although she was trembling violently.

"Well, you see, I got short of cash again and, as I knew I shouldn't be able to squeeze very much out of you, I concluded—knowing that the coast was pretty clear—that I'd help myself to a little loose change, if I could find it handy," the man returned, with bold effrontery, as he glanced back at the safe which he had just closed as she entered.

"But you couldn't get into the safe," Imogen retorted in a confident tone.

"Couldn't I?" sneered her companion, with a chuckle; "you are slightly mistaken there, my friend, for I happen to be familiar with about a hundred combinations—I'm something of an expert at mastering them, and this one proved to be as easy as a-b-c to me; only I didn't find much of any swag to pay me for my risk and trouble," he concluded, with an air of disappointment.

Imogen heaved a deep sigh of relief at this latter assurance, for she had known that Mr. Fletcher had had a large sum of money in the house only a day or two previous. Now she knew that he must have deposited it before he went away, and she was very thankful.

"Did you take anything from the safe?" she demanded.

"Yes, all the money there was; two or three pound notes and a little loose silver," responded the detective, with apparent frankness.

"Anything else?" Imogen questioned, sharply.

"What else should I take! It is money that I want," was the somewhat sullen reply. "And now," he added, "rather than keep you up any longer, I'll take myself off."

"How did you get in?" she inquired.

"Somebody was thoughtful enough to leave a window unfastened for my accommodation," he returned with a significant laugh, "and lest I bring you another visitor of the same kind, I think I'd better retire by the way I came."

He walked to the window which she had neglected to fasten, and quietly raised it.

He threw one leg over the sill, and then paused and looked back.

"Don't you dare to make any row until I'm well out of the way," he said, with a wicked look; "if you set anybody on my track, you may be pretty sure that I'll make things hum for you; and, by the way, I may as well tell you that, at last, I have got track of that other young one."

"Oh!" gasped Imogen, in voiceless anguish, as she thus realized how thoroughly in the power of this bad man she was. But her proud spirit rallied almost immediately.

"I don't believe you," she cried, scornfully.

"Don't you?" he composedly returned, "belief never changes facts, you know, and I could lay my hand on a certain extension with a perforated top tomorrow, if it became necessary—it isn't so far from Castleview as you might imagine, either."

Imogen's heart sank within her, for too well she knew that he spoke the truth. How the web of fate seemed to be closing about her, and she was powerless to protect herself against, or retaliate upon him; for she was sure the moment she showed a disposition to thwart him in any way, he would betray her terrible secret.

She was stricken dumb by his last fling at her—her strength almost forsook her and she stood white and trembling while he deliberately made his exit from the window and softly closed it after him; then, waving her a mocking adieu, he disappeared in the darkness.

She tottered feebly to the window and fastened it, after which she examined the safe to ascertain if it was locked; then she dragged her trembling feet up to her room and sank weak and faint upon her bed.

She was too spent even to undress, but lay there, just as she was the whole night through, never once closing her eyes in sleep until day began to break, when she sank into a heavy stupor, from which she did not awake until the middle of the forenoon.

When she went down-stairs, at lunch time, she found that Mr. Fletcher had returned and Olive with him.

She longed to tell him about the visit of the burglar of the previous night, yet dared not; but her consternation may well be imagined when he came to her, later, and told her of the loss of certain documents which contained important state secrets, the revelation of which would ruin him utterly.

Of course she knew instantly who had taken them; but she was obliged to simulate astonishment and distress. It was not all simulated, either, for it really was agony to her to witness Mr. Fletcher's dismay.

His loss seemed to age him almost in a moment, and his pale, haggard face, his anxious eyes and nervous excitement were a continual reproach to her.

On the morning of his arrest it seemed to her that she must go mad. Once or twice she was on the point of confessing what she knew, but fear kept her dumb, while she argued that he would soon be released, for no one could believe him guilty of wrong in view of his irreproachable past.

She knew that he cabled at once for Judge Ashburton, and this led her to hope that there would be some speedy settlement of the affair, upon his return, and then there would be no need to compromise herself.

But when she learned that the man whom she so madly loved had been committed to jail and refused bail, after a preliminary examination, when she witnessed Olive's wild grief and shame over the fact, she had another struggle with herself more terrible than all the rest.

And yet, even then she yielded to the tempter who whispered:

"Wait until the trial—he will be proven guiltless and all will be well."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN A CRITICAL POSITION.

When the judge returned from America, Imogen was greatly relieved. He was a bulwark of strength—someone to rely upon, someone to talk the matter over with—and, as he had always been so successful throughout his career, she now hoped that he would readily find a way out of the present difficulty.

But, as day by day went by, and the man's face grew grave and careworn, his manner preoccupied and depressed, it seemed to her as if the strain upon her nerves would drive her mad. Every night upon his return from his office she would eagerly inquire if he had been able to gather any favorable evidence during the day—if he had any more hope that he might win Roland's case.

The man marveled at her absorbing anxiety—marveled to see her so deathly white and growing so thin, at her waning appetite and lack of interest in everything, save the approaching trial, and his old-time suspicions that she loved his son-in-law with a deep and absorbing affection were revived and a feeling of tender sympathy for her was awakened in his heart.

Thus the time went slowly by until the evening before the trial arrived, when Imogen, who for weeks had been revolving in her mind various plans by which she could save the man she loved, and still shield herself, paid her visit to Mr. Fletcher in the jail. She had finally decided upon a desperate move, believing that if she was once his wife, no matter what he might learn regarding her past, it would be his duty to protect her.

At any rate, she would then have it in her power to pay the detective sufficient hush money to keep him silent. If she could once obtain Mr. Fletcher's promise to marry her she would immediately bargain with the man for the papers, for she knew he was still in the neighborhood, and Roland would be saved. Then she would be such a faithful, loving wife to him that she must eventually win his affection.

With this purpose in her heart, she went to the jail to see him, and with what result we already know—she failed, utterly, in her object and returned to Castleview in despair. She retired immediately to her room, locked herself in, and, after exchanging her street costume for a loose wrapper, threw herself into a low rocker, buried her face in her hands and tried to think what she should do next.

She knew that, after what had just occurred, if Roland should be released, as she felt sure he would be, even though he might not be fully exonerated, she could no longer remain at Castleview. She had sealed her own doom in that respect, and the thought was keenest agony to her, for if she went away she must be separated from Olive and the renunciation of her child, after having given the best portion of her life to secure for her, through crime and deception, a high social position and a fortune, and a home for them both under the same roof, was like sundering soul from body.

"Oh! is life really worth the living, with these impending misfortunes and the failure of all schemes?" she asked herself, with an almost overwhelming sense of weariness and despair. "Would it not be better to blot myself at once out of existence?" True, Olive could remain where she was and still continue to reap the fruits of her mother's sin, but this thought was small comfort to the selfish woman, in view of the future of loneliness and remorse and constant fear of detection that lay before her.

At length, utterly worn out with the conflict of emotions, she retired to bed, where, after an hour spent in bitter weeping, she finally sank into a heavy sleep.

The next morning she dressed herself with great care and repaired to the courthouse to be present at the trial.

Olive would not go. She had behaved very badly throughout her father's trouble. She had, from the first, maintained an air of sullen injury. She felt shamed, personally aggrieved and resentful that she should have been subjected to the humiliation of having her father committed to jail, like a common felon. She had flatly refused to visit him there, and had sent him no word or message of love or comfort during his imprisonment, and had held herself aloof from everyone in a chronic state of pouting and sulkiness.

Judge Ashburton was out of all patience with her for the first time in his life, although during the last year or two he had felt greatly disappointed in her in many ways.

"Have you no love or sympathy for your father, Olive?" he had questioned, sharply, when upon one occasion she had refused to go with him to visit Mr. Fletcher. "Don't you suppose he suffers and needs all the comfort that his loved ones can bestow?"

"Oh, of course!" Olive sniffed, with an unlovely frown, "but just think of the shame of it all; of how—how he has disgraced us all."

The judge turned and left her without a word, both grieved and angry over her utter selfishness.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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GET A BETTER PLACE

The World Needs Faith

An Easter Sermon—*By Uncle Charlie*

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THE two great festivals of the Christian year are majestically silhouetted against the broad expanse of time.

Like two towering lighthouses standing on two mighty promontories, their beams flash radiantly out over the dark and troubled waters of life. Theirs is a light that never dims and never fades. They are like two inspiring beacons that keep hope alive in the human breast. No fog and no mist can for long obscure their piercing rays. They are the polar stars of faith. To them the magnetic needle of all Christian aspirations eternally points.

The first is the joyous light of Christmas, the second the clear lustrous rays of glorious Easter; by the aid of which we are enabled to glimpse the shining shores of the better land.

In our journey o'er the watery wastes of this transitory life, in which the waves of adversity, sorrow, sickness and poverty sorely batter the creaking timbers of our frail and tiny craft, we are dashed hither and thither in our course and almost despair as we watch the dark and ominous clouds that loom around us. Hope almost vanishes, the waters threaten to engulf us, the seas grow more mountainous and more angry. Suddenly there appears a faint glimmer of light that grows momentarily brighter until its rays illumine the entire heavens. The waters subside and the murmuring of the tempest is hushed. A great calm settles down upon all, and as with amazement we note the great and wondrous change, upon our ears fall the enchanting strains of celestial music and voices of exquisite sweetness are heard singing the inspiring anthem: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

We have reached the Christmas lighthouse, care and sorrow are forgotten and we rest, feast and are merry. Heaven has taken compassion upon us, and the Carist Child has come to gladden the hearts of men with a new hope. Refreshed we start once more on our journey, and again the waters are troubled and the clouds loom overhead. Our hearts sink within us. The angel voices are still. We seem to be drifting we know not where.

Perhaps that first light was only meant to deceive and create a false hope. We are ready to listen to the words of false counselers and drift hither and thither aimlessly, discouraged and disheartened. We reproach God for betraying us. We forget to pray. What is the use?

Suddenly the clouds part, the waters are stilled and our weary eyes perceive a great light, and again our ears are ravished by the sound of heavenly voices singing: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He shall stand upon the latter day upon the earth, and though the worms destroy my body yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Then the heavens resound with the triumphant chorus: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen! O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

The clouds have gone, the troubled waters are stilled, the beautiful isles of somewhere burst enchantingly upon our vision, and the fronded palms lift their emerald heads in the balmy air. We have voyaged through the valley of the shadow and are reminded of the immortal lines:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

"And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

We have reached the Easter lighthouse and the thin partition which veils that brighter world, has been rent apart by the risen Savior. We know now the location of those magic isles, and what is better still, we know how to reach them for the Master has said: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Easter is the complement of Christmas, the fulfillment of the hope which dawned upon the world with the coming of the Christ. The message of Christmas was, and is this: "Immanuel, God with us." The message of Easter is this: that God *continues* to be with us through all the ups and downs, the painful vicissitudes, the mingled joys and sorrows, failures and successes, defeats and victories of our life in this often bewildering world of ours; and that He is still with us as we enter upon that mysterious journey, so dreaded by many, which lies through the "Valley of the Shadow." Thus the star which arose to shine over Bethlehem that cradle of a new humanity, was not quenched by the hands of time; it still shines in the sky of Christian faith and consciousness "more and more brightly unto the perfect day." This is the truth that Christ brought to the wondrous captive soul of man pining away in the suffocating atmosphere of its dark, dark prison, the truth that God is with us and in us, that He loves us, is profoundly interested in us, and means well by us *intensely* and *continuously*.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth will set you free," said Jesus. Until Christ came the soul was like a caged eagle, madly and vainly beating its wings against the unyielding bars, or now drooping dejectedly in its galling, hopeless confinement. It was a prince reduced to beggary and rags, yet not wholly forgetful of his royal lineage. And the very thing that the soul hoped would set it free loaded it with fetters. Religion instead of being its sanctuary of peace, its temple of freedom, had become its dungeon, the charnel house full of dead hopes and terrorizing fears and black despair. Like some bewitched victim of sorcery the soul saw all things falsely; it saw God as a dread judge, itself as the condemned criminal without hope of mercy. It despaired or fell into indifference. In either case, the future was dark and full of foreboding, and not to be thought of more than was possible.

But ah, what a difference there was when Christ came. "He who is from above" addressing himself in a spirit of comradeship to publicans and sinners, the dregs of society, with the sweetest speech that ever fell upon hungry ears, and looking into their sin lined faces through the kindest eyes that ever saw and understood and sympathized with them. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He said to them. "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." He spoke not of a judge who severely punishes the wrong doer; not of a wrathful Deity who demands some terrible sacrifice before His vengeance will spare us. He spoke of "Our Father" who loves *all*, who sends His rain and sunshine upon the evil as well as the good, and who himself provides for us the great sacrifice by which "the sins of the whole world" were to be borne away. He tells us we ought also "to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us." Why? His answer is, that we may be "perfect even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Sinful as we are, we are not looked upon by Jesus as criminals in a court where some stranger we call God is our pitiless, angry Judge. No! never! We are not even looked upon as more or less rebellious subjects of a monarch called God. We are regarded by Jesus—the worst of us—as children of Our Heavenly Father, very imperfect, very sinful, very far off from being what we ought to be, but still children for all that, whom our Father loves and always will love, whose highest permanent good He seeks in a hundred ways unknown to us, and will always seek. His is the "love that will not let us go." Yes, we are all His children; that is the fundamental truth about you and me, about every son of man the wide world over. As Phillips Brooks once said: "Man is a son of God on whom the devil has laid his hand, not a child of the devil whom God is trying to steal." There is a blasphemy against God, which makes Him out to be little better than an Almighty Devil, intent on sweeping countless hordes of our race into hell with the broom of his wrath. But such was not our Master's teaching, who said He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, nor is it the teaching of the inspired apostles to whom "God is love," "God is Light," "The Father in whom there is no darkness at all."

There is also a blasphemy against humanity, which degrades our race to a level lower than the beast by making us the children of the evil one. Against these twin blasphemies the entire course of Christ's life and teaching was a steadfast protest. Was Christ correct in thus representing God as our Father, and ourselves as His children? St. John answers that question: "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth come by Jesus Christ."

When the full significance of Easter is brought home to the average indifferent human the slumbering soul wakes up to the fact of its divine birthright, and its owner realizes he is a child of God. The Christian life is the progressive realization of the privileges, the duties, the hopes involved in this relationship to an all loving Father. The really awakened soul, is a soul set free "with the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free." Free from false and fear filling ideas of God. Free from the desire to backbite and scandalize, free from envy, hate, malice and all uncharitableness. The thought of God is now fraught with peace and joy and true happiness. Now we realize that "God is Love" and "Light" and all that is kind and true and beautiful. He is free from fear according to the measure in which he gives entrance into his consciousness of "the love that God hath to us" as St. John says. "Herein is our love made perfect that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." But there are other sources of fear than the judgment day from which a man is freed when he begins in earnest to live his days out based on the growing realization of God's fatherhood and his sonship. Life brings the Christian as well as others trials and tribulations, sorrow, material loss, disappointment, defeat; a hundred ills may lurk in tomorrow or the day after, ready to spring out upon him. What then? It is his to realize in these times of storm and stress the Easter proclamation of God's continuing presence with His children. "Thou Lord art a *very present* help in trouble." St. Paul's days were spent in perilous times and long was the list of calamities that befell him, but through them all he tells us he was "never dismayed." "We know," he says in another place, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to *purpose*." Purpose? Yes; God's purpose for you and for everyone of us. None can hinder that purpose, none but yourself or myself. That was why the grave opened at Easter, and the Master left it. Because there is a divine purpose in human life which is never completed on earth, hence we "cannot be holden of death." We must make our way through the grave to the world of eternal life in order that God may bring to pass all that He has decreed concerning us. The awakened soul lives therefore in the strength-imparting consciousness that its life is held in the firm grasp of a Divine design which all the omnipotence, all the omniscience, and all the infinite love of God are pledged to carry out.

As we advance in this experience of life thus "perfected in the love which casteth out fear," we become able to appreciate and rejoice in that other deep saying of the Master, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be *free indeed*." Anxiety is eliminated; "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" becomes the armed sentinel at the door of the mind to keep our thoughts safeguarded from the invasion of things foreign to the heart that has found its center of rest in the love and the will and the pledged word of God. The great lesson of Eastertide makes it unceasingly possible to live up to His exhortation. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Faith, religion becomes a more direct or intimate experience of one's own spiritual consciousness. Christ in us is our source of strength for the duties and the varied fortunes of the day as they come and go. We are thus made able to "cast our care upon God, knowing that He careth for us," to cease from being anxious, our restless misgivings dissipated by the steadying assurance that our "Heavenly Father knoweth" and will see us safely through the stormiest days that may ever befall us.

Have we any signs by which we can judge whether we are God's children, any proof of the Spirit of Christ in *us*, in *you*, in *myself*? Doubtless many who will read this Easter sermon have lost faith in the church and its teachings, and are too honest to pretend to believe. Well, in spite of diminishing faith, and a growing indifference to things spiritual they are God's children. One proof has already been referred to, the fact that we all owe our creation to God. Here are a few other proofs, not all because I have only space for some. As a rule you expect to find and do find, in a child some trace or traces of his parentage; the color of his hair, eyes, complexion, or the general features of the face or build of the body, and also some resemblances of mind, disposition and so forth. Well let us apply the same rule to ourselves. "God is Love." Haven't you some resemblance to His in this respect? Deep down, carefully tucked away in one special corner of your heart haven't you a bit of love, probably a very big bit for someone, for father or mother, brother or sister or friend? Of course you have, and no doubt before the world got hold of you, when you were a boy or girl, innocent of evil, you had a heart full of love for those around you, even for the horses and dogs, the cats and birds. Where did that love come from? You didn't make it and certainly the powers of evil didn't. It was put into your receptive young heart by the Heavenly Father, who is love, and though wordly and corrupting influences may have done their work of attrition and made that tender and sympathetic organ a mere piece of mechanism, sluggishly driving the unholy streams of improvidence, envy, malice, sloth and extravagance, through a body now grossly material, nevertheless just a wee bit of the old sweetness clings tenaciously to the cog wheels of selfishness, and the tiny spark that keeps the worn, creaking machinery of life in motion is ready to burst forth into a mighty flame, resurrecting the old and noble impulses inherited from the Father, if you will but let the genial zephyrs of Easter fan its slumbering embers. Then again God is good. You may not profess to be good, but you respect genuine goodness when you see it. Whatever of goodness you may possess, God gave it to you. You inherited love and the desire and respect for goodness from your heavenly Father as surely as a boy inherits say a broad back or a square jaw from his earthly father. You also respect and value truth. You don't trust and you don't admire a person who is given to lying. If you sometimes are guilty of lying yourself, you would be ashamed and angry to be proven a liar. Now God is the God of all truth. So again in this respect you bear a resemblance to the Heavenly Father. You have a conscience, everybody has until they succeed in stilling it, and therefore you know the difference between right and wrong. When you do right, conscience is quiet, when you do wrong conscience is up in arms against you, and you feel pretty miserable, unless you have succeeded in killing conscience. I can very clearly see why we have a conscience. Conscience is God's voice in man's soul, approving us when we do the right thing and reproaching us when we do wrong. Even non-professing Christians have in themselves plenty of evidences that they come from God, plenty of resemblances to the Father who is Love, Goodness, Truth and Righteousness.

Wake up then this Eastertide to the splendid fact that you are a child of God, still loved by your Father, still sought after by Him that He might give you freely the great gifts of pardon, peace, joy, hope, purity, and finally heaven! Don't any longer be content to be a sulking or an unfeeling child who remains away, far away from your true home. Say like the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, "*I* will arise and go unto *my* Father," and not only say it but *do* it. Then you will be on the upward way indeed the shining way that leads by and by to the "excellent glory" of the soul's homeland above. Meanwhile you will enter here and now upon the peace of God which is a sure balm for all the wounds we meet with in the grim battles of mortal life.

Easter looks beyond this life; across the grave it looks into the eternal world. It says man does not end in the grave, he inherits eternity. Ought we not, if we would be wise, to adjust life on earth to that fact? If we labor, as we must, for the bread that perisheth shall we not also labor (by prayer and obedience to God's will, as it is made known to us) for the blessings that endure? As man is an eternal being, it is the maddest of all follies that he strive to count his chief or only riches in gold or lands, or anything else, things that after a few years he must leave behind him forever. It is what you can take with you into the world beyond that counts. *Millions dragged to the rim of the grave, won't even buy you a camp stool in Heaven.* The amount of faith, goodness, kindness, truth, love, purity that you and I have are the riches which are ours *here* and *hereafter*, *now* and *always*. Of these none, nor death, nor any other happening can rob. In other words not what we have *about* us, but what we have *in* us, what we *are*, counts when the little day of earth is over. Many a man has the secret of earthly success who fails lamentably in the vastly more important issue. Everything he touches turns into gold, but he himself is dross. He has made a success of everything except himself. He has not prayed, he has not sought to know or to do the will of God, he has done nothing to help men to a higher plane of living or thinking, he has been self centered and selfish. In the revealing light of eternity such a man is seen to have made a tragic failure of life. Aim higher this Eastertide, my brothers and sisters. "He builds too low who builds beneath the sky." Don't let yourselves be cheated of the riches of Eternity by the delusive riches of a world which we must all leave in a very few years. He is a poor man indeed who when he "shuffles off this mortal coil" has nothing to take with him into Eternity but a miserable, starved, neglected, naked soul.

Thus if looked at sanely this earthly life is our great opportunity for developing those qualities of love, goodness, purity and the like with which we all start out, and which if cultivated, will fit us for the larger, happier life of the hereafter. We start life here with some soul capital. One has ten talents, another five, some only one. That doesn't matter. What does matter is how we trade with our capital, how we employ our talent or talents. We come into the world with so much love, with so much goodness, with so much piety, with so much sympathy, and so forth. This is our soul capital. God says trade with it, increase it, don't bury it, don't lose it. The use or misuse of it will mean a great deal of joy or pain to us in the future. If in trouble who will help us? God will. Do we need strength? He will give it to us if we seek it of Him. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Do we need advice? It is to be had freely of Him. "Thou wilt guide me with thy counsel." If we mean business, real soul business, God will be our partner and such a firm is bound to prosper. "Everyone that asketh receiveth" the needed help in this business of the soul. The only person that can hinder your blessing is yourself. You have the real enemy—yourself. The measure of God's ability to bless you with every necessary blessing is the measure of your willingness to be blessed, and of your capacity to hold the blessings. You can't make an unwilling horse drink, and you can't put a gallon of water into a pint pitcher. God is not limited in Himself, but He is limited in us. "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it." He says, and He means what He says, only remember when you open your mouth, broaden your intelligence also. We all know at least a few beautiful souls still in the flesh, men and women of a very tender graciousness of spirit and readiness and depth of sympathy, so kind, so gentle, so sweet in all their ways. They are the ones we would go to in our troubles, or send for in our sicknesses. Why are they so lovely? Because, just because they gave God plenty of room in their lives, and He has therefore been able to fill them with some of the fullness of His own beautiful loving, sympathetic gentle, sweet spirit. You feel that if there is no heaven for such saints and angels of goodness there ought to be, nay there must be and the Father is calling unto you through such lives. Easter shows us there is. My brothers, my sisters. "Come unto me, my child, walk with me day by day, and what I have done for these I will also do for you." Begin now to live in the strength and peace and joy of the love that lasteth. It is God's desire that we should possess His very own qualities of heart and character. "I am come," said our Lord, "That ye might have life and have it more abundantly;" and by this He meant that the abundant Eternal life of the Father was to be fully given to all and to any who in sincerity opened their hearts that He might fill them. "In this was manifest the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten son into the world that we might live through Him."

Never was there a greater need for a spiritual awakening than now, when seas of blood are being shed to gratify the dynastic ambitions of divine right monarchs, drunk with autocratic power, foolishly conferred on them by their servile, caste-ridden, gold-laced, drum-and-trumpet, lick-spittle, gilt-and-brass worshiping subjects. To all of you who in the presence of a divine light that ever points onward and upward, prefer to sit in darkness, let these Easter thoughts sink deep into your hearts and minds and give you a broader vision of this life and of the brighter life beyond. Let there be a resurrection of those nobler qualities of love, truth, honesty, sincerity, charity, purity and virtue which lie dormant in the worst of us, and seldom find much expression in the best of us, for we live in a sordid, man-made environment that is not conducive to spiritual growth.

To aid you this Easter in the resurrection of your spiritual self and to help you keep your feet strongly planted on the highroad of immortality, let me beseech you, as you daily battle with the problems of life to bear these golden truths in mind. At the end of this brief earthly career, we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how full it was of success, but how full it was of sacrifice. Not how happy we were but how helpful we were, not how ambition was gratified, but how love was served.



At 8 o'clock,

after clearing away breakfast and washing the dishes she puts the clothes to soak with Fels-Naptha Soap in cool or lukewarm water.



At 8.30

she starts to do the washing, after making the beds and getting the children off to school.



At 11.30,

the washing done and on the line, she starts to prepare the noon meal.



At 3 o'clock,

the clothes dry and sprinkled down, she irons a few of the plain pieces, so that tomorrow's work may be lightened.



At 4.30

she lies down for an hour's rest before dressing and preparing supper.



At 6.30

a happy family and a rested mother eat a wholesome, nicely prepared meal.

What Fels-Naptha Soap did for this woman it will do for every woman who has an average wash.

Why not buy Fels-Naptha to-day and do your housework and washing the easy, Fels-Naptha way.



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LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HUP up onto my lap and snuggle close. These are hard times, times when one feels like drawing a little closer to one's neighbors for help and sympathy. This winter has been the most terrible I've ever experienced in this big city of New York, and I do want to beg and beseech all of you who live in the country (and my heart and my interests are largely with country people) to stay in the country no matter how hard conditions are, for if you go to the cities, you will only find things infinitely worse. One can hardly walk the sidewalks of New York without stumbling over the furniture of dispossessed families. Summary eviction proceedings against more than fifty thousand families were filed during the first six months of 1914. That is at the rate of two thousand families a week. If that rate held through the year it would mean one family out of every ten turned out on the street without home or protection. There are very many thrifty people in New York, but tens of thousands of these have fared as badly as the thriftless and shiftless, for with that credulity and stupidity which seems to enter so largely into the makeup of the average human, foolish people will put their pitiful savings into private banks, hole-in-the-wall affairs, which sooner or later, with a few exceptions seem determined to smash. No less than eighty thousand families in New York have had their savings wiped out by the failure of a number of east side banks, within this last few months. New York has the finest savings banks in the world, banks that nothing but an earthquake could bust, but eighty thousand of its poorest families insisted on ignoring these substantial institutions and placed their money with questionable concerns only to have it swept away. Scores of poor wretches who lost their little all have committed suicide, and the suffering and misery that has resulted from these failures staggers the imagination. The smashing of hole-in-the-wall banking institutions is a feature of city life, and the wretches who bring about these failures seldom if ever see the inside of a jail, while if the hungry victims of one of these rascals steal a loaf it is the iron bars for them on the double quick.

New York's attempt to handle the question of the unemployed has been utterly disgusting. Sleek, well-paid, overfed officials meet, talk, quarrel, plan and then adjourn to investigate. After they have investigated, they investigate some more. These investigations cover weeks and what is the result? Nothing or next to nothing. The bread lines and the soup kitchens work overtime, and so the weary month of anguish and suffering in which more than half a million of workless people are involved, drag along until spring comes, when nature and the warm sun remove the edge of suffering, and the question of the unemployed is dropped until winter comes round again. The well to do take a perfunctory and half-hearted interest in the unemployed in the winter, because their soft fingers are occasionally nipped by the icy blasts, and they are made to realize after a fashion that it must be kind of uncomfortable for the poor to be cold. Unfortunately the weather never punishes them with hunger and so the torture of a gnawing stomach suggests nothing to them during more agreeable weather of the agony others are enduring. And so when spring comes and the official body ceases to shiver, the whole question of the unemployed is dropped. I want to take off my hat to ex-President Roosevelt. He visited our municipal lodging house and saw poverty and misery that touched him deeply, so deeply that he took the leading part in a meeting in which the hat was passed round for the unemployed and to which he himself contributed ten thousand dollars. Commissioner of Charities, Katherine B. Davis recently said: "New York is a poor place. There is little money in sight for the city poor. They have begun to build an eighteen million dollar court house for the men, while some of my old women are wrapping newspapers round their legs in lieu of stockings. It is for that reason I want the New York women to get the vote, they may help me out."

Of course an eighteen million dollar court house will mean lots of work for a large number of men, but a revival in every line of industry would have to be brought about before half a million people could all find employment. On this island of Manhattan where half a million people don't know where the next meal is coming from, there is a very small region, the richest in the world, in which fifteen thousand persons have a total annual income of over a thousand million dollars. Well has it been said that New York is a city of millionaires and paupers. The world is full of violent contrasts. Every few days I scan my papers, I note the passing of some man whose name is utterly unknown to the masses of the people and yet whose fortune is as great as that of the Kaiser, whose hundred million dollars easily makes him the richest man in Germany. The other day one of the many Standard Oil magnates passed away. He is estimated to have left the comparatively moderate fortune of from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000. If you figure out a hundred million dollars at five per cent you will find this income averages $416,666 a month, $95,886 a week, $13,698 a day, $570 an hour and $9.50 a minute.

These figures give cause for sober thought, as do the statements of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that his father has donated the prodigious sum of $250,000,000 for educational and charitable purposes. If Rockefeller had less to give, there would be less need of his gifts and less need for giving. The government has been investigating the Rockefeller and other philanthropic foundations. There would be no need for this investigation if the Standard Oil interests would take a hint from Henry Ford the automobile king. After ten months' operation of the profit-sharing plan, the Ford employes in Detroit have bought homes on a contract basis valued at five million dollars. On these homes they have paid sums aggregating one million two hundred thousand dollars. They have also insured their lives to the tune of three million dollars, and every man on an average has saved forty-eight dollars and seventy-six cents a month. That is equivalent to twelve dollars a week, and twelve dollars a week is more than the average worker earns.

There are nine thousand two hundred Ford employes receiving benefit from the profit-sharing plan. As a result of this generous treatment a great number of the Ford employes of foreign birth have become naturalized citizens. Habits, morals, health, mentality of all have greatly improved as a result of the higher standard of living that increased incomes have brought about. Bank deposits increased one hundred and thirty per cent. Homes owned eighty-seven per cent, life insurance eighty-six per cent. Henry Ford is doing unto others as he would have them do unto him. That is practical Christianity, that is bringing Christ into industry, that is socializing religion, bringing it out of the moth balls of the church edifice and putting it into the mill and the factory. No man has to be watched or driven in the Ford works. The only trouble there is to see that they do not do too much, and Ford isn't losing any money by the application of justice and real Christianity to business. No man ever does and no man ever will. Now don't rush to the cities with the idea that you will strike any Henry Ford factories. There are few men who have the heart, wisdom and good sense to follow in the fotosteps of this far-seeing man who is anxious to have his employes share in the wealth they create. If Standard Oil would imitate Ford there would be less poverty, less unrest and less towering fortunes to menace democratic institutions.

And there is another reason apart from unemployment why you should keep away from the cities. The loss of life in industrial pursuits is much greater than in agriculture. New York State has now an admirable workman's compensation law. The powers that be have at last recognized that the man who is injured at his work is entitled to proper compensation, and he should not have to fight an uphill fight with some gigantic corporation, pitting his pitiful pennies against their all-powerful millions. Hitherto an injured workman could hope for little except lots of litigation and a big lawyer's bill.

But all this has been done away with in New York State. Under the present law the employer pays a certain sum yearly in proportion to the number of men employed. The funds thus raised are administered by the government for the benefit of the injured. There is no one to cheat the workman and no one desires to cheat him. Here again we have Christian ideals applied to business. In the first twenty-three days of the operation of the new law, forty-eight men were killed outright and from eight hundred to a thousand a day were injured. Eleven thousand injured in about half a month in one state! In the building of the New York Aqueduct by the way 283 men lost their lives and 8,000 were injured. These are the victims of industry.

Every worthy man desires a home of his own. This ambition is usually realized in the country but seldom in the cities. In New York in 1900 only one in every twenty-five owned his home, and ten years later in 1910 only one in thirty-five. Stay where you can be an owner and not a renter.

Work in the cities is scarce, or rather not to be had. When it is to be had it is too often dangerous. Stay in the country and be a producer instead of a city consumer. Millions of acres of land have been fenced off and held for speculative purposes. There are 20,647,000 acres of land in the United States owned by 29 foreign landlords and foreign syndicates. One man in London owns 700,000 acres of American land. Try and get your state legislators to see that this land is placed under cultivation. Try and get some of it for yourself. You may not grow rich but with care and hard work you may become independent and independence is far more to be desired than riches. In a vast country like this, where there is so much to be done, there should be work for everybody and everybody should be at work.

The labor commissioner of Pennsylvania estimates the annual cost from unemployment in the Keystone State alone at $250,000,000 a year. Using these figures as a basis for computing the loss caused by national unemployment it is estimated that the United States loses three billion dollars a year (twice the amount of the national debt) by not keeping its workers employed. It is one of the difficult problems that must, and in time will be solved.

Join the League and get our new correspondence list; contains hundreds of names—just out.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them.—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort.—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums: the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

LYONS, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years, and I would like a little advice from you, as I am an orphan girl of nineteen years. I am the youngest of five children. I want to know if there is any harm for a girl to stand at the gate and talk to a boy after he has seen her home from church at night? The gate is only a few steps from the door. Do you think that it is doing wrong to stand five or ten minutes. I would like your advice on that as I have no mother to ask for advice. Now Uncle don't you scold me for my poor writing and spelling for I never had any chance. I never went more than sixteen months to school. I hope Billy the Goat won't eat this letter for I believe that you will give good advice that may help some other girls as well as myself. I will bring my letter to a close, by wishing you all that is good and may the good Lord bless you in your work.

From your friend, MOLLIE.

P. S. Please do not give anyone my name or address.

Mollie, as long as there are young heads and old heads in this world, mothers and fathers and daughters, experience and inexperience, there will be more or less friction. How many times in my youthful days do I remember the fights I had, and the heartaches I had, over the gripping iron of parental authority. Many a girl has said to me when we have been wandering under the stars: "Mother didn't want me to come out tonight. She makes me tired. She's always fussing if I want to go out with anybody." Then of course I replied as all other men reply under such circumstances: "Don't take any notice, all mothers are like that. You bet mother had a good time when she was young and why shouldn't you?" Then the girl who promised faithfully to be home at nine o'clock, guesses she won't get home until ten, and when ten comes the fellow has persuaded her to make it eleven, while the anxious mother worried to death, sits at home waiting for every distant sound to herald the approach of the headstrong daughter. Well may parents worry. They have every reason to worry. Once upon a time there was too much repression. Then parents loosened up the strings and the young folks had liberty. Now most parents don't give a darn what the young folks do and we have license. You have doubtless seen a family move. You've seen the house piled with furniture just as it is thrown off the wagon, everything topsy turvy, and nothing in its proper place. Now that's exactly the condition of society today. Order is the great law of the universe. Order is of God, chaos and disorder of the devil. We are living in chaotic, therefore devilish times. When we were in the dark we stood still because we knew if we moved we would be liable to break our necks. Today we have a little light, and the novelty of it has caused the empty headed to run wild. We haven't however, enough light or enough sense to see where we are going, and being naturally careless and naturally stupid, we are floundering into all sorts of holes and pitfalls. In such a condition as society is in today, where there is no system, and life at the best is but a sordid chase for dollars, and the struggle for existence is so keen that ideals and virtue, chastity and righteousness are daily trampled underfoot in the mad race for the things we must have in order to live, there is little time for education, less for moral training and no time at all for character building. The most precious things in all the world are a woman's virtue, purity, chastity and honor, and these have also become commercialized and are probably the most marketable of all products. Everything that can be commercialized has been commercialized, even the Holy Spirit itself has not escaped. Think yourself mighty lucky then you young girly geese when there is somebody who cares enough for you to hold the reins tight. Not one in twenty of you girls has been reared properly. At the best you've only been dragged up, not brought up. The education of a child should begin several generations back. All you girls get at the best, is a little church, a little school, and a whole heap of scolding. Scolding always rubs the fur of our feelings the wrong way, and that's what most parents hand out, as few know how to reason, guide and instruct. Soon we shall bring order out of chaos, and the real age of chivalry will burst upon us in all its glory. The libertine and the debaucher will pass out of existence, for chastity will no longer be a marketable commodity and sex knowledge and a higher standard of immorality wil lhave directed passion into its legitimate channels. Until that day comes the right kind of a father may well feel that even a high gate a few steps from the family door, is at times insufficient to protect his daghter. In Mollie's case I'm inclined to think the father knows things about this particular young man that Mollie doesn't know or won't listen to. Mollie has only told us her side. If we heard the father's side it would probably throw an entirely different light upon the subject. Of course father may be, as fathers often are, merely grouchy and boorish, loving to boss merely for the sake of bossing. Probably too he thinks if Mollie married he would have to engage a salaried housekeeper, and many a man would rather keep his daughter in slavery all her life than do that. The world is full of selfishness and full of tight wads and petty tyrants, and until we get more evidence Mollie, we had better suspend judgment. Meanwhile for the sake of peace and quietness cut out the confab at the gate. Mollie says she never had a chance. I could write a million sermons on that text. It should be the first duty of a nation to see that everyone gets a chance, but society is built today along lines that give all the chances to a few and deprive the majority of human beings of any possible hope of being more than mere drudges from the cradle to the grave. This condition will be altered just as soon as people begin to think, but most of them would rather drink than think, and though they would gladly die to protect this country from foreign enemies, they lie down and let their enemies at home walk all over them, in fact they go to the ballot box and authorize and elect people to walk all over them. Then they let off firecrackers on the fourth of July so as to let the world know they are free, while all the thinking world knows only too well they are still slaves. Once more can you beat it?

HANNA, IA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a girl from old Louisiana that wants to join your happy band. I have blonde hair, gray eyes, fair complexion and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and am sixteen years of age. I am going to school and am in the seventh grade. We have a large country school. It contains sixty-three scholars. I like all my books accept geography.

I have seven sisters and two brothers and as you know a good old mother. My father died when I was an infant and my mother married again. So you see Uncle we have lots of trouble. I like to read and study everything connected with home life. Guess I'll close before the goat gets this. Hoping to hear from the cousins, Your loving niece,

EDNA WREN.

Edna you say you like all your books "accept" geography. So many people use the word "accept" for "except," and "except" for "accept." When the old folks do this we can excuse them for education was a scarce commodity fifty years ago. There is however, no excuse for a girl of sixteen in a large country school falling into such errors of speech. Hundreds of good, kind souls, have at the end of beautiful letters of love and sympathy concluded their letters to me thus: "Please except my love and best wishes." They meant to be complimentary but using the wrong word at the conclusion of their letter they became uncomplimentary. Of course I understood what the dear souls meant and it is only because I want to be of assistance to you young folks that I lay bare this little error of your elders. Except, means to omit, to leave out, to exclude, to object to. So what my mature correspondents actually said was: "Please omit, leave out and exclude my love and best wishes." Accept means to take, to receive with approbation, to agree to or acquiesce in. Note, one is the antithesis, the very opposite, of the other. Now Edna, you wanted to tell us that you did not like geography, but by using "accept" for "except" you made it appear that you did like it. The misuse of some words entirely alters person's meaning. You remember the old story of the Frenchman who fell in the river. He wanted somebody to pull him out and instead of saying: "I shall be drowned nobody will save me," he shouted: "I *will* be drowned, nobody *shall* save me." Of course after shouting in that way everyone concluded that he was trying to commit suicide, and they let him drown. Now I'm awfully sorry to hear you say that you do not like geography. A mind that lacks the geographic vision, the mind that cannot at all times glimpse this revolving sphere and note the outlines of its continents, the boundaries of the various countries, the course of its great rivers, the location of its cities, the wash of its mighty oceans, the vast stretches of its plains and mountains, is a mind that is swathed in the bandages of darkness. For ordinary purposes it is not necessary in order to comprehend what is going on in this world to have an exact knowledge of the location of all the capes, bays, rivers, cities, etc. All one needs is a general knowledge, just an outline of the continents, countries, seas and oceans. I scarcely ever find it necessary to refer to an atlas as I have the bump of locality very strongly developed. I carry a picture of the round earth and all that dwell therein ever in my mind. Geographic ignorance is appalling. Frequently in my travels through this country I have found people who thought they could step from California into Florida, and that Michigan and Tennessee were adjoining states. Geography may seem an unimportant subject to most of you, but nobody can get a grasp of world affairs until they have a good working knowledge of geography. Lots of fun is extracted from spelling bees, but we could get a heap sight more fun out of geography bees. Put up a huge black map of the Untied States and ask your minister, if he lives in the middle west, to put his finger on Vermont, and if he does not stick it through New Jersey I'll eat my hat. Ask the New Jersey minister to put his finger on Arkansas, and if he does not put his thumb in Arizona I'll swallow a feather duster. When educated people do that, what hope is there for people who have but little schooling and wouldn't know a map of the United States from that of China or an atlas from a hole in the ground. They are having night schools in Kentucky and other states. They call them moonlight schools, and I do hope in these classes for adults they will try and stamp a dim outline of the world on the brains of the scholars. One of my greatest enjoyments is to take a mental flight a few thousand miles above the earth and watch this old globe of ours flitting through space and note each section of it as it turns over from the darkness of night to receive the light of day. You would think it awfully absurd wouldn't you? If I told you to put your finger on your nose and instead you put it on your foot. You of course simply can't help knowing the geography of the body for there is so little to learn, and the map is eternally about you, but suppose I put a blank map in front of you and find that you who are living in Maryland fancy that you are located thirty miles north of San Francisco (and many of you would do it as sure as God made little apples) wouldn't you feel like running away and hiding your heads? There is not a town in a war zone map as big as a pea that I cannot push a pin through in five seconds, and if you bandage my eyes and put a map of the U. S. before me I will put my finger within an inch of any state you mention. Try this, it is capital fun. Beats bridge whist. And this brings me to another point. I was going to write a book about the war, just a hundred page pamphlet that would give you an accurate idea of the causes back of this terrifice struggle. I accumulated a whole library of war books and tabulated over two thousand articles from newspapers and magazines. Then I wrote COMFORT'S publisher, and asked him what he thought about the war book idea. He discouraged it entirely and no wonder. For months COMFORT has been advertising a map of the war zone. It was something you all needed and something every home should have had and it was obtainable without any financial cost to you. Imagine my surprise to find that only fifty people out of six millions had taken sufficient interest in this titanic struggle (a struggle that may yet engulf us and every nation on the earth) to obtain a map of the war zone, and without a map one can get no idea, nor have the slightest comprehension of what is going on, or what the struggle means. To talk of Germany and Belgium without being able to glimpse their location suggests nothing definite to the imagination and leaves a person groping in the bad black night of darkness and ignorance. Get out your maps and find where you live. Florida and Alaska are not adjoining states or territories. The Mississippi river isn't flowing through Palestine. Berlin isn't in the middle of China nor Jerusalem in the Gulf of Mexico, but by the eternal that's where they'd all be if some of you were asked to point them out on the map. No wonder the republicans and democratic politicians pull the wool over the eyes of most of the people. How can you expect a nation to know what it wants when three quarters of it at least don't know where it is "at."

TURPENTINE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will write to COMFORT for advice for a girl nineteen years old, five feet six inches tall. I have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and am in love with three nice young men. One of these is a farmer, one a sawmill fellow and one that is real fond of squirrels and hunts them most of the time instead of working. I really admire all three and ask advice as to which one I should choose for my steady beau. Now I will wait patiently for your answer.

Your loving niece, CLARA.

Clara, you've set me a very knotty proposition. Some people will think you are just fooling, perhaps you are, but whether you are or not matters little as hundreds of girls find themselves in very much the same predicament, unable to make a choice from among their various admirers—and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Julia's Fireless Brooder

By Josephine Page Wright

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JULIA tacked the soft flannel onto the square frame she had just made and looked at the result proudly. It was to be the cover of a fireless brooder which she was making out of a small packing box.

"I suppose," conceded Uncle Tom, "I suppose you know what you are trying to do."

"Now, Uncle Tom," protested Julia, "you aren't going to discourage me, too. Perhaps you don't believe that I can raise baby chicks in this without an old hen or a spark of artificial heat."

"Has it been done?" he asked.

"Of course it has been done," she laughed. "Why the farm journals have been full of it for months. Don't you read them?"

"Not as much as I ought to," he acknowledged. "I sort of leave that to my partner."

"To Robert Kennedy?" she scorned. "Then you make a very great mistake. Robert's mind is about as receptive as a soaked sponge. I wonder," she mused, "why a man as bright and as industrious as he is should be so slow to accept new ideas."

"Why his dad was just like that," explained Uncle Tom gravely. "You see Bob's dad owned all this place originally. And he worked like a black slave trying to make it pay. But it never did until I bought my share and made him do things different. Even so, I had to fight for every change we made. Bob's more reasonable, of course, but he sure is some like his dad—some like his dad."

Julia was now at work on the pad which was to fit into the flannel-hover. Her needle flew in and out with a skill that her tack-hammer had lacked. Her tongue was busy explaining to her uncle the principle of the machine she was building. Her thoughts were busy with the results of her enterprise. She was counting her chickens not before they were hatched but before they were raised.

"So that little sofa-pillow you are making is their real mother," chuckled Uncle Tom. "Well it is a whole lot more feminine looking than a kerosene lamp."

"And I don't take much stock in a kerosene-oil brooder when it comes to that," commented Robert, appearing suddenly. "Nature and a faithful old fowl have all the modern arts and sciences beaten a mile."

"You do not take any stock in this?" challenged Julia, waving the little pad toward him.

Now if he had been wise enough to scowl and to defy her with a long, tedious argument she could have forgiven him. But he did nothing so wise as that. Instead he looked at her with sudden amusement and, when she resented it with swift lowering of her eyes, he laughed.

Julia had liked Bob from the first day she came as an orphan to live with her Uncle Tom. Perhaps it was because she liked him so much that she was able to detect his menacing weakness. She wanted him to keep abreast of the times, she wanted him to succeed in a big way. She wanted him to let her help him in safe and practical experiments in new methods. It was the big motive behind a smaller one that made her build her fireless brooder. And now Bob had laughed at her. She wondered if she ever could forgive him.

"When you are ready to experiment with that thing," Robert was saying, "I'll let you have some chicks from my prize pen. I've an incubator due Monday morning."

But the goddess was not to be appeased by this tardy peace offering. "Thank you, Bob," she said coldly, "but I think I shall get my chicks at the Maynard ranch. I was looking at their breeding pens the other day. His hens are in prime condition. He is very scientific in his methods of feeding."

"But," protested Robert, "Maynard hasn't had better than a fifty per cent hatch this season. Why even his best setters have been disappointing him."

Nevertheless Julia rode over to the Maynard ranch early the next morning and returned with a shoe box containing fifty day-old chicks. One by one they were tucked into the brooder and covered with the pretty pad. Julia had paid five dollars for them and she entered the amount with great gusto in the little account book that was to prove to Robert the economics of her theories.

Just beneath this entry was another twenty-five cents for chickfeed. On a bit of scratch paper she had figured her profits. She knew of course she could not hope to raise all fifty but certainly she could conservatively count on thirty. Her feed for six weeks would average twenty-five cents a week. At the end of that time she could sell her thirty chickens for seventy-five cents apiece. Probably she would get more but Julia believed in being conservative.

For two days her hopes soared high. She had lost but one chick and that was a cripple she had been too tender-hearted to kill outright. The chicks huddled in one corner of the box and seemed healthy and content. On the third day they began to forage in the little graveled runway she had fixed for them just outside the brooder. They ate greedily, filling their crops to the delight of their young mistress.

To be sure they hadn't sense enough to return to their house after they had eaten their fill, and Julia had to take them one by one and poke them in. But that was the merest incident. Julia assured herself that she rather enjoyed it than otherwise. She took excellent care, however, that Uncle Tom or Robert should not see her do it. Men are very stupid about matters like that.

Much to her surprise Uncle Tom and Robert took a serious interest in the experiment. They were both present when she lifted the hover of the brooder on the morning of the fourth day. The chicks were huddled closer than she had ever noticed to have seen them. Four were on the floor of the box quite dead.

She looked quickly into the faces of the men to see if she could detect either amusement or pity. She read curiosity, nothing more.

"Too cold," commented Uncle Tom briefly.

"Too hot," contradicted Bob. "Sweated."

"It seems to me," ventured Julia timidly, "simply the survival of the fittest."

"They were pretty good stock," flung back Bob, "An old hen would have pulled them all through."

Julia took out the poor little corpses sorrowfully. They looked exactly as though they had been flattened by a rolling pin. She took them out to a parcel of ground in the garden and buried them.

She grew to dread the lifting of that hover every morning. Seldom less than five, and sometimes more little cold bodies claimed her attention. Before the week was out she had far less than thirty left and she had to alter her first prophesies of profit. And then with twenty apparently healthy two-week-old chicks she faced her hopes again and began to crow ever so gently over Robert.

"With all my bad luck I shall still have a handsome profit," she boasted and Bob nodded good-naturedly.

The fluff balls were developing into scrawny but, to Julia, delightfully charming chickens. They still huddled but with less danger to one another for they were feathering out at last. Then came the interesting period when she began to speculate on the number of roosters. She seemed to be at last on the winning side of her experiment.

And then came the never-to-be-forgotten night when she sat at the piano playing for Uncle Tom and remembered a fatal omission of duty.

"Oh," she gasped, "I forgot to open the brooder door. I was cleaning it today and I shut them out."

Bob followed her into the dark chicken-yard. Her chicks had gone to bed, pressing to the closed door of the brooder. The stronger were upon the weaker. It needed no lantern to reveal to Julia the tragedy of broken necks. Six of her biggest, most promising chicks were dead.

If she had beaten the little lives out with her own hands she could have felt no guiltier. She sat beside the stack of huddled chickens, disentangling the living from the dead and crying frankly at intervals into the handkerchief which Bob provided.

"Go into the house, dear," urged Robert tenderly. "I'm going to take these lively fellows and put them in with my own month olders. I—I don't want you bothered."

Very meekly she obeyed him, finding refuge with her Uncle Tom.

"It isn't just the loss of the chickens," she sobbed on the shoulder of the older man. "But I feel that I have lost my opportunity to help Bob. Now he will never have faith in new methods and scientific theories. He will always remember this and nothing I can say will have weight with him."

"Why," soothed Uncle Tom," it isn't as bad as that. Besides I have something to say on the subject myself. Just you trust me to take the impudence out of that young rascal."

"I have smashed that infernal thing to kindling," stormed Robert as he entered the house a half hour later. It has been a burden and an anxiety to Julia ever since she started to enthuse."

Julia's lip began to quiver and he hastened to add, "Now, Julia, I didn't destroy it because it is an innovation but because it annoyed you. I am not altogether unreasonable about trying new things. I was genuinely interested in this experiment and if it had worked out I should have been tempted to try it out myself."

"Won't you make any allowances for Julia's lack of experience?" demanded Uncle Tom.

"Why, I don't know," debated the other. "It has always seemed to me that a thing should win on its own merits. Experience is, of course, everything I'll admit."

"Then more than likely you admit what isn't true. Experience is something—a big something but it isn't everything. Experiment is something too,—a big something. I was afraid Julia might lose out the first time with her fireless-brooder and so I made one myself and started it about the time she did, with fifty chicks."

"And how did it turn out?" the young people hurled at him.

"Well tomorrow I will show you forty of the finest four-week-old birds on the farm."

Julia threw him a look of gratitude.

"Why, Uncle Tom, that interests me tremendously," surrendered Bob.

Uncle Tom took his book and went to his own room.

Julia sat staring into the fire. It had turned out for the best after all. Bob would have his lesson. And perhaps she had needed one too.

"Julia," said Bob interrupting her reverie, "will you marry me?"

"I think," smiled Julia, "that perhaps we do need one another."

"Is that," demanded Bob, "why you are willing to marry me?"

"Simpleton," she laughed, "of course not. Let me tell you a secret. I am not the least bit practical. Besides I love you."

THE COSSACKS

By C. L. Chapman

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LONG, long ago, there came into the southwestern part of Russia, a tribe of men who called themselves "Kossaki," from the Tartar word meaning "free men" or "free fighters." They lived up to their name and in that border country they fought fearlessly and protected many Russian women and children from becoming slaves to the Turks.

The czar called them his soldiers and they called him "the little father," and he granted to them certain lands free of taxation for which in turn they must serve Russia. So, whenever the czar needs military aid the "Cossacks" as they are now called, fight for the cause of their "little father."

The training of the Cossack boy begins from the cradle.

The mother sings her baby to sleep with Cossack war songs.

As soon as the boy is three years old he is taught to sit astride a horse and at five years old he rides out upon the street and plays games with his friends. He learns to mount and dismount his horse when it is galloping. Sometimes he picks up something from the ground when he is riding fast preparing him for the time when he can pick up a wounded comrade upon the battlefield without dismounting from his horse.

When he is eighteen years old he enters a preparatory class.

He must provide his own horse, uniform and military equipment, the government supplying him with the arms, and for three years he enters upon a course of military training. Then he enters active service and must serve until he is fifty-five years old.

The Cossack is armed with a curved sword and a rifle is slung across his shoulders; he wears no spurs upon his boots but he carries a heavy whip instead. He sits high upon his saddle and from long years of training he has become an expert horsemen and is so trained that he can ride for hours without resting.

They say that the Cossacks were responsible for the defeat of Napoleon in Russia and Napoleon himself said in praise of them that they "were perfect masters of partizan warfare, furious in attack and impossible to reach," and he also said that he did not remember of having made a prisoner of a single one of them.

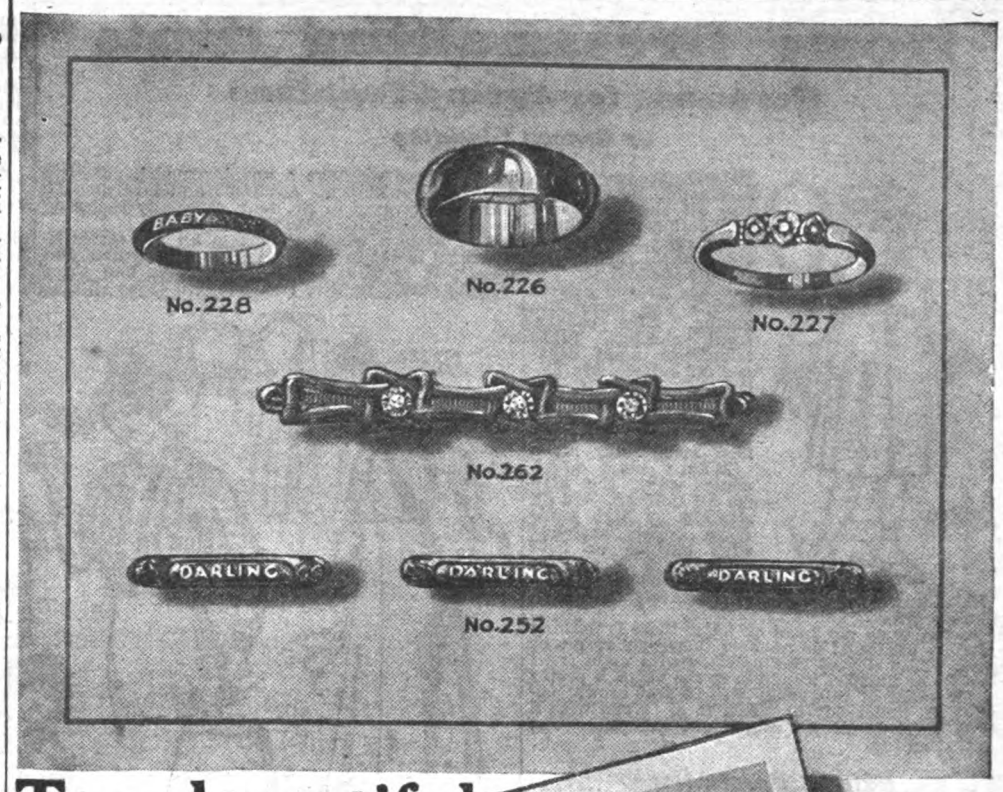
So today when Russia is engaged in warfare these Cossacks must obey the call to arms as described in this old war poem:

Up, Cossacks, and ride away!
The Czar is calling his men today.
Ho! now for a ride on the border side,
And gallop away on war's wild tide.
Ho! for the dash, and ho! for the clash,
And ho! for the joy of battle's crash.
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!
To war, and fight, and bold man's play.

Up, Cossacks, and ride away!
With shout, and yell, and lust to slay.
Out with your saber, call to your neighbor,
And ride away to war's sweet labor.
There are cities to loot and pillage to boot;
To rifle and saber, slash and shoot.
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!
To war, and fight, and bold man's play.
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!
The Czar is calling his men today.

ONCE PART OF GREAT SEA.—Scientists connected with the United States geological survey have discovered a bed of marine fossils in the bluffs along the Heart river, near Mandan, N. Dak. This bed is regarded as the latest evidence of marine fauna in that section and is considered as proof that that region once formed a part of the bed of a great sea.

A TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR WASTE.—In testifying before the New York state officials concerning the butter and egg business of that state the attorney for the New York Central railroad placed the value of the eggs produced annually in this country at $500,000,000. He also estimated that between producer and consumer, there is an annual waste of $200,000,000. One fourth of this loss, he said, is due to needless breakage in transit and the remainder to deterioration resulting from poor handling.



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With a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Ariosa or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee and eight cents in stamps. Special May introductory offer, ending April 30, 1915.

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This special offer is made to get you to buy your *first* pound of Arbuckles' Coffee *now*. When you use this first pound you will know why more Arbuckles' Coffee is sold than any other packaged coffee, and why its sale is continually increasing. It comes to you with all its precious coffee aroma preserved in sealed packages. Its tempting aroma gives an edge to the appetite at every meal.

Get a package today, and earn these two beautiful collar pins for yourself or some one else. Cut out the coupon now; buy one pound of Arbuckles' Ariosa (whole bean) or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee; cut the signature from the package, and mail it with the coupon, and eight cents in stamps *now*. Do this today, before you forget. This offer positively ends April 30, 1915.

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Heart Ring, No. 227—Mail coupon, with 12 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid gold-shell ring for ladies or misses; design, three hearts, each set with imitation turquoise. Give size.

Baby Ring, No. 228—Mail coupon with 7 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid gold-shell ring; word "Baby" embossed and dainty flower design. Size ½ to 4. Give size.

Three Baby Pins, No. 252—Send coupon with 8 Arbuckle signatures and 2-cent stamp. Solid rolled gold plate tops. Word "Darling" on each pin. Will give excellent service.

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This is the signature you cut from the package and save to get valuable premiums.

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(This coupon is good for the collar pins shown above with one Arbuckle signature and 8 cents in stamps; or for any of the other presents shown, with the proper number of signatures and stamps.) This offer does not hold good after April 30, 1915. Only one coupon accepted from any one person or family.

ARBUCKLE BROS., 71-81 Water Street, New York.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



ONE-PIECE frocks are increasing in popularity, all the time, and considering their utility and service, their smart appearance, this is not to be wondered at.

Coats in the newest models are loose and flaring. High collars, front closings, braid trimmings and ornamental buttons are distinguishing features of the new fashions.

Short coats will be worn, closed and trimmed in military style.

Many new shirt-waists show the high neck finish, with straight or high turn-down collar, fastened with buttons or held down with a bow of narrow ribbon.

Shirt-waists are being shown with raglan sleeves, yoke effects and tucks or gathers.

To renew an old gown or waist there is nothing quite so charming as an over blouse of velvet or satin. These blouses may be made with plain front closing, or finished to slip over the head. A pretty development of this fancy was in seal brown velvet, with underbody of cream lace. Worn with a gored skirt of brown broadcloth the effect was very stunning.

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1228—Girls' Coat with or without Belt. The comfortable raglan sleeve and deep yoke are new style features. The sleeve may be finished without the cuff, and the fullness of the skirt portions may be confined by a belt, that is furnished in the pattern. Velvet, serge, cheviot, corduroy, mixed suiting or broadcloth are splendid for this model likewise poplin, faille, taffeta or linen.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1224-1222—A Smart and becoming gown, with new style Features. The waist is cut with jaunty bolero fronts, and a neat high collar, that leaves the throat free in front. This design is lovely for the pretty new linen and cotton materials of the season, and will look well in poplin, taffeta or faille silk.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To make the entire dress it will require nine and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. These are two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1186—A New Shirt-waist Model. This attractive model portrays some new style features. The pattern is good for figured, or plaid silk or woolen, for velvet, crepe, cashmere, serge, linen, linene, batiste or lawn.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1226—Ladies' Waist with or without rolled collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model may be worn over a separate guimpe, if collar is omitted, or, for high neck a chemisette could be added. Georgette crepe, white satin or creep de chine, are all fashionable materials for this style. It is equally effective in voile, linen, madras, cashmere, flannel or ratine.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1197—Costume for Misses and Small Women, with sleeve in either of two lengths. The model will look well in green serge, or in taffeta in any of the pretty new shades of this season. It would also be desirable for wash fabrics, such as linen, cotton crepe, poplin or gingham.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires six and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 16-year size.

1185—Ladies' Yoke Skirt in raised or normal waistline. Serge, cashmere, cheviot, broadcloth, novelty suiting, velvet or corduroy are good for this style. It is cut on new lines with a deep yoke to which the plaited portions are joined. The closing is at the side seam.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

9988—A Stylish Dress for the growing girl. Long-waisted effects are very popular for girls in their teens. The style here shown may be made with or without the tunic. Galatea, percale, gingham or chambrey, pique, linen, linene, lawn, silk or challie are all good materials for this style.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one half yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

1190—Ladies' or Misses' Skirt with panel front and hip yoke. Rivaling the tunic forms, one finds yoke and panel effects on the new skirt styles. A good skirt in this style could be made of serge or broadcloth, for general utility or business wear, and for wear with blouse or coat it makes an excellent model.

Cut in three sizes for misses; 14, 16 and 18 years, and in five sizes for ladies; 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. For a 16-year size, it requires three yards of 44-inch material.

9716—Girls' Under Waist and Drawers. Cambric, muslin, lawn, nainsook, and canton or domet flannel are suitable for both waist and drawers, while jean will make a durable and strong waist.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three quarters yard of 36-inch material for the waist and one yard for the drawers for a six-year size.

9897—Girls' Dress. The model is cut with body and sleeves in one, and has shoulder and underarm seams. It is bloused over a lining that may be omitted, and the waist may be finished with smooth regulation outline. Percale, lawn, dimity voile, challie, tub silk, cashmere or linen are all appropriate for this style.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

9948—Girls' Dress with long or shorter sleeve, and with high or low neck, having a body lining. This model has tuck fullness over the shoulders, and is made with body and sleeve in one. Lawn, dimity, voile, crepe, challie, batiste, silk or poplin may be used for this design, which is also good for soft woolens and other wash fabrics.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9882—Ladies' Apron. This simple easily made style, is good for gingham, chambrey, percale, lawn, denim, sateen and brilliantine. It affords ease to the wearer and protection for the dress beneath.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1221—Set of Ladies' Over Waists, Vestee and Collar. This portrays a few of the latest expressions of pretty fashions. No. one shows an over waist with long "chemise" back, over which the sash ends of the fronts are tied. No. two shows a similar style, in vest or "over bodice" shape. In No. three we have a popular model, good for coat or dress finish. A unique and lovely collar form is portrayed in No. four, especially becoming to the woman with a slender long neck.

The pattern which comprises all the styles illustrated is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for No. one, three and three eighths yards, for No. two, one and three eighths yard, for No. three, one yard, and for No. four, three eighths yard of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1215—Girls' Dress with Tunic and separate skirt attached to an underwaist, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The blouse waist may be made without the tunic, and if plaited underskirt is not desired, the tunic could be lengthened at its lower edge and worn as a skirt.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1179—A New and Pretty Night Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and neck edge in either of three outlines. This model is good for lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe or silk. The gown may be made with a front closing for high neck style, which is very desirable for warmth, if made of flannelette or flannel.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and five-eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1204—A Simple Apron Model. For easy development, practical features and convenience this model may be recommended. It is adjusted on the shoulders. The armscyes are deep and comfortable.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

8905—Child's Rompers with bloomer skirt portion. Galatea, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, linen or percale may be used for this design. The waist is cut with body and sleeve in one. The bloomers are cut circular and look very much like a skirt when worn. For girls this model is especially desirable.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the four-year size.

1232—Girls' Dress, with or without over blouse, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The waist is cut with body and sleeve in one, and finished in Moyen age style is attached to a plaited skirt. The overblouse has deep arm scyes, and its fullness is held in place by a belt. The pattern is good for serge, cashmere, challie or albatros, charmeuse or taffeta, crepe, galatea, chambrey or lawn.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9980—Girls' Dress with or without bloomers, and with long or short sleeves. The closing is effected in front with eyelet lacing, but may be finished at the center back, if preferred. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of sateen, galatea or cambric. The design is good for all wash fabrics, and for serge.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1220—Ladies' Dressing Sack. This model could be developed in any pretty shade of French or Scotch flannel, or in the pretty novelty crepes. Embroidered scalloping or feather stitching would be a pretty finish. The sleeve may be in either length illustrated.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1180—Ladies' Waist, with or without chemisette. In velvet and cloth as a waist for a gown, or in dainty embroidered batiste combined with chiffon, this design will be very effective. It is also good for poplin, charmeuse, satin or cashmere.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9608—Ladies' House or Home Dress with long or shorter sleeve. This neat and popular style is suitable for gingham, chambrey, lawn, percale, voile, crepe, linen or ratine.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1030—Girls' Two-piece Dress, waist to be slipped over the head, and the two-piece skirt to be buttoned to the waist under the belt. This style would make such a comfortable play dress to be worn with bloomers. Linen, lawn, gingham, chambrey or percale are fine for these little dresses. For more dressy wear, a pretty pattern of crepe, or embroidery in batiste or lawn (flouncing or bordered goods) would be pretty.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1127—A Most Attractively Becoming Style for the growing girl. The jaunty vest pieces may be omitted, also the peplum. In messaline, satin, charmeuse or crepe de chine, this style could be effectively decorated with embroidery. It would also lend itself nicely to batiste or lawn, combined with "all over" embroidery. It is also good for galatea, gingham, seersucker, percale, poplin, challi or lawn. The skirt is a two-piece model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1210—Boys' Blouse with Knickerbockers. Galatea, gingham, poplin, chambrey, serge, linen and ratine are all appropriate for this model. The Knickerbockers are in regulation style and may be of self or contrasting material.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires four and one half yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

9886—Ladies' House Dress in raised or normal waistline with long or shorter sleeve. This would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percale pattern; in gray or blue striped seersucker, with collar, cuffs and facings in contrasting color, also linen and ratine.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 50-inch material for a 34-inch size.

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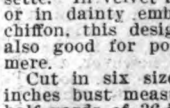
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

HUNTLAND, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Some eighteen or twenty years ago—oh, you see I'm an old subscriber, even two years more than the above—someone contributed an article to COMFORT telling how to make a round rug on a hoop. I made one at the time and all admired it, and now I want to make another and have forgotten how. Will you please ask someone through COMFORT to tell me again just how, also how to make raffia hats, the ones that look so like lace when finished.

I pity the poor at all times, but especially during the cold winter when food, fuel and clothing are all so scarce and hard to get. Even here in the South, grim want stalks about worse than a dunning letter in all its misery.

If people would only try to can up the surplus fruits and vegetables each year there would be thousands of people with a fair living on hand for the cold days instead of want. Anyone can can such things in glass cans if they will and thus save the can each time for refilling and save the cost of buying tin cans to throw out when empty. Now this is no idle tale for I've canned for twenty years and I do it just like you do in a canning factory except I use glass cans. Every year great quantities of things go to waste that might be saved. It would cut down the high cost of living wonderfully. Don't ever use acid, vinegar, etc., in canning for if put on market it will not pass "Pure Food Law" inspection, besides it is unhealthy and altogether unnecessary. No trouble to keep if cooked right. And these things in an emergency, come mighty handy many times. I can fresh meat, chicken, etc., so to have it on the shelf and when company comes in at the eleventh hour, as often happens, it is handy to have ready.

Wishing you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, and every reader many blessings, MRS. W. M. KNOER.

Mrs. Knoer. For the benefit of other sisters, why not send in some of your tested recipes for canning fruits and vegetables? I am sure it would be of value to them. An "emergency shelf," particularly when grocery stores are at a distance, is an excellent thing to have and should include a fruit cake which will keep several months.—Ed.

NORDHOFF, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just been reading COMFORT which is so much help and comfort to me.

I am particularly interested in the letters of those describing their home places, and as I have not seen any letters from this section of the country I will give you a little description of this beautifull Ojar Valley.

Nordhoff is the only village in the valley. It is fifteen miles inland from Ventura, by the sea. The name, "Ojar" is the Spanish name for nest, so-called from the valley being surrounded by mountains, and having a nestlike appearance. It has an elevation of seven hundred feet, and is perhaps as fertile a spot as any place in the world; although only a small valley three hundred car loads of the very choicest of oranges are annually shipped to select customers. Nearly all kinds of semi-tropical fruits are raised here. It is watered by an abundance of mountain streams and artesian wells.

Our home is beautifully situated in the midst of a live oak and sycamore grove, with a fine trout stream within a few feet of the house.

This evening as we were standing on the back porch we counted forty valley quail in our garden within one hundred feet of us.

If you come out to the Fair don't fail to visit Nordhoff, which is the most beautiful and healthy place in Southern California.

I should be pleased to receive personal letters from any of the sisters.

With best wishes, MRS. I. E. PEARSALL.

HUNTINGTON STATION, Box 114, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have not seen any letters from here I thought I would start by writing one. I like to read the letters from the other sisters, but, strange to say, I had never seen a copy of COMFORT before moving here. One of the neighbors showed me a copy, and since then I have taken it. So I gained one good paper, even if not in the city.

It has been three years since we moved here from Brooklyn, N. Y. I much prefer the city to the country, but as father's health was poor, we moved here to Huntington. It is thirty-five miles from Brooklyn, but it takes only one hour and fifteen minutes to ride in on the train, so once in a while we take a run down, as all of our friends are there.

There are just three of us, mother, father and I. A dear brother went to Heaven when I was but three years old. But God in His infinite mercy took him home, and it was for the best as he was a cripple.

How many sisters have Christian mothers and fathers? I have and scripture reading and prayer are the first and last every morning and evening in our home.

How many sisters have been to Long Island? There are some fine places all over the island. On a very clear day a person can stand on the shore of Huntington Bay, and see over to the Connecticut shore. It is pleasant to go to the bathing beach, as the harbor is lovely in summer. There is also a small public park where many go to enjoy the breezes on very hot days. The town is situated on the northern shore of Long Island. Many people come here to spend the summer. On the shores of Huntington Bay are some beautiful mansions. They are located in the section called Beaux Arts Park, so named from a beautiful hotel and dining-room right on the edge of the bay. Many of the wealthy people have private docks, where their yachts lie.

As most sisters describe themselves, will say that I am five feet one and one half inches tall, have dark brown hair, and fair complexion. I tip the scales at one hundred and twenty-four pounds, so I am not very large.

The winter was very mild, the snowfall being light. The snow is so bad for traffic, but we must take fair and storm as God wills.

If any sister cares to write I shall be glad to answer. Wishing you all, God's best, I remain,

MISS NORMA NELSON.

PHIL CAMPBILL, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I seldom see a letter from this county (the northern part of Alabama), I ask for admittance, though I feel myself to be a very poor representative, amongst such a noble band of sisters. I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years, and I get much help, comfort and pleasure from its pages. I shall always be a subscriber.

I am a farmer's wife, having lived on a farm all my life.

It has been only about twenty years since this country was nearly all in woods. And now it is cleared and in cultivation, pretty farmhouses, telephone lines, schools and churches are plentiful.

We raise cotton, corn, oats, potatoes, peas and syrup cane, though cotton and corn are our principal crops. We can raise most all kinds of fruits, except the very tropical and nearly all kinds of vegetables do well here.

Our climate is moderate in winter. Our summers are long and delightful.

Miss Marie P. Kearney, I agree with you on the subject of how we should treat those who drink. They are more to be pitied than censured. I think we ought to be kind to them, not in a way to encourage them in their downward road but in a way that we might influence them to turn from that life to a higher and nobler one.

I am thirty years old and have been married ten years. Have five children under nine years of age to care for. I am interested in all that is said about rearing children for I want mine to make good and useful men and women.

Grandma, I enjoyed your letter.

Mrs. Mae Loder, I know you must be a good mother. How lucky your boy is.

Mrs. Wilkinson, your comments are fine. They seem like a mother's council. I hope you will be spared many years yet, to give us your advice.

Sincerely your earnest COMFORT reader,

MRS. IDA HALE.

PORTLAND, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if you will admit another Michigan girl to your pleasant circle for a few minutes' chat. I have long enjoyed the letters from the sisters and also received some valuable hints as well.

I agree with some of the others in thinking the farm and country the only place worth living in as I have lived both in city and country.

How many of the sisters "make over" stockings and men's black hose for the smaller children? I do, and find it makes quite a saving where one has to count their pennies. My way is to cut them quite straight, except shape to the leg and then sew across the end for the toe and not set in a foot as some do but make them "railroad style" and they will shape themselves to the foot.

As I have not described myself will do so now, I am twenty-two years old, five feet three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds, have brown hair and eyes and a fair complexion.

I have been married five years to a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, six footer and have three children, one boy of four years, one girl two and one half years and a baby boy one year old. They are all healthy and noisy as children can be.

I wish Mrs. Effie Mull, whose name I saw some time ago in COMFORT, would write to me as I should like to know if she is any relation.

MRS. BENJAMIN MULL.

RUDYARD, GERMAINE CAMP, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Though I have been a reader of COMFORT for over twenty years this is the first time I have written to this corner. I am greatly interested in the letters on the training of children, particularly the guarding of our girls. My dear mother had these three rules of conduct that she took pains to impress upon her daughters and for which we can never thank her enough.

"Remember that modesty is a woman's greatest charm."

"Remember that men will encourage you to do as many bold and immodest things as you are silly enough to do and then despise you for it."

"Remember that any man that is half a man will protect you from another man, but you must protect yourself from him."

I wish I could have a copy put into the hands of every girl but as I cannot I am sending them to dear old COMFORT that goes into so many homes in the hopes that it may be the means of saving some from the snares that are laid for them.

I do not believe in teaching the mysteries of life to small children, give them some childhood. We become blase soon enough. How I cherish the days when Grimm's Fairy Tales were my chief delight and I arose early in the morning to look for the fairies on the flowers and wash off the freckles in May dew.

With best wishes to all and continued success to our good editor and his able staff, I am dear Mrs. Wilkinson, your COMFORT sister, MRS. J. GERMAINE.

Mrs. Germaine. I am glad of the opportunity to pass your three rules along and I earnestly desire that other mothers will in turn impress them upon their daughters' minds, not in a half-hearted way, but in deadly earnest for by so doing they may prevent many tears of sorrow, and the repentance which comes all too late. While I am fully aware of the fact that our educational system of today is far in advance of that of our mothers' time, or even of our own, I sometimes sigh for the little ones who are missing many of the simple joys of childhood through wisdom, far in advance of their years, but since modern times seem to require it, the only thing left for us to do is to face the matter squarely and labor to win and retain the confidence of our children. In my humble opinion, the time for the unfolding of the wonderful mysteries of nature is when questions are asked. These may be evaded for a time, which is all very well, provided the child does not learn from an older playmate all that a father or mother should teach. In that case the probability is that it will be told in a coarse and uncertain manner and all its beautiful meaning lost. At all times encourage your children to come to you with everything. It is better to tell them everything, even if they are young in years, than take chances of their acquiring the knowledge elsewhere.—Ed.

BUTLERVILLE, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND STAFF:

It has been two years I believe since I wrote to COMFORT. At that time I never thought of writing for publication. I don't know why but it never occurred to me that it would be published. I only wrote the thoughts of a sad heart. I am not so sad today, the answer the dear editor of our corner condescended to pen after it, and some more letters I received from COMFORT readers did wonders for me; for which at this late date I wish to thank you all.

Just a kind word spoken does much to lift a load of unhappiness. I'm never so happy as when doing something for someone in need of the service, be it ever so small.

Only last Sunday I heard a sermon, the text of which was: "What is that in thy hand?" A question the Lord asked Moses and one we can bring home to ourselves. He only had a rod in his hand. Dorcas had just a needle and thread. What have we? What talent has the Savior intrusted to us? Is it kindness? Not so with me, but by the help of God we can gain over what he has given us. Didn't one gain five? Let's be careful that we, like the man with the one, do not bury it. Dorcas had just the talent of sewing but see how they wept when she died. She used it for the glory of God, and to the best of her ability.

Here's a thought I wish to send from someone unknown.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
'Kindness' is the word."

May we each try harder this year than ever.

MAE BYMUM.

Mae Byrum. Your letter is most encouraging and particularly so to me for I have often wondered if my messages ever accomplished any good and now that I know that one, at least, has helped to cheer a lonely heart, I shall feel they were not in vain. No matter how small and unimportant our lives appear to be we can find one talent that has been intrusted to our care and which we shall have to account for. To what extent depends on our own, individual efforts, so let each one of us endeavor to make the most of what God has given us.—Ed.

ATHENS, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If I am permitted I wonder how many of you are willing for me to enter your happy circle that I too, may be happy. It is exceedingly surprising how we can accomplish so much by reading such grand and noble ideas written by the dear sisters who have experienced their writings. I feel that we are under many obligations to Mrs. Wilkinson for the friendship gained through this corner, and the good she is doing. I know she must be the happiest person in the world, to be loved by so many.

With most of us life is what we make it, but with some it is different for they are not blessed with health, and perhaps crippled or invalids and the darkness is likely to shadow them, but if they would stop and consider that they have many things to be thankful for and they are watched over by the Lord, who "knoweth best and doeth all things well," and they have better hope than those enjoying all the pleasure that life can afford, for some have their reward; and those with health and happiness should know how to appreciate it and try without hesitating, to lift the veil of unhappiness, others that they may see a bright star leading through the valley of sorrow. Many of us are discouraged at times, but we can soon overcome this by taking in our hearts all that is good, and breathe to the very depths of its sunshine which will destroy all that is not pure and think how beautiful life is, and you know everyone is ready to greet a bright smiling face.

I often think it would be the greatest pleasure to me to live where I could be constantly helping those that need it. In a spiritual way I am sure I need help myself, but in a way I could help with the work of my own hands which I would gladly do.

"We are always having opportunities to do good," but I haven't them as often as I would like, and sometimes I think I am of very little use but I try to be relieved by thinking "doing little is better than doing nothing."

It is easy for us to think of ourselves first, but if we will not give away under the feeling we can soon see how our hearts will be overflowing with joy by making others glad.

Our friends are next to ourselves and I often feel the warm friendship of this column, and the tender embrace that draws all so close together.

The dear sisters are always writing something good and helpful, but I am weak on the subject of anything important. I manage to scramble through my own work with ease enough, but when I go to tell others something helpful I am at arm's length and ready to consult someone else, but I will try and give a few recipes I often use and like so much and sometime I will come again and give more that I have thoroughly tested.

If I had space I would like to write about flowers for I consider them our rarest beauties and have used them to a great advantage in many ways, and especially where the house is beginning to show a worn appearance at the ground. I think any pot flowers are lovely; they are like a pet of some kind and waiting for caresses. I hope some of the sisters will write their experience with certain flowers, and let everyone of the sisters take special care and have a pretty pot in full bloom to carry to some shut-in, and think how many sisters there are and you will know how many souls would be made glad.

Make this the happiest of all years, that we may feel the breath of peace and never cease to show affection to those lonely hearts that are aching for kind words and encouragement.

My kindest regards to all, MRS. W. S. GRAHAM.

LAURIN, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Now is the time to scatter smiles and words of cheer to those whose lives are shadowed. They may not be here another year. So many in this old world are just dying for kind words; I wish I could say something that would cheer them up, but dear sisters did you ever think that:

"We must live through the dreary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness,
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

"I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower that I'd longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

"The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done;
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of light."

It's an old and true saying, "It's always the darkest just before dawn." "A smile is better than a frown," and "Health is wealth;" no one knows this better than I do, having had poor health all my life until the past two years, but I am trying to enjoy the blessing God has given me. I always wanted to do something wonderful, but learned that the world is made up of the little things, even pennies grow into dollars. Now I am content to do the little things. I have found that God knows best; he placed us here for a purpose, whether out in the fight or on picket we must stand firm and true for this is our work to do.

I have brought up five children, but never felt competent. I asked God to give me wisdom from day to day; every mother needs wisdom from on high! What a study to know what to do and say. One thing I learned was never to compel children to ask one another's forgiveness. It creates a bitter feeling in them, but what I did learn, was, when there was a dissatisfaction or dispute (which happens in the best families) I would ask them to kneel with mother while I told God all about it. When we arose the trouble was ended and they kissed one another of their own free will with love beaming on every little face.

I am living in the foothills on a homestead at this time.

Wishing you all the best year of your lives, I will close, hoping you will remember me with letters or anything to read, MRS. MELISSA A. WILCOX.

STERLING, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

After reading the numerous letters of child rearing I feel that someone might profit by my experience. It is only natural that every young mother likes to have bright children but it is those who have been given a dull or stubborn child that will be most interested. I am not going to complain.

When my child was quite small I had very little patience with her, and often became angry in an instant and she received a great many whippings. As she grew older and started to school I had to have patience with her for when I began to show the opposite she got nervous and I could do nothing with her.

Some things I have tried for years to drill into her and this has been a good thing to even down my fly-away temper. I will give you a few of our experiences so you will see that I am learning as well as she.

From the time she was old enough I tried to teach her to wash her hands so as to touch all around both palms and back of hand; this I performed for her many times. When she was eight years old she stood one day and watched her uncle washing—saying "I know now how to wash my hands, just go round and round."

Instead of scolding I merely said, "Had I known I would have had Uncle Will come to see us years ago," I have tried to have her take care of her belongings and room. As long as I keep at her she does well but when I stop, thinking to let her go on alone, she stops also. Wherever a thing leaves her hands there it stays till I speak about it.

I have done every thing I could do for her and am going to keep right on for if she ever "comes to" she will never forget the patience I had with her. I want her to be able to say, "The best days of my life were with my mother."

She is now thirteen years old, a nice-looking, rosy-cheeked girl and very obedient. She has the first time to say "no" or "I won't do it," when I have told her to do a thing.

I never let her hear me say, "I can't do anything with her," but always keep firm.

The other day she needed a correction and afterward she said she was glad her mamma didn't sigh and groan over her like a neighbor does when she gets discouraged with her children. She thinks I am all strength and it is well she doesn't know the moments when my heart prays, "O God, give me strength to rear this child right; I make many blunders and should I be called on to account for them all I would indeed be unfit to bow at Thy feet."

Now for the story of a stubborn boy. A lady lived near me a few years ago who had five children, the eldest five years, and she was very impatient with them. The second boy was the finest specimen of boyhood I ever saw. After knowing her for some time she told me she just strapped him till he was lined with welts and he was the most stubborn one of all.

I happened to be in the house one afternoon when he had one of his bad spells, and it made my heart sore to see how she whipped him and in the end he would not give in. I bided my time and in a few days I talked to her about it and told her to stop whipping him because it did no good and only made him more ill tempered. She thought it over and in a few days told me, she would stop for she saw it was useless. This was one of the children who could be led but not driven.

I am an old subscriber to COMFORT and have learned much from its pages.

Best wishes to all, MRS. HATTIE D. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller. You are learning a lesson not taught in school—unless it is the school of life which has experience for a teacher, and not always a kind one at that—a lesson of self control and patience which most of us need to know. Do not become discouraged, for your faith will be rewarded in the future, even though the present may seem rather discouraging to the most optimistic nature. I wish I could make mothers understand the important part hereditary and prenatal influences play in the child nature. Perhaps then they would be able to give their children understanding care. A great many cases of so-called stubbornness can be traced directly to nervousness resulting from conditions over which the child has no control and is not responsible and we should always think twice before inflicting punishment.—Ed.

323 N. Bright Ave., WHITTIER, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Pardon me for writing again so soon, but COMFORT has been such a help to me in so many ways, that I must come once more.

I am thinking of going back to my mountain ranch in Colorado for the coming summer. The land is rented, so I will have only the house and small garden spot. As my ranch is on a stage line between the city and several summer resorts, I thought during the camping season I might have a tearoom or tent, and serve lunches to the tourists as I would like to earn a little money.

I would be pleased to hear from the sisters who have had experience in such work. I will gladly return any favor I can to those who write me on this subject.

My letter in October number of COMFORT brought several dozen letters. I thank all who wrote to me. I answered as many as I could.

I wish to say to those who write for information on any subject, kindly enclose a stamp. I promise to use

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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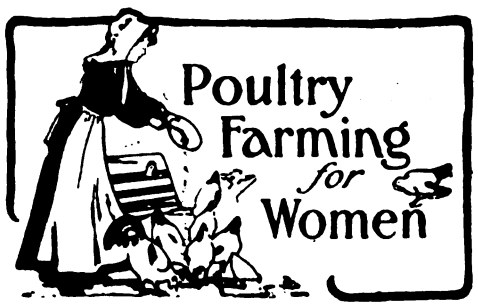
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Incubator

AN incubator is almost a necessity if you expect to make your poultry pay. There is no certainty about when hens will get broody, and you lose the big prices if you don't have early chickens. Besides which, if chicks are not hatched early in the spring, there won't be any pullets old enough to lay next fall.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to one hundred and two and one half degrees, the top or regulating-nut on the connecting-rod, immediately above the regulator-arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one fourth of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting-rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator-arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp-chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat. Reverse the conditions to a dying lamp or a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator-arm to resume a normal balance, which permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before the start depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

After the incubator has been properly located, fill the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of one hundred and two and one half degrees, with the disk one fourth of an inch above the lamp-chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down, but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm, the heat will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be taken out every night and morning, and then turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the atmosphere of the room; if very cold, five minutes will be enough; if moderate, twenty or thirty will be needed. They must not be allowed to chill, but the more airing they get under that point the stronger the chickens when hatched. The eggs should be tested on the seventh and fifteenth days. This is best done by a block-tin device sold by all incubator companies.

The guide which is most reliable in determining the progress of the hatch is the development of the air-cell. This is a little space in the large end of the egg which is visible at testing-time, and should continue to grow larger and larger until about the nineteenth day, when it occupies about one fifth of the entire egg. Unless this air-cell is developed correctly by the nineteenth day, the chick cannot turn itself in the cell, and hence sticks fast and dies. The development of this air-cell is the vital point to be considered in obtaining a first-class hatch. It is controlled in two ways. If it develops slowly, which is usually the case, give the machine and eggs all the air you can. This can be done by opening the slides in the ventilators full width and cooling the eggs as long as possible each day. The cooling is best accomplished by placing the trays of eggs on top of the machine (closing the doors meanwhile) and leaving them there until the thermometer drops to about eighty degrees.

After the morning of the twentieth day do not open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and do not get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat, but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

The thermometers sent out with incubators are supposed to have been tested before they are shipped, but it is well to buy an extra one and compare them.

Probably there is no branch of work in town or country where the old adage about an ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure proves so true as in the chicken business, and especialy when applied to raising youngsters. They are such tiny little things that there is scant hope of doctoring if they contract any illness. Yet naturally they are so full of vitality that, given a fair chance, they grow like weeds, and cause their owners no anxiety. So the main point is to start them right, which means cleanliness, warmth, fresh air and good food for the basis of health; and these, properly applied, cover the full ground of preventives. Whitewash costs little, and when made with scalded hot skim-milk, a handful of salt, and an ounce of crude carbolic acid added to every pailful, it is about the best disinfectant that can be used.

Raising chickens in an incubator, of course, necessitates having a brooder to care for the motherless babies. Whether a hover or another brooder is bought, the thermometer will accompany it, so it is possible to regulate the heat under the hover, and it must register ninety-five degrees before the chickens are put into it. After the first week it can be lowered slightly every two or three days, until at the end of the third week it registers seventy-five degrees. Cover the floor of the brooder with sweepings from the haymow, or finely cut hay.

Feeding and General Care

No food of any sort should be given to chicks until they are forty-eight hours old. This is most imperative, for the yolk of the egg is absorbed into the abdomen just before the chick breaks through the shell, and unless it is thoroughly digested and assimilated before other food is eaten, the digestive organs are overtaxed, and the whole internal organism of the chick is upset. After the prescribed forty-eight hours, commercial chickfeed—a mixture of small seeds and finely-broken grains, put up especially for baby chicks—is the best food for the first ten days. Scatter a little at a time upon the cut hay at the bottom of the brooder, four or five times a day, to encourage the chicks to scratch, and so take the exercise which is necessary for their health. Keep fine grit and charcoal always before them, and fresh water in vessels which the chicks can only get their bills into. After the first ten days, give a little mash night and morning, made by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, with green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale breadcrumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old, the corn and oats need not be quite so fine—more the size of hempseed—and can be added to the mixture. Cracked wheat or barley can be added also; and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, three times a week (about a small cupful to a quart of mash.)

Correspondence

F. E. C.—You say in COMFORT you will send advice concerning sick animals. I am writing to ask if you will tell me how to caponize male chickens, if I send you one dollar in advance. I am not sending money in this letter, for I don't know as you have any advice for me in regard to poultry. I wish very much to know how to do this work correctly, so he will not die. I know something about it, but not enough to try it without further information from someone who knows. Please answer and say whether you will explain fully how to do it if I advance one dollar to you.

A.—We take pleasure in helping and advising our readers and make no charge for it. Any small, strong table which can be easily moved close to a window will do to operate on. The bird should be confined in a clean coop for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slip noose at one end and a weight at the other. Half a brick or a stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them, that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used these. The string should be long enough after the noose is made and the weight attached, to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the foot, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch; slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird on its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin toward the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hip, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as the cut is made, but will lie quite still the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be attacked with the sharp hook belonging to the kit, and carefully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of this skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry or get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight—a cream-white, kidney-shaped membrane lying near the backbone. Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the canula with a fine steel wire (both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form, a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other end.

Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side.

Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and plenty of light not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal



FLOCK OF WHITE WYANDOTTES.

arteries of the fowl, and this, if ruptured, is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire being small and very fine, is easily slipped between the testicles and the artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the canula in the right hand and adjust the wire in it so that a loop, about one half inch long, will extend from the small end of the tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of the tube that has the loop on it very carefully, and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicle. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of wire which comes out of the other end of the tube with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and drawing it up carefully but firmly until it is severed; then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the outer skin which you pressed down with your left hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly. To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side, and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop, and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill effects.

L. E. McI.—Being a subscriber and reader of COMFORT, I venture to ask your advice concerning the merits of Minorcas. Do they make high records as layers? Are they much given to brooding? Will they do well in confinement under ordinary care? Is the white variety as good as the black? Are they profitable as broilers and roasters at an early age?

A.—Minorcas are good layers of large white eggs, but they are not the best type of birds for early broilers and roasters. Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes are the best general purpose birds.

W. J. L.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? I have about forty-five hens and pullets that have not laid since last August. They are the Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns. I feed them corn chops and chickfeed and they have the fields to run on. Do you think raw sweet potatoes could be the cause, as they got plenty of them while the potatoes were being dug. My neighbors said it was. I am an old subscriber to COMFORT.

A.—Your method of feeding is not likely to produce many eggs. Use wheat and cracked corn instead of chickfeed, and in place of the corn chop give a mash made of equal parts of ground corn, wheat bran, and ground oats, and one third part each of animal meal and old-process oil meal. Give some fresh green vegetable at noontime every day, and as much whole corn as they will eat up clean in ten minutes at suppertime. Unless the birds get sweet potatoes in such quantities as would make them extremely fat, they would do them no harm.

O. S. P.—How soon do geese commence to lay—in February or in March? (2) What is good to feed small geese when just hatched and also old ones?

A.—Geese usually commence laying in March in your part of the country. Goslings should have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours after they are hatched. After that, give them eggs boiled hard and chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with stale breadcrumbs and finely-chopped greens. Lettuce leaves, the green tops of onions, clover, or young tender grass, are all suitable. Mix well, and add one third quantity of sharp sand, and just moisten with milk. Feed just a little, so that it is all eaten up within ten minutes, and give it them four times a day for the first three days. After that they need only have it night and morning for a week, then just at night until they are six weeks old. After they are two weeks old, the egg can be left out, and a little boiled oatmeal used in its place. Let them have wide range on short tender grass. Geese are really grazing creatures, and are better without the heavy grain food. Mature birds will feed themselves between May and November if they have good pasture.

A Subscriber.—Would like to know what makes my hens eat sawdust. They eat it like they would eat chop. Will it hurt them? The dust is cypress and gum. Will raw turnip tops stop them from laying, or is it an injury to them?

A.—I should say the birds need more grain food. Don't you feed any mash? Read answer to W. J. L. Turnip tops would not hurt them. Greens of all kinds are good for fowls.

E. S.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens? One hatched in May; the other some later. Both were laying. When they stand or walk they stand straight up so their tails drag on the ground, and their legs kind of spread out when they walk. They eat good, and I give them a variety of food. Wheat and oats in the morning; cooked vegetables with buckwheat and bran (wheat) stirred in to form a mash; also meal scraps at noon. Until now I have given a small amount of poultry food daily in the mash, but not enough to force laying. A tablespoonful and sometimes two to about fifty-four fowls. I have fifty hens and pullets and four male birds. They are full-blooded Black Minorcas. I feed corn at night and I give them cabbage for green feed; also Alfalfa meal in the mash. They began laying in November and December.

P. S. A neighbor of mine has lost five fowls. They opened the last one, and all down inside of the neck and on the gizzard were little yellow ulcers about like a mustard seed. Can you tell the cause, and cure?

A.—The condition you describe may have been brought about by excessive laying, but I am more inclined to think that the male running with the pullets is an old, heavy bird. Better separate them from the rest of the flock for a week or so. Should say your neighbor's birds were too fat. If such is the case, advise her to change feed. Read answer to W. J. L. in this issue, and put half a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in each quart of drinking water. If, on the other hand, the birds are thin, it is in all probability a case of tuberculosis, and the best cure is to kill every suspicious looking bird and thoroughly disinfect the house and yards.

J. G. C.—I have five Bourbon Red turkeys, and this is my first experience with them. What is good to feed young turkeys, and when should they be hatched? They will have a big range, with woods and running water. Will mixed chickens do well if culled every year and only the best kept, and by keeping full breed roosters? I find they are always healthy and easy to raise, but do not lay well, and they are very pretty.

P. S. When is the best time to set goose eggs, and should the nests be made on the ground?

A.—Please read last month's COMFORT on turkey raising. It is better to keep one breed of chickens than a mixed flock, but as you have good healthy hens, I advise you to decide what breed you prefer, and use males of that breed year after year to grade up your flock. Better set the goose eggs as soon as they are laid. Yes; the nests should be on the ground.

O. B.—There seems to be some kind of a disease going among my chickens. They appear healthy until about a day before they die. They get droopy (that is, some do, others seem well) and die. I cut one open. She was fat, and her comb was red. Her liver was almost entirely white and greatly swollen. It was entirely different from a healthy liver. I feed wheat and cooked barley. I have fresh clean water for them. During these cold months I give them lukewarm water and milk every morning. They laid all the winter, and are laying well now. I have one Brown Leghorn which has been droopy for some time. She eats heartily, but seems as though she is lifeless. I have doctored her for roup and lice, but she doesn't get well. The houses face south and are kept clean. There are also some that can scarcely walk on one of their legs. Otherwise they are all right. Will you advise me what to do. P. S. We have read COMFORT for some time and think it is the best home paper published.

A.—The hen undoubtedly had liver complaint, and as going lame in one leg is a symptom of the disease, I should imagine that the whole flock was in a bad condition, and that you have been overfeeding. Cooked barley is very fattening. Please read answer to W. J. L. in this issue.

A. G.—Having received COMFORT for some time and seeing the good help it gives for someone, I will ask a favor if you can help me. I've got hens, and most of them have crooked spines. I would like to know what causes that.

A.—The hens must have been hatched from eggs laid by hens that were mated to a deformed male bird. Better not use any of their eggs for hatching, as the deformity is almost sure to be transmitted to their progeny.

E. C. F.—I have looked through your poultry column, but find no information I want. I have a pair of bantams which mate well. Last year was the first year the hen laid. I want to hatch some bantams, so please advise me through your columns whether I should keep the eggs she laid, or buy them.

A.—Eggs from your bantam hen will be all right to set. Better try to get a broody hen from a neighbor, then keep all her eggs until she gets broody herself. Eggs that have been kept for setting should stand with the small end down, and be turned every day.

H. W. B.—I cannot give breeders' names and addresses in this column. You must send a self-addressed and stamped envelope for this information.

J. M.—I would like to have some information on raising squab for market. If you can't give me information, perhaps you could tell me where I could get a bulletin, as I would like to know all about how to raise them.

A.—I will give the information you ask for in next month's issue.

H. W.—What is the best feed to make a young chick that weighs one pound or over, gain in weight? (2) What is the best feed for older chicks to make them gain in weight? (3) What is the best feed to make hens lay? I wish to know about the proportion of feed to mix myself. I know there are several brands of ready mixed feeds on the market. In regard to the recipe in February, 1915 COMFORT for keeping eggs—will this discolor them in any way, or make them soft-shelled?

A.—Fattening broilers and other young stock for market will receive attention in next month's issue. The shell of eggs which have been preserved in waterglass look quite fresh and natural.

H. M. C.—I cannot furnish dealers' names and addresses in this column. When such information is wanted, a self-addressed, stamped envelope must be enclosed.

M. E. B.—I want to know what is the matter with my chickens. I noticed one of my hens choke when she was eating. I caught her and looked in her throat and there was a yellow, spongy-looking thing about two inches long, but it was hard. I tried to remove it, but could not. I gave her Castor oil and turpentine. She is healthy-looking, and tries to eat, but can't. Can you tell me what the trouble can be? Can I cure her or not? Will the others take it? (2) How old should Indian Runner ducks be before they begin to lay? I have some seven months old, and they are not laying yet.

A.—The hen had what is known as canker. Mix equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid, and subnitrate of bismuth, and blow down the bird's throat and through the nostrils from a glass tube or a straw. Canker is usually caused by mouldy litter or grain, and is slightly contagious, so you had better quarantine the bird while doctoring her. (2) Indian Runner ducks usually commence to lay when about six months old.

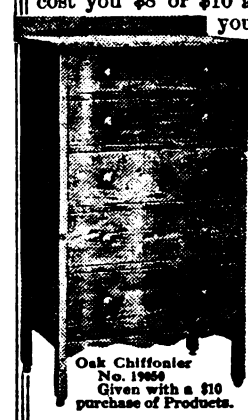
G. A. S.—Please read last month's article on raising turkeys. It will give you fuller information than I could in this column.

S. J. H.—I have one hundred and thirty-five hens—White Wyandottes. Three or four weeks ago some of the hens' combs turned real purple. They would get that way in just a few hours. They would be all right when I let them out at morning, and by night they would be of a bluish purple on their combs, but it did not affect their appetite in the least. I noticed a few of them seemed weak for a few days, but they were hearty, and in a few days would be all right; then they would take it again. I have had over a dozen get that way. Some were old hens and some were pullets. Their combs are not frozen, for they have never roosted out at night. I thought it might be indigestion. I feed about one and a half gallons of corn twice a day. I feed nothing else. Four weeks ago I gave them a poultry tonic. I will give you a list of the ingredients that were in the tonic: Spanish flies, African capsicum, French gentian root, African ginger, Venetian Red, American sulphur, American ship stuff, native ground mussel shells. I only gave a fifty-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.).

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Uses of the Soy Bean

SOY beans were introduced into this country from Japan and in recent years have grown rapidly in favor. The Connecticut Experiment Station has just published a bulletin which contains much valuable information on this crop and we print the following brief summary of their most important findings for the especial benefit of our New England readers. The conclusions reached in this bulletin, it is understood, would not always apply outside of the New England states.

1.—Soy beans are valuable as catch crops. If winter grain fails, soy beans drilled in rows 24 to 30 inches apart just after corn planting time will yield a good crop of hay richer in protein than clover or Alfalfa. They may be cut green as a soiling crop.

2.—Being legumes they store nitrogen from the air and thus enrich the land if turned under in late fall in time for sowing a cover crop. They yield on the average over two tons of dry hay per acre.

3.—For seed they sometimes produce a profitable crop depending upon the state of the market.

4.—One load of soy beans mixed with three loads of corn makes a valuable silage. Soy beans should not be made into silage by themselves.

The bulletin from which the above conclusions are summarized is No. 185 of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station at New Haven. Residents of that state may obtain it free on request from Director Jenkins. Others outside the state can have this bulletin on the same terms so far as the size of the edition permits.

Warding off Foot-and-Mouth Disease

Restrain your curiosity about foot-and-mouth disease if it gets near to your farm. Keep away from the infected farm, and make all people and animals from the infected area keep away from your farm. Dogs, cats and pigeons may carry the disease. Try to make this impossible on your farm. Learn what the authorities in charge of the outbreaks of the disease require in the way of regulations and obey the rules strictly and see that they are obeyed by all who live on your farm or who are controlled by you. The other day we heard of a diary farmer in Illinois who had been reading about the disease, its symptoms and effects and the methods by which it can be spread and also avoided. Becoming curious he made a visit to the farm of a neighbor on whose place the disease had broken out. To make himself perfectly conversant with the symptoms of the disease, *so that he would be able to recognize it if it happened to break out among his own cattle,* he examined the mouths of a number of the diseased animals on his friend's farm. Then he went right home and examined the mouths of his own cows and he had only a few days to wait before having a chance to see the symptoms in his herd. All of his cattle caught the disease and had to be destroyed by the federal and state authorities. *That man was a monumental fool!* and he deserved to pay the penalty of his foolishn ss. Of the same character were those farmers in Illinois who made a picnic of the killing and burying of foot-and-mouth diseased cattle on the farms of their neighbors. They hitched up and drove to the killing place by the hundred, as if to a picnic or auction, hitched to the fence or trees as near to the graves as they could get, chattered and gossiped about the disease and the unnecessary severity of the officials in killing the affected and exposed animals and forthwith returned home *taking the disease with them and spreading it all over the district.* What awful stupidity and carelessness! See that no other farmer makes a like mistake. Stay at home, or at least away from places where the disease exists. Bring home no milk, skim-milk or whey from the public creamery unless it has been pasteurized. In every district near to the quarantined areas of the country insist on such pasteurization, or buy no creamery milk. The disease still is prevalent at this writing (March 9) and indeed is breaking out again. We have recently heard of twenty-five new outbreaks in Illinois, and about as many in Ohio and Pennsylvania and many more in other states, if our source of information is correct and we have every reason to believe that it is. Meanwhile the business of selling pure bred stock is at a standstill and shipment of stock for purposes other than immediate slaughter has been stopped in every state east of the Mississippi river. This sorry state of affairs would not have occurred had Illinois farmers obeyed the law. An injunction was ordered by a certain judge in that state and until it was annulled some time later the killing of diseased and exposed cattle by the federal and state authorities ceased. During that time the disease spread apace and the damage was done. It may now transpire that we shall never wholly stamp out the disease but that it will now and then recur as it does right along in Europe. Under the circumstances it behooves every reader of this paper to be careful, to be circumspect, to abide by the rules laid down by the authorities and do nothing that possibly may bring the disease onto his own farm or that of a neighbor.

Protect the Birds

Now that many of the birds have come back again, while they are just starting to sing and build in the more Northern farming states, give them all possible protection. Birds are the farmers' best friends. Were all of them to be destroyed it would prove impossible to farm. There are over 100,000 kinds of injurious insects in this wide country. Birds prey upon these pests and keep them from utterly devastating the crops. There is a lot of ignorance about this subject. Boys are encouraged in many districts to kill owls and hawks and crows; but with few exceptions the good these birds do in a year much more than offsets any harm they do in taking a chicken now and then or flying off with a potato set or rooting up some corn. It is easy to scare the crows away. A few varieties of hawks are injurious, but the commonest sorts do little damage and on the whole are beneficial, and that also is true of our farm owls which destroy so many mice. Then too it is claimed by those who have made a special study of the subject that the blackbird pays for the tips of the corn ears he opens by the insects he kills; that the meadow lark even in the time of clover makes injurious insects some 90 per cent of its day's food and that these larks are worth $356.40 to each township of 36 square miles each season in protective work to grass alone. Insects do eight or nine millions dollars of damage to crops every year and were birds destroyed would devastate the entire country. Protect the birds. Get the boys and girls to love and cherish them. Teach them to study their habits, to recognize each bird by its song and appearance, to leave their eggs and nests alone, to feed them when storm and winter weather and snow make the finding of feed difficult or impossible. Get the girls and women folk to league themselves against the use of feathers from song birds, and birds other than ostriches and poultry, for hat adornment. Join and support the Audubon societies everywhere. Listen to that song sparrow singing out there in the lot or orchard. Is it not the "cheer leader" of the bird choir; does not its song teach and preach joy, and love and contentment and good cheer? Does not it make the grouch despicable and the man or woman who habitually lets the mouth corners droop ashamed of such weakness and lack of faith and love and happiness? Listen to the song sparrow. Cheer up; cheer up! Let the birds live and increase for both economical and social reasons.

Interesting Facts about Seeds

It is well known that all seeds do not grow equally well at all temperatures, but it is not so well known that many of our farm seeds begin to sprout at temperatures a little above freezing.

Wheat, oats, barley, rye, peas and flax will begin to grow at 40 degrees F. but make their most rapid growth at about 80 degrees F., and a temperature much above 100 degrees F. is fatal to them.

Corn, sunflower and pumpkin will not germinate below 50 degrees F. and do best at a temperature near 100 degrees F. while melons and cucumbers will not grow until 65 degrees F. is reached. These are the actual temperatures of the soil and not the air above it. This explains why some seeds rot in the ground in wet and late seasons.

Will Old Seeds Grow?

This question is often asked. The answer is yes, if not too old. There are but few seeds that refuse to grow the second year after being produced. The following table shows the average life of the principal garden seeds:

Seeds good for two years: Onion, parsnip, salsify.

Seeds good for three years; Kidney beans, cress, leek, parsley, pea, rhubarb, strawberry.

Seeds good for four years: Lentiles, mustard, tomato.

Seeds good for five years: Asparagus, kale, broccoli, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, okra, kohlorabi, lettuce, musk melon, spinach and turnip.

Seeds good from six to ten years: Artichoke, bean, beet, celery, cucumber, egg plant, endive, watermelon, pumpkin and squash.

Oily seeds do not keep so well as seeds covered with a thick hull like pumpkin and squash. Seeds kept at a cool uniform temperature last longer than those kept at varying temperatures and under changing conditions. Timothy seeds that have been hulled lose vitality quicker than the unhulled even if kept in the same bag. To remove a seed from its natural covering shortens its life. Moisture is an enemy to stored seeds. To keep vitality long, seeds must be kept both dry and cool.

Use of Lime on Land

There are four kinds of lime commonly used on land, burnt lime, waste lime from beet sugar factories, air slacked lime and ground limestone. Fesh lime cannot be successfully used. Refuse lime contains many large pieces and is often so caustic as to cause injury to the soil by destroying burning up) the organic matter in it. Air slacked lime is open to the same objection though if completely air slacked lime could be had it would be the best to use because of the fineness of its particles. Ground limestone is identical with completly slacked lime but it can never be ground so fine. However, it can do no injury to the soil. For this reason ground limestone is always advised for use on soils needing lime.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station has just finished tests with lime on plots of land seeded to all kinds of small grains, clover and Alfalfa and has reached these conclusions:

1.—In a long continued fertilizer test burnt lime gave no increase in crop while the ground lime gave $1.20 value increase for each ton of limestone used.

2.—There is little reason to expect large returns from the use of lime on only slightly acid soils.

3.—All of the tests show better returns from ground limestone than from burnt lime.

4.—The value of lime in any form depends upon its purity and the fineness of its particles.

The amount of lime to use depends upon the acidity of the soil. On a sticky clay two or three tons per acre may be profitable. To keep ordinary soil sweet and capable of producing a good crop of clover one and one half tons per acre every three or four years is sufficient.

Lime should be put on the land the year before clover is to be sown. If this is not done it may be put on the land when the seed bed for the nurse crop with which the clover is sown is being prepared.

Apply lime with a spreader *after* the ground has been plowed. It should never be plowed under. It should not be mixed with seeds or commercial fertilizer, nor used in place of fertilizer. It should be thoroughly mixed with the soil by harrowing or disking. The more thoroughly it is mixed with the soil the better the results which will be secured.

Forcing Pie Plant

Perhaps some of our readers have seen in the markets of the large cities bundles of long, bright red pie plant or rhubarb exposed for sale early in spring and have wondered how such crisp, juicy stalks were produced. If they looked closely at the stalks they would have noticed that each of them was topped by a bunch of light yellow or blanched leaves of small size. These leaves were about the same in color as the leaves of well-blanched celery and the light color was due to the same cause, viz., exclusion of direct light. There is good profit and sale in the production of such forced rhubarb. The grower deeply spades a spot of rich soil and manures it well; then he plants or sets a strong rhubarb root clump, covers it with mellow, rich friable soil and over that sets a barrel from which he has removed the head and bottom. An ordinary flour or apple barrel is used. Into it some straw is thrust to cover the earth six inches deep. After a time the sprouts from the rhubarb begin to show through the straw and when this is noticed more straw is put in and now and then more and more is added to keep the stalks growing toward the light, but covered so that the leaves will not become green. The growing must be rapid if the stalks are to be brittle and juicy. Slow growing means toughness and poor color and that too is true when the light is let in. When the crop of forced stalks has been marketed the barrel is removed, the straw taken away and the plant again well mulched with manure so that it will produce a second, later crop of green pie plant for ordinary use, or wine or preserve making.

Increase Horse Breeding

Hundreds of thousands of good horses are being destroyed in the terrible war abroad and farming there is demoralized. It seems certain that France and Belgium will be badly off for work horses when the war is over and it is not at all improbable that they will have to come to us for supplies. At the presnt time cavalry and artillery horses are going to France in large numbers from this country and this demand will serve to lessen our supplies of such horses which really are above our requirements. We always have a surplus of light horses, so numerous are our trotting stallions and so badly has the automobile business cut into the use of horses on the road; but we have too few really good draft horses and we honestly believe that it will be the good drafters that will sell not only at home but abroad after the war has come to an end. Right along we have advised our farmers to produce their own supplies of pure bred draft stallions and now they will have to do so. In 1913 we imported from France 1482 head of breeding horses, largely Percherons, and that year 977 breeding horses came to us from Belgium, 185 from England and 98 from Scotland. Up to September 1, 1914 we had only imported 518 Percherons, 373 Belgians, 39 Shires and 36 Clydesdales. Importation has now wholly ceased. The supply of imported stallions and mares of pure breeding in this country is small and prices will be certain to soar before spring. This really is a good thing for our farmers. They now will more than ever produce pure bred horses at home. There is no need of importing breeding horses from abroad. We have plenty of seed stock at home. The homebred horse is better in many ways than the one from abroad and far cheaper. The imported horse costs on an average about $450 abroad and sells for two or three times that figure at a great profit to the importer. The moral for readers of this paper is that the coming spring every good, sound, fit and suitable draft mare in America should be bred to a good, pure bred stallion. The mare may work for her living while pregnant and nursing. She need not cost more than a scrub for feed. Her foal will be worth twice the price of the scrub and many of them, when grown will go abroad. This is the American horsebreeder's opportunity.

Spring the Season for Manures

As a general rule manures should be applied in the spring and immediately plowed under or disked into the soil. Coarse manure containing much straw, however, may be injurious if plowed under in the spring as it forms air spaces beneath the surface and causes the land to dry out rapidly. All spring manures should be thoroughly worked into the soil. Coarse manures should be hauled directly from the barn as they are made during winter and spread over the land.

Fresh manures should not be used on quick-growing crops. They may be applied to corn land but for garden crops well-rotted manure is greatly to be preferred.

The chief objection to rotted manure is that much of the value of the manure is lost by being left to decay before hauling from the field. This may be avoided by the use of the manure pit placed under a roof. If the tank is made of concrete all the liquid manure may be saved. The roof prevents washing and leaching by the rains. If manure is piled in this pit it will be necessary to pump water over it occasionally to prevent heating. The excess water and the urine accumulated in the bottom of the pit may be pumped out and sprinkled over the land. Liquid manure is especialy valuable for the forcing of garden and truck crops.

Manures should be applied in rotation. It is not necessary to manure land every year, besides few farmers produce sufficient stock to supply manure for this purpose. The best plan is to apply manure once in three or four years just before the crop is sown that makes the heaviest draft on the land.

The Corn Stalk Borer

In many sections of the country where corn is grown great damage is done by the corn-stalk borer. This insect bores into the stalk and spends its early life there, greatly weakening the stalk, after a heavy storm many stalks will be found broken off and lying on the ground, having been so greatly weakened by the borer as to be unable to stand the strain of a hard wind.

The grub passes the first winter in the extreme lower tip of the corn root and emerges the next year as full-grown moth to lay its eggs on the next crop. Since the insect attacks only the corn plant, the sugar cane and a few of the close relations of these plants it is evident that rotation of crops will prove a valuable remedy. If corn follows corn for two or three years the damage of the borer increases with each succeeding crop. This is because the moths do not have to go in search of plants upon which to lay their eggs and thus escape destruction. As in the control of most insect pests which carry over winter in the ground, rotation of crops is the most effective means of control. This is particularly true in the Southern states where the damage from this pest is usually greatest.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

MILO MAIZE SEED.—Your article on Milo Maize, in February COMFORT interests me and I would like to try to raise a little of this grain to see if I can grow it here. Will you kindly inform me where I can get a little of the seed,—about a pint I would like.

F. A., Little Falls, Minn.

A.—Any large seed house should be able to supply you with the sample of milo maize which you desire, or perhaps you might obtain it by writing to one of the Western state experiment stations, such as the one at Lincoln, Nebraska, or that at Manhattan, Kans. We recommended milo maize for the dry sections of the South and Southwestern states, and we should hardly expect the Kafirs to prove smitable to your district, but it will not cost you much to try a very little as an experiment. A quick-growing dwarf variety would be more likely to succeed in your short season. For profit we advise you to stick to the grains recommended by the experiment station of your state.

MILO MAIZE SEED.—I would like to know where to get some milo maize seed such as was described in February COMFORT. I. H., Meridian, Miss.

A.—You should be able to get milo maize and seed of the other Kafir corns from any large seed firm. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it write to your State Agricultural Department or to U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for information.

OX WARBLE FLY.—We subscribed for COMFORT, and as a farmer I am much interested in its "Modern Farmer" page. In your article on grubby hides in February COMFORT you say the grubs are caused by gad flies or bot flies. I have seen these flies and there are some of their eggs on the horses' legs now (February 8). They bother the horses more than the cattle. If these flies cause "the grubs," can you explain the large dark blue flies that we see around the cattle and horses in summer. They are nearly as large as bumble bees and cause cattle to run and try to fight them off when they light on their backs. They also bother the horses and I have seen a few of the grubs in the horses' backs and there are some in the backs of the cattle now, but I always squeeze them out when I can. I have found the grubs where I have seen these large flies light. E. H., Chapman, Nebr.

A.—In our February article, to which you refer, we said that "The grubs are the larvae of the ox warble fly *(hypodermis lineata)* and come from eggs deposited by the fly in summer," which is true. We also said that "the fly is *known* as the gad fly or bot fly," but to be exact we should have said *erroneously* called the gad fly or bot fly, for the horse bot fly is a different fly from the ox warble fly. The horse bot fly deposits eggs on the hair of the legs and breast of the horse and the eggs are licked off, swallowed and develop into bots which adhere to the lining membrane of the stomach of the horse. There are two kinds of bot flies, viz., *gastrophilus equi* and *gastrophilus hemorrhoidalis.* The ox warble fly (hypodermis lineata) is the large troublesome one you describe and is the cause of grubs. Formerly it was supposed to deposit eggs in or under the skin of the loins of cattle, but the more modern explanation of the entomologists is that the eggs are laid on the legs and heels, licked off and swallowed, hatch out in the gullet and after penetrating its walls find their way under the skin until they arrive at the place in the back where they mature in boils and eventually emerge as grubs, burrow into the ground and finally come out as flies. Stockmen and farmers do not take kindly to the latter theory, but it is well supported by the scientists, from research work and we have been shown the gullet with small warble larvae in the walls. Even if you believe that the grubs burrow in from eggs laid on the backs of the cattle instead of from eggs deposited on the

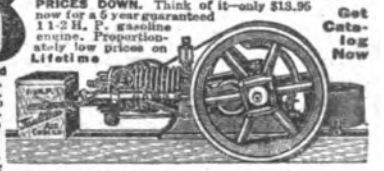
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Marketing Farm Products by Parcel Post

How Uncle Sam is Boosting to Facilitate and Promote it for the Benefit of Producer and Consumer

Copyright, 1915, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

By Edna Mary Colman

THE Parcel Post is rapidly revolutionizing the market business for the farmer.

No more does he need to get up before dawn the year around to travel many chilly, dismal hours through all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads to reach the city market in order to get a chance to sell his garden truck and poultry at good prices.

At last the farm wife, maid or widow has found out the blessed privilege of getting actual money for her eggs and butter. No more must she of necessity trudge one mile or several through heat



BASKET USED BY MRS. MACKEY OF WASHINGTON, FOR WEEKLY CONSIGNMENTS OF FRESH MEAT MAILED TO HER FROM MT. HOLLY SPRINGS, PA.

and dust to take in exchange its equivalent or often a very unequal value of calico, sugar, coffee, etc. at the cross roads or village store, for delicious butter and splendid eggs that many jaded city palates dream of and pay fancy prices to obtain.

Farming is still the greatest industry in the United States and on its successful development depends the future of our country—the prosperity of every other industry and the health and happiness of our people. Increased crop production by better farming methods, which the government is spending so much money to promote, fails of its purpose if the price to the consumer is held up or even raised while the profit goes to the middle-man instead of to the farmer. The middle-man is merely a distributor, and he adds nothing to the value of the products that he handles; therefore his expense and profit, which frequently more than double the price of an article, are a loss to the community just so far as his services are dispensable,—a tax without a commensurate equivalent. Distribution (marketing the product to the consumer) therefore is the important problem involving the question of how to dispense with the middle-man's service by facilitating direct dealing between producer and consumer.

In the recently established parcel post we have largely increased facilities for mail-order marketing, especially of farm products in the first and second zones (a distance of 150 miles) wherein the rates are low and the weight limit 50 pounds. Though Uncle Sam was a quarter of a century behind Europe in establishing the parcel post he has been trying, since he made a beginning, to make up for lost time.

And now Postmaster General Burleson estimates that more than eight hundred million parcels are being handled annually, which means that this service has grown beyond all expectations. To appreciate how gratifying this success is to the authorities one must know that the original advocates of the parcel post estimated that possibly three hundred million parcels might go through the first year.

Mr. Burleson's administration of the Post-office Department has proven his choice for this position by the President, a most happy one, as it is considered the most arduous and exacting of the cabinet portfolios and must of necessity have a man at its head whose activities of life have given him the broadest of training in the school of experience. Mr. Burleson is himself enough of a farmer to appreciate all the wealth of opportunity which the parcel post affords the producer especially when he is allowed a reasonable latitude in the matter of rates and weight limits.

Without doubt, much of the wonderful success of the project is due to Mr. Burleson's untiring efforts at popularizing it and the changes which he effected in increasing the weight limits and the reduction of the rates which dated from August, 1913 and January, 1914. In a recent report of the growth of the parcel post, the Postmaster General thus summarizes the work:

"The constantly increasing volume of business has confronted the Postal Service with many difficult problems in connection with the transportation and handling of mail. Innovations in the matter of equipment were a necessity while new methods in handling of parcels had to be adopted. These of course facilitated the parcel business without creating any delay for other mail.

"After long and painstaking investigation it has been shown that loss through damage to parcels has been reduced to seven one-hundredths of one per cent on the insured and C. O. D. parcels respectively. Through actual count it has been determined that the loss through damage to ordinary parcels going through the mails is only one tenth of one per cent of the entire number handled, and this damage has been due to the failure of the senders to pack them properly, instead of to the method of handling. Of course the highest losses come from the perishable goods, and to products of this type proper packing is absolutely essential if they are to reach their destination in good condition. Impressed with the importance of making this point clearly understood by the public at large the department has, through the press and by other means, given detailed instructions in packing and preparing material, for mailing. To make this more plain postmasters have recently been authorized to hold exhibits at fairs and other local gatherings where not only the many advantages of the service are made plain, but the newest and best methods of packing are demonstrated.

"The reduction of the insurance fee from ten cents to five cents on parcels valued at $25.00 or less and ten cents when the value was above $25.00 and below $50.00, which became effective July, 1913, played an important part in both the ordinary parcel as well as the insured traffic and has proven a boon to the public as may be gathered from the fact that more than 13,000,000 parcels were insured during the last fiscal year, or more than double the number sent by registered mail before the parcel post was established.

"At this time also the C. O. D. plan was started by which the sender of an article might have the price of the article as well as the cost of its transportation collected, on delivery, from the person to whom it was sent. The popularity of this arrangement is attested by the fact that during the first 12 months it was in operation about three million parcels were sent this way with collections totalling over $14,500,000."

It soon became apparent that the original rates of postage were so high and weight limit so small as to be prohibitive of extensive traffic by parcel post, so with the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission rates were reduced and the weight limit increased from 11 to 20 pounds in the first and second zones. This was the change which went into operation in August, 1913; but it did not take long for the P. O. department to realize that even these rates and weights were too limited. Again Mr. Burleson initiated a change, and this time it was by extending the weight limit to 50 pounds in the first and second zones and to 20 in the others, and also by reducing the rates of postage in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth zones. These became effective January, 1914, which made the parcel post available as a practical means of shipping farm products and a great deal of other merchandise that had formerly been excluded by the higher rates and smaller weight limit.

These canges in rates and weight limits coupled with improvement of the service made it possible for the farmer and the city buyer to cooperate to the decided benefit of each, without the intervention of any middle-man. As the Post-office Department held to the belief that through this new plan the parcel post could become an important factor in cheapening the cost of living, or at least the food supply, in March, 1914, 12 of the larger post-offices were selected for special tests of a farm-to-city service. Thus farmers were invited to register their names and indicate the different kinds of produce they wished to sell. Lists of these names and the articles each one offered for sale were printed and distributed in the cities by the mail carriers. The results went beyond the most sanguine expectations. The shipments of country produce grew so rapidly that at present 18 additional offices have been selected for the same kind of experiment.

Because of the many requests from circulating libraries, schools, colleges and publishers for books to be included in the fourth class matter instead of third, as had been previously the case, books were admitted to the parcel post, and now, through an act of Congress, bulbs, seeds and plants may be shipped in this way.

Futhermore, the parcel post is open to the shipment of game, but in cooperating with the states and territories in the protection of wild birds and animals, a regulation has been adopted, which prohibits admitting to the mails any parcels containing game killed in violation of the state or territorial laws.

Other provisions have been those made for the attaching of communications to the parcel provided that the necessary stamps are placed upon the envelope containing the communication. By this plan both the parcel and the letter will be deliverd together.

Although the parcel post has more than proved its value to the public, the depths of its possibilities have not yet been sounded, but there are many problems yet to be worked out and many improvements to be made before it will fulfill its destiny which is to be the direct mutually beneficial link between producer and consumer which will soon resolve itself into a simple bargain as to a set of rates between the two and then the leaving the empty market basket at the nearest postal station and mailing a check to cover the order including the postage and in return receiving at the door the Saturday, daily or mid-week order.

According to Mr. Burleson the greatest obstacle in the path of the rapid expansion of the parcel post system is temperature. When some bright inventor produces a thermatic container that will keep supplies at just the right temperature, neither too cold nor too hot, and when the railways begin to look with friendly eyes upon the marketing-by-mail arrangement and install refrigerator cars, then perhaps the high cost of living will be naught but a bad dream and the farm communities become rich in honest, well-earned wealth. Of course temperature is of no concern during the winter months, but with the best care in packing, the utmost speed in delivery and transportation, butter, lard and poultry arrive after a 12 to 24-hour journey not in the pink of perfection or even anything like normal condition, during the summer-time.

Washington however, has solved the temperature problem, which she rightfully should, being the nation's capital, and besides having to set the pace for the country in all matters progressive in the development of the Post-office Department's pet scheme. Moreover another Texas man is doing credit to his state and to Mr. Burleson, who appointed him postmaster of Washington. The Hon. Otto Praeger, who has the pleasure of presiding over the most beautiful, commodious and up-to-date Post-office building in the United States, if not in the world, carries the success of the parcel post system very close to his heart. He has figured out some startling innovations, the most unique of which is the establishment of a huge refrigerator in the midst of the post office, right among the mail sack, paper racks, letter cabinets, etc. It is a wonderfully up-to-date porcelain lined, electric lighted, perfectly ventilated and refrigerated ice box, just as modern as the most advanced ideas in ice box invention can make it. And—it is for parcel post perishable goods that bid fair to be lost or spoiled before even the quickest delivery can be encompassed. All such supplies as butter, lard, poultry, berries in the summer, cream, etc., which may have been standing in the boiling sun within the wilting atmosphere of a sun-attracting metal car, are placed on ice the minute they reach the parcel post section of the big office.

Anything arriving up to 9 P. M. is sent out by special delivery, but all that comes in after that hour is simply kept safe and sanitary in this ice box, which is ten by ten two ways and six feet the other way, with a capacity equal to those of the largest of the city grocery stores, until the first delivery of the next morning.

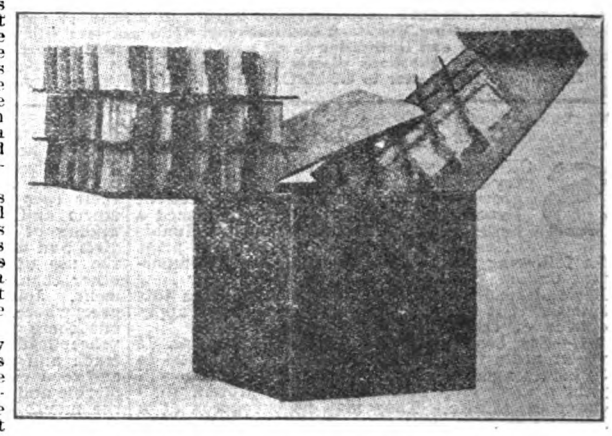
Keeping mail on ice is not the only brand new stunt of Mr. Praeger's brand new office. He has gone one better in the matter of lists of producers with their commodities. He publishes a list of these things, and it likewise tells the prices asked for their butter, eggs, potatoes, and apples, etc., and the city housewife learns to her immense satisfaction that John Doe in a certain Virginia or West Virginia county or village is willing to sell eggs, chickens and butter cheaper than she ever hoped to find them again and—fresh. The Post Office tells her the postage rate on whatever she wants to get and she has nothing else to do but to send her order with the cost of the turkey and its postage rate included and her stout market basket on to John Doe or to any other producer whose wares are so listed and priced that she knows whether she can afford the luxury of fresh country goods or not.

From these printed price lists it is very easy to determine upon a course to follow for there are prices quoted to suit every pocketbook and to the family of affluence to whom price is not an object, belong those producers who live nearest to the big cities and who therefore can and do command the regular top city prices for their produce.

Mr. Praeger insists that it was not for the benefit of this class of people that the parcel post system was planned but instead for the laboring men, the mechanic, the store clerk, the factory man, in fact for every family whose income is small and to whom counting the pennies is an actual necessity. To people of this class the few cents saved each week upon the eggs and butter is a matter worthy of consideration.

Said Mr. Praeger, "to the small salaried people, parcel post marketing is a real boon for they not only get their goods cheaper if they select farmers who sell cheaply, and those who live on some of the star routes and off the main lines of travel offer their goods very reasonably, but the consumer gets purer, better food than he could possibly get in the city market at the same price. He not only is required to pay more in town for his marketing but he must also take the time to go to market and frequently has to ride quite a distance on the street cars to get it.

"Of course," continued Mr. Praeger, "for parcel post marketing to become thoroughly satisfactory, the producer and the consumer must get together on the price. The farmer should split the middleman's profit with the consumer in consideration of the fact that the consumer takes all the risk and also because of the fact that the farmer has his money in his hand, at his own door from the rural mail carrier before he packs up his eggs or butter for the order. Moreover he should remember that the consumer could go to market and pick out his selections from a large and varied assortment, while in buying by mail, he does not really know what he is buying until his basket arrives and that is after it has been paid for. So the farmer should be willing to give the consumer the benefit of as good a shave in price as he can conscientiously afford and thus the consumer will save a few cents upon each order and the farmer may still make a little more profit than if he traded in his produce at the country store for household supplies.



CORRUGATED PASTEBOARD BOX FOR MAILING TEN DOZEN EGGS.

"The Post-office Department is keenly alive to the possibilities of reducing the high cost of living through the parcel post, but if the farmers insist upon charging retail market prices for their goods, the consumer will not deal with them and they will be compelled to sell their produce at whatever prices the commission merchant will give them."

Mr. Praeger cited an instance of a Washington family that has enjoyed the most delicious fresh eggs all fall and winter, since September 1st, at the low rate of 35 cents per dozen. Now these are used for the table and are of a necessity perfectly fresh. The same eggs, that is the same grade or quality, have been bringing not less than 40 cents per dozen and even as high as 60 cents a dozen in the city stores during this period. It costs the consumer 14 cents postage on every lot of five dozen which he orders as a week's supply. The corrugated pasteboard container which cost less than 20 cents, was bought for the first order and is still going back and forth every week and is yet in good condition, and out of all of 85 dozen eggs that came into this family in this way only one was broken, and three others cracked. The same family have enjoyed delicious butter at the rate of 30 cents a pound while their neighbors have had to pay 40 cents to get any fit to put on the table so, using three pounds of butter per week at this price and adding eight cents for postage which is the rate upon three pounds, it takes a very simple knowledge of arithmetic to figure out the saving in money this family has accomplished without saying anything of the value to them in the way of reliable and satisfactory quality of the eggs and butter. There has been almost as great a difference in the supplies of poultry, and it is in butter, eggs and poultry that the city family gets the most benefit from the market by mail arrangement.

This does not mean that other things are not sent and bought and sold satisfactorily by this method for there is an almost endless variety of things listed for sale in all of the post-offices. The prize performance of the Washington office however was the disposal of an entire steer for a country butcher, before the steer was even killed, and right now there is a husky calf cavorting over the Virginia hills, that has all been divided and apportioned and engaged by future consumers so that when the owner decides it is time to convert that calf into veal chops, etc., he knows exactly where every pound of it is to go and more than likely will have the price of each lot in hand before he ships it.

The same plan is carried out in other things. Chestnuts came into the Washington office in 50 pound bags and many days there were 50 or more sacks per day during the fall. Berries were sold before they were picked, and so with peaches and other perishable fruits. The berry farmer estimated his crop, sent in his price and number of crates, the Post Office printed his name and price and location and Mr. Bowerman, the librarian of the Public Library posted up the slip on his bulletin board just as all of these lists are placed, and the city housekeepers did the rest.

In the Washington office, which is a fair criterion by which to gauge the others throughout the country, for December 14th the actual count of parcels of farm produce alone was 395 which is about the daily average, while on Saturdays and the day before holidays the count runs up to, and sometimes above another hundred.

Of the 395 parcels: poultry was 59, eggs 157, fruit 24 and other farm products such as lard, nuts, meats, rabbits, etc., 165.

This activity of business is general and is the direct result of the campaign started by the Postmaster General last spring and by which the circulars were distributed giving addresses and goods for sale by various farmers. Washington had distributed about 25,000 circulars bearing names of about 150 farmers who desired to sell by parcel post, and since that time the amount of farm produce sold this way has been steadily increasing.

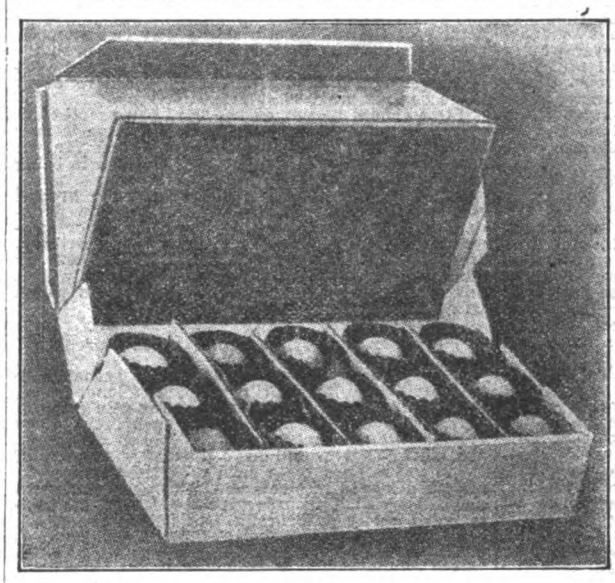
Similar campaigns were started in the following cities, with most encouraging results:

Birmingham, Ala., San Francisco and Los

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



PARCEL POST EXHIBIT AT WOODSTOCK, VA. POSTMASTERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO MAKE SUCH EXHIBITS AT FAIRS.



FIBER-BOARD EGG CONTAINER WITH CORRUGATED PASTEBOARD LINING AND PARTITIONS.

The Calamity Breeders

By Thomas Addison

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I WANTED to leave the dog at home and take only one trunk, but Mary overruled me—as usual.

"No, John," she declared with an air of finality, "we will not leave Bevis to the care of the Browns. The poor fellow's tail is frightfully sore where that nasty dog bit him yesterday, and I've got to look after it."

"Oh, very well, my dear," I assented hastily. "But about the trunks. The cartage, you know, will be double all down the line, and——"

"As for the trunks," went on Mrs. Webb as evenly as if I had not spoken, "two steamer trunks tied together with a bit of rope would *have* to be taken as a single piece, and would be charged as such. I planned it all out today while you were at the office."

She regarded me with triumph, and looked so temptingly pretty that I hadn't the heart to enlighten her concerning the sordid ways of soulless traffic mongers. Instead I kissed her.

"You win," I whispered in her ear, and kissed her again.

She pushed me away with one hand and smoothed her rumpled hair with the other.

"Just see, John, how I've thought out everything," she proceeded with the little patronizing tone she assumes towards me on occasion. "We are to be gone fourteen days. I have written to Fred, and Lucy, and Tom, and Gertrude saying we shall spend two nights with each—and there you have eight days of hotel bills done away with! And I'm going to write to your sister Ellen suggesting that we make her a little visit toward the end of our trip; so really, John, our actual living expenses will be next to nothing."

I kissed her a third time and held my tongue—a gift I have assiduously cultivated.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The day of our departure arrived. The first part of the trip was to be made by trolley, and our initial stop would be at Dresden, sixty miles distant. It was here Lucy lived, my wife's widowed sister.

The wagon came for our trunks, which were roped together according to specifications. They were brand new; I had picked them up at a bargain sale the previous spring. They looked as like as two peas, except that Mary had had hers lettered with her initials, "M. W.," while mine bore no mark of identification. Mary watched the driver closely, but he said nothing—only grinned. I had seen him the night before, I may remark, and two silver quarters had passed from my keeping into his.

"There, I told you so!" exclaimed my wife as the man drove off. "You see, he didn't say a word. Now own up, John—you never would have thought of such a thing, would you?"

"No, I never would," I replied; and with this we set out for the interurban station, Mary leading the dog and I lugging a suitcase.

We were about an hour out, in the open country, and coasting down grade to take a switch that would let a car standing on the main line pass us. In some way we managed to jump the switch, and we met the other coach head on. There was a sickening jolt and a frightful grinding sound, but when we pulled ourselves together



IT WAS A TERRIFYING MOMENT.

we found that nothing really serious had happened. A good deal of glass had been broken and a considerable assortment of language spilled, but we were all very much alive and kicking—some of us violently.

All this time Bevis was howling his head off in the baggage compartment, and we now hastened to see what dreadful thing had overtaken him. He had hurt his sore tail, we discovered; a valise, or some such small bit of flotsam, had bounced on it in the shake up. The baggageman was swearing steadily and earnestly at our little pet as we came in. Mary soothed him—the dog—with caressing words, and I soothed him—the man—with silver. It was the second time that day.

We arrived at Dresden an hour late. I chartered a hack to take us to Lucy's house. I had first privily seen the expressman and paid him the usual price per trunk before he could protest at the unwonted coherence of the two.

"My, but I'm hungry!" exclaimed Mary as we drove along. "I suppose Lucy has given us up, and we'll get a warmed over dinner."

"Better half a loaf than none at all," I commented with borrowed wisdom.

We were turning into Lucy's street when one of the skeletons hitched to the hack stumbled and went down on his knees. The driver pulled him up by main force, but the shock was sufficient to jounce Bevis off the front seat to the floor, and in falling he again hurt his tail.

The outcry that dog made was hair-raising; you would have thought he was being murdered. The passersby stopped, and the neighbors came rushing to their doors. And with all this hullabaloo we drove up to Lucy's gate. She was there to meet us.

"Lands alive, Mary!" she ejaculated. "I thought you were lost. What's the matter? Where did you get that awful dog? And what have you been doing to him?"

Mary was on the side near the curb. She sat perfectly still and looked coldly at her sister, and for the moment made her no reply. I seized the opportunity to get out on my side of the carriage and help Bevis out. Then I busied myself with paying the driver, and thus was enabled to defer for a little my participation in what I feared would prove to be an embarrassing situation. Mary's silences are fraught with possible explosions.

"Good gracious!" I heard Lucy cry out. "Are you going to sit there all day, Mary? What has happened to you?"

Then my wife spoke.

"I was overcome by the warmth of your greeting, Lucy Reynolds," she said acidly; and with this she *descended*—that's the word for it—to the walk. "That 'awful dog,' I wish you to know," she went on, "is the finest collie in this part of the country. I brought him with me because I thought you might like to see a real blue-blooded dog. However, it doesn't matter. Bevis won't give you any trouble."

Here the man drove off with the hack, leaving me exposed to view. I stepped forward briskly, with an effusive salutation to my sister-in-law, but I saw her eye the dog apprehensively.

"Does he bite?" she asked breathlessly. "There are the children! They'll be home soon. I sent Tommy on an errand, and Nellie went with him."

"No, Bevis doesn't bite," replied my wife indignantly. "He is gentle as a lamb. But really, Lucy, I think you might postpone your catechising until we've had something to eat. We are starved to death."

The next half hour was spent at the table. Bevis noisily gathering nourishment from a dish on the floor by Mary. I could see that Lucy viewed this proceeding with disfavor, though she abstained from comment on it.

With the progress of the meal Mary recovered her flow of spirits and related the incidents of our journey with the wealth of detail that only a woman can manage; but I noted a look of anxiety



HALF THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT DROPPED OUT.

dawning in Lucy's eyes, and she began to drum nervously on the table with her fingers.

"Why, child," she burst out at last, "you've started your trip with a regular hoodoo! You want to be careful!"

Mary laughed.

"Don't be a goose, Lucy! You're worse than a darkey. Let's go outdoors. I'm roasting in here!"

We rose, Bevis with us. The door giving on the side porch stood open, and a stray cat chose this moment to make her appearance.

It all happened in a lightning flash. The corner of the table-cloth, which hung low, had caught on a loose brass stud in the dog's collar. He made a lunge for the cat and dragged the cloth with him—and the crash of falling china was enough to break one's heart. Lucy nearly swooned, Mary fell into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Bevis, held back by the weight of the table-cloth with the dishes piled upon it, howled in despair, while I wished to seize the carving knife and drive it into his vitals.

It was a terrifying moment. I stooped and loosened Bevis, and gave him a cuff on the head that silenced him. Then I glanced at Mary and was horrified to see her shoulders shaking. I knew it was not grief which stirred her so.

"Never mind, John," said Lucy, rallying bravely. "Accidents will happen, and besides"—she laughed hysterically—"this seems to be your day for accidents."

"It certainly does," I admitted warmly. "I shall thank heaven when tomorrow comes."

And then Nellie dashed into the room, bursting with importance.

"Mamma!" she exploded. "Tommy's got the mumps—*the mumps!* We met Dr. Savage on the street, an' he said so!"

"What?" cried Mary, springing up. "Tommy's got the mumps?"

"Yes'm. He's swelling up somethin' orful!"

The youngster clasped her hands in suppressed but pleasurable excitement. Tommy was entering. He looked a little frightened and a little proud. He felt himself to be something of a hero. His mother flew to him and examined his parotid glands. There was a distinct swelling to be seen on the left side near the ear. Mary moved away from him.

"Poor baby!" babbled Lucy. "Don't you mind; it won't be long—only a few days. See! Here's your Aunt Mary and Uncle John. And look at the beautiful dog! Come here, doggie—nice doggie!"

She snapped her fingers at Bevis in approved fashion, and he sauntered over to them. As he passed Nellie she reached out and caught at his plumy tail. Ordinarily the dog would not have noticed the little tweak she gave it, but now he paused and snarled at the child. Lucy gathered her brood to her as a hen draws its chicks under its wings.

"You said," she accused Mary in a quavering voice, "that he was gentle as a lamb! A wolf, you must have meant!"

The situation was saved, so I hoped, by the expressman driving up with our trunks. But I reckoned without Mary.

"Stop him!" she commanded. "Tell him not to take them off. We are going away. You have never had the mumps, John. Neither have I. They're dangerous to grown people." She shied still farther away from Tommy. "Quick, John—stop that man!"

I left the room hastily, glad to withdraw from a scene I felt was bordering on tragedy. In a few minutes Mary followed me, bringing our grip. Bevis was at her heels. Just what occurred between the sisters I never knew, for I never asked. I threw the suitcase into the wagon and bade the man carry the outfit to the Hartman House, the best hotel in the place. Then we set off down the street.

"I suppose," Mary remarked presently, "it will take several days to tell. We've got to eat a pickle every night before going to bed. If it locks our jaws we're in for it! we'll have to go home as fast as we can."

"I'm beginning to think it would be a wise thing to go now," I hinted. "We could make a fresh start next week. And meantime we could pick out a new set of china for Lucy. I guess we're stung for a twenty spot all right."

My wife received this coldly.

"It will be time enough to talk of that later," she returned. "Tomorrow we will go on to Fred's. He has a much better disposition than Lucy, and his wife is a dear. And their children are old enough not to be a nuisance."

In this manner we beguiled the walk to the Hartman House. They would not allow us to have Bevis in our room so I turned him over to the porter, promising him a dollar if he would care for the dog as the apple of his eye, and paying him a half in advance.

We decided we would not have the trunks sent up, but would make out with what we had in the suitcase until we reached Hamilton, Fred's home. Mary said we would stay with her brother four days and thus somewhat balance our losses at Dresden. This would bring us on schedule time to Tom, my cousin at Greenwood. The train left for Hamilton at seven in the morning, and to save trouble I bought our tickets at once. The head porter attended to this for me, and to the checking of the double trunk; and although I tipped him a half dollar he handed me the solitary brass duplicate, I thought, with a scornful eye.

It must have been along toward five o'clock the next morning when we were aroused by a clangor of bells in the town and a terrific row in the hotel. Pale and trembling we sprang out of bed. Someone was crying "Fire!"

"Bevis!" choked my wife. "Quick, John! He'll be burned alive!"

"To the deuce with Bevis!" I shouted. "Get into your clothes!"

I helped her as best I could, and then scrambled into the most necessary parts of my own apparel. We rushed into the hall, which was filled with smoke, and down the stairs. The rotunda was crowded with frightened guests.

"There's no danger!" bawled the clerk, who was energetically meeting all comers. "Just a blaze in the cafe. They'll have it out in a minute. Go back to your rooms."

But Mary wouldn't obey. "We must go down to the basement and hunt up Bevis," she decreed.

We did so—and Bevis wasn't there! We found out later that someone had loosed him, and he had shot out into the street. I shall pass in review as rapidly as possible the events of that morning. I sprinkled dimes and quarters around as if I had sprung a leak. I had a dozen youngsters scouring the town for Bevis. We lost the early train, of course, but there was another at twelve which we hoped to be able to take. Finally, about eleven o'clock, a small boy appeared leading Bevis with a string. An angry man accompanied the boy.

"Are you the owner of this brute?" he demanded.

"I am," I answered curtly.

"Then you'll settle with me," came back the man, wrathfully, "or I'll swear out a warrant agin' you for keepin' a vicious dog."

"What has he done?" piped Mary tremulously. "He's gentle as a——"

"Done?" broke in the man rudely. "He bit me, ma'm, that's all he done. He dashed into my shop like a ragin' devil. I tried to kick him out, an' he bit me on the leg an' went an' hid in the cellar. This boy—more fool he—pulled him out, an' I've come down here with him to see what you're goin' to do about it. I oughter have the beast shot, that's what I oughter do."

Mary recoiled from him in shuddering dismay.

"You horrid, wicked man!" she gasped.

"Did he draw blood?" I asked the fellow.

"Good Lord!" he snorted. "So you got to have blood to make a bite hurt, hey? No, he didn't draw no blood, but I'll show you the print of all his teeth on the calf of my leg."

He stooped to roll up his trousers, but I stopped the immodest exhibition. To cut a long story short, I settled with the scoundrel for ten dollars, and we caught the noon train. Our trunks had gone on by the one before.

At Hamilton we first attempted to attend to the delivery of the trunks to Fred's house. They were in the baggage room all right—but separated! Some miscreant on the train had found himself in need of rope, I presume, and had taken ours. To my trunk was attached the check; Mary's was checkless. The baggage-master refused to deliver it to us without an order from the superintendent, and that person was away; wouldn't be back until eight the following morning. There was nothing to do but wait for him.

Hamilton is a city of some size and boasts a motor cab service; so we took a taxi to Fred's house. We found the place deserted—shut up tight. Inquiry of the next door neighbors elicited the information that Fred had received a long distance telephone call that morning early, and immediately thereafter he and his family had hurried off, taking with them a varied assortment of handbags.

"It's Lucy's work!" declared my wife.

"Lucy?" I repeated, mystified.

"Can't you see through a wall with a hole in it?" rejoined Mary acrimoniously. "Lucy heard about the fire this morning, of course, and laid it on us, along with the china and mumps and other things. She called up Fred and told him we were hoodooed, and he—he has simply run away. The coward!"

"Well, by George, I don't blame him," I retorted. "We are regular calamity breeders, my dear—you've got to acknowledge that. I think we'd better ring off on this trip right here."

"Not much," cried Mary. "We'll stop at a hotel overnight and go on to Tom's; and we'll stay with him a week and make up for all this."

We went to the Cawthorne Hotel. I chose it because our chauffeur said it was new and fireproof. From this I argued that it wouldn't burn down or the roof fall in. As we drove up to it Mary exclaimed with pleasure. The building stood on the bank of an artificial lake, covering perhaps an acre. Several boats were moving around on the lake and Mary grew keen for a row.

We had the suitcase sent up to our room, and then I sought the porter who had taken Bevis in charge. I saw to it that Mary went with me. I had noticed how she flinched that morning when I parted with the X to the man at the Hartman House, and I was resolved to spend money like a drunken sailor to effect the cure that was in progress.

"I presume," I said to the porter, looking steadfastly at him, and drawing down the eye farthest from Mary—"I presume all you fellows charge the same for looking after dogs over night—two dollars?"



AT SIGHT OF THE CONTENTS SHE FELL BACK INTO MY ARMS.

The man was Irish, and "on" in a jiffy.

"The regular union scale, sir," he answered.

I produced two silver dollars and handed them to him.

"It's an outrage," I pronounced in my sternest tones, "but there's no help for it, I suppose. I left home only yesterday morning, and what with another this dog has already cost me a fortune."

I heard Mary draw in her breath.

"It comes high, sir, traveling with dogs," replied the porter readily, "partikerly when you're fussy about what they has to eat. Anything special, sir, you want to order for this dog?"

"Oh, do come away, John!" called Mary. "I want to go for a row."

She walked off and left us. The porter and I grinned at each other, then I followed my wife out to the lakeside. There was only one boat left at the float. It was a flat-bottomed affair, and looked clumsy but safe. Mary settled herself in the stern and I took the oars. It was after four. The sun was declining and a stiff little breeze had sprung up from the east.

We were getting on beautifully. I had made almost the circuit of the pond and was raptly engaged in watching a flirtation under a big elm on the neighboring bank when a smothered cry drew my attention to the partner of my own peculiar joys.

"John!" she exclaimed. "My feet are soaking! This boat leaks like a sieve!"

Sure enough, down by the stern the water was fairly bubbling in through the bottom seam.

"I guess we'd better go back," I said, and pulled for the landing.

We were about five yards from shore when we ran on a partially sunken log—ran on it with a crash. Mary screamed. I believe I swore—and she screamed again. By dint of hard pushing I got the boat off—and then, as I am a Christian man, half the bottom of that old tub dropped out, and we found ourselves standing in the water up to our waists. It was quite apparent now why this particular craft had been left alone at the landing.

We went to bed while the chambermaid dried and ironed out our respective garments.

"It's no use, Mary," I observed, punching my pillow into shape, "we might as well knock under and go home on the next train. I believe if they were to lock us up in a safety vault an earthquake would come along and smash it."

"You forget my trunk," whimpered Mary, in turn punching her pillow. "It's a perfect scandal the way that man at the depot acts. And I want to say one thing, John Webb; if you had properly fastened those trunks together—with wire or something—I wouldn't be in this predicament now. That's all!"

It was enough, but I laid hold on silence like a man and wrung a victory from it.

At eight in the morning we were at the depot, only to learn that the superintendent had not yet returned. He had been detained somewhere down the road. Mary was desperate.

"Look at me!" she shrilled at the baggage-master. "I fell in the lake last night! My dress is ruined! I must have my clothes."

But the man shook his bullet head obstinately, the while he favored me with a sidelong glance; and all at once I saw a light and was guided by it. Whereupon the fellow agreed to let us have the trunk if we could describe the contents. At this Mary rattled off a list of articles that would be found in the tray, and producing her key opened the trunk. She threw up the lid—and fell back into my arms.

The tray was filled with some man's things. On top of all was a big blue handkerchief case bearing the initials "M. W." in pink silk. We stood looking down stupidly at the array of haberdashery.

"John," said Mary in tones of awe, "am I going mad, or am I simply bewitched?"

"And I paid two dollars for this privilege," I returned irrelevantly.

A burst of laughter from the baggageman's assistant broke the spell. It was a moment or so before he could speak, so consuming was his merriment.

"By cricky!" he gasped at last. "It's the best joke ever happened. You got Matt Williams' trunk and he's got your'n."

He went off in another convulsion, and his superior showed sigs of joining him.

"Shut up!" I barked savagely. "This is no joke, to us. I'll take the matter up to headquarters if you don't instantly explain what all this means."

The threat had its effect.

"It's this way," said the young fellow. "Matt Williams belongs in this town. He took 21—leaves here 2 A. M.—for Rosedale where he's going to get married today."

"Rosedale!" we echoed, numb with surprise.

"Yes. He's going to marry Ann Crowley, a girl who used to live here. Matt blew in last night with his new steamer trunk, marked just like your'n, and the same size. We must have got

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

tea-

that's only half a word — the other half is

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POUTY POLLY

A Story for Little Folks

By Etta Webb

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THE Holly family was at supper. There were five of the Hollys, beginning with Father Holly who was a much engrossed business man. Mother Holly, who managed everything and everybody beautifully even Irish Ann, the by-the-day help. Molly and Polly who had just missed being twins and looked near enough alike to be twins anyway, and Billy the boy and the youngest who was a born tease.

Supper had got as far as the cake which was cocoanut, a kind that Polly did not like. She had therefore not taken any and her manner showed plainly that she felt snubbed because Molly's preference for cocoanut had been considered before her own for chocolate. However, nobody appeared to notice that anything was wrong until Billy, whose bright eyes had been studying Polly's face and empty plate alternately, burst out in an undertone chant:

"Polly's pouty, Polly's sad,
Needs some chocolate cake to make her glad."

Polly's cheeks flamed. Molly turned in surprise to look at her, and Mother Holly was just opening her lips to reprove Billy when the door-bell rang in that sudden, sharp way which usually means something more important than a caller. So instead of reproving Billy, mother said simply:

"Please go to the door, Polly."

Polly returned with a special delivery letter for her mother.

"Well, the letter is from Aunt Libby," Mrs. Holly said. "Listen! She says: 'My dear niece: It is very lonesome for Pa and me since our dear boy went away as we cannot leave the farm much, especially in cold weather. I want to know if you won't send one of your girls up here to make us a little visit—say over Sunday. Pa will meet her at the station any Saturday night. We will take good care of her. We need somebody who is young and lively to chirk us up a bit. Hoping that you will send her right away I am your loving aunt, Libby Shattuck.'"

Mrs. Holly ceased reading and there was silence around the table, then father spoke cheerfully:

"Now there's a chance for one of you girls to have a visit and make two old people very happy besides. Which one of you is going? You'll have to decide quick, for tomorrow is Friday."

"I think," said mother Holly very quietly, "that Molly will go this time. Won't you, Molly?"

Molly drew her breath in quickly.

"Why, of course I'll go, mother," she said.

And mother looked straight into Molly's eyes and smiled her sweetest. When she smiled in that way it was like ten thousand banners waving you on to victory. You would have rushed into anything almost for the sake of that smile.

So it was settled then and there.

After the table was cleared and the dishes washed and Molly and Polly were sitting at opposite sides of the study-table in their room, Polly said:

"I'm glad I haven't got to go. My goodness, just think of being cooped up in that little farmhouse with two people as old as Aunt Libby and Uncle Joe when the ice and the skating-weather is perfect. And the Camp-fire girls have a chafing-dish party Saturday night—I guess you've forgotten that."

"I haven't forgotten anything," Molly replied. "Mother wants me to go and that's all there is of it. I guess Aunt Libby must be awfully anxious or she'd never have sent that special delivery letter. I'm going to do my best to give them a good time. I shall take my newest games and everything else I can think of that will entertain them. It's only for two days anyway."

"Two days can be awfully long sometimes," said Polly, "and I'm glad I'm not you."

All the same she felt a little knawing tooth of uneasiness. For she knew perfectly well why mother was sending Molly instead of herself. Molly was so joyous, so bent on having a good time always. Nothing ever upset her or made her cross or pouty. And then she was such a friendly young person. When she ran up the street on a gray afternoon wearing her scarlet coat she had a wave or kiss or smile for every baby and old lady and invalid on the street. And it was odd how all the babies and old ladies and sick folks got to the window just in time to see Molly going by. Nobody ever noticed Polly in that way, but then Polly had no scarlet coat. She wondered if it would have made any difference if when they were choosing coats she had taken a scarlet one like Molly's. In her secret heart she knew that all the scarlet coats in the world would not have changed her from what she was. She lacked something that Molly had, and that something was expressed in Billy's mischievous nicknaming of them—Pouty Polly and Merry Molly. Molly certainly was merry and as for Polly being pouty—why, how could she help being pouty when something was always going wrong? Of course in this instance she had the better of it for Molly would be shut up on the farm two whole days while she was skating and frolicking with the Camp-fire girls. Still she could not help wishing that mother had felt she was the one to go and cheer up those two lonely old people.

Sometime that night Molly woke up with a sore throat, and in the morning it was worse.

Mother Holly of course said that school was out of the question and sent for the doctor.

When Polly came home from school at one o'clock she found Molly better but forbidden to go out of doors lest she take more cold.

"Then she won't be able to go to Aunt Libby's?" Polly asked.

"No, and I sent a special delivery letter for Uncle Joe to meet her at the station at five o'clock. Polly——" Then mother Holly paused just a moment studying Polly's face. "I'm going to ask you to go in her place."

Polly jumped.

"Oh, mother, and I've planned——" she stopped suddenly. There was such a kind of achey look the snow into their faces.

"I know," Mrs. Holly said, gravely, "but don't you think, dear, it is better for you to make some slight sacrifice than that Uncle Joe should have the trouble of going all that way to the station in vain besides taking home nothing but disappointment to Aunt Libby? You are young, Polly and you don't know what it means to be seventy years old, away from every one, and their only boy that they love best in all the world thousands of miles away in South America. I have no way of getting another message to them today and unless you go I'm afraid they are going to be dreadfully disappointed."

Then Polly marched out her last reserves.

"But it isn't I they want," she said. "It's Molly. She's so bright and full of fun. I shan't know a thing to do——"

"You will do the best you can, I'm sure," mother replied and her smile set the banners to waving so fast and fine that Polly cried:

"I'll go, mother. I'll do anything you say."

Somehow, though she never knew how, she got ready. There was so much to do and so little time to do it in. Then presently she found herself at the station with father. She was put aboard and there stood father on the platform waving good byes while she looked at him with misty eyes. The train moved and she was on her way at last.

In the clear gray twilight she stepped upon the platform of a tiny station in the midst of frozen white fields. The sky was daintily flushed and in it the new moon showed like a bright new sickle. It was strange how much prettier the afterglow looked out here than in town, Polly thought. As she stood looking at it, caught by the beauty, she heard the creaking of footsteps and there was Uncle Joe in his old fur coat, cap and mittens.

"Well, well," he said. "I just told Libby that I'd bring you home with me. She's hustling like all possessed to get the taters baked and the chicken fried and if you hain't brought a good appetite along with you she'll be the disappointedest woman in Delaware county. Well, well. To be sure. I guess now the train's gone along we can go out and get into the cutter. Old Mike acts up like fun every time he gets near a train of cars. Old feller seems to forget that he ain't a colt any more."

He laughed softly to himself and led Polly to the sleigh. There stood old Mike with a coat like black velvet, his head up and his ears pointed toward the flying train. Polly got into the sleigh and Uncle Joe tucked her in with thick furry robes and away they went facing the new moon all the way with old Mike's nimble heels kicking the snow into their faces.

"He used to be the goingest horse in these parts and he hain't got over it yet," Uncle Joe said. He looked admiringly round into Polly's fresh face. "I guess you like sleigh-riding, Molly, as well as your ma did."

Polly was just going to tell him that she was not Molly when old Mike spun in between two fence posts and slowed down before a gray house with windows that told the story of all the warmth and light and cheer there was to be found inside. And at the door was Aunt Libby smiling a welcome.

"Well, Molly, child, I'm right glad to see you," she said as she kissed Polly. "Come right in and get warm."

"Oh, I'm not cold one bit. We came so fast. But, Aunt Libby, I'm not——"

But Aunt Libby had smelled something burning and had flown to snatch her chicken from the stove.

Polly took off her things and sat down beside the glowing stove. She looked about her with interested eyes. Once, a long time ago she had visited Aunt Libby and Uncle Joe and she had kept with her a faint memory of how things had been then. It seemed that nothing was changed. Apparently the same maltese cat was asleep on the same cushion, the same geraniums glowed between the looped-back curtains, the same copy of Hoffmann's Boy Jesus was on the wall. But it was a thousand times cheerier and prettier than she had thought it could be.

Uncle Joe came stamping in and Aunt Libby called supper. And such a supper as it was! Polly had to say:

"Why, this nut-cake tastes exactly like mother's!"

Aunt Libby laughed.

"Well, I taught your mother to make nut cake," she said.

They kept heaping Polly's plate up until she could not eat another bite. And Polly, longing with all her heart to repay them for so much kindness, tried her best to be as gay and entertaining as Molly would have been under the same circumstances.

After supper she helped Aunt Libby wash dishes. Then Uncle Joe brought in a dish of nuts—chestnuts and hickory nuts and beechnuts grown on his own beloved hill—and another dish of fat red apples from the musky bins down cellar, and set them beside the lamp on the red-covered center table. And Aunt Libby opened the old piano in the corner, dusted the keys with her apron and said, wistfully:

"Now don't be afraid to use the piany, whenever you feel like it, Molly. I know you're great hands for music at home. And pa and I like to hear a tune sometimes ourselves, though we can't either of us play a note and never could."

"Thank you, Aunt Libby," Polly said. She walked over to the piano, laid her hand on it and faced them earnestly. Her voice was just a little unsteady as she spoke for it was hard to tell them that she was not Merry Molly, but Pouty Polly. "I want to tell you that I'm not Molly. Molly had the sore throat and mother sent me in her place. I'm Polly."

"Polly, eh?" said Uncle Joe. "Well, what difference does it make—Polly or Molly? I always get you two girls mixed anyway. I guess it was Polly we wanted in the first place, what say, Ma? Don't suppose you could play 'Home, Sweet Home,' could you, Mol—Polly?"

"Why, that's the very first tune I ever learned to play," cried Polly, sitting down at the piano.

How she made her fingers fly! And then gathering courage from their praise she sang some of the old songs that her father often called for and some of the new ballads which her teacher approved. Glancing over her shoulder she saw the two old people sitting in attitudes of listening content. Aunt Libby with her knitting idle in her hands, Uncle Joe with his hand behind his ear that he might lose no sound or syllable.

All too soon it was half-past nine and bedtime. Aunt Libby lit Polly's lamp and prepared to light her to the spare room. But before she went Polly went to Uncle Joe and kissed him good night, she kissed Aunt Libby too, at the bedroom door. And when a few moments later she cuddled down into the deep, soft bed she heard through the register in the floor the two old voices in happy communion:

"I always had an idea that Molly was the pleasant one," Uncle Joe said.

"We must have got 'em mixed somehow," said Aunt Libby.

Then Polly slept and dreamed that she was Molly.

It was Monday morning before, as Aunt Libby said, "they'd had more than a chance to turn around." And by noon Polly was kissing Molly who had come to the station to meet her.

"My throat was well Saturday and I went to the chafing-dish party after all," said Molly. "We had a grand time. I thought of you, Polly, and was so sorry you weren't there."

"Well, you needn't have been sorry," Polly confided. "I was having a good time myself. And actually I made them have a good time. Yes, I did. You see, I was on my honor, Molly. They began by thinking that I was you and even after I told them I wasn't they kept getting our personalities mixed. I gave up trying to straighten them out and just did my best to be like you—as far as being jolly was concerned. And what do you think, they said if you were Merry Molly I must be Pleasant Polly. And I'm going to be Pleasant Polly after this all the time. You'll see!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

want me to decide for them. Of course the very best thing to do under such circumstances is to cut the whole bunch, for real love is never a thing that leaves us in doubt. It points to one person and never deviates a millionth of an inch from its course, making that one individual the only visible thing in the universe and making everyone else of no consequence whatsoever. If I tell you Clara, to turn your back on these three suitors of yours that won't be answering your question, so I think I had better analyze each of the suitors and see which promises to be the best catch. The farmer looks pretty good to me. Maybe if you married the farmer, especially in Texas, before you'd had him three minutes the boll weevil might yank down the door of your love nest, tear him from your arms and elope with him. A Texas correspondent informed me that some boll weevils stand six feet high with their shoes on, and seven and a half feet tall with them off. Anyway until all the boll weevils are arrested and put in jail it would be risky to marry a Texas farmer. Then too a cyclone might come along when he was out in the field and blow him into the arms of some fat lady in Hoboken. That means you would never get your farmer back. Then again it might forget to rain for a few years and you might lose all your crops and hubby go bankrupt, and no woman has any use for a bankrupt husband, at least I never had. The sawmill fellow seems to have brighter prospects, but then it isn't likely that he'll be able to get work for more than a year or two. The forests are rapidly disappearing and there won't be any lumber to cut. I know a girl who married a sawmill operator. Two days after they were married, he was brought home in four sections. He had been monkeying with the buzz saw and you know what happens to a man when he does that. He had gone to work a solo, and came home a quartette. Now Clara, suppose you had married the sawmill fellow and you put a couple of your biscuits in his dinner pail. Well you know the rest don't you? He would accidentally drop one of your biscuits right in front of the buzz saw, then you'd see the buzz saw's teeth go flying in all directions and the mill would have to shut down while you took the saw to the dentist and had a set of new gold teeth made for it, and you'd have a dentist's bill which you would not be able to pay for the balance of your life. Personally I think you would be happiest with the squirrel hunter. You see what an inestimable advantage he would have over the other fellows inasmuch as they'd be home all the time while he wouldn't. A husband with a laudable desire to efface himself has such an immense advantage over the one who is always under your nose, the kind that you can't turn round without falling over. Of course there is always the danger that he might have a deadly encounter with an enraged squirrel and get torn to pieces by the infuriated animal and be brought home to you on a stretcher, but for that matter all brave squirrel hunters take these desperate chances, so don't worry about that. With lamb chops thirty-five cents a pound and porterhouse steak three dollars an inch, the man who can supply the family larder with squirrel meat at nothing a ton is surely a Godsend to any family. Why I'd marry one myself if I could find him. You might put canned squirrel meat on the market and gather in a fortune and you could make yourself a nice mink coat with the squirrel skins. All the furriers in New York are doing that, why not you? personally I think the squirrel hunter has great advantages over his rivals and as I said before the greatest advantage of all is that he won't be home much.

MAINE.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twenty-five years of age, and a short time ago a young man eight years my senior, came to me in a very business like and gentlemanly manner and asked me to marry him. He has no bad habits, has a nice farm, horses, cattle, and some young stock, and owns it all, and has earned it all without assistance from anyone else. He is from nice people, who are wealthy and an only boy. But, here is the obstacle—I do not love him. What would you advise me to do?

May I see my reply in the COMFORT and please do not publish my address. SKIP.

I think it would be very unwise of you to marry a man if you did not love him. Matrimony without love is like a dinner without food, a well without water, a field without grass, a forest without trees. To have to cohabit with a person, to be forced to surrender oneself wholly and totally when called upon, as though one were a block of wood or any other piece of inanimate property, submitting to the desires and wishes of a second party whose touch may be repulsive, is to my mind a condition too horrible to be contemplated, and yet thousands of women become the chattel slaves of men today, because the struggle for existence has sapped their nerve, spirit, respect and vitality, and made food, clothes and shelter, otherwise a home (or the semblance of it) an absolute necessity, to be obtained at any cost. Many a woman has married a man she didn't care a rap for before marriage, and has loved him devotedly some months after the wedding band has been slipped on her finger. But these cases I believe are the exception. Generally women who enter into these loveless marriages find their heart hunger appeased by the love they lavish on the children that result from these unions, the husband being merely tolerated, a necessary evil in a marriage that was not a sacrament, but a sacrifice, a business arrangement solely and wholly. A woman who enters into an arrangement of this kind, merely transforms herself into a piece of merchandise, converts her body, soul and personality into a commodity that she exchanges with a second party, for his home and protection. She would, oh, so much rather marry someone she loved, but she is getting on in years and twenty-five does seem so terribly old to some foolish girls. Then too she thinks of the long, weary, lonely years ahead, with youth and attractiveness gone, the ability to find employment gradually growing harder, the ability to work gradually growing less, and the knowledge that all she most desired and craved in life—love and companionship—gradually drifting beyond her reach. She is liable, with such a dismal outlook, to take any old thing in the male line that happens to come along, even if the balance of her life be spent in regret. The divorce mills are grinding people out of matrimony almost as fast as they can wiggle in. People dash into marriage today as if it were a joke, only too often to find it a yoke. The fellow a girl could love can't afford to marry her and the fellow who would perhaps be willing to marry her has nothing to recommend him but a fat wad and a roof. Cupid is not only blind today, but he is bound by the shackles of economic stress, of low wages, uncertain employment, the high cost of loving and the high cost of living. When the young fellow earning a moderate wage gets married, he gets along fairly well until the stork arrives, then the harness of matrimony begins to grip him around the withers. All the odd pennies that went for vaudeville and movie shows, beer and tobacco, are needed for baby. This is where the young bride finds out whether she has married a man or a rotter. When it comes to the point as to whether hubby's spare change shall go for cigarettes or certified milk, cigarettes win and wife wakes up one fine morning to find that hubby has beaten it to the tall timber and the waving Alfalfa. Matrimony is a very serious proposition. It is either heaven or hell. There is no happy or unhappy medium between these two extremes. Men and women should before entering into a life partnership, have every opportunity to know each other thoroughly, not merely on pleasure jaunts but under conditions which fully test the character and disposition and worth while qualities of the two contracting parties. I'm glad "Skip" has asked for my advice, though nothing I can say will influence her one way or the other. We all have to work out our own salvation and it is a blessed good thing to know that even in the matrimonial field, many more reach the goal of happiness than fall by the wayside of failure. "Skip" my dear, give that excellent young fellow a trial acquaintance of say a year. Long before that time is up your heart will tell you whether you want to take him in your arms or throw him out of the window. Don't however, wait until after marriage to find out whether you want to kiss him or hammer him over the head with the carpet sweeper. Mind you decide that before that gold band is on your finger. If you don't love him for himself, don't love him for his pocketbook, or you too will be making possible grist for the divorce mill.

DEAR UNCLE:

Am sending you under separate cover some literature that I wish you would read. You seem to have such sound logic on most topics that I am surprised you do not read your Bible aright. I can't understand why anyone can get the Sabbath so mixed with the man made day—Sunday.

Please read what I have sent and if you feel interested (and I can't see why you won't), write for further information to the Tract Society.

From a Well Wisher.

Dear Friend: I know the best of intentions prompt you to send me your literature, but I'm already deluged with sectarian publications which are all carefully preserved and handed over unread to the Salvation Army, when its wagon calls weekly, and sold by them to the pulp mill at so much a pound. Print paper serves a very useful purpose inasmuch as it keeps alive, to my mind, the most useful and Christ-like organization on earth. When I glance at the publications of religious sects my heart and soul are aweary of the bigotry and narrowness so many religious bodies display. If you could see the intolerance, the ignorance, meanness, hatred and all uncharitableness that crops out in so many letters that I receive from hyphenated Christians, your stomach would turn over. At times I feel like misquoting Shakespeare and saying: "A plague on all your houses." Thank heaven my days are too full of the real business of life to bother about the miserable little religious technicalities that divide the flood tide of Christianity into so many scores of fiddling, unproductive, paltry little streams, instead of encouraging it as much as possible to flow on like one big, mighty river, sweeping sin, superstition, bigotry, intolerance, greed and error before it, carrying on its broad bosom the spiritual hopes and aspirations of all mankind. Mark Twain said it was a good thing in a way there were so many different sects as they could all keep a watchful eye on one another, and many of them needed watching. I don't mind the watchful eye but I do despise the envious and uncharitable eye. I am told at least a dozen times a week if I don't change my views and believe as this or that denomination believes I'll go straight to hell. I'll take a chance on that and lose no sleep over it. Heaven it seems to me will be anything but a restful, congenial place if some of the people I know ever succeed in getting there. Now friend Well Wisher, if I read my Bible through a thousand times a day, it would never bother me, nor occur to me to be bothered as to whether we should observe the Sabbath on Sunday, Saturday or Wednesday, on the seventh day of the week or the first day of the week. I don't care what old day in the week Sunday or the Sabbath or the Lord's Day, or any

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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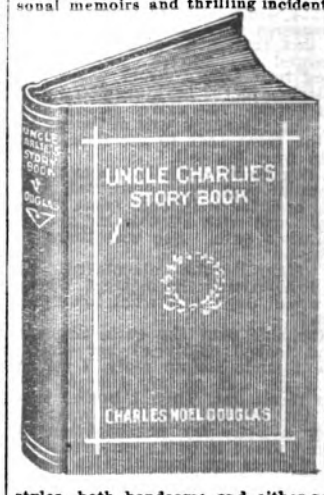
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

More Power to Your Elbow

PERHAPS an elbow does not seem of much importance to you who are interested in complexions, and pretty hair, and dainty arched eyebrows, and beautifully manicured nails?

But it is important, just the same! The girl who wants to look always sweet and fresh, smooth-skinned and dainty, cannot afford to overlook even an elbow!

As a matter of fact, in warm weather, when short sleeves are so alluring, the elbow is a most conspicuous portion of the feminine anatomy.

Haven't you seen girls in airy summer frocks, whose soft arms looked wonderfully pretty and graceful in the loose, short, transparent sleeves, but when they reached up to pin on a hat, or leaned an elbow on a table, or in any other way brought an elbow into public notice, behold; it was roughened and yellow, and everything unlovely!

Most elbows aren't entirely clean! You don't believe me? It's true, nevertheless. A hasty washing with a soft cloth, or even a perfectly correct quarter of an hour in the bath-tub, will not suffice. Our little friend, the camel's-hair complexion brush, even, is a trifle too gentle for the task of



SCRUBBING THE ELBOWS TO KEEP THEM SMOOTH.

making the elbows clean. Choose a nail brush, not too stiff, of course, but new enough to have much of its original firmness left.

With this, before retiring, scrub the elbow thoroughly, using plenty of hot, soapy water. Do not hold the arm straight while doing this, but bend it at the sharpest ange possible, that the skin may be stretched to its fullest extent. After scrubbing the elbow, bathe it with a soft cloth and many waters, so no tiniest particle of soap may be left to coarsen the skin.

Then massage a little cold cream into the point of the elbow, and apply the following lotion, not only to the elbow but the entire arm.

Bleaching Lotion

Rose-water, one pint; tincture of tolu, twenty drops; tincture of benzoin, one fluid dram. If any special care of the elbow has been neglected for a long time, it is quite possible, on a careful inspection, that it will be found to be very rough, indeed, and covered with gooseflesh. In such case you may use use toilet pumice and rub the skin gently with it until the surface has been smoothed. Apply cold cream immediately after, and, of course, be careful not to be too heroic in wielding the pumice stone.

If the elbow is very yellow, a good bleach should be used twice a week for six times. Of course, it will not do to bleach the elbow alone, as the contrast between it and the arm would not be a gratifying one. Therefore, prepare some strips of cheese-cloth two inches wide—or, better still, buy a roll of two-inch surgical gauze and after thickly anointing elbow and lower arm with the bleaching paste, wrap the arm round and round with the gauze, beginning above the elbow, and fasten in place at wrist, above elbow, and spirally around the arms by adhesive tape, which you can get in a tin case at your druggist's for five or ten cents.

Bleaching Paste

Rose-water, three ounces; liquid honey (strained), two ounces; yellow wax, one ounce; powdered myrrh, one half ounce; a little glycerine.

Melt the wax in a double boiler, or in a porcelain pan set down in a kettle of boiling water; add to this the myrrh, and beat. Take from the stove, and a little at a time add the honey and rose-water, and as much glycerine as will make the mixture of the consistency of a paste. Put the glycerine in drop by drop, so that you may not thin the mixture too much.

Very dainty young women slip on elbow length lisle or silk gloves over bandages and paste. If you have a discarded pair, with holey fingers, cut into the shape of mitts so that the hands will not be kept too warm. Of course, you will see that the gloves are made spotlessly clean before each wearing.

If the elbow is very sharp, then no doubt the arms are unduly thin, and it is your task to put on a few more pounds of flesh. It is seldom arms are thin unless the whole body is under weight, as well; so I suggest that you put yourself on the milk diet for at least a month. You know just how to do it, because I am always preaching milk diet to you, not only to add flesh to bony figures, but to clear the complexion and set the bodily functions in good order.

If the elbow has deep dimples—not the witching kind which twinkle in and out, and are a real beauty asset, but the kind which lose themselves in heavy masses of flesh, and cause the small boy's remark, "Oh, mamma, Bridget has holes in her elbow." Well, in such case, it is proof positive that your arm is too fat and heavy. What it needs is exercise and massage.

Every night before you go to bed, rub a little cold cream in the palm of your hand and go over the entire length of the opposite arm with a wringing motion, exactly as if you were doing the family washing and had to wring the sheets by hand before putting them in the basket. This is an excellent form of treatment for too fat arms. In addition, practise the following exercise night and morning, and any other time through the day when you happen to feel like it, and have a spare five minutes to devote to a good cause.

To Reduce Arms

Stand with feet together, chin up, chest out, hands shut closely, arms stretched out, horizontally, at sides, on a line with the shoulders. Now stiffen the arms, and without bending the elbows or changing the horizontal position, turn each fist as far around as possible, thus twisting the arms. Twist until the shoulders feel a strain, then twist in the opposite direction. Repeat until the shoulders feel decidedly weary.

This will not only exercise off the surplus fat, if practised persistently, but it will strengthen the arm, and make it supple and graceful in its movements.

I can't emphasize sufficiently the importance of exercising all the muscles and joints of the body. The work you are doing, whatever it may be, no doubt is sufficient exercise for some part of the body—perhaps the back, perhaps the legs, perhaps the arms—but you may be perfectly certain that plenty of other muscles are getting into lazy habits from disuse. This means, later, stiff knees, and pudgy ankles and too fat abdomens and thick waists and flat busts, and round shoulders, and oh! so many more physical shortcomings that I can't take time to catalogue them.

Aren't we foolish, girls, to let ourselves grow unattractive in even the most trivial particular, when five or ten minutes a day would keep us lithe and graceful and every muscle doing its full duty?

Suppose we resolve that we'll not let a day go by without this personal care of ourselves. What do you say? Yes? Then it's a promise!

Answers to Questions

Rose O'Neil, E. A. S., Earl C. and others.—The best way to remove superfluous hair is to anoint it with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. The peroxide will bleach the hair to invisibility and the ammonia, in time, kills the roots. You could use tweezers to pull out prominent hairs, but should touch the spot at once with ammonia or alcohol. It will take quite a few months before you will obtain the results you desired.

Stasia H.—Indeed, I am very glad to give you a formula for a neck bleach. Is this the one you mean?

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; whites of two eggs; enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spead this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat at night. Four or five of these applications should bleach the neck to a satiny whiteness. Remember, this is not a face bleach, and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children. I hope your neck will be as white as milk the next time I hear from you. Be careful to scrub it thoroughly daily with a complexion brush and hot soapy water, and rinse it in many waters.

K. S.—I do not sell any prepared cosmetics or charge the members of my Pretty Girls' Club for any advice. I have asked the bookkeeping department to return the money you enclosed. As to the Epsom Salts Reducing Paste, probably you did not use it long enough but if your trouble is mainly a too fat neck, try practising the following exercise night and morning, and occasionally through the day if you have time:

To Reduce Fat Neck

Stretch the chin out and up, and throw the head back on the shoulders as far as possible. Now turn the head as far toward the right as you can; to the left; to the right, etc. Practise for five minutes. Now drop the head forward on the chest and roll it to the right, raise it, drop it toward the back, roll it to the left, drop it on the chest, in other words, describe a complete circle with it! Do this for another five minutes. If persevered in, these exercises will reduce a fleshy neck and give it good outlines.

R. A. P.—I am very glad to give you the formula for the Vaucaire Bust tonic. The galega must be perfectly fresh or you will not get good results. No old materials must be used.

Vaucaire Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

The dose is two soupspoonfuls in water before every meal.

Anxious.—The Vaucaire Bust tonic ((see answer to R. A. P.) is recommended for increasing the bust; but I am attaching directions for an exercise I should like you to practise to bring about the same results. Gentle massage with a cake of cocoa-butter which you can buy at the drug-store will also help. Heat the cocoa-butter over a lighted flame and rub the breasts lightly around and around, reheating the cocoa-butter at intervals. Is the rest of your body well developed? If not, take outdoor exercise and eat plenty of good nourishing food.

Exercise to Develop Bust

Stand, heels together, chin up, chest raised. Stretch arms out at sides on a level with shoulders. Keeping every muscle rigid, throw the arms forward until the hands meet. Now throw the arms back again as far as possible, being careful to keep them on line with



APPLYING THE BANDAGE OVER THE BLEACHING PASTE.

the shoulders. As you throw the arms back, breathe in deeply; as you throw them forward, exhale slowly.

Mrs. H. E. S.—See answer to "Rose O'Neil." I cannot tell you how long it will take to remove the hairs. It is a slow process, but varies with different people.

Sarah.—Yes, dandruff is bad for the hair and you must get rid of it. Wash the hair once in two weeks, using the soap I have recommended in my answer to "Discouraged One." Dandruff is often the result of too infrequent shampoos, or of insufficient rinsing. Be very careful to rinse the hair until not one particle of soap can remain. If you have a bath tub and bath spray, use the latter to rinse the hair; if you haven't pour pitcherfuls of water on the hair, holding the pitcher as high as possible; and finally fill a small tub and "swim" the hair around and around, plunging, first, the back of the head in, then the top, etc., until your hair is absolutely free from soap. If you leave any soap in the hair, or use a strong kitchen soap, it is apt to produce dandruff. As for freckles, prevention is better than cure, and to keep new ones away you rub a good cold cream into the skin when you get up in the morning, and any time during the day that you are going outdoors. Be careful always to wipe the face thoroughly with a towel after rubbing in the cold cream, so no greasy look may remain. Then powder lightly and wipe the face off with a pad of absorbent cotton or a very soft cloth. Here is a freckle remover:

Freckle Remover

Lactic acid, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; rose-water, one half ounce. Apply to the freckles with a pad of cotton several times a day.

Discouraged One.—Yes, the dandruff is the cause of your hair trouble. You do not wash it often enough—try washing it once in two weeks, using this soap jelly:

Soap Jelly

Shave fine one bar of pure Castile soap and dissolve in a quart of boiling water. After the soap is dissolved add a teasponful of powdered borax and put in a jar and use as wanted.

School Girl.—See answer to "Sarah." Wear broad-brimmed hats and lisle or silk gloves as much as possible, to protect arms and neck, as well as face. Try using the Old Virginian Face Bleach twice a week for a time.

Old Virginian Face Bleach

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreadable paste. Cut two squares of cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so my beauty patient won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white, and soft as satin. If your face gets red in hot weather, you are probably a little full-blooded or wear your clothing somewhat snug. It is fashionable, now, to have one's corsets very loose about the waist—and it is the only healthy way. Do not eat much meat or starchy food in summer—the green vegetables and fresh fruit are good for you and not so heating.

Daisy, La.—I do not think you have given me your right height—six feet nine inches? You ask if one hundred and forty pounds is all right. Not for that height, but I imagine from your weight and other measurements that this is a mistake. Write me again. I am sorry you find your freckles obstinate. See answer to "Sarah" and try the lotion I have given her. You have probably been outdoors a good deal without properly protecting your skin, and may have to outgrow some of the freckles that bother you. Be more careful of your complexion in the future.

J. L. and N. C.—See answer to "School Girl" for a good face bleach.

Mrs. G. H. S.—See answer to "Rose O'Neil." It will do the deed, but it takes patience and perseverance.

Box 168.—What is your height and weight? Exercise is the best thing for all-around reduction. If you will let me know where you need reducing I shall be very glad to suggest special exercises. In the meantime, cut out potatoes from your diet, fat meats and sweets. With summer coming on, it will be easy, because there are so many good green vegetables and fresh fruits. Cut out candy, cakes, pies, and sweets altogether, for the time being, and eat only at your meals. Also, lessen the amount of food you are taking.

Mrs. H. O. A.—Do not try to peel the skin. Only strong and injurious liquids can do this, and the new skin left exposed is so tender it cracks and wrinkles easily, and tans and freckles, and in a short time is much worse than the old skin one was so anxious to be rid of. Instead use the face bleach recommended to "School Girl," and see my answer to "Sarah" in regard to freckles.

O. P. Q.—It is hard to tell whether you are overweight, because you do not give your height, but I imagine you are probably about fifteen or twenty pounds too heavy. You need lots of outdoor exercise—swimming and rowing and tennis, and every sort of exercise which causes you to use your arms. See answer to "Box 168." A girl of your age needs to be very active indeed—and must be careful not to eat too many sweets.

Mrs. T. F. M.—You can get the toilet ammonia at the drug-store. Just ask for toilet ammonia. If this irritates the skin, dilute with a little water.

D. D.—Frequent shampooing is the best thing to keep the hair fluffy. Wash the hair once in two weeks. See directions to "Discouraged One."

A. M. H.—There is no paste or other preparation which can be used to cover gold fillings. The only remedy would be to have the gold fillings removed and porcelain fillings inserted or a new pivot tooth put in, in place of the filled tooth. A good dentist is the best person to advise you. To remove superfluous hair see answer to "Rose O'Neil."

Gracey.—Here is the formula for an egg shampoo: One pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of spirits of rosemary, yolk of one egg. Beat the mixture thoroughly and, while warm, rub well into the scalp with the fingers. Then rinse thoroughly in many waters. Another god shampoo is the soap jelly given to "Discouraged One."

Fairy.—To make the eyelashes grow, anoint the lids with warm sweet almond oil, being careful not to get any into the eye itself.

E. M. C., Miss R. P., Rose O'Neil and B. E. M.—To reduce your flesh, why not try the Epsom Salts Reducing paste, which can be made as follows:

Novel Reducing Paste

Take half a pound of epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shave fine one and a half bars of the best white kitchen soap and dissolve in half a quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salts solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into the fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight per week is two pounds. Twice a week before taking above treatment, it would be a good idea to immerse body for a few minutes in a tubful of very hot water into which has been thrown half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. When you feel as if you were about to melt away, jump out of the tub and after drying yourself hastily, wrap up in a woolen blanket. When you cease perspiring, which may not be for half an hour, dry body and rub in the epsom salts.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Toughey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

A few days later the mules were recovered, considerably used up from hard riding but sound in wind and limb.

With the supply of goat's flesh the men were able to subsist for a time without seeking food from others—which might have led to their discovery—and they probably worked their way down the river bottom to the coast or to one of the lower counties and thence, with the help of their own countrymen of whom many are to be found in southwest Texas, they made their way to the Border. Once across the border, it was easy to lose themselves among Mexico's uncounted millions.

Nothing disturbed the Manager so much as to lose one of his men, since it seemed to reflect upon the discipline of his Camp, and upon the efficiency of the men employed to guard the force.

But the escape of the young Mexican convict came about in such a natural way and the Sergeant's report of it was so satisfactory that the matter never came up for investigation.

Although a line man, always under the gun, and therefore without a trusty's opportunities to run away, the convict at the time of his escape, was enjoying special privileges.

It appears that some weeks earlier, he had been attacked by fever, and, according to custom, was put in the hospital. During convalescence his condition became so unsatisfactory that by the doctor's orders he was given the freedom of the Camp.

Too ill to be counted with his fellows when the were locked up for the night in the general building, too weak, as it was supposed, to run away, yet too weak to be constantly looked after, the convict had drifted about the Camp almost unheeded. It thus became an easy matter for him to slip away and join Monte, more than likely by agreement, as Monte had been seen at the Camp the day before.

The circumstance of the slaughtered kid looked like premeditation, and when Monte abandoned his flock to capture the mules or to assist the convict in their capture, the wolves, that had for sometime been hovering in the neighborhood, seized the opportunity to make their raid, kill several does, break up the flock into frightened bunches and at the time Toughey and the children appeared were trying to bring down the tempting prize hung just out of their reach.

TO BE CONTINUED.



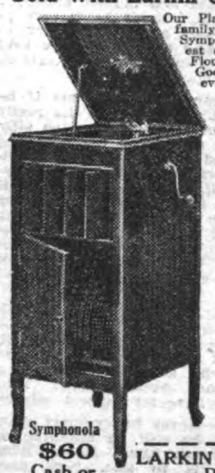
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

NOW, my deats, watch the April showers bring the May flowers and are they not very pretty flowers? But do not be too sure you won't catch cold if you go to gather them if you have taken your flannels off too soon. April flowers are very lovely and so are May flowers, but we human beings have to look after our health in this deceptive spring season, so take a word from me and don't be in too much of a hurry to greet the merry springtime. That doesn't sound very cheerful for an April greeting, but I have a cold and I feel so uncomfortable that I must get to work and forget it.

The first letter I open, from a great big pile this month, is from Blue Eyes of Livington, Ky., and she has a real problem. She is twenty-three and isn't a bit silly, and a divorced man wants to marry her and she wants to marry him and her parents don't want her to. His first wife has married again and it seems the right thing for them to marry, though he drinks some but has quit for good, he says. She wants to make herself and everybody else happy, but if she marries she will make her parents unhappy, and if she doesn't she'll make the man and herself unhappy, so that makes two to two and I don't know how to settle it, except for her to wait a while and try to get her parents' consent and also to find out how long he will stay sober under the strain. One thing certain, if he drinks, she should not marry him.

Wearied Heart, Seguin, Texas.—You ask me if he cares for you as much as he did, because he did really care once? Of course, he doesn't. You are so silly about him that he leads you around by the nose and slights you for other girls and walks over you regardless. No man can have much respect for a namby-pamby girl like that. You think it is love, when it isn't anything but yielding to your fear of losing him. The only way to cure it is to bring him up with a round turn and tell him that you have declared your independence and if he wants you be must work for you. That's all. Of course, you are too weak and foolish to do this, but I tell you it is your only cure.

C. V. K., Hastings, Nebr.—I like your sensible way of doing the best you can in your classes all the week and working in a store on Saturdays, earning all your own clothes, but I don't like your falling in love with a boy in the store who is younger than you are, especially as you are not seventeen yet. Stop that part of it and you will have my highest esteem.

L. J., Ft. Towson, Okla.—Never believe any man, old or young, who tells you he will do anything on earth to please you if you ask him. He is lying to you, that is all there is to him. Now drop all the men you know who talk like that and only listen to those who won't promise much, but will perform a good deal when you try them out. And drop this particular one you write to me about. He isn't any good at all and is harm if he gets a chance.

Three Girls, Petty, Texas.—Don't worry over getting my advice about the young man, each of you Three are ready to give up to the winner. He won't ask you your views. When he decides which one he wants, the other two of you will know it without my telling you.

Mizpah, Altamont, Mo.—When a boy of twenty-one wants to marry a girl of twenty-two and she has her doubts about marrying a man younger than herself, the wisest course for her to pursue is to wait until he is old enough to know his own mind. Waiting cannot possibly do any harm and may save the boy, ere it is too late.

Lonesome, Cloverdale, Ala.—If the gentleman you are going with thinks as much of you as he should, he will take the boy who is interfering with your course of true love by the collar and throw him over the fence. Unless he does that, he does not love you.

Troubled, Roane, Tex.—Being an old maid, as you say, you ought to know whether the romance of a poor young man is worth more to you than the money of a rich widower. It is not for me to say, because I might, also being an old maid, tell you that money, not love, makes happiness. I don't think I would, but I might.

J. M. K., Newark, N. J.—If you know him well enough to call him by his first name when you talk to him, you may address him so in a letter. Or if you did not object to his addressing you by your first name, he would hardly object if you were as friendly with him. Of course, if you like him very, very, very much you will never, never, never let him know it. Girls never do! ! ! Thank you "quite some" for your compliment.

Little Girl, Raymond, Miss.—I am glad your better senses came to the rescue and saved you from making two lives unhappy by letting a foolish prejudice prevent your accepting this good man. Possibly he may not be of as blue blood as your family is, but he has the good red blood which counts for more than blue and he is a gentleman who will be the right kind of a husband as many blue-blooded gentlemen are not. You certainly do have my blessing.

Two Cloverland Girls, Vanistique, Mich.—Well, well, nineteen and twenty in a state where free schools abound and yet you begin your letter—about beaus, too—in this way: "Here are two Cloverland girls which for the first time is about to ask advice from you." that's bad enough, but on the same page you write: "These questions is conserning a beaux." And there are others not any better. Now, my dears, when two Michigan girls write a letter like that, I leave it to you if there isn't something else than beaus they should be asking about.

Well-to-do, Richardton, N. Dak.—He had better be a little free with his money than stingy with it, if you expect to marry him, because as his wife you can do the saving. But you can't do the spending if he is close as some are. If he is sober and industrious, I think you might go farther and fare worse, even if your father does not quite approve of him.

F. L. V., Bryan, Texas.—You only think you are unhappy. Girls of your youth always think that when they fall desperately in love with a boy and cannot live without him. I suppose there are a million old and middle-aged fairly happy woman alive and well in this happy land today who at your age thought they could not live without a certain boy they had been spooning with. Cheer up, you'll get over it.

Vaco, Oakville, Texas.—He has proved over and over again that he isn't any good and if you still think you can trust him with your life's happiness, go ahead and try it, but don't say I didn't warn you in time.

Anxious V., Blackville, N. B.—I think a widower who has quiet recently lost his wife should not pay attention to a young girl, or any other woman. If he were any kind of a decent husband to the wife who is gone he would not show her memory such disrespect now. And I can't say anything to the good of a girl who will accept the attention of such a man. Nor for the girl's parents who will permit it, if the girl is too young not to know better.

B. B., Wheeling, W. Va.—The very best thing two young people can do when they can't get along well together as sweethearts is to quit right then and there. It will be a hundred times worse when they are husband and wife and can't quit.

Undecided, Lafayette, Ky.—It isn't always that a stepmother has been so good to a stepdaughter that she doesn't want to leave her to get married, and I think your young man should appreciate your regard for her and wait the two years until you are twenty-one. I think he is selfish to ask you to leave her for him, and I would not do it, if I were you. If you do, you will find him more selfish and inconsiderate after you marry him.

Coz, Rock Falls, Iowa.—Don't trust the man as a husband you can't trust as a sweetheart. That sounds like very silly advice, doesn't it? Yet, you are trusting a man you don't trust, and I believe you would marry him if he coaxed a little. Marry him, my dear, and then see if the advice is so very silly after all.

Somebody's, Gallatin, Mo.—Your teacher is in love with you, very seriously and I believe honestly, and you are in love with your hero. But, now listen to me, don't permit any love-making while you are in school. He knows better and is trying not to, but you are leading him on, though you may not think so. Stop all that right now, but let him know, when you are through school that he will be just as attractive to you as he is now. The difference in your ages won't count unless you get silly over each other. Show him this.

Country Friends, Evansville, S. C.—Some girls are just a little bit sillier than other girls over a man and you two lead the lot. Both of you confess that you are in love with a man who doesn't know you are friends and tells each of you he loves you and wants to marry you. How you can love a liar like that, passes my comprehension. Go on and let him marry both of you. (2) You may go to dances if you don't dance, but I can't see where you will get much pleasure out of it.

Stupid, Okemoh, Okla.—Probably your unknown correspondent didn't come to visit you when he said he would because his wife wouldn't let him. You don't know whether he has a wife or not, do you? You don't know whether he is an ex-convict or not, do you? Don't you think you would be safer to know who the men are you write letters to?

Lonely, Waverly, Iowa.—Whatever his looks may be,—and looks count for very little in steady use—one thing greatly to his credit is that he wants you to tell your mother he is writing to you. You see he is honester with your mother than you are. I don't know, for sure, but I believe that young man is to be trusted. Tell your mother you are writing to him and be sure you tell her that you are telling her because he said you should. Leave the rest to providence.

Baby Doll, Gates City, Ala.—Suppose, instead of demanding that he quit being interested in all your movements and sayings and doings, now that you have broken off, you stop being similarly interested in him. You think about him more than he does about you, or you wouldn't be writing to find out what I think about it, for he has never written to me. Settle your squabble and be friends.

R. S., Bath, Maine.—I hope I am not knocking over any of your idols, but I think this young man to whom you are engaged is not the kind of a man for a girl of your sense and fair-mindedness to marry. He has not kept his promises as he should and having won your consent he thinks he may let his business take first place and give you the leavings. Of course, if you want a neglectful and unloving husband he is the man for you to marry. Otherwise, break the engagement and keep it broken, no matter what he says. Thousands of women are married to that kind of husbands all over the country and I'll venture that nearly everyone of them wishes she wasn't. Most of them are fairly decent sort of men, too, in a way, but with no idea whatever of what the real kind of a husband should be.

Three Girls, Carrollton, Wash.—There is nothing for the foolish girl to do except to tell her parents she is married. It can't be cured and must be endured. (2) There is nothing in bad dreams except indigestion. Cure that and the dreams will never come true, or come any other way. (3) If the girl's desire is greater to serve the Lord as a missionary in the South Pacific than her desire to serve a husband in the state of Washington, then she should break her engagement.

Darling Rosebud, Paris Crossing, Ind.—Whenever a young man wants you to do all the writing, don't do any of it. That will wake him up to his duties.

K. K., Plutarch, N. Y.—It was very honest of him to return the kiss you gave him, even though it was a tiny, tiny one. Still, most any young man is that honest. But don't give him another till you are engaged. You are very sensible to laugh at the com liments he pays you and to take him as a joke. Flirty fellows don't have much success with girls of that kind.

Baby, New Market, Iowa.—Obey your parents in the matter of writing to the young man. They are worth much more to you than he is. If he thinks less of you for doing so, you ought to be glad you don't write to his kind. 2) A girl out of school and able to spell correctly and write good English is old enough to have callers, if they are the right kind. (3) Dancing as a social divertisement considered proper by most people, so long as the dancing is the right kind, though many people object to all dancing.

Hello Girl, Rush City, Minn.—Your acquaintance made only over the telephone, is hardly conventional, but as you know he is all right, possibly there is no harm in it and your correspondence is permissible. But don't get beyond the friendly point either in your feelings or in your writing. Time enough for that by and by when you know each other face to face.

There, my dears, all your questions meant for me and worth answering are answered and I think I have been very nice about it, even if some of you don't admire my style as much as you might. But you needed most what you didn't like. Now, run along and be happy and don't let your hearts trouble you too much. By, by, until we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

cent box to all the hens, and made it only one third as strong as the directions said. I thought it might be best to tell you what I had given them. I have not had a sick hen this winter, but out of the hundred and thirty-five I only get seven or eight eggs. Their combs are pretty and red, and seem healthy, and my pullets were hatched real early. I have always gotten eggs in winter before. I have a young pullet that has some kind of a growth on her head between her comb and eye. I noticed it when she was about three months old. It was small then, but now it is a great big knot. It keeps growing. I examined it a few days ago. It is under the skin. There is no sore, but it seemed real tender. It doesn't seem to hurt her health, but it makes her look ugly.

A.—The hens must have found some foreign matter outside that irritated their combs or digestive organs. Strong fertilizer or fresh unslacked lime would be very apt to cause such a condition, but as they all recovered, it could not have been anything serious. Corn only, won't fill the egg basket in winter. Read answer to W. J. L., and remember, hens must have green vegetable food. The lump on the pullet's head is probably a tumor caused by some slight injury when young. Better kill her at once.

L. B.—Is it a good idea for me to mate the chickens I have, or exchange my roosters? Last winter I bought all of my chickens, as it was my first year on the farm to try to raise chickens. I had thirty hens and three roosters. I raised lots of young chicks. I set all of my home eggs, though. I bought only one of the roosters with my hens. I bought the other two from a different place. Now I have about one hundred and ten hens and pullets, and thirteen roosters; all of my last year's raising. Do you think I should exchange my roosters, or mate the ones I have? I have been reading COMFORT for over two years.

A.—You can safely use the male birds you raised last year. Better mate the old cocks to the pullets, and the cockerels to the hens.

A. D. H.—I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for several years, and always read the poultry notes, but I have never seen any trouble like we have. I had a Rhode Island Red pullet, eight months old; she didn't grow as large as the others, and her comb didn't grow at all. In November she wouldn't eat. We fed chops, oats, bran, and some wheat in the morning, and whole corn at night. I could give her cold bread and she would eat it, but wouldn't eat grain of any kind. She was awful poor, but all the other chickens were fat. I doctored her for worms, and she got so she would eat corn or any other kind of food, but she didn't gain in flesh. I killed her to see what was the trouble. Her liver was almost black, and had black-looking lumps on it, and it was small. I cut her gizzard open, and it was soft, and contained a real green water, which had a very offensive odor. Around her gizzard there were little hard lumps, some as large as a good-sized grain of corn, and looked like tar. There was one a little smaller than a pea, that had a soft red matter in it, and her heart was just a soft purplish skin, very thin. The chickens have a good range, and plenty of green food, also oyster shells. We gave them some ground bone (dry) but they wouldn't eat it. We have about thirty pullets, we raised in the spring, but we don't get an egg. Will gizzard worms keep them from laying? I will certainly appreciate your advice.

A.—The pullet was undoubtedly hatched with defective organs, and nothing but good care kept her alive so long. Real poultry people always cull out undersized or remarkably slow-growing chickens, and kill them in infancy, for it is hopless to fight hereditary or abnormal conditions. I don't understand why you don't get eggs, as you seem to feed a fairly good variety of food. You don't give the quantity or number of birds, so you may be feeding too much or not enough. Examine the birds, and from their condition decide for yourself. Worms would naturally affect the egg yield if they were present in large quantities, but I don't really think this is the trouble.

L. S.—I cannot give breeders' names and addresses in this column. A self-addressed and stamped envelope must accompany all such requests.

A Constant Reader.—Can you tell me what is wrong with my hen? She is pure R. I. R.; is just the very picture of health; is perfectly well as far as I can see, but for about four weeks she has been laying only one or two eggs a week, of nights, and every night she drops a soft-shelled egg on the roost. Some haven't any yolks at all, and sometimes the eggs will have a long pipe or neck to them, and they will be joined two together, and most every day she will go on the nest to lay, and at these times I have noticed her having a discharge like the yolk of eggs minus the shell. She is three years old, has free range, plenty of fresh water all the time. I feed her whole corn twice a day with some scraps from the table. Just have her and the rooster. Rooster is eight months old. Is he old enough for breeding this spring? Do you think my hen will get fit for raising some chicks? That is, will chicks hatched from her be healthy? Please advise me as soon as you can what to do for her.

A.—Your hen is too fat, a condition which is almost impossible to avoid, as you have only the two birds. The hen being only three years old, and one of the heavy breeds, there is little hope of her recovering. Give her free range, and don't feed her at all. If she must be confined, give her just a pinch of oats or Kafir corn in very deep litter, so that she will have to scratch for every grain. Withhold the table scraps, but let her have some green vegetables every day. Refer to the February issue of COMFORT. The subject of malformed eggs was treated at length in the Poultry Department.

M. H.—I need some advice on Indian Runner ducks, I thought I would write to you. First I wish to ask if we should get a drake and two or three ducks to start with, or would it be best to get eggs and set under a hen? and how many eggs to set to a hen? What do you feed first, and how old before feeding? Do they need deep water dishes? Should it be warmed in winter? Do they need coops and how do they roost? On the ground? Will keep them in a park away from the hens. Should they have litter like the hens, or what? How old should they be before mating? Do they have lice? Do they take cold easy? How old should they be before being let out in the dew? There is a little lake about fifty rods from the house, but the turtles and snakes are thick there. Would they go to it if on range?

A.—As duck eggs should be used very fresh, and don't stand traveling well, it will be better to buy a drake and from two to five ducks, but set the eggs under hens, as they make better mothers than ducks. (2) From nine to eleven, according to the size of the hen. (3) Nothing for thirty-six hours; then hard-boiled egg, chopped fine—the shell as well as the inside. Mix with an equal quantity of oatmeal and chopped green stuff, lettuce leaves, young tender clover grass, or anything of that sort. Water dishes must be deep enough for them to get their whole heads into, but so arranged that they cannot get their feet or bodies into the water. (4) Even in the winter give them cold water to drink. They need a dry sleeping place, coop or house, with plenty of clean litter on the floor, for them to nest in at night. (5) Indian Runner ducks will mate when six months old, but to insure the young ones being strong, the ducks should be at least nine months old. (6) Yes; but slightly, if kept in clean houses, away from other poultry. (7) They are healthy and hardy after they get their feathers. (8) They would certainly go to the lake if allowed free range. Keep them in a yard until fully grown.

M. B.—I read in COMFORT, but could not find what would make my hens lay. I have fed them corn ever since September. They got some every day, and now in the winter when the days are cold, I have them in the henhouse. In the daytime they have a big room where they scratch, and in the night they go in a little room where it is warmer than in the front room. In the front they have plenty of straw to scratch in, and I cover their feed in straw so they have to hunt for it. I feed them corn, oats, buckwheat, ground feed and flax. I mix those together and feed dry. They always get oyster shells in a box, and black coal pounded fine, and bones sometimes. Sometimes I give them silage and sometimes clover leaves; sometimes sand. When it is warm I let them out. When it is cold I feed them warm. Sometimes I gave them potatoes chopped fine, and sometimes I cook it for them. Once in a while I give them raw cabbage, and water they have plenty. My hens didn't lay in twenty-two years, not one winter yet. Answer and tell me what I should do for it. I cannot raise young ducks nor geese. I have a half acre fenced in; there is plenty clover and timothy in there, and they also have water to bathe. I feed the young geese onions, clover and bread chopped and mixed together, and after a while ground corn and barley mixed. Older ducks I feed bread at first, and then ground corn. The young geese are almost feathered when they die. They eat good and drink, and when they die they are light. They don't weigh half a pound. The ducks they eat and drink good, and then they will go around half a day and fall over on their backs, and they will sit down and die as if they were sleeping. It is no sunstroke. They have plenty of shade and water. We raised one hundred and twenty young ducks last year, and all died except fourteen.

A.—You seem to take good care of your hens, and feed a reasonably good mixture, yet you say they don't lay in winter, which seems odd, unless they were late hatched chickens. Maybe you don't commence winter feed early enough in the fall. Chicks should be hatched in March or April to make good winter layers, and winter feeding should start in September in your part of the country. Read answer to W. J. L. Ground corn and barley is much too fattening a feed for young ducks and geese. Read answer to M. H. As you say the geese are feathered, and quite thin when they die, I fear they were suffering from what is known as coccidiosis, a germ disease, which attacks nearly all kinds of birds and many small animals. It is very contagious, and is frequently introduced by pigeons or wild birds, and as it is spread through the droppings of affected birds, you should very thoroughly cleanse and disinfect both house and yards. If you have any birds that seem to be suffering in the same way, add three grains of sulphate of iron to each quart of drinking water, and give each bird a dose of Castor oil, consisting of two tablespoonfuls.

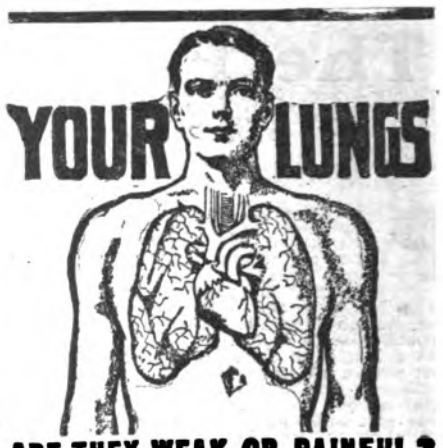
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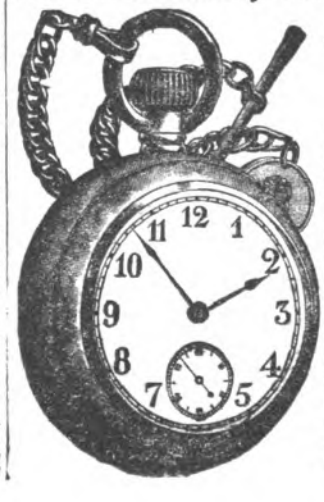
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

THIN PONY.—I have a pony nine years old. She gets very poor in the winter, but in the summer is fat. Can you tell me what is the matter? R. W.

A.—See answer to B. L. O., in March number.

BLINDNESS.—At times my three-year-old filly appears blind in both eyes. The eyes look all right and there is no water running from them. C. A. C.

A.—The cause no doubt is periodic ophthalmia (moon bindness) and it is incurable. Do not breed from such a filly. Wash her eyes twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid, to keep them clean.

SICK HOGS.—A peculiar disease in my herd of hogs occurs once a year and usually the last of January. They are shoats three and four months old and appear to be in a healthy condition, when of a sudden one fails to eat or drink. Generally one or two die out of the herd. They live about four days and in appearance are not very sick. They lie down all the time. MRS. I. M.

A.—Your herd of hogs may have the chronic form of cholera which is evidences by just such symptoms as you describe; but to determine that an investigation and post mortem examination would be necessary. You should have such an examination made by the local graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile clean up, disinfect and whitewash the pens and houses and as worms may be a complication give copperas in the slop for five consecutive mornings allowing one dram for each hundred pounds of body weight.

LEAKING MILK.—I have a cow that is a heavy milker and about three or three-thirty she loses her milk. I have tried milking at noon, but without success. (2) I have cows and heifers that are full blood Jerseys, but have failed to have them registered. Can I do so now? MRS. F. M.

A.—Soak the teats in strong alum water twice daily and if that does not suffice paint the ends of the teats with flexible collodion after each milking, and if that does not prove effective bind with wide tapes or put on very wide, weak rubber bands. Care must be taken not to choke off the blood circulation in the teats, else sloughing will take place. (2) It will be necessary to consult the secretary of the Jersey cattle herd book as to the registration of your cattle. He will advise you what to do.

LAMENESS.—My mule has a wire cut on his foot and it is split and he limps on hard roads when he trots. It has been about two years since he was hurt. A. E. B.

A.—Put on a bar shoe and have the smith put a small shoe nail through the crack to clench and keep it shut. He should also burn a deep line almost through the wall of the hoof across the crack at the junction of the wall and hoof-head. Afterward clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister twice a month with a cantharidine ointment to be brought from a veterinarian or druggist.

COUGH.—Will you tell me what ails my pet house dog? He is eight years old. Everytime he runs or does much exercise he is seized with a bad cough, that seems to choke him. MRS. C. T. K.

A.—The dog probably is fat and pampered. Give him one small meal each night and let him live out of doors so far as possible. Feed no sweets, dainties or potatoes. Make him take lots of exercise every day. If there is a lump on the neck, just under throat it is goiter and incurable in an old dog.

RINGWORM.—I have a Jersey heifer that has a breaking out. It started around her eyes and has gone all over her body in round rings or spots. The hair comes off and a scab forms on these places. MRS. M. M.

A.—Scrub each spot clean and then rub in a little iodine ointment each other day until well. Isolate affected cattle as the disease is contagious, being due to the vegetable parasite tricophyton tonsurans. See other recent answers on this subject.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule that seems lame in front feet. In walking he takes short steps and chugs his front feet. (2) I also have a cow that has a sore foot—a crack above the hoof. F. D.

A.—Clip the hair from the hoof-heads and blister several times at intervals of two or three weeks, one foot at a time, using a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard for the work. (2) Cleanse the foot and then for a few moments immerse it in a hot solution of two ounces of bluestone to the pint. Then cover the foot and sore with oakum or cotton saturated in a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and to be kept in place by bandages. Renew the dressing daily and repeat the immersion treatment at intervals of three days, if found necessary.

GARGET.—I have a milk cow, and occasionally she has a caked teat. It is not always the same one. They cake oftener in the summer. They have caked twice this last winter. MRS. B. H.

A.—To determine if tuberculosis is present it will be necessary to have the cow tested with tuberculin. This is the only sure way of deciding the question and every dairy cow should be tested. Chill of the udder is the probable cause of the attacks mentioned. Keep the stall floor well bedded. Do not let the cow lie on cold or wet ground. In summer keep her out of storms and wet. At time of attack milk three times a day and at night rub in warm melted lard. Give a tablespoonful of saltpeter twice daily for two or three days, at such times.

SITFAST.—I have a horse that has a sore on his neck. It is a growth that is very hard and breaks off. The least pressure from the collar seems to hurt him. ALFRED KIENEL.

A.—A patch of dead, horny skin (sitfast) is present in such a case and must be dissected out by cutting. Then wet the wound often with a mixture of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use.

CATARRH.—I have four colts that had, as I supposed the distemper; they coughed and run at the nose and have never recovered from it. J. W. Q.

A.—As there is danger that glanders may be present in such cases it would be wise to have an examination made by a graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile feed well on whole oats, wheat bran and best of hay and in the feed twice daily for ten days mix two two teaspoonfuls of a mixture of equal parts of dried sulphate of iron, powdered nux gentian and saltpeter; then skip ten days and repeat. An adult horse takes a tablespoonful at a dose. You do not state age of colts, so we cannot prescribe quite confidently.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare three years old that is lame in the morning, first on one hind leg, then the other. It appears to be a drawing or stiffening of the muscles. J. R. G.

A.—Never let the mare stand for a single day idle in the stable. Allow her a roomy box stall when in the stable. Do not feed millet hay. Without an examination we cannot decide the cause of the lameness and if it persists you should employ a local graduate veterinarian. Osteo-porosis (big head) sometimes comes on with such symptoms apparent.

TUMOR.—Pease tell me how to doctor a horse that has a sore shoulder. The tumor appears to be a hole and a bunch under the skin. It heals, but when I put a collar on it, it breaks out and becomes a running sore. H. C.

A.—The correct treatment in such a case is to have the tumor cleanly removed by dissection and then treat as a common wound until healed.

PROLAPSE OF RECTUM.—I have a brood sow, five years old. She has young pigs two months old, and has never appeared sick. A month ago her bowels refused to act, and two inches of the entrails extended beyond the rectum. I gave Castor oil and stock powders for physic and she grew worse. She eats heartily and gives plenty of milk for her pigs. If she lives to wean her pigs would her meat be fit for use if we could fatten her? S. P. W.

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A.—Do not give stock powders in such a case. Feed light, laxative slop containing a little raw linseed oil and once daily give her a teaspoonful of sulphur. Wash the protruded parts clean and then dust daily with freshly powdered ergot. Amputation of the parts by a graduate veterinarian sometimes is necessary where return of the parts is impossible. The meat may be used if the sow is in good flesh.

DEHORNING.—Please give me some advice on dehorning cattle. When is the best time in the year? Should a cow be dehorned when she is heavy with calf? M. T.

A.—It is best to dehorn by rubbing caustic potash on the wetted skin over the horn buttons as soon as they can be felt under the skin of the calf that is three or four days old. Rub until a crust starts to form and the horns never will grow. Horn buttons may be gouged out later, but that is a painful operation. Cut off horns by means of a bone saw or by means of dehorning shears on any fine day in spring or fall when flies are not there to bother and when frost will not trouble. Many people dehorn cattle in winter and house them for a few days afterward. Do not dehorn a cow that is heavy in calf.

BOILS.—A sow pig four months old, has lumps in flanks and under fore legs and the lumps appear hard; they turn red and are blistered. They are the size of a pea and grow to be most as large as a half dollar. We let her run about the place in the daytime. She eats heartily and appears to be all right every other way. MRS. M. J. C.

A.—We take that the lumps are boils or they may be simply due to infection of the skin from filth. Swab them with tincture of iodine daily and if that does not avail rub in a little yellow oxide of mercury ointment once daily. Keep the pen floor clean and make the sow take plenty of exercise every day.

KNUCKLING.—I have a colt seven months old that has cocked ankles in the hind legs. Is there any cure for it? G. M. R.

A.—In some instances a colt outgrows such a condition if kept off board floors, made to run out daily and well fed. Twice a day hand rub the parts and force the joints into proper position; then bandage snugly with flannel. If treatment does no good a qualified veterinarian will have to perform the operation of tenotomy.

LUMPY MILK.—I have a good cow eight years old, half Jersey, half Holstein. She gives an abundance of milk for seven or eight months, making butter; after that we cannot get any butter, even though the cream rises. The milk gets lumpy. This is the second year we have had this experience. MRS. M. K.

A.—The cow should be dried off for six weeks before calving. The whole trouble may be due to bacteria in the milk utensils which may not be perfectly scalded and sun dried. When trouble starts give her a full dose of epsom salts. At least one pound in three pints of warm water and afterward mix half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda in her feed twice daily.

Marketing Farm Products by Parcel Post

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Angeles, Cal., Atlanta and Athens, Ga., Chicago and Rock Island, Ill., Baltimore, Md., Boston, Lynn and Lawrence, Mass., La Crosse, Wis., Detroit, Mich., St. Louis, Mo., Washington, Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, Cleveland and Danville, Ohio, Hartford, Conn., Indianapolis, Ind., New Orleans, La., Brooklyn, N. Y., Portland, Ore., Philadelphia, Pa., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Austin, Tex., Seattle, Wash., and Richmond, Va. The postmasters in all of these cities are authorized to send out printed matter and to make special effort to push the market-by-parcel-post idea as much as they can. There are other cities and other postmasters who are doing splendid volunteer work along this line.

Officials from the Post Office Department and also the new Office of Markets of the Department of Agriculture give talks and demonstrations to farmers and farm communities to bring them to a realization of the efforts the government is making to help them build up a lucrative line of trade with city people. But it is the postmaster who can give the most real assistance. The Postmaster General has seen to it that all postmasters are fully informed upon this subject and it is to them the farmer must apply for information and to them he must bring or send his package.

The most important investigation since the establishment of the parcel post especially in relation to that line is the attempt of the government to standardize the food packages, such as boxes, bales, barrels, etc., for general market purposes. This investigation is in the hands of C. T. More, the market specialist of the Office of Markets and C. J. Brandt, chief of that new division of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Brandt is anxious for a national law that will regulate the grades and standards in all of the states. For instance in the case of the strawberry box, about 20 of the states of the Union have laws adopting the dry measure for quarts, pints and half pints. One state, Kansas, has adopted the liquid measure. A liquid quart is 57 and a fraction cubic inches while a dry quart is 67 and a fraction cubic inches. It is easy to see the difficulties such a difference would create in shipping berries, etc., into other states. Similar differences in weight standards exist in other states, in other commodities; turnips in some states must have 42 pounds to the bushel, in another there must be 60. The weight of cherries is placed in one state at 64 pounds per bushel when without stems and with the stems 56 pounds. Grapes in the same state, are 60 pounds without stems and 48 with stems to the bushel. These are the sorts of differences that the Office of Markets hopes to reconcile as well as to standardize the food packages. This according to many authorities is best done by a national law. With a standard apple box, a standard barrel for vegetables, standard box for cherries and small fruits the greatest benefit will accrue to the patrons of the parcel post.

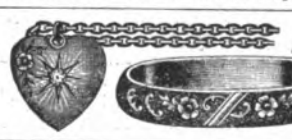
The market is flooded with all sorts and conditions of containers, many of them elaborate and expensive, and while no doubt very good are beyond the pocket of the average buyer who is seeking the economy side. Both the Postmaster General and Mr. Praeger, who is conceded to have done more to promote the development of the parcel post than any other postmaster, agree that a simple split bottom market basket will answer for vegetables and poultry in winter, and the regular corrugated pasteboard container for eggs is hard to beat provided it is constructed so that the eggs do not lie directly against the sides of the box, and these are very cheap. A fourth of an inch air space should be left between the outside of the box and the first or outside row of egg compartments. Thus they are safe from injury by jarring as in no other method of packing.

The government has issued an explicit set of instructions which cover every question in packing and shipping, labelling, insuring C. O. D. packages, and also explains just what may be sent by parcel post and what is excluded. These may be had for the asking at any Post Office, so that none need plead ignorance on these topics.

Christmas trees (small), holly wreaths and all of the greenery used for Christmas decoration formed a feature of the shipments before and during the holidays. Roots, herbs, growing plants such as ferns, etc., in five-inch pots, sets of buggy spokes, and even cast iron stoves in sections have gone through.

Close attention to the rules insure the safe arrival of your gifts or purchases. While you cannot send the rarest of old Burgandy wine nor a case of choicest cordial, neither Pekinese prize winners. Maltese kittens, nor fireworks, you may send many articles of larger bulk and at lower rates than ever before. Paris bonnets (made in America), fur overcoats, the most elegant and fragile of dolls and engines large enough for the small boy to occupy the engineer's seat, the rare and expensive attar of roses, may all occupy the same car with the Sunday turkey, possum and little roasting pig and all arrive safe and sound, barring wrecks and landslides, if they conform to the rules laid down for packing and shipping.

The people in the rural communities hail the parcel-post growth with delight and the department is daily receiving letters from all parts of the country, which proves that the farm communities are alive to the possibilities it opens to them. The country and village merchant has already discovered that it helps and does not harm his business for the simple reason that where he cannot carry very extensive clothing stock and also large assortments of many articles, he can get them to order in very quick time, much quicker than used to be the case when it was necessary to pay express and freight rates. Now he can often get the article from the factory by return mail, which means that he does not lose his customer.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

the girl's arm within his—almost supports her, indeed, up the short avenue and to the altar steps: and the curate—who is too sleepy, and anxious to return to his book beside the river to care much whether the bride's downcast face be pretty or ugly—gabbles over the ceremony after the approved fashion, and Sir Cyril More and Edna Weston are one.

There is still the ceremony of signing the registrar to be gone through, however, and the bridegroom, still with his bride's arm drawn through his tightly and supportingly, conducts her to the vestry.

There is some little questioning by the sleepy curate, but Cyril takes the answering upon himself, and Edna, who has gone through it all as in a kind of deep trance, finds herself in the open air and—married.

The fly has been waiting to take them back to the station. The ceremony has been timed, there is no time to waste; they are in the train, in the carriage which Cyril has secured to themselves by a bribe to the guard, four porters, and Heaven knows how many other officials, before he takes her to his arms and whispers these two sweet words:

"My wife!"

"Am I really your wife?" she asks, blushing and tearful. "Really—your—wife?"

"Yes—for better or for worse—didn't you hear, you sly puss?"

Edna shakes her head, raising it from its favorite resting place to do so.

"No, I heard nothing; the man—how ugly and insignificant he looked beside somebody I know—seemed to be talking nonsense. I did not even hear your name—our name—he seemed to gabble out a strange one. And I am your wife!"

"My wedded wife until death doth us part," says Cyril, smoothing the cheek that has all the healthy bloom of a child, and the lovely color of a woman combined.

"Oh," says Edna, making a move, "it is dreadful to think of! To think that I have been married in these shabby clothes—without even a veil—and no bridesmaids, and no breakfast."

"No breakfast!" laughed Cyril, "why, what do you call this?" and he drew a picnic basket from under the carriage seat, and, opening it, displayed a perigod pie, some grapes, peaches and a bottle of sparkling moselle.

Edna clapped her hands.

"Oh, I'm so glad, for I am so hungry."

"Bravo," cries Cyril, "who says that the marriage ceremony destroys the appetite? There's a plate and a glass—only one glass——"

"Oh, I couldn't drink after you," says Edna, with an arch affectation of overdelicacy.

"Then you shall have the glass," laughed Cyril, "and I'll drink out of the bottle!"

Then he spread the wedding breakfast upon the seat opposite him, sat Edna at his side with great ceremoniousness, and cut the pie.

They were like two children, for all the world, playing at husband and wife, and no child could have enjoyed the commingling of perigod pie and caresses more than did Edna; only now and then a little startled, questioning look came into her eyes when Cyril drew her to him and called her "his wife"; and no child that ever played at matrimony could ever have been more ignorant of the import of the game.

"And now," said Cyril, who was flushed with happiness, and looked more like a great, happy, handsome boy than ever, "we have the pleasant duty of drinking the bride's health—that's yours, you know," he explained. "Now, I'm supposed to be the friend of the family. Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion—on this occasion—this happy occasion," and Cyril screwed up his face into a quaint resemblance of a fussy old man in the act of speechmaking, "it is my duty to propose the health of the bride Lady More——"

"Lady who?" exclaimed Edna, in the midst of a trill of happy laughter.

"Eh?" said Cyril. "Oh," gulping down his wine and turning rather red after the operation. "Lady anybody—this is supposed to be a fashionable wedding—the health," he went on, "of Mrs. Harold Payne. Ladies and gentlemen, may she live long and live happy; and may her husband give up smoking and allow her a liberal pocket money."

"Oh," says Edna, "I'm sure they don't say that!"

"No, but they mean it," laughed Cyril.

"But I don't want you to give up smoking," pouted Edna, nestling against him in her favorite fashion, "and I hate pocket money; it is so much trouble to count the change; and then it all goes so quickly; and when one thinks there is quite a lot left one finds it is all gone. No, I won't have any pocket money."

"What a paragon of a wife!" laughs Cyril; "doesn't object to cigars, and refuses pin money! 'Pon my word, I shall believe I have got a prize in the marriage lottery. Perhaps you'll object to give me a kiss," and he leaned over, with a passionate light in his dark eyes.

Edna puts up her small white hands, but he laughs at such resistance, and only kisses them to scorn, and it ends in Edna putting up the soft, ripe lips that have known no other kisses than his.

It is four hours from Basle to Lucerne by express, but it only seems three quarters of an hour to the happy lovers, and it is with a start that Edna hears the porter calling the name of the latter station, and comprehends that the hour has arrived when the confession to Aunt Martha must be made. Cyril hands her to a fly, and they roll over the bridge, the Keuss. Edna has crossed it a score of times, and knows it well; but it all seems in some way altered today, and she wonders if Aunt Martha will seem the same. Then they come to the cathedral, and the fly is just about to turn up the road to the left when Enda starts from the shelter of her lover's arms to remember that she has left her china crepe shawl behind her. It was a birthday present from Aunt Martha, and—yes—Cyril understands in a moment, and stops the fly. They shall drive back for it at once—or, better still! Suppose Edna got out and waited on the cathedral steps while he drove back for it?—then they could discharge the fly at the steps, and would so get rid of the chance of any excitement that might attend their appearance at the gates of the pension.

"I shall not be long," said Cyril; "you stay here and wait, darling, and then we will walk up the rest of the way together, and face Aunt Martha."

Edna is perfectly willing, takes her place on the worn steps, and the fly departs with Cyril in quest of the lost shawl. There is an old West of England proverb which says that it is a bad omen for the bride and bridegroom to part on their wedding day; but Edna is in happy ignorance of the old saw, and seats herself in shadow of the old cathedral, content to wait and dream, for it is all a dream as yet—love's young dream, than which there is nothing half so sweet in life! It is difficult to realize that she is married, that she is a wife! She, Edna Weston—Edna Weston no longer!—the wife of the man she thinks the handsomest, the best in all the world! What has she done that she should be so happy, she asks herself, as she looks back upon what she considers her useless life, and then—blushingly—she calls up Cyril's face, his words, his warm, heart-thrilling kisses, and covers her face with her hands perforce! Oh, yes, it is too great a happiness—too great!

A footstep causes her to look up, half dazed, half curious, and she sees approaching her a tall, handsome and richly dressed woman.

For a moment Edna is so absorbed by her passionate daydream that she does not recognize her, then as the overdressed figure comes nearer, Edna remembers the lady in the carriage at the door of the Grand Hotel.

An unpleasant sensation of antipathy—distrust—what?—it is difficult to analyze—pervades the whole of the girl's frame. The lady comes slowly toward the cathedral door, breathing rather hard from the steep ascent of the cathedral steps. Another moment and she is close upon Edna, bringing with her a strong odor of patchouli and jockey club.

Opposite Edna she pauses and draws a long breath, opening her wide, but not ill-shapen, mouth to do so, and accosts her.

"Can you tell me when the organ plays?" she says, then stops abruptly and scans the sweet face below her with an eager interest. "I was going to ask you," she adds, after her scrutiny is over, "if you were waiting for the organ to play—but I suppose you are not."

"No," says Edna, smiling faintly, "I am not."

"So I thought," retorted the lady, eying her still with an unpleasant minuteness. "I've seen your face before, haven't I?"

"It is very likely," replies Edna with a smile; "I have seen yours."

"Ah!" retorts the strange lady with a little sniff, "that's more likely still, and if it's not a rude question, where did you see me?"

"At the entrance to the Grand Hotel," says Edna, regarding her questioner with mingled amusement and repugnance.

"I thought so," responds the lady under her breath; "and it was there I saw you. I was talking to a gentleman, wasn't I?"

Edna flushes and nods.

The lady eyes her with a profound air of intelligence, then nods her head violently.

"Yes, and if I'm not mistaken, you are waiting for that very gentleman now. Am I right?"

Edna regards the full, flushed and not by any means unhandsome face above her with a puzzled air.

"You are quite right," she says, in a low voice.

"I thought so," is the exclamation; "I knew it!"

"How do you know it? Why do you ask me?" asks Edna, with a bewildered stare. "Do you know the—the gentleman?"

"Do I know him?" echoes the strange lady. "Who does, if I don't? Know him! I should think I did! Better than you do, or ever will, I hope, my dear! Come, if I'm right, and you're waiting for him, I'll give you a bit of advice, and that is, get away from here as fast as your legs will carry you, and never let him come near you again."

At this vehemently delivered exhortation, Edna opens her eyes wide and smiles.

"Why do you say that?" she says, half indignantly.

"Because no young girl, like you, ought to be waiting for the like of him. There! perhaps I'm a fool to interfere with what doesn't concern me, and I shall be sorry for it afterward; but—there's a good look about you—you're too good to go wrong for him. Take my advice, and go home, and when that gentleman you are waiting for calls next time, shut the door in his face, and say, 'not at home.'"

Edna rises and confronts the tall, handsome woman, and stares into the bold, daring eyes and powdered, painted cheeks, with bewildered astonishment.

"Are you—mad?"

"Mad! no," with a short, coarse laugh; "not half so mad as you if you listen to him. Come, I'll prove to you if I'm mad or sane. That gentleman you're waiting for—he says he loves you?"

There is no answer, only the same puzzled stare.

"He has promised to marry you——"

The stare falls for a moment and the cheeks flush.

"Oh! I thought so," continues the loud voice. "The same old tale! Well, let me tell you that he's told the same thing and promised the same thing, to half a dozen before you, and disappointed 'em all!"

Edna finds voice at last.

"How dare you?" she flashes out. "You are speaking wicked falsehoods of someone you do not know——"

"Don't know!" retorts Glitters, for it is she. "Look at that!" and she snatches a huge locket from her waistband. "Don't know! Whose face is that, I should like to know?" and she tears the locket open and extends it.

Edna is fascinated; she cannot hold back; she must look if that look deals death to her, and it does almost, for as she looks on Cyril's face she falls back with her hand on her heart.

"Come—there—bear up," says Glitters, not unkindly. "It seems rough, I know that—of course it does; but it's better to find him out now than when it's too late. Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, too handsome, for that matter; and it's hard to believe that a man with a face like that should be like the devil himself. I wonder what he's been telling you? Never you mind; the best thing you can do is to forget it—take my advice——"

"Let me see," breaks in Edna, rising from the cold stones and advancing, white as the sculptured saints in the niches above her.

Glitters held out the locket again.

"Yes, there he is, there's no mistaking him—there's the handsomest man in England, and the wickedest. You can't count up on your fingers all the hearts that face has broke, yours among 'em, perhaps. Well, well, perhaps it ain't too late! It's funny as I should have found out his little game—funny I should meet you here; but I'm glad I have, if it's only taken one plum out of his mouth—not that he has done the shabby thing by me——"

She stops in consequence of a gesture of mingled agony and horror by the quivering, anguished victim at her feet.

Edna turns her white face up with a great loathing.

"Are—are—you his wife?"

"His wife! Well, no, not exactly," replies Glitters, with an uncomfortable laugh. "Not that I ought not to be, if right was right. No, I'm not his wife, and nobody ever will be if he can help it—he knows a trick worth two of that! But I know as much about him as if I was, and more, perhaps; and my advice to you is, get away from his reach as quick as you can! Don't let him say a word for himself, for he's as soft-tongued as a serpent, and as artful, for all his boyish look; and if you think there's any mistake—if you think I've been playing it rough on him, ask him when you see him—if you're foolish enough to see him again—if he knows Molly Glitters, of the Theater Royal?"

Then she gathers her voluminous, mauve-colored skirts about her, and, with an emphatic nod of the head, goes her way, leaving her victim bowed down with anguish, like a flower bruised and crushed, upon the cathedral steps.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Calamity Breeders

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

em mixed. Oh, lord"—to his chief—"can't you see Matt's face when he opens that trunk?"

They broke into irrepressible laughter, and I turned to Mary.

"It's a warning," I said solemnly—"the hand of Fate. We go home today. * * * * Do you know where I can reach Mr. Williams at Rosedale?" I demanded of the head baggageman.

"He always puts up at the Seneca."

"All right. I'll wire him. We are going to Rosedale by the next train. When does it leave and when does it get there?"

"Leaves at ten-thirty. Due at three-thirty."

Mary and I rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message to the joyful bridegroom:

"My wife's trunk checked by mistake for yours. Wire, Cawthorne Hotel, authority to bring yours with us to Rosedale on ten-thirty train today. John Webb."

This dispatch cost me one dollar. I took care to let Mary see me pay for it. Then we returned to the hotel. We came upon the porter at the entrance.

"How's the dog?" I inquired.

I would not have been surprised to learn that he had been shot, poisoned, or drowned in the lake. I was steeled against anything that could happen to us or ours short of death by famine or the sword.

"The dog is fine and dandy, sir," replied the porter as though he were communicating the most ordinary intelligence. "I've doctored up his tail and it'll be all right in a day or two."

On the strength of this we went in and had some breakfast. Mary was apparently in troubled thought. I drank my coffee in moody silence. Presently Mary spoke.

"I wonder," she mused, "if that man has been rummaging through my things?"

I grunted unsympathetically and then coughed, for my ducking had given me a cold.

"I wonder," I croaked, "if we had better not have a guardian appointed the next time we feel like straying away from home with a fool dog and two trunks that won't stick together?"

Mary's eyes flashed, but fell before my own. I was beginning to feel mad all through, and I fancy I showed it. Then, like the mean-minded creature I was, I took revenge on the wife of my bosom. I turned over the menu card and did some figuring on the back. When I had finished I handed it to Mary and buried myself in the morning paper. This is what Mary saw:

PARTIAL EXPENSE OF OUTING.

DOG.

Tip (twice) on car to Dresen,	.50
Broken china at Dresden,	20.00
Porter at Hartman House,	.50
To boys hunting lost dog,	1.90
Man bitten by dog,	10.00
Tip on train to Hamilton,	.25
Porter at Cawthorne Hotel,	2.00
Tip (forthcoming) to Rosedale,	.25
Total (perhaps),	$35.40

TRUNK.

(Charged all along as two pieces.)

To station at Rosedale,	.50
To house at Dresden,	.50
To hotel at Dresden,	.50
To porter at Hartman House,	.50
To station at Dresden,	.50
To baggageman at Hamilton,	2.00
To telegram to Williams,	1.00
To house at Rosedale,	.50
Total (maybe),	$6.00

For a long time Mary studied this expense account with drooping head. Then I saw a tear roll down her cheek and fall on the figures. It blotted out all my petty passion. I was smitten with compunction, and leaning over towards her I whispered:

"Don't sweetheart! I was a brute! It's nothing—the money. A thousand dollars would not be worth a tear of yours. We'll start all over again as soon as we get rested—and hang the expense!"

I tore up the menu card and threw it in the finger bowl. And just here, as good luck would have it,—the first in forty-eight hours—a boy entered with the looked-for telegram. I read it out to Mary:

"Bring trunk. For heaven's sake don't miss train. Am getting married at five. "Matt Williams."

Mary smiled at me through still wet lashes, and I—knowing I was forgiven—laughed boisterously.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss N. L. S., Kearney, Kans.—COMFORT has no department where fancy work is sold nor could it have. You pursued the right course, the course we have been trying to teach COMFORT women who produce articles that may be sold, when instead of writing to COMFORT for advice you took the baby-hood to Kansas City and sold it for five dollars. But you fell from grace with the second one. Why did you not go out among people who had babies and sell the second one instead of writing to us to know where to sell it? The trouble with women who can make salable articles is that they don't use judgment and industry in selling their products. There are buyers for good things always and the producers must get their productions next to the buyers. Now, you have sold one hood and know you can sell that many and it should be taken as a good sign that you can sell more and that if there is one buyer there are bound to be others. Take as your motto, find the buyer.

J. S., West Leyden, N. Y.—If you will write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for information about ginseng, you will get two or three pamphlets on the subject which will give you full information. What you read in them will be true enough but we advise that you go very slow in the ginseng business till you have learned it. It is like any other business that requires skill and experience. Golden seal, or yellow puccoon, is quite a different proposition from ginseng.

Mrs. F. G. M., Marlboro, Mass.—In these modern days of chemicals and business so much better shoe polish is made to sell at a nickel or a dime a box than can possibly be made at home that it is a waste of time and money to attempt to mix a home-made polish. In the old days you might have saved a few cents by making your own blacking, but not in these days. Ask at any shoe store.

Mrs. W. H., Switz City, Ind.—If you wish to make dustless dust rags you must devise a plan of your own. These dust rags are made under patented processes and you will get into trouble and the courts if you use a formula not your own.

Mrs. O. W., Brownstown, Ind.—If the man was acquitted for killing your husband on the ground of self-defense, that makes him innocent in law and you can get no damages. Ask some lawyer to take the case in a civil suit to court on a contingent fee and if he will take it, there may be a chance for you. But pay no money in fees until the lawyer earns it by winning your case.

Mrs. G. A. S., Ashtabula, O.—Don't go into business on newspaper information merely, if you want to succeed. You are not far from Cleveland. Go there and make inquiry among business people and what you learn will be practical, on-the-spot knowledge worth more to you in a minute than printed knowledge would be in forty years. COMFORT readers thinking of starting business make a note of this.

D. F. S., Martinsville, Ind.—Read the advertisements in COMFORT if you want to know about things better than we can tell you in this column. The COMFORT reader who misses the advertisements misses matters of value.

Puzzled, Montgomery, Ala.—Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. for information about positions in the government civil servce. Men of good habits and good sense are in demand almost anywhere.

J. E. C., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Miss Helen Keller is a suffragist, but not a suffragette. Equal suffrage has been in force in Wyoming since 1869; Colorado, 1893; Utah, 1896; Idaho, 1896; Washington, 1910; California, 1911; Arizona, Kansas and Oregon, 1912; Nevada and Montana, 1914. In 1913 the territorial legislature of Alaska granted full suffrage to women and the Illinois legislature extended to women all the franchise rights within its power, that is, for all the offices not created by the state constitution. Three of these states, Arizona, Colorado and Kansas are prohibition, but the Colorado law does not go into effect until 1916. Idaho, California, Washington and Oregon are local option. The percentage of illiteracy in Wyoming is 3.3; Idaho, 2.2; Colorado, 3.7; Nevada, 6.7; Kansas, 2.2; Montana, 4.8; California, 3.7; Oregon, 1.9; Washington, 2; Arizona, 20.9—this high percentage due to the fact that there are many Indians and Mexicans in the state. Excepting Arizona the illiteracy rank of these states is high.

Inquisitive, Dresser Junction, Wis.—Manuscripts need not be typewritten, but the chances that they will be read by editors are vastly improved if they are typewritten. A manuscript written poorly by hand is certain not to be read unless it bears the signature of a well-known writer. Publishers are not responsible for manuscripts not ordered, even though accompanied by postage for return.

Mrs. C. J. E., Hamill, S. Dak.—A soldier of the United States army—there are no soldiers drafted into the army—goes wherever he is ordered, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. That is his business. (2) The requirements for a foreigner to become a citizen of this country are not very complicated. He must file his declaration of intention in the clerk's office of a United States District Court, or any court of record having a seal, a clerk and jurisdiction in actions in which the amount in controversy is unlimited. There are details which must be had from the clerk of the court, for subsequent proceedings. Any intelligent citizen can tell him all that is necessary and COMFORT hasn't space to do it.

M. S. K., Burlington, Iowa.—If you are too timid to ask a local physician or hospital superintendent for information which you can get from them much more satisfactorily than you could from us, we hardly think you are capable of filling the position you seek. You must overcome your timidity or give up your ambition. Talk to your local physicians and hospitals and get what you want at first hands and from professionals, who are experts in their lines. Other COMFORT readers who go away from home thinking to learn what they could much better learn at their own doors please note this.

T. B., Lloyd, Fla.—The address of the American Bible Society, is Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. (2) State flags do not appear to cut very much figure anywhere, the Star Spangled Banner being good enough for most states. State flags are used, however, in celebration of state anniversaries, though we do not recall having seen a state flag in years. Suppose you start a crusade for the recognition and development of state flags. (3) Write to Secretary National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. for best books on ancient excavations and discoveries. The Society has some very good things on that subject with pictures not to be had elsewhere. For two dollars you can become a member of the Society and get its magazine issued monthly.

A. J., Odell, La.—The only steps that an unknown writer may take to get his literature before the public is to submit his manuscript to a publisher and if the publisher thinks it will pay to print it, the writer will get it before the public. There is no other way, for the publisher holds the key to publicity. We wish to say to you and to other would-be writers that until you know who are the publishers, what kinds of books they publish and several other practical branches of the writing business, you should not attempt to write, because you don't know enough to write acceptable matter. You should read for example such magazines as The Bookman published at New York City, and The Editor published at Ridgewood, N. J. These magazines will inform you on numerous necessary points, which being ignorant of, you cannot write and place manuscripts. The writing game is not one easily learned.

Mabel, Good Luck, Ky.—A little kerosene in the water washing mirrors or windows will make the glass sparkle. Only an expert can do anything in restoring mirrors worn out on the back. Better not try to take the tin stain out of your ivoried brush. The material is composition that will not stand the acid test. You can clean the white paper of the book to some extent by rubbing it carefully with a ball of bread crumbs taken from the center of a loaf. This is also good to clean pictures with, or wall paper. When plated silver is worn through the plating the only salvation for it is to take it to the electroplater, or buy a new set. It is poor economy to spend time and money on many old things about the house in attempts to make them new again. It can't be done and is cheaper and more satisfactory to substitute new articles.

C. B., Epworth, Nebr.—As we have before told COMFORT readers, that when they find anything vegetable, mineral, animal or otherwise which they or their neighbors know nothing about, they should submit it to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., so we now tell you to send your glittering bits of stone there for inspection and report. Maybe there is a precious stone quarry in Nebraska.

T. B. S., Richmond, Va.—Alarm watches may be had from almost any jeweler, but not as low as one dollar. Inquire in your city shops for them. (2) Letters to Mr. Samuel G. Blythe and Mr. Irwin S. Cobb, sent to The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa., will reach them. (3) The lady is not in "Who's Who." Write to her yourself for the information. (4) Very comfortable livings, if not real money in bank, have been made on plots of ground not larger than two acres with all kinds of crops, from pop-corn to peanuts. It isn't so much the crop as it is the man behind the crop. You will have to decide for yourself what crop you think will pay best.

Mrs. A. M., Marion, O.—Virginia is a fine old state and the Shenandoah valley is a very pretty and productive farming country, but we do not believe four people could make a living on ten acres of ground unless they were expert and intensive farmers who knew just what crop they wanted to raise and how to raise and market it to the best advantage. One objection is that it is too far from markets of the kind you should have. With a small farm you should be within an hour of a city, for most of your stuff would be garden truck, we should say. Or small fruits, or such things as city consumers need. If you have some extra income and merely want the ten acres to make your eating on, the Shenandoah valley would do well enough, if you like Southern people and ways. If not, somewhere along the Ohio river would be better for you.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

So, on the first day of the trial, when asked if she would go, she passionately retorted: "No, of course I will not go to be gazed at by everybody as the daughter of a felon."

Imogen, wretched as she was, could not have stayed away, and, seeking an obscure corner in the courtroom, listened with absorbing interest to all the evidence. She was in her place every day, but during the last day she became so excessively nervous it seemed to her that she could not endure the strain much longer.

She was almost glad when Judge Ashburton was taken ill, and it seemed necessary that she should follow him home to see that he was properly cared for, although she was appalled in view of his attack as she feared it would affect Mr. Fletcher's case unfavorably if he were not there to make the closing plea, for she had no faith in Alice's ability to take his place. When Alice and Will returned with the information that the verdict would not be rendered until the following morning, it seemed to the tortured woman as if her powers of endurance had reached their limit—as if she could not live through another night of suspense.

As soon as she had seen the judge made comfortable for the night, she went to her room and sank, weak and spent, upon her bed, a nervous trembling pervading her whole frame.

She lay there for a long time, her brain in a whirl, her heart quaking with fear, mingled with remorse, and finally dropped into an uneasy slumber.

When she awoke night and silence seemed to have settled down upon the house, but she was impressed that some unusual sound had awakened her.

She arose and lighted one of the burners of the chandelier and listened intently for a moment; then smiled bitterly at what she believed was only excessive nervousness. "It was only the wind," she murmured, as she sank upon a chair. Presently, however, the sound was repeated.

She arose, crossed the room, and, sweeping aside the draperies of a window, was startled to see the face of Reardon, the detective, pressed against the glass.

Her heart sprang into her mouth, and for a moment the mad thought that she would like to push him backward from the balcony, on which he stood, to the ground, took possession of her mind. Oh, if she could but end forever her bitter bondage!

But, quickly raising the sash, she inquired, in a fierce whisper:

"For Heaven's sake, what brings you here to-night?"

"A little matter of business, Mrs Ingraham. Let me in, if you please, before anyone sees me, and I will explain it to you," the man returned, with exasperating coolness.

She stepped aside, and the next moment he was in the room, when he lowered the window and pulled the draperies together.

"Is the door locked?" he inquired.

She nodded assent as he motioned him to a chair and sank into another.

"Well!" she said, fastening her burning eyes upon him.

"Well!" the man repeated, with a cruel smile. "I have been attending court during the last few days, Mrs. Ingraham, and have been highly entertained. Mr. Fletcher's friends have made a brave fight for him, but he isn't going to be acquitted, all the same. He will be released, because he cannot be proven guilty of the charge against him—'treason;' but that will be small comfort to a man of his make-up, for he will always rest under a cloud, unless those papers can be restored and proof that someone else stole them be forthcoming. Now, I have a proposition to make to you, Mrs. Ingraham."

"Yes—yes; oh, what is it?" Imogen demanded, impatiently, as he paused.

"Of course, I understand that those documents are very valuable."

"Oh! have you opened them?" the woman groaned.

Aren't you assuming considerable in asking me that?" the man inquired, with a leer.

"No, I know you have them!" she retorted, fiercely.

"Well, I suppose you have reason to believe that I have," he admitted, then resumed: "No, I haven't opened them; to be perfectly frank, I didn't think it would be quite safe for me to break the official seal that guarded them."

"Why did you take them from the safe?" Imogen inquired. "You told me that night that you had taken nothing but a little money."

"I know I did," the detective replied, "and I had no intention of meddling with any papers when I opened the safe. I was furious when I found only that paltry sum there, for I expected to make a good haul, and I looked everything over pretty thoroughly, I had just replaced everything, as I thought, and shut the safe, when I heard a step outside the library door. Then I discovered that I had overlooked an envelope which had partially slipped under the safe. I seized it and thrust it into a pocket just as you entered the room. Then, while we talked, I forgot that I had them, and did not once suspect the nature of what I had taken until after I heard of Mr. Fletcher's arrest. Now, for my proposition: If you will raise a thousand pounds for me, I will hand these papers over to you, with a written statement that I stole them, and that will clear Fletcher at once from all suspicion."

"Raise a thousand pounds for you!" repeated Imogen, with mingled amazement and consternation. "When?"

"Now; this very night."

"Are you mad?"

"Never was more sane in my life," was the cool response. "Get me this money and I will clear the country before tomorrow morning; you shall never hear from me again, and I will also swear that I will never blow on you about that other affair."

"You might just as well ask me to get the moon for you," said Imogen, in a hopeless tone.

"Not at all. I happen to know that Judge Ashburton is a very rich old codger; go to him and get the money out of him, upon some pretense or other; you are a clever woman and can manage it, I am sure."

"If it is money you want, why have you not responded to the advertisements for the papers? There was a reward offered," Imogen returned, after a moment of thought.

"I know there was," said her companion, with a cunning smile, "but that advertisement was too shrewdly worded to suit me. Your old judge is also very clever, and he meant to catch the thief with the papers. You'll have to do this business for me—there is no other way," he concluded, doggedly.

"Suppose I refuse to do so?" queried Imogen.

"Then I will go at once and sell these secrets; then there will be another trial and your unimpeachable Mr. Fletcher will prove a felon and his fate will be sealed, while I will still have the old matter to hold over you," was the threatening reply.

"How can I be sure that you will keep your word—that you will not continue to hold it over me, even if I get you this money?"

"I told you I'd leave the country. I want to go back to America, for I'm dead tired of England."

"Where are the papers?" questioned Imogen. "If I could manage to get the money for you tonight could you deliver them to me before the court sits tomorrow morning?"

"I could deliver them to you this moment if you could produce the thousand pounds," said the detective, as he clapped one hand significantly over a breast pocket.

"How am I to know that they have not been tampered with?"

"I told you that I have not opened them."

"I know you said so, but I want proof," said Imogen, doubtfully.

"Well, you are about as suspicious as they make 'em," the man retorted, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

He unbuttoned his coat and, running his hand into an inside pocket, drew forth a bulky official-looking package which he held up before her.

"Read for yourself," he said, "there is the address: 'Roland Fletcher, Esq.' Now, look on this side," reversing the package, "and you will see that it is sealed with three seals, neither of which has been broken. No, madam, I know too much to tamper with these seals; but, as I told you before, I never dreamed that this envelope contained matters of such vital importance until I heard of Mr. Fletcher's arrest, and then, I'm free to confess, I was rather sorry I had them, and I didn't quite know what to do with them. I knew, of course, that you'd suspect where they were, but I felt sure you'd keep mum, and then it occurred to me that I might make a nice little pile by working their return through you. I've tried to see you two or three times lately, but couldn't manage it. Tonight, however, I knew I'd have to get at you some way, or it would be too late, and so I shinned it up that waste pipe outside, as soon as I thought the coast was clear. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Yes, I'm satisfied that the papers are intact," Imogen thoughtfully replied, while her mind rapidly revolved certain conditions. She dare not go to the judge and ask for a thousand pounds. Such a request would appear the very height of presumption in her, unless she gave the real reason for wanting it, and she knew well enough that he would never pay it in that case; the straightforward old gentleman would never consent to buy off a thief in any such way. Besides, the very fact of such a proposition coming through her would look suspicious.

She certainly had no means of raising any such amount herself, for, even if she gave the man all she had and should sell every jewel she possessed, she could not meet his demand.

She might ask Will to lend it to her; but how could she ever repay the sum and what excuse could she give him for wanting so much?

She saw that Reardon was anxious to get rid of the papers—that he feared a felon's fate if they should be found in his possession.

She wondered how it would work to set some officer on his track and make him suffer to the extent of the law.

True, when he found himself cornered, he would revenge himself upon her by betraying her secret; but she could face him and deny it and claim that he was only trying to ruin her, because he had come to her to sell the papers and she had refused to give him the exorbitant price he had demanded for them.

She felt sure that he could never prove that she went aboard the vessel and exchanged those children, but he could prove that she had given birth to a child in Rome, and if he also knew, as he said he did know, where that perforated extension was, a revelation of those facts would be very detrimental to her.

Oh! she did not know what to do—whichever way she turned, danger and betrayal seemed to hedge her about. If she could only get him into her power and make him think she was going to give him up to the authorities, he might possibly weaken and surrender the package to her. But how—how could she accomplish such a coup?—and there was so little time before the verdict would be rendered.

"I do not think it will be possible to get the money," she finally remarked, as he made an impatient movement over her long silence.

"It'll do no harm to try—I've got to have it from somewhere," he said, with significant emphasis.

His retort angered her, and her eyes began to blaze.

Just at that moment she caught a sound that thrilled her like an electric shock; it was a voice outside her room.

It was Alice who was speaking. She was coming up-stairs to bed, and she had paused in the hall to say a last word or two to Will. A sudden impulse seized Imogen, and, without waiting to consider it, she sprang to her feet with an air of well-simulated alarm.

"Hark!" she said, in a low, startled tone, "here comes Olive—Mr. Fletcher's daughter. What shall I do with you? she always comes to say good night to me before she goes to bed. Oh! be quick! Step into this closet until she goes, and then I will go to the judge."

She sped swiftly across the room and opened a door.

The detective could hear the girl talking outside, and, under the pressure of the moment, he did not pause to consider what he was doing.

He also arose and passed into what he supposed to be a closet.

The next moment Imogen had closed and locked the door upon him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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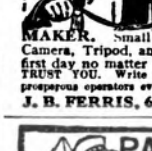
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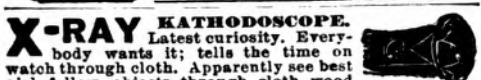
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

HERE it is April again, the first real spring month in the Northern states, but as it is still muddy and the weather and other conditions not very enticing for out-door sports, I give you instructions for making things to occupy your spare time until the wild flowers bloom and the birds come.

And speaking of the birds reminds me to say that the little feathered songsters that will soon be with us, searching out favorable places to build their nests and rear their young, are our friends and should be protected in every possible way. They are busy from sunrise to sunset hunting and eating the worms, bugs, grubs and plant lice that are such pests to the farmers and damage or destroy the fruit trees and growing crops.

The scientists tell us that if it were not for the help of our bird friends these insect pests would become so numerous as to destroy the crops and human beings would starve.

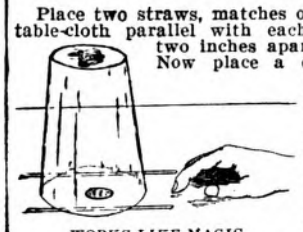
Don't harm the birds; don't frighten them when they are building their nests, and above all don't disturb their nests when they are hatching their eggs or raising their young.

Robbing a bird's nest is a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment under the law of nearly all the states and any boy who is mean and cruel enough to break that law should also receive a thrashing from his parents that he will remember all his life.

The birds soon learn to know their friends, and if you let them alone they will build their nests in the trees and vines and shrubs near your house and cheer you with their company and their song.

A Coin Trick

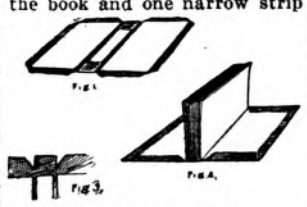
Place two straws, matches or toothpicks on the table-cloth parallel with each other and about two inches apart as shown in cut. Now place a coin, preferably a dime, between the straws, and put a glass mouth down over the coin on top of the straws. The question now is, can you take the coin from under the glass without touching it with your hands or any object and without removing or touching the glass or straws. The way to do it is to place your hand in the position of hand shown in the drawing and scratch the table-cloth rapidly. As though it were a thing of life the coin will rapidly move toward the forefinger. Try it and see.



WORKS LIKE MAGIC.

Binding a Book

The simplest way I know of covering a book is to cut out three pieces of heavy cardboard, two for the side covers of the book and one narrow strip for the back. They are then placed alongside each other as shown in Fig. I and a piece of oil cloth or leather is firmly pasted to all three, and the edges of the cloth or leather turned over and stuck down as shown in illustration, after this has been neatly done place the cover on a smooth table and weight it down with books, letting it remain a day or two for the paste to set. When thoroughly dry brush a thick coating of glue on the top surface of the narrow strip in the center and set the leaves into it. You must then allow the glue to set about twenty-four hours and after that your book will be as good as new and should last a lifetime.



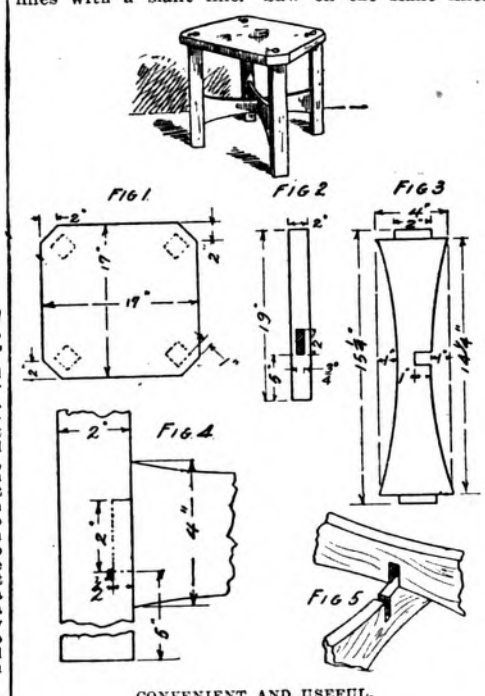
REBIND OLD BOOKS.

A Little Experiment

Crystals of beautiful form may be made by any boy in the following manner. Dissolve three teaspoonfuls of common baking soda in a glass of water and place a small stick or pencil across the top of the glass. Tie a thread to a Lima bean or large pea and let it hang from the cross stick on top of the glass so that it will reach about half way to the bottom. In a few minutes tiny white spines that resemble frost or snow will begin to deposit on the outer surface of the bean. This happens because the bean is porous and soaks up the water rapidly but the soda in solution cannot enter the bean and so remains outside. If you let it remain for an hour the bean will become completely coated with crystals.

A Stool

Here is a good design for beginners in wood working. It can be used as a stool to sit on, a foot rest, or a stand for a large potted plant. The drawings herewith make it easy for you to go ahead with the construction but a word of advice may add to their clearness. In cutting the corners off the top, shown in Fig. 1, measure two inches along each side and connect the ends of the short lines with a slant line. Saw on the slant line.

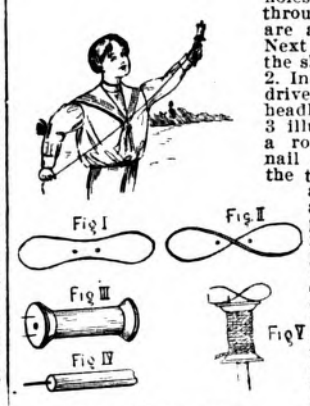


CONVENIENT AND USEFUL.

Mark the squares that the top of the legs are to fit on as shown. Fig. 2 is a plan of the leg. The slot shown is about one inch deep and is to receive an end of one of the diagonal pieces that cross each other under the stand. To cut the slots you bore holes with a one inch bit and then square up the space with a wood chisel. Figs. 3 and 5 show the crosspieces so clearly that no comment is necessary. The top is fastened to the legs with large screws. Holes must be bored through both pieces before the screw is inserted, otherwise there is danger of splitting. Mission stain polished with wax is an appropriate finish.

A Little Flyer

Here is an amusing scientific toy that may be made by even the youngest of my readers in a short space of time. From a baking powder can cut a piece of tin three inches long and of the shape and proportions shown in Fig. I. The holes are punched through with a nail and are a half inch apart. Next bend the tin to the shape shown in Fig. 2. Into a common spool drive two brads or headless nails as Fig. 3 illustrates. Fig. 4 is a round stick with a nail driven firmly into the top end. All parts are now complete and to be used are put together in the manner made plain by Fig. 5. First place the curved piece of tin on the spool, letting the two brads come up through the holes, and then put the nail end of the stick into the bore in the center of the spool. Wind a cord around the spool as you would around a top to spin it; hold it in the manner shown in the top drawing and give the free end of the cord a swift pull. The tin flyer will be made to rotate very rapidly and this motion will cause it to ascend at least fifty feet high. There is a fine bit of science involved in the working of this toy and I sincerely hope you will make it and write me of your success.



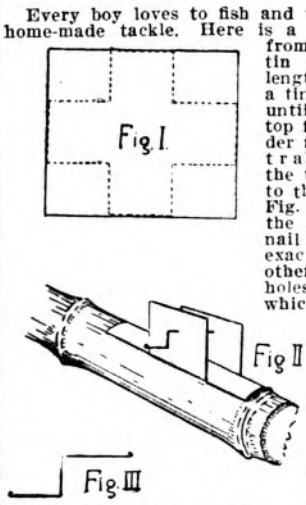
THE BOY'S DELIGHT.

Earning Money

Boys who live in the country have a chance to earn money as the spring opens by starting flowering plants and making hanging baskets for city folks. The youthful merchant should first acquaint himself with the kind of flowers and vines most in demand and start his seedlings early. He can then find time to go around and take orders for baskets of potted plants which are eagerly sought for in May and early June. Wire baskets can be bought from seed dealers for ten cents each and enough of moss to line a dozen will cost you only one dollar. After being lined with moss fill them with rich, black soil and put in your plants, say two geraniums, a fuschia, a sprig of asparagus, a wandering Jew vine, or the black-eyed Susan. The total cost of the filling should not exceed twenty cents and the selling price runs from one dollar for the small size to three dollars for the largest. This allows you a good profit for the work and with a capital of five dollars you could probably earn thirty dollars your first season. After that you will have regular customers and will gradually learn more about the business. If there is a big town near you this plan is well worth trying

A Fishline Reel

Every boy loves to fish and takes pride in his home-made tackle. Here is a handy reel made from a piece of flat tin and a ten-inch length of wire. Place a tin can on the stove until the bottom and top fall off and the solder runs from the central seam. Hammer the tin flat and cut it to the shape shown in Fig. 1. Bend up two of the sides and with a nail punch two holes exactly opposite each other. Through these holes put the wire which is first bent to a crank shape as shown in Fig. 3. Bend over the end of the wire to prevent it from pulling out. The whole device is then tacked to the fish pole as in Fig. 2. Tie the line to it and wind up by turning the crank. In this way you will find it an easy matter to keep your line free from tangles.



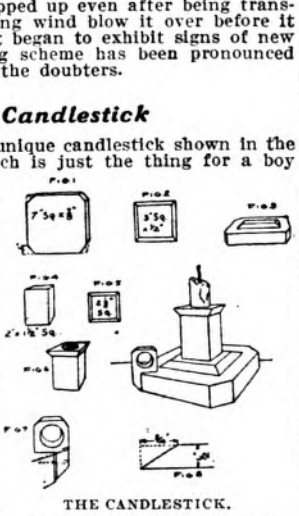
KEEPS THE LINE FROM TANGLING.

Moving a Tree

Americans are proud of their great mechanical triumphs but it is doubtful if we ever achieved anything to equal the feat of a German firm which successfully moved and transplanted a yew tree seven hundred years old. The distance traversed was considerably more than a mile. Expert botanists began to prepare the giant tree for its journey three years before the actual moving was done. An excavation was made around the base and roots were gradually clipped off so that all vitality would not be lost at once. An enormous wagon was then built and the tree, with many tons of earth clinging to its roots, was hoisted in. Ropes tied to its upper branches and made fast to the big wagon held it erect. Slowly it was moved along and finally planted in the hole that had been scientifically prepared for it. The tree had to be propped up even after being transplanted lest a strong wind blow it over before it took root. Soon it began to exhibit signs of new life and the daring scheme has been pronounced a success even by the doubters.

A Candlestick

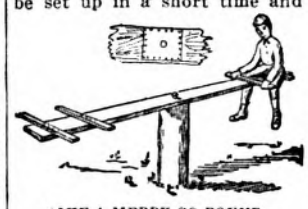
The pretty and unique candlestick shown in the accompanying sketch is just the thing for a boy to make and own. Very little lumber is required but it should be of the best quality. White oak is of course the first choice with walnut, maple and chestnut as good substitutes. The first piece we begin on should be seven inches square. Saw off the corners and smooth well with sandpaper. Upon the center of this block we fasten with screws a piece three inches square and half as thick as the first piece. The upright piece with the one inch hole bored in the center comes next. It is fastened with glue. Fig. 7 shows the shape of the handle and the way it is secured in place. Fig. 8 shows the right bevel to give the two thin blocks, one on the top of the upright piece and the other under it. Finish with a coat of filler, stain and wax. The wax gives a rich, satiny appearance and is better than varnish. You can obtain it wherever paints are sold.



THE CANDLESTICK.

The Whirligig

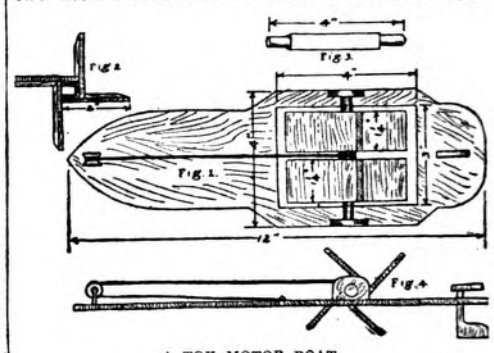
There are some things so good that they never grow old. This whirligig is one of them. It can be set up in a short time and it will yield many hours of good out-door sport. Sink a sound post into the ground to a depth of three feet and let about the same distance extend above ground. A hole one inch in diameter is bored in the top of the post and a heavy plank also bored in the exact center is bolted loosely on. The part of the plank that comes in contact with the top of the post may be reinforced with tin as shown in the small sketch. One person sits on each end of the plank and a third lad pushes them around. In the picture one end of the riding board is left unoccupied so that you may see how the cross-pieces are put on.



LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

A Model Boat

Here is a model boat that differs materially from the common type of self-propelling gliders. Get a thin piece of poplar, or any wood that cuts easily, and with your pocket knife cut it to the shape shown in the large diagram in the center. The axle is made of a square stick whittled round at both ends as shown in Fig. 3. The bearing, or part upon which the axle rests, is formed of two little blocks with round holes bored in them



A TOY MOTOR BOAT.

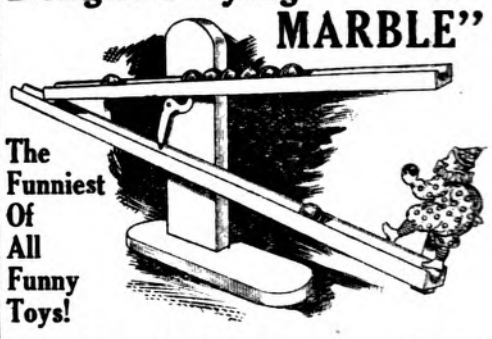
to receive the ends of the axle. This is shown plainly in Fig. 4. There are two paddle wheels. Each one is made of four pieces of cigar box wood joined so as to leave a square hole in the center as Fig. 2 illustrates. The axle passes through the square hole and the blades are then tacked to it with light brads. A little pulley or spool is mounted on a staple or piece of wire as shown at the left end of Fig. 1 and also Fig. 4. A strong rubber band cut, is arranged as a belt as in Fig. 4, with one end fastened to the boat's deck and the other end to the axle. When all is ready place the boat in the water and give the wheel a dozen turns, then let go, and the blades will buzz around and send the boat forward for a distance of twenty feet. Try this plan and write me a letter about it.

In May COMFORT I shall show you how to make a lot of things especially adapted to summer sports and out-door recreation. Till then be good and have a good time, too. UNCLE JOHN.

National Forest Grazing

"Lots of people don't know anything at all about our national forest area and what is being done with it," said a governmental looking party, "but the government is going right ahead with the work. As evidence of what is doing in the mater of grazing on these lands let me say that last year more than 27,000 stockmen paid for grazing permits on the 160 national forests we have. These including Alaska and Porto Rico amount to about 187 million acres. Of the 27,466 permits, 22,032 were for grazing 1,557,188 cattle, and 5,434 were for grazing 7,867,851 sheep and goats. For 1915 nearly 11 million animals can be grazed, including about two million head of horses and cattle, nine million sheep and goats and 65,000 hogs. This means an increase over last year of 38,000 horses and cattle and 347,000 sheep and goats. And this increase is on an acreage of nearly a million less than at the beginning of 1913. But the carrying capacity of our forest areas has been increasing gradually each year owing to a better utilizing of the forage resources. You see, Uncle Sam manages his property much better than private citizens do and he handles the stock as they never did and makes the most out of every acre of grazing land. At least, if he doesn't do it now, he is getting there and by and by we will wonder why it took us so long to find out how to look after grazing land and handle stock as it should be handled."

The Children Go Wild With Delight Playing "AUTO-MARBLE"



The Funniest Of All Funny Toys!

Makes Barrels of Fun for Girls and Boys!

BETTER Than All Other Toys because the children never tire of it. It amuses them by the hour and remains a perpetual source of fun and laughter long after their other toys are thrown aside and forgotten. To be placed on table or floor and operated with ordinary marbles which automatically knock down the **funny old clown** causing him to perform **the most comical antics.** Durable and practically indestructible, made entirely of wood and metal, will never get out of order and with ordinary care should last a lifetime. We have secured a limited quantity of this new toy to distribute as premiums among our boy and girl friends. We will send you one of them free and all charges prepaid upon the terms of the following.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two three-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one Auto-Marble Toy free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7204.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

$25 Weekly collecting names and addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., 12, Baltimore, Md.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

ECZEMA NEW REMEDY for Eczema, Itch, Fever and Leg Sores, BOTH FREE A. RONES, Box 93, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

$80 in C. S. A. Money sent for $1. I guarantee what I handle are not reprints of Confederate Money. FRANK S. SHILLING, NAVARRE, OHIO.

FITS! CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE T. LEPSO, Island Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.



A Barrel of Money for 10c
Get a stack of Stage Green and Yellowbacks then fool your friends as it looks like real money from a short distance. A large pack and our catalogue mailed for 10 cents. Cooper, Bx 27 Horton, N.Y.

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A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c, but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



PRESTOLAX The ideal Candy Laxative for old and young. Especially recommended for children, pregnant women and nursing mothers. Conquers constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, sour stomach, heatburn. Keeps the bowels moving regularly and prevents the bad effects of intestinal sluggishness. Formula approved universally by physicians. Regular price box 36 tablets, 25 cents. Trial box for 10 cents in stamps or coin. Agents wanted.
The Prestolax Co., 548 W. 55th St., New York

$100.00 IN CASH



will be paid to those who can correctly count the stars in this ring This is an honest contest in which there is no element of chance. Count the stars carefully and send us your answer. **Send No Money** as the contest is free for advertising purposes. **You don't have to buy anything.** If more than one correct answer is received Cash Prize will be paid just the same, proportionately. Address P. M. Co., P.O. Box 1097a, Phila., Pa.



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YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 8682, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day

FIVE-PIECE MANICURE SET

French Ivory Finish — For A Club Of Six



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THIS complete manicure set comes in a handsome white box which does not show in illustration. It consists of **cuticle knife, nail file, cream jar, powder jar and buffer.** Each piece is full size and has the popular **Parisian Ivory** finish. While this set is not as large as some manicure sets yet it contains all the necessary articles for the proper treatment and care of the finger nails. We know that every woman or girl who receives one of these sets will be highly pleased with it. We are giving it away as a premium on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 5-piece Manicure Set in a dainty white box free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7016.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

E. P. M., Arma, Texas.—It would be "entirely in harmony with conventionalities" for you to accept the invitation of your friend to visit her, even though her brother who has been paying you attention should be a visitor at the same time.

Brown Eyes, Canton, Kans.—Etiquetticians have not yet determined what a gentleman means when he touches his lips four times with his fingers in front of a lady when she is looking at him, nor yet again what is meant when he looks cross-eyed at the lady when he is walking on the street. It may be inferred that he is throwing kisses to her in the first instance, but the cross-eyed proposition remains a mystery.

Yellow Curls, Grider, Ark.—It is bad form for gentlemen to call their lady friends by "cute and sweet names." But it seems impossible to correct the habit. (2) Oct. 9, 1898, Tuesday; Oct. 4, 1900, Thursday. (3) Girls should not go out at night, unless properly accompanied. Moonlight hay-rides are all right, with older persons as chaperons, but not at this season.

E. B., Amarillo, Texas.—It would be proper for you to go to the show at the opera house, notwithstanding one of the ushers used to be your best young man until you quarreled. Of course, you should return his smile. What do you want with it, now that you have quarreled?

Blue Eyes, St. Joseph, Mo.—As you did not meet the twins at the depot—you should say "station" not "depot"—it was quite proper for you to write and ask them to call at your house, but it was not very good form to write to their sister and ask her to tell them "Hello" for you. That is rather common. (2) It is quite as proper to sit on a settee with a young man making his first call, as it is at any other time. Only don't get too close together. (3) Do not kiss or be kissed unless engaged.

Mrs. J. W., Maquoteka, La.—The lady may shake hands with the gentleman or may not as she chooses. It is friendlier if she does.

K. L. D., Bourbon, Ind.—We think, instead of being hasty and leaving your husband, that you use all your powers of persuasion to brace him up and bring him to a realizing sense of his condition. He is by no means hopeless yet, and we believe if you will take a firm and kindly stand that he will come to himself again and be a good husband and a useful man. Let him understand clearly that you will leave him if he persists in his present course. Insist upon your rights as a woman, wife and mother and submit to no imposition.

Junior, Lowden, Ia.—A gentleman should inscribe on his signet-ring the initial of his last name. In any use of one initial only the name should be the person's last name.

City Girls, Grundy, Mo.—What to say to a bride after the ceremony depends upon circumstances and should come spontaneously from the heart. If you have to be told what to say, you had better say nothing. (2) Why shouldn't a girl of limited means accept the attention of a rich young man? Nine times in ten the poor girls are every way superior to the rich young man.

Blue Eyes, Rosa, Ark.—If parents have no better judgment than to permit fifteen and sixteen-year-old daughters to go around with young men, the girls themselves ought to know that they are too young and inexperienced to attempt such association. Teach your parents, if they can't teach you. (2) An undivorced man passing himself off as unmarried is not the kind of a man for a girl to marry when he has secured his divorce. He is a deceiver by nature and to be shunned. (3) Beware of the foolish young man who asks a girl if she loves him before he has told her he loves her. Beware of him anyhow, if he begins to talk love right off the bat. He talks that way to every girl.

Troubled Wife, Tyler, Texas.—Your husband is one of those domestic tyrants who as husbands assume to know everything about the house, which is the wife's own territory, and you must declare your independence now and prove to him that you know your business as well as he knows his and you know your own business much better than he knows it. You are entitled to a fair share of the income to use as you please, and being a sensible and careful woman you should insist upon having it and have it. Farmers' wives in all well-regulated families, have certain products of the farm which they look after as their pin-money and no properly regulated husband will object to his wife having what is hers. Under the circumstances you must assert yourself and have it out with your husband as to your proper place in the firm. Thousands of women all over this country are very much better house managers than their husbands, but they tamely submit to being bossed and the husbands go about as though they were superior beings, whose sole privilege is bossing everything. Possibly some women need such bossing, but most of them do not and they should not submit to what they know is wrong. In the old times that was considered the wifely thing to do, but women's condition has changed mightily in these days, and they can take their proper place in the married relation if they have the spirit and the sense to do it. Now, proceed to have an understanding with your husband and make it so plain that he cannot get away from it. Otherwise you will be his property all your life, and we may say in all sincerity, that if you know better and can do better and do not, you deserve to have any treatment he may give you. Begin by reading him this advice as your platform of principles and action. Read him the story "Bull Nettles," in March COMFORT.

Rosebud, Buena Vista, Va.—It is quite improper for a fifteen-year-old girl to permit a man of twenty-three to call on her and to remain as late as two A. M., and wholly unladylike for her to go out on the street to look for him after church if he has not been there. If you have parents, don't they know better than to permit you to do such things?

T. O. M., Moorhead, Minn.—Unless the lady is all temper and no common sense she will not resent a gentleman's going to a dance with another lady after she has twice declined to go with him. (2) When a lady has grown older than all the unmarried men in her community and lost her popularity, we don't know what she should do, but we think if she has good tact she can make herself useful and popular. Etiquette makes no provision for such a condition. (3) The lady should make it conspicuously and almost painfully evident to the gentleman who insists upon paying her lover's attentions that she has no use for him in that capacity. She may adopt her own means for doing this and all the rules of etiquette will protect her in any course she may pursue.

Gray Eyes, New Meadows, Idaho.—There is no rule known whereby a husband may be made affectionate and give his wife words of endearment. You say you never quarrel and "get along fine," and a great many wives think if their married lives were like that, it would be all they would ask. We cannot tell you what to do to secure what you lack in your husband's manner towards you, but we suggest that you should find some consolation in the thought that it might be a great deal worse. Then there are your "dear little children." They count for something, don't they? It might be worse, especially if he was lavishing loving words on other women.

Brown Eyes, Frankfort, Ind.—To get track of the man you want to find you should write for information to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. As he went into the army, a record of him is kept at the Department and you may be able to locate him in this way.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

the stamp for the benefit of the writer. That does not mean the sisters I am asking to help me. I hope to help them in return.

Miss Carrie Cates, I see from your off-hand way in answering letters, that you have many things to learn. I can tell you something interesting if you will write to me.

Mrs. D. Illig, your instructive letter must be very helpful to the mothers who teach their children at home. I have no little ones, but I know it would be a great pleasure to teach children as you suggest. I hope you will write again.

Will the Mrs. Adney who wrote to me when I lived at Gresham, Colo. write again?

I would like to exchange letters with some of the Florida sisters.

A cheer for dear old "Grandma." She knows what to do for the naughty boys and girls.

Kindest wishes to you all, MRS. ELNORA STEED.

1021 West 2nd St., ABILENE, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

We have taken COMFORT for years, but this is my first attempt to gain admittance to the corner.

I am twenty-two years of age, a brunette, five feet four inches in height, and weigh about one hundred and ten pounds.

Mrs. Zada Callaway, you are the only one I have ever heard of that spells your name as I do mine; glad to know of you.

To those who sent cards to Nettie Jones of Oakland, Cal. (whose name was in COMFORT Postal Requests.) will say that she is a very dear friend of mine, we having lived in the same apartment house in Oakland. I have been home almost a year now, but we are still corresponding.

I have lived in Abilene eight years; it is a beautiful town, nearly all paved, and well lighted and is the county seat of Dickinson county, and the home of the famous Sand Springs Water, which is 99 99-100 per cent pure.

Now for my "mite."

To relieve headache, press first two fingers of left hand on first vertebræ where neck joins body (the first one you can feel plainly), then with right hand on forehead press slowly back, resisting slightly, as far as head will go. Hold in this position a few moments then slowly bend to normal position. A nurse told me this. Try it, it's a sure cure for nervous headache.

Sisters, let me tell you how to clean a hair switch. If just a little dusty, dip in gasoline. If very dirty, braid switch loosely or double several times, soap well, have good sudsy, warm water, squeeze switch until suds look dirty. Do this in several waters until suds are clean, then rinse in clear warm water until all the soap is out.

I make switches in my spare hours. I used to do this work altogether. Let me warn all the hairdressers to always disinfect all combings in gasoline before straightening. I learned this only after my hair began coming out in handfuls, and also found it had affected my lungs. Am gradually getting over both by good care of my scalp and much fresh air.

If any of you are interested in physical culture or are vegetarians, would be delighted to hear from you. Also would like to hear from our Arkansas sisters, as I am interested in that state.

I think I see Mrs. Wilkinson frowning at me, so I will go, with regards to each and everyone of you.
Sincerely, ZADA MERL HOLEMAN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Sprinkle clothes with hot water and they will iron easier. MRS. ODELL ETHRIDGE, Celeste, Texas.

To remove grease spots from wall paper, hold a piece of blotting paper over the spot and press with hot iron. MRS. M. M. CUBBISON, Moran, Kans.

A tin cup three quarters full of water, placed in the oven while baking potatoes will cause them to bake softer and better.

When vegetables or flowers are slightly frost bitten, sprinkling with cold water before the sun shines on them will often save them.
S. L. PENDERGRASS, Macon, Ga.

If the stove is cracked a good cement can be made of equal parts of wood ashes and salt, reduced to a paste with cold water. Fill the cracks when stove is cold and it will soon harden.
MRS. DE JOHN, Canon City, Colo.

Dustless dust cloth, one pint kerosene, one third ounce oil of paraffin, five cents' worth of oil of lavender. Mix well. This amount will dampen six yards of black cheese-cloth, which makes twelve dusters. Dampen cloths, hang in the air a few minutes then put away in some large can or box with a cover.
MRS. CHAS. BREADON, Black Creek, N. Y.

Pick peas while green and tender and dry in the pod for use during the winter.
MRS. WM. WHERRETT, Tenino, Wash.

When grinding raisins, if cold water is poured over them they will not stick to the grinder.
MISS MAYME HAWTHORN, Hydetown, Pa.

Easter eggs, wrap the eggs tightly and carefully in bits of bright calico that will fade. Boil for half an hour. Patterns and colors will be transferred to the egg shell. The children will enjoy these.

To remove finger marks from varnished furniture, use sweet oil.

Bar soap when first bought should be cut into square pieces and put in a dry place. It will last longer after shrinking and drying.

To remove fresh paint from the floor, cover at once with vinegar and wipe off with a soft cloth.

A good way to wash bottles and vinegar cruets is to put in some uncooked rice and shake well.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen floor pour cold water upon it at once. This hardens it and prevents soaking into the boards.

Bedbugs. To exterminate these pests apply freely a mixture composed of one pint of turpentine and one ounce of corrosive sublimate. If applied early in the day the scent of the turpentine will be gone by night. This is a poison so keep it away from children, also label the bottle plainly. L. E. KERR, Ft. Smith, Ark.

When clothes are folded off the rack after ironing, examine each piece carefully and see that none are put away that need mending or buttons.
MRS. GEO. G. TUBBS, Montevideo, Minn.

When grease spatters on the stove, sprinkle a little salt on it and the house will not be filled with smoke.
MISS LESLIE HARRIS, Trout Creek, Mont.

Remedies

GALL STONES.—Take a large dose of Epsom Salts and several hours later a small glass of pure olive oil. This should be repeated several times with intervals of perhaps four days between. The salts clear the bowels and the oil softens the gall stones.
MISS BESSIE L. ESTES, Tabor, Iowa.

To induce sleep, bathe the feet in hot water.
MRS ODELL ETHRIDGE, Celeste Texas.

SPRAIN.—Scrape or grate raw beets and bind on part injured. Renew when dry. A few applications will afford relief.

RUSTY NAIL OR WIRE SCRATCHES.—Bind crushed peach tree leaves to affected part.
MRS. GARSHWILER, Franklin, Ind.

BURNS.—Olive oil and corn-starch is an excellent remedy for a burn and often prevents scars. Apply olive oil to fresh burn and then as much corn-starch as will stick. Do not rub the burn.
MISS LESLIE HARRIS, Trout Creek, Mont.

Requests

How to pickle okra for salad and how to cook Kohl Rabi.
How to make cheese.
Cure for diabetes.
Pearl Perry, Lane, Idaho, wants poem, "Nobody Knows but Mother."

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Mabel Merrick, Van Wert, R. R. 2, Ohio. Miss Rose Lassor, 605 Main St., Bennington, Vt. Cyrus Daniel, Mingo, Box 71, Ky. Camilla Snyder, 579 Bond St., Kenosha, Wis. Henry Newmann, Fairmont, Box 873, Minn. C. L. Hersey, 6 Maple Ave., Taunton, Mass. Miss Mildred Perl, Monroeville, R. R. 2, Ind. Harry Newmann, 210 N. Park St., Fairmont, Minn.

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taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in strictly Tango style (3 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns and a dozen styles to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring blanks, etc., etc. DON'T WAIT. Everything FREE.
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AGENTS WANTED Send 25c today and return Kloth tomorrow if not satisfactory. Any man or woman can sell the E-Z Klean Kloth. Repeat orders are absolutely certain. If this Klean Kloth is not the biggest seller you ever tried we will refund your money. Write for our agents proposition. TEXTILE UTILITIES CORP., DEPT. "B" 110 W. 30th ST., NEW YORK.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of Thomas Roman, brakeman on freight trains at St. Louis fifteen years ago. To his advantage to communicate with his widowed sister, Catherine Ronan Clark, 229 West 101st St., New York, N. Y.

Wanted to hear from Chas. E. Bordwell, last heard of sixteen years ago at Ripon, Wis. Write to his brother, Roy Bordwell, Wautoma, Wis

Information of Frederick Hiller, formerly of Walton, N. Y. in Ellensburg, Kittitas, Wash. In business with J. B. Fogarty 1886. Write Minnie Hiller, Walton, N. Y.

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A Detroit musician has invented a new method by which any little child or grown person can learn to play in one hour in their own home. Three sheets will be sent absolutely free to any person addressing a postal card to A. S. Keller, 111-E Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. —Advertisement.



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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. A. H., Kenwood, Fla.—Medicine will do you no permanent good for so-called malaria, if you live in a malarial neighborhood. Quinine is the usual remedy, but no definite rule of quantity can be given, because in some malarial sections the people almost eat it. It will affect the hearing when taken to excess. You had better move away than to fill yourself up with medicine.

Mrs. C. C., Hinckley, Minn.—Kidney and bladder troubles are too serious ailments for you to attempt to doctor yourself. You will only make matters worse as you would do in trying to do anything else you knew nothing about. The doctor's bill may be larger than you think it should be, but your health and strength are worth all they cost, and you cannot get them back by trusting yourself to treatment from anybody except a physician who can examine you and give you what you need. Other COMFORT readers please take notice.

E. H., Altura, Minn.—The ordinary remedy for warts is lunar caustic, which burns them off. But as yours are small and numerous, they are probably due to some nervous trouble or other and you should consult a physician.

Brunette, Chelsea, Ia.—You are another one of those COMFORT mothers who are trying to bring a child through all the ills of children without knowing anything about what to do. The wonder is that your child is alive, at all. Take the advice of your friends and of us and go to a doctor with the baby. You are guessing at what should be done and also expect us to guess at it and prescribe. We decline to assist in ruining the future health of your child.

L. V. H., Baudette, Minn.—Stuttering is due to diffidence, self-consciousness or nervousness and usually can be cured by treatment in the nature of training, but practictioners skilled and competent to give the proper treatment are not commonly found. Send your boy, if possible, to someone of the institutes where the best treatment may be had. Do not delay, because it will become more difficult to remedy as the boy grows older and the habit becomes fixed. (2) You must know what causes the spots on your face before treating them, and only a doctor who can examine them can be expected to be of service.

N. C., Columbia, S. C.—Olive oil, that is, pure olive oil, is probably better than cotton seed oil but either is an excellent lubricant for the bowels. Take one or two tablespoonfuls with your meals. The pain which you think is colic may be from some bladder trouble and you should see a doctor. It may be from the operation for appendicitis.

A. A. W., Crozet, Va.—The finger nails are subject to various diseases, but they cannot be treated except by a physician who can make a personal examination and determine causes. We advise COMFORT readers who are so troubled not to neglect their nails if the trouble reappears or continues.

Mrs. C. T., Harrold, S. Dak.—Falling hair may be the result of disease of the scalp, or other disturbance lying more deeply, or it may be natural as is the case in many instances of young men becoming bald. When this latter is the cause, very little can be done to hold it in place, but in the former if the disease is properly diagnosed and treated the hair may be made healthy and normal. You should consult a physician who knows something about the hair, not necessarily a specialist, and get his advice and treatment. The various hair tonics to be had at drug-stores are good enough for the ordinary hair troubles, but are of no value when other than local disease causes the loss of hair. If your husband at twenty-four is losing his hair and it is not a falling in his family, he should go to a physician not a drug-store.

Mrs. R. L., Decatur, Ga.—If you have pellagra, a most serious and often fatal disease, you should know much more about how it should be treated than merely what you should eat. See a physician, and the best you know. Also write to your State Board of Health for additional information.

W. M., Saugertias, N. Y.—Red precipitate ointment is the usual remedy for freezing of feet or other parts of the body after the frost has been taken out. But when the freezing has been deep the resulting sore is very difficult to remedy and very careful and often long treatment is required under a physician's direction.

Dollie, Tucson, Ariz.—First off, stop worrying about your relatives back East. If anything is going to happen to them, it will happen just the same whether you are there, or in Arizona, or Africa, and you cannot be any prevention. So why worry? Most of your other troubles are due to your disturbed nerves and if you will take the advice of your home doctor—he knows your case better than any distant doctor could—and not bother about yourself you will be quite as well as the average woman of your age.

J. R. J., Dexter, Mo.—There is nothing the matter with you except a kind of a foolish nervous fear that something will be the matter with you. Plenty of young people get fits like that and sometimes make themselves really sick just thinking about themselves. Buy a health magazine and read up on deep breathing and other good rules of exercise and sane living and eating. You are ignorant and need knowledge. You have no more tapeworm than you have boa constrictor. If you had either you would be hungry all the time, instead of thinking you have no appetite. You are not in love, are you? Nineteen-year-old boys sometimes become thin when they have that complaint. But don't worry, you'll outgrow it.

Anxious, Senecaville, Ohio.—At a guess, for you give few satisfactory symptoms, we should say your husband's trouble is indigestion, the common complaint, and he should change his diet completely and eat only such food as agrees with him, chewing every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. It is not so much what people eat, allowing that they eat well-cooked, sensible food in not too large quantities, as it is how they eat it—throwing down their throats in a hurry and rushing off without ever giving the digestive organs a chance to do their work. To have a healthy body, there must be a healthy mind and the healthy mind thinks of the stomach's work and does not give it impossible tasks.

V. W., Wenatchee, Wash.—Sweaty hands are due sometimes to nervousness and the prevention of the perspiration is difficult. The hands should be kept open as much as possible and exposed to the air to keep them dry. As an internal remedy take one pill of one-sixtieth grain of strychina sulphate after each meal for twenty days. Ask the druggist about this.

Mrs. H. J., Lowell, Mass.—There is no universal remedy for constipation, so we cannot give you either a formula or a diet. Generally speaking the patient must decide what his particular stomach can most easily assimilate, and then eat only such food. No two stomachs are alike in their demands. There are dozens of laxatives, some good for one person and others good for others, and the one best adapted to your needs is the one you should use. One which is good for the majority, but not for all, is olive oil, an excellent intestinal lubricant. Take one or two tablespoonfuls of pure olive oil at mealtime, either during, or before or after. This will not begin to act at once, but its effect is sure and good. Don't get cheap and adulterated oil.

Mrs. F. C., S. Auburn, Nebr.—The physician in charge of your case can best tell you what to do to remove or prevent the annoying spots on your skin, as he should know what causes them and be able to prescribe the proper remedy. Have you asked him?

F. W. T., Plentywood, Mont.—The intermittent red flushes of your face may be due to several causes, some that may be remedied, and others which you must endure because it is the nature of your circulation. Before any treatment can be prescribed the cause must be known and only an examination can determine that.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

other day you like to call it falls, so long as one day out of seven is set aside for rest and worship. That is the main thing, and the only thing that matters—all the rest is of no consequence whatsoever. Some people it seems study the Bible solely with a view to finding texts, the meaning of which are so obscure that different interpretations can be put upon them. This gives them the longed-for opportunity of finding an excuse for differing with all other churches. Then before you know it another sect is built up, confident that it is the only one that has the right of way on the celestial road to the world beyond. And so they go on ad infinitum, and everyone who does not believe as this one or that one believes, is going to make the early acquaintance of the Old Boy below. Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. The Russians celebrate their Christmas twelve days later than ours. As long as they celebrate it sometime what's the odds? And so if it pleases some people to choose the Jewish Sabbath as their day of rest, and we prefer to have our Sunday on the first day of the week, again what's the odds? Christianity is on trial before the world, or rather churchianity is. There is enough work for Christian denominations to do in abolishing war, poverty, disease, sin and moral death and more than enough to do to lift men to a higher plane of Christian brotherhood, where they will do unto others as they would have others do unto them. What is to be gained by splitting hairs as to whether Sunday falls on Tuesday, Monday or Friday or any other old day. What we should strive to do is to have Sunday every day of the week, and keep religion from being put away in moth balls six days out of seven. Bet your life the people who are quibbling about these things are not making any determined effort to rescue the two million child slaves that nice Christian gentlemen are grinding into profits beneath the cruel heels of industrial exploitation. If the Christian church is to justify its existence, it should get together in one united body, presenting a mighty front to the evils of our time. Let us tackle the big things first. Let us clear the field, throw out the rocks of oppression, root up the weeds of greed and prepare the soil in the proper fashion for the harvest of God. Until we do this, our work is vain, we are building on the sands, and the voice of the church is as one crying in the wilderness. There are material problems man must solve. They must clothe the body and feed the gnawing stomach ere the spirit life can bloom and flower. We've had two thousand years of churchianity, many generations of warring sects. Then in spite of it all we are presented with the bleeding spectacle of Belgium and Poland and nearer at home Ludlow and Crome, New Jersey. I look into the hearts and lives of tens of thousands of people yearly and know what they think and how they feel, how they live and what they know (and God knows and I know how little they do know compared to what they ought to know). Humanity wants rehabilitating and rebuilding from the bottom up. The foundation is all wrong. The tree is planted in a soil that can only bring forth bitter fruit. There has got to be a replanting. A brighter day is dawning (now don't think I'm trying to give a boost to another sect when I say that) and the war I hope will hasten that day instead of retarding it and whe that day comes Christ will rule in the hearts of men and man's brotherhood will not be an empty dream. When too that day comes the theological hair splitters and other gloomy ghosts of a benighted era will vamoose to the woods and the tall grass of oblivion forevermore.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
And hail the Christ that is to be."

P. O. Box 13. WILLIAMS, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I received my membership card and button and was pleased with them. We have taken COMFORT for several years and think we could not do without it.

Well, Uncle Charlie, I guess I will describe our town next. There are about two hundred and fifty people that live in Williams. The most of the town is up on a hill. We have one depot, one hotel, one flour mill, an electric light plant, a post-office, five stores, three blacksmith shops, one barber shop and a telephone exchange. White river goes past Williams. There are some nice fish caught out of the river here. A person can get a few nibbles most any time. Uncle Charlie if you and Billie the Goat will come to Williams I will take you fishing.

I am seventeen years old, weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds, am five feet eight inches tall. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes and I am not very fair skinned.

Hoping to hear from all. Your cousin,

STACIA BOWDEN. (No. 39,979).

That's quite a big city of yours Stacia, and there is so much of it you seem to have got it plentifully distributed, part on the top of the hill and part at the bottom I suppose. I remember I was in a very large city once, it consisted of one house, and it broke our hearts to think we could not build part of that "city" on the top of the hill and part at the bottom, but as the top of the hill was a mile up in the air we didn't have enough lumber to do the job. I'm very much interested in the fishing business in Williams, Ind. It's quite exciting to hear about nice fish being caught out of the river. I always thought that fish were caught in a river, but possibly the fish of Williams, Indiana, are amphibious, living on land or in the water; and I suppose one afternoon, when the sun was shining brightly, the fish put on their best Sunday clothes and hoisting their pink parasols, started out for a constitutional. I can in imagination, see them now, gazing at the many beautiful art exhibits in the windows of the three blacksmiths' shops and dropping in the barber shop for afternoon tea and a hair cut, and while getting their toes manicured, you, Stacia, of course came along and caught them out of the river, and took them home and dropped them in the frying pan. Those must be nice, obliging fish in your section of the country. I remember getting caught out of the river once myself. I had been swimming and when I came out on the bank of the stream I found someone had stolen my clothes, then some dogs came up and thought I was a new kind of rabbit. I was wishing I had been for at least I would have had a nice fur coat on. The dogs chased me until I ran into the arms of a policeman who loaned me a barrel to walk home in. Ever after that when I went swimming I took my clothes into the water with me and sat on them so that no one could steal them. Better be sure than sorry. It must be nice to know that in Williams, Indiana, you can get a few nibbles any time. As you don't seem to have any restaurants, I'm wondering where you get your nibbles. Of course nobody need go short of a nibble as long as you have a flour mill. In a burst of confidence you inform us that White river goes past Williams, but you forgot to tell us whether it goes past the part that is at the bottom of the hill or the part that is at the top. Maybe, dear, you'll tell us that later on.

DEWITT, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a lady of eighteen summers, have light hair, and gray eyes, or in other words a "blonde." At the present I am single, not knowing how long I'll remain single, it would be impossible to relate. I live in the country on a one hundred and sixty acre farm. My parents are thrifty farmers. I keep very busy for all it takes is Will Power. I have one married sister, and one niece, of coarse Uncle, I don't like to tell very many people I have a niece, cause it makes me feel old to be called auntie.

I enjoy taking care of house plants. If you were a little closer, I'd send you a bunch of blossoms to put in your office. I am very fond of flowers. For pets I have a pair of Italian birds. The singer is a dandy. His name is "Pete." Good birds go by that name. He learns all of the latest stunts. He can do the "tango" and furnish his own music when a mirror is placed so he can see himself. My little hen bird is setting on four eggs, will hatch this week.

I've been exposed to the mumps. Do you think I'll take them? If I don't take them day after tomorrow, I'll think I'm mump proof. If I should want to take the mumps, would you please send me directions?

Hoping to hear from you. Your niece,

ELVAETTA WEBB.

Alva Etta, you say it would be impossible to relate, but you don't tell me what it would be impossible to relate. Why leave us in the lurch

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Prize Winners in February Contest!

THOSE of our readers who won a February Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the March Prizes. The names of the winners in our March Contest will be printed in May COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still one month of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the one remaining month we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes. These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the April prizes. It costs you nothing to try. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the April Prizes.

We Have Paid The Following Prizes for February!

The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following February Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a February prize DOUBLED OR THRIBBLED.

Ada Humphrey, Ky.,	1st Prize doubled	$60.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.,	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.,	4th Prize doubled	10.00
A. J. Nickerson, N. Y.	5th Prize	5.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.,	6th Prize thribbled	15.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.,	7th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. David Graham, Maine,	8th Prize	3.00
Mrs. Oscar Hile, Missouri,	9th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.,	10th Prize doubled	6.00
Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Wash.,	11th Prize doubled	4.00
Miss Florence Bartz, Ala.,	12th Prize doubled	4.00
C. A. Brown, Mich.,	13th Prize	2.00
Mary Breeden, Missouri,	14th Prize	2.00
Miss Freeda Wickenkamp, Iowa,	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Scott, S. C.	16th Prize	2.00
Mrs. R. B. Wilson, N. C.,	17th Prize	2.00
Miss Agnes Johnson, Nebr.,	18th Prize	2.00

The Next Five Received a $1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. M. A. Pearl, Conn., Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla., Mrs. Almena R. Hartpence, Pa., Mrs. Pearl Riley, Miss., Mrs. Clara Brown, Pa.

The Next 20 Received A $1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Mrs. Lenna Brooks, N. C., Mrs. Zora A. Hicks, Miss.; Mrs. Lena Farmer, N. C.; Richard Brown, Calif.; Mrs. Patrick O'Neil, Ill.; E. A. Buckingham, W. Va.; Manick Skogan, Mont.; Mrs. J. A. Edmiston, Texas; Martin Kidwell, Indiana; Mrs. W. P. Trimble, Missouri; Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana; Clifford B. Danforth, N. C.; Mrs. W. E. Hogg, Ga.; Mrs. J. W. Bays, W. Va.; Mrs. A. T. Harrison, Ga.; Kathleen Nichols, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Sleeter, Ark.; Mrs. Geo. Alfred, Colo.; Cordia Ward, Okla.; Mrs. H. B. Williams, Wis.

We Paid Each Of These Women A $1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. E. W. Plummer, Missouri; Mrs. P. W. Kerby, Missouri; Mrs. John Wheatley, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Comfort, Mich.; Miss Mary Ford, Kans.; Mrs. Sarah Walls, Ind.; Miss Silvy Riley, Missouri; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Lillie Mullins, Ky.; Kate Ogden, Ill.; Mrs. Sallie L. Walker, Ky.; Florence Heath, Kans.; Mrs. Cora Whaley, Kans.; Mrs. N. A. Lusk, Texas; Emma Jane Ward, Ohio; Mrs. Theo Brown, Va.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Mrs. Lizzie A. Long, Maryland; Mrs. Mariette Loomis, N. Y.; Mrs. Totty Nay, Kans.; Miss Margaret Everhart, Pa.; Miss Addie Johnson, N. J.; Mrs. D. Siple, Iowa; Mrs. O. M. Smith, Pa.; China Carnes, Ky.; Mrs. John Ellis, Mich.; Agnes Horrell, Pa.; Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Mrs. John J. Tron, Ohio; Mrs. S. W. Gerow, Mich.; Mrs. Mark Hall, Mich.; May Cummings, Iowa; Ruby Denison, Tenn.; Mrs. A. E. Kellar, N. Y.; Mrs. Thomas C. Loyd, Va.; Edith Short, Texas; Mrs. J. A. Williams, Wash.; Beulah Pardue, Tenn.; Mrs. J. B. Hitchcock, Texas; Miss Mary Munnell, Colo.; Miss Eva Dorman, Missouri; Mary E. Greene, Pa.; Mrs. Blanche Flagle, Texas; Mrs. Lewis D. Hughes, Texas; Miss Emily McDowell, N. J.; Mrs. M. J. McElyea, Texas; Mrs. Oscar Olson, Iowa; Mable Pickering, Missouri; Mrs. Herman Zachow, N. Dak.; Mrs. F. J. Schafer, Pa.; Mrs. M. B. Miller, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Field, Va.; Miss Annie Lundkousky, S. C.; Mrs. J. B. Hitchcock, Texas; Mrs. L. A. Pollock, Tenn.; Mrs. Lillie Burchett, Ky.; Mrs. Josephine Place, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellie Gwin, S. C.; Mrs. Lewis White, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie F. James, Va.; Miss Elma Phillips, N. Y.; Miss Leota Moody, Ohio; Mrs. F. Knipfing, N. Y.; Juanita G. Torrey, N. Mex.; Mrs. Ernest Vann, Calif.; Mrs. N. M. Lilley, Ill.; Susie Risinger, Indiana; Rosalie Whipple, Pa.; Mrs A. G. Hemingway, N. Y.; Mrs. Bertha Stamey, Tenn.; Miss Stella M. Kist, Pa.; Mrs. George Stacher, Indiana; Miss Freda Matheney, Ohio; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kan.; Gertrude Callahan, Va.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Mrs. Rosa Boles, Indiana; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Mina Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. August Lenschner, Calif.; Mrs. D. A. Phillips, Tenn.; Mrs. R. M. Crutcher, Tenn.; Mrs. Samuel J. Ward, Del.; Miss Freda Melton, Wyo.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. Eura Trask, Ill.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla.; Mrs. Fannie Bieh, Okla.; Mrs. Mattie Hadley, Indiana; Mary Coffee, Indiana; Miss Alice Walsh, Ill.; Miss Lucile Rountree, Calif.; Mrs. Bettie Anderson, N. C.; Mrs. Werner Olson, Minn.; Mrs. Roby Hamby, N. C.; Mrs. Carl F. Larsen, Ill.; Mrs. R. A. Bollinger, N. C.; Ruth E. Pentland, Ohio; Mrs. J. M. Dillon, Okla.; Miss Flora McCall, Iowa.

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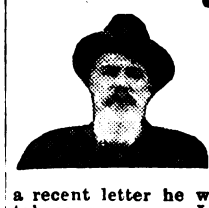
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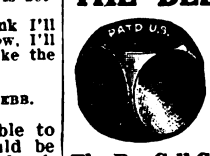
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THESE seamless gold-filled rings are the two most popular styles for babies and young children. No. 7262 is a flat band ring with a beautiful scroll design and set with two turquoise and one pearl. No. 7272 is a pretty chased design without stones. Please bear in mind that these rings are not "electro-plated" or "gold-finished" but genuine 14K gold-filled which means that they are just as handsome as a solid gold ring and will wear almost as long. They come in sizes from 0 to 4 inclusive and be sure to give size wanted when ordering. If you are uncertain as to what size you want then you should measure baby's ring finger by placing a strip of paper around the second joint so that the ends will just meet and then pin or paste the strip of paper to your letter. Do not send it loose in the envelope. Also be sure to say in your letter whether you want ring No. 7262 or 7272.

Club Offer. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you your choice of either one of these handsome gold-filled baby rings free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to state number and size wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 640.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Wheel Chairs in March

274 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Six wheel chairs in March equals our January record, and with the four in February makes a total of sixteen for the first three months of this year. That is good; it is encouraging. Now if we can only keep up that average rate through the next nine months it will bring our total for the year 1915 up to 64. We ought to do that and better too, and we can if our readers will take hold and boost as they should.

I am not scolding those who do help for not having done more—of course I want them to do all they can, for they are our main reliance—but the trouble is that all the work for the Wheel-Chair Club is done by a few. I am appealing especially to those that don't help and am trying to induce them to do something, to send at least one subscription to help provide wheel chairs for the hundreds of needy, suffering shut-ins.

Following are the names of the recipients of the six March wheel chairs. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Walter Layton, Albermarle, R. R. 2, N. C., 200; James Roland, Burnsville, N. C., 154; Luther Silver, Prentis, Okla., 119; Walter Ridgway, Shepherdsville, Ky., 107; Mary E. Horne, Roseboro, N. C., 100; John W. Nolte, Clearwater, Kans., 95.

Walter Layton needs a wheel chair if any man does. His is indeed a distressing case. He is a hopeless, helpless cripple with a broken back and paralyzed from his hips down, caused by an accident in a sawmill last July. He has a wife and five small children and, as his accident has cut off his means of support, they are in needy circumstances. The 200 subscriptions that his friends and neighbors got for him came to me all in one bunch and I ordered a wheel chair to be shipped to him the same day.

The 154 subscriptions for James Roland's chair have all come in since the middle of January. I can't tell you much about his condition as he has not given me the full particulars as yet.

Luther Silver is another crippled, helpless father. He has a wife and three little boys, the oldest nine and the youngest less than two years old. Since last May his lower limbs have been crippled by paralysis. His sister, Mrs. G. M. Stewart, and Mrs. G. G. Richardson sent in the 119 subscriptions for him.

Walter Ridgway is a ten-year-old boy who has never known any of the joys of childhood. He has been utterly helpless from birth and cannot even feed himself. His sister, Ethel Ridgway, sent all the 107 subscriptions for him, and she writes that she is very desirous to get the chair so she can take her brother out for sun and air.

Miss Mary E. Horne is unable to walk as the result of spinal trouble from which she has suffered for the last six years. She expects her wheel chair to afford her great relief.

John W. Nolte is 68 years old and the last four years the entire left side of his body has been paralyzed. Last summer he fell from the porch and broke his right hip. He can use his right arm and hand, and that is all. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to him and a help to those who have to care for him.

This is a pitiable array of sufferers, yet it is no more than a fair sample of the host of others that are looking to COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club for help.

My good friends, will you not respond to their appeals?

We have an interesting Roll of Honor this month and some good letters of thanks below.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Work a Blessing to the Poor Cripples

INKA, R. R. 5, Box 4, MISS.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR FRIEND:—I received the wheel chair you sent me all right and I like it fine. I thank you and all who helped me more than I can tell. I have not walked or had my feet on the ground in fourteen years. I hope the Lord will bless and reward you for the good work you are doing for it is a blessing to the poor cripples. Please excuse bad writing for I am suffering very badly with my rheumatism today. Very truly yours,

CALLIE HALL.

Almost Helpless but with COMFORT Wheel Chair Can be Taken Out in the Air

EDENVILLE, Dec., 1914, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair Thursday, and it is indeed a beautiful gift. I can do very little to help myself, but now I have got the chair it is easy to move me around, and to take me out into the air. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all who helped me get the chair. Very gratefully yours, GEORGE R. SHAW.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Walter Layton, N. C., for own chair, 200; Mrs. C. G. Richardson, Okla., for L. E. Silver, 74; Mr. Louis Briggs, N. C., for James Roland, 67; Mrs. M. C. Adkins, Ala., for Mrs. E. C. Note, 62; Mrs. R. E. Bennett, La., for Mrs. L. Myers, 50; Ethel Ridgway, Ky., for Walter Ridgway, 44; Mrs. Callie Grubbs, Ark., for own chair, 40; Miss Lucy Fuller, Wash., for own chair, 40; Mrs. G. M. Stewart, Okla., for Luther Silver, 35; Miss Nellie McLaughlin, Mo., for most needy, 35; Edward H. Obert, N. J., for Golden Gertie Fippen, 35; Mrs. John W. Taylor, Tex., for N. M. Hogg, 29; Rev. B. B. Riddle, N. C., for James Roland, 28; Mrs. M. A. Bishop, Wash., for Mrs. Adalaide Bittick, 26; Emma Gramlich, W. Va., for Mrs. B. B. Luley, Ohio, 25; Mrs. Mattie Coburn, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 22; Mrs. D. R. Williams, N. C., for Mary E. Horn, 20; M. V. McLemore, N. C., for Mary E. Horn, 20; Mrs. W. A. Horn, N. C., for Mary E. Horn, 20; Callie Smith, Ark., for Mrs. Callie Grubbs, 20; Mrs. Ed Bullard, N. C., for Mary E. Horn, 20; Jessie Jones, Ga., for own chair, 20; C. B. Horn, N. C., for Mary E. Horn, 20; Miss Mittie Hill, Tex., for Carl Willis Baer, 15; James Roland, N. C., for own chair, 15; Sarah Martin, N. Mex., for Miss N. M. Hogg, 15; Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn., 15; Earl L. Long, Kans., for Golden Fippen, 14; J. F. Woolwine, Va., for Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, 13; Mary Berry, Ga., for own chair, 13; Mrs. J. F. Hendsley, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 12; Mrs. T. J. O'Brien, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 12; West Virginia people, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 10; Louise Watson, Ohio, for Mrs. B. B. Luley, 10; Mrs. G. M. Stewart, Okla., for Luther Silver, 10; Golden Gertie Fippen, Ind., for own chair, 10; Mrs. W. E. Parris, N. C., for W. E. Parris, 9; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Miss., for George Shaw, 9; Mrs. Charles E. Ray, S. C., for James Roland, 9; Emma L. Ross, Tex., 8; Deshia Black, Miss., for Mrs. H. J. Ball, 8; Miss Lena Tayler, Calif., for Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, 8; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 7; Katye Sanders, Miss., for Vernon Beadle, 7; Mary Berry, Ga., for Lettie Berry, 7; Miss Nellie McLaughlin, Mo., 7; Helen Logue, Ark., 6; Mrs. George Fox, N. Y., 6; Mrs. Addie Spillman, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 6; Ada Murray, Iowa, 6; Ida L. Colby, N. Y., for Elmer Ball, 5; Myrtle Swofford, Colo., 5; Mrs. Julia Rouse, N. C., for Reuben Rouse, 5; Mrs. B. J. Montgomery, Tex., 5; Mrs. H. M. Williams, Wyo., for J. C. Cortez, 5; J. C. Schrader, Ohio, for Randolph Honaker, 5; Mrs. Philipena Pietz, Minn., 5.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. G. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of California, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and leaving more than one child or one child and descendants of a deceased child, the widow would receive, after payment of debts and administration expenses, one third of both the real and personal property, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of a deceased child taking the parent's share, and that she would receive in addition thereto her one half of all the community property owned by the husband and wife at the time of the husband's death; under the laws of Texas and under similar circumstances we think the widow would receive her one half of the community property, her one third of the personal property absolutely and a one third for life in her husband's real estate; in California we think the widow's share would be increased to one half in case there was but one child, or one line of descent, but that this would not be the case in Texas where the widow's share is only one third in either event, and the wife's interest in the real estate is limited to a life estate; we think community exists in both states; we do not think the widow's share is affected in either state by reason of her being a second wife, nor are the shares of the children of the second marriage any larger than the shares of the children of the first marriage; we think you should be careful not to confuse the intestacy laws with cases where the decedent leaves a will.

J. S., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that at the time of the death of your first husband, if he left no will, and left him surviving a widow and children or descendants as his heirs at law and next of kin, and if his death occurred at a recent time so as to come under the present law, after payment of debts, you were entitled to receive one half of the personal property absolutely and dower of one half for life of his real estate, with remainder to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any child who predeceased him taking the parent's share, and that any person having an interest in your husband's estate can, through the proper action or proceeding in court, compel the partition of the real estate and a division of the personal property, if no actual partition of the real estate can be made the courts will compel a sale of same and proper division of the money proceeds thereof; upon your death, leaving no will, we think your second husband, after payment of debts, would receive one half of your personal property absolutely and curtesy of one half for life in your real estate, the curtesy would not attach to the real estate left by your first husband as your dower interest in that dies with you; we are assuming that the children you mention belong to you, as in case you leave no lineal descendants, and leave no will, your husband would receive your whole estate after payment of debts.

W. A. R., Tennessee.—We think your chances of recovering any portion of the real estate, owned by your grandfather in Alabama and abandoned during the Civil war, very remote, unless some steps have been taken for its recovery before this time, or unless the present holders thereof fail to substantiate possession for a proper number of years, the exact number depending upon facts not supplied in your communication to us.

P. O. B., Illinois.—We think your municipal government has the legal right to pass and enforce any reasonable ordinance regulating the use of the streets.

Mrs. I. O. P., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no issue the widow is entitled to receive the real or personal estate or both to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars absolutely in addition to the widow's exemption, and if the estate exceeds that amount, in addition thereto, one half the remaining real estate for life, and one half of the remaining personal property absolutely, and if he leaves no known heirs she takes all absolutely; if, however, the husband leaves a widow and children or issue, the widow receives one third of the real estate for life and one third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the children of a deceased child taking the parent's share.

Mrs. J. C. J., Missouri.—We think the man who claims his mother agreed with him that the note she held for moneys loaned by her to him was to be destroyed and not paid after her death, can be compelled to establish such agreement by outside and impartial evidence, and that in the absence of any written agreement, such contention would be closely scrutinized by the courts; we think the jurisdiction of the courts of a state does not extend outside the state, but that a resident of one state can bring an action against the resident of another state in the Federal courts, or in the state courts of the state in which the defendant resides.

Mrs. J. J., Kansas.—We think the contract for the purchase of real estate should provide for the time of payment of the purchase price, and that in the absence of any such provision, the payment should be made at the time the deed is delivered.

A. H. N. D., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man can sell and convey his real estate and give good title thereto without his wife's signature to the deed.

Miss R. O., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that marriages are prohibited between white persons and persons of negro descent, and we think this prohibition extends to all persons of negro descent regardless of just what the proportion of negro blood may be; we think it probable that a native of the islands you mention may be of mixed blood.

E. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against unwritten or verbal contracts in five years, the statute, however, being extended in the case of minors, insane or incompetent persons, or in case the debtor is a non-resident at the time the right of action accrues.

M. A. B., North Dakota.—Under the laws of Wisconsin, we are of the opinion that the surviving husband should pay the taxes upon the real estate of his deceased wife, held by him as tenant by the curtesy, and we do not think he can procure an absolute title to such property by reason of such payments.

Mrs. A. C., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in order to constitute a valid or legal marriage it is necessary that the parties thereto procure a marriage license and have a marriage ceremony performed by a minister or some public official who by virtue of his office has the right to perform such ceremonies; of course, to such extent such ceremony must be public, and the minister or other official performing the ceremony is required to make a return to the proper official that such marriage has been performed, but it is optional with the parties as to whether they shall send out invitation or announcement cards.

A. R. L., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the custody of the children is one of the questions for the court to decide in a divorce or separation acton, brought by one of the parties to a marriage against the other.

Mrs. S. E. V., Massachusetts.—We think the payment of dividends on the stock of a corporation depends upon the earnings of the corporation and the action of the board of directors, and that it would depend upon the corporate charter as to whether such dividends are cumulative; we have no knowledge as to whether there is any market for the stock you hold, nor do you state any circumstances as to the manner in which you were led to invest in this stock, these facts would have much to do with your chances of getting your money out of this investment.

Geneva's Easter Bonnet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

you; but you seemed to have no thought except for pretty clothes.

"But this morning at church, I looked at your Easter bonnet—and it was last year's! I don't know anything about dresses, but I *do* recognize that bonnet, for I remember admiring it last year. Then I noticed your mother's new things, and all at once I saw you for what you really are. Geneva, you were willing to forego your own pleasure for your mother's sake—and I love you for it! I'm sorry I ever considered you vain and selfish, and I want to spend my whole lifetime making amends. Geneva, dear, will you marry me?"

Geneva was too happy to reply in words, but somehow—however it happened—when Mrs. Wilsey returned to the room, they told her they were engaged.

Some other girl is wearing the apple-blossom gown and the quaint little poke bonnet, but Geneva doesn't care—really *does not* care! For she owes her happiness to an Easter bonnet that was a year old and decidedly out of style.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

legs and licked up, there is no doubt that the flies cause the trouble, and in either case the treatment which we prescribed—to spray fly repellants on the cattle in summer, and wash their backs with strong salt and water or a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip in early winter and a few weeks later will help keep off the flies and kill the small grubs, while the large ones should be squeezed out.

ONION MAGGOT.—What is the cause of white worms eating the roots of my onions? Please advise me if there is any way to prevent them.

MRS. S. B. P., Elkhart, Ind.

A.—There are two kinds of white worms that may injure onions,—the onion maggot, a small white grub that works inside the bulb, and common white grubs, the larvae of the June beetle. There is little that can be done for the onion maggot. See back numbers of this paper in which this question is fully discussed. The common white grub is most abundant on sod land. Since it lives over winter in the soil it is pretty difficult to get at it. The adult beetles may be caught at night. By making use of a strong light they may be lured into a trap and destroyed. The best known remedy for both these pests is crop rotation. Don't put onions on sod or on the same land on which they were grown last year.

KOHLRABI.—Can the vegetable Kohlrabi be kept through the winter in a cellar without becoming tough or decaying? When must the seed be planted and the plants gathered? Should they be hung up by the roots like a cabbage? MRS. H. C., Trout Creek, Mont.

A.—Kohlrabi can be kept through the winter on the stem on which it is grown in a *cool, dry* cellar either by hanging by the stem or by burying this stem in clean, moist sand. The cellar must be cool, held at a uniform temperature and not too moist. The seed should be planted at the usual spring planting time after the ground is warm, and the crop gathered late in the fall before freezing weather sets in.

THRIFTLESS GRAPE VINE.—Can you tell me why my grape vine does not bear? It is twenty years old. It will bud and then blight. I would like to know why the buds always blight. A. B. S. Winthrop, N. Y.

A.—The earth all around the roots and for a distance back from the main stem should be replaced with fresh, rich soil before buds form, or you should dig deeply and turn under a quantity of well-rotted manure as soon as possible in spring. Also work wood ashes into the surface soil and then mulch heavily with well-rotted manure. The vine should be thoroughly pruned by an expert. A grape vine should be pruned in the fall when done growing; if pruned in the spring it is likely to bleed injuriously.

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Something Different, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. Lower prices—better clothes—bigger cash profits Express paid on everything.

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FREE clothes and cash besides. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. An Extra Present with every order. Not a prize scheme. Choose what you want, work for it and get it besides your Cash Profits. Complete Outfit FREE. 56 real cloth samples, 50 Fashion Plates. Inside wholesale prices. Get the big money. Your name on a post card brings everything FREE.

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The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, reports a liquid laboratory product, a few drops of which, injected into the cancer, instantly kills it, in selected cases. Bleeding, cancer pains and odorous discharges are controlled. Frequently cases which have been considered incurable can be successfully treated. The latest bulletin of the Sanatorium, issued free.—Advertisement.

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GOLD shell Spectacles $1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted Coulter Optical Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does It. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa

PILES PAY IF CURED— We pay postage and send FREE RED CROSS Pile and Fistula cure. REA CO., DEPT. 80, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Just send us your name and address and we will send you this fine Razor, direct from our big Factory for a free trial. Use it for 15 days, if you then consider it the finest razor made, you may keep it free of charge, providing you send us $1.85 for our Shaving Set. Strop Hone and Brush. Send 2c Stamp. Bell Razor Co., Dept. 314 Geneva, N. Y.

Pain Paint Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills Dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents. R. L. Wolcott & Son, 3 Wolcott Bldg., New York.

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(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?



Prem. No. 7252

Five Different Varieties

Gorgeous Giant Flowering GLADIOLUS

We Will Give You Five Bulbs And Every One Of Them Will Bloom This Season

WE have arranged with one of the largest flower growers in the country to supply our readers with **five different varieties** of the new improved type of Gladiolus. They are the most gorgeous and brilliant you ever saw and can in no way be compared with the kinds seen in the ordinary flower garden. They bloom more than any other spring planting bulbs and require but very little care. They are unequalled for cutting as they last two weeks in water. They start blooming in early summer and keep at it until cut off by frost. In this splendid collection we give you the **America** which grows erect flower spikes two to three feet long bearing a great number of large spreading blossoms. Its color is an exquisitely soft lavender **pink**, the same as seen in the most beautiful Cattleya Orchids. The **Augusta** is the finest **white** Gladiolus in existence, with blue antlers and a slight tinge of pink on the interior of the petals. If you cut the spikes of this variety before the flowers are open and allow them to open in water you will get a pure white flower. The **Baron Hulot** grows long graceful spikes of good size bearing well opened flowers of a beautiful dark rich indigo **blue**. The **Canary Bird** grows spikes which show eight and sometimes ten blossoms open at one time and the color is a pure canary **yellow** that is both pleasing and attractive. **Mrs. Frances King** is the finest Gladiolus for decorative purposes owing to its immense size and brilliant color. Its spikes are four feet high with from eighteen to twenty flowers on a spike, six or eight flowers being open at one time. The flowers measure from four to six inches across and the color is a handsome light **scarlet**. Remember we give you free **all five varieties** described above on this offer and we positively guarantee that **every one of them will bloom this season.** We will cheerfully replace free any bulb or bulbs that do not prove absolutely satisfactory. The bulbs will be ready for planting as soon as you receive them or if you prefer you can plant them at any later date as they will keep indefinitely if you put them in a dark, dry place.

BY PARCEL POST PREPAID FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!

FOR a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid these five different varieties of beautiful giant flowering Gladiolus, every one of them guaranteed to bloom this season. **Premium No. 7252.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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FREE TRIAL I will send any sufferer a $1.00 bottle of LANE'S REMEDY on By mail prepaid. If it cures, send me $1. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Address D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

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I will gladly send any Rheumatism sufferer Absolutely Free a Simple Herbal Recipe that CONQUERS the worst cases. I want to help others help themselves. If convenient, enclose 2-cent stamp. W. W. SUTTON, 2651 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, California.

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Send postal with name and address for FREE sample tube Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy. Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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Standard Rubber Co., Dept. "C" Buffalo N. Y.

Stomach Sufferers

You who have taken this that and the other thing, and doctored and doctored with only temporary relief or none at all—You who are troubled with heartburn, indigestion, sour risings, wretched sick headaches and the general debility, tortures pain and misery that come from a bad stomach—It is useless to doctor your symptoms or to take some ones stomach tablets, powders, liquids or digestive pills, as you no doubt have learned—YOU MUST CURE YOUR TROUBLE AT THE SOURCE WHICH IN SUCH CASES IS USUALLY THE LIVER WITH BILIARY TROUBLE AND PROBABLY GALLSTONES. Send for our Book below mentioned for those who have Liver or Stomach Trouble IT IS **FREE**

APPENDICITIS

If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, **our Book on Gall-Troubles sent Free upon request,** may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause & cure of your trouble.

Gallstones Internal remedy *(No Oil)*. Avoid an operation. No more aches or pains, sick stomach, colic, gas, biliousness, headaches, nervousness, catarrh, constipation, yellow or sallow skin, chronic appendicitis. Write for Home Treatment Medical book on Gall Troubles **FREE**

GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. A-64, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Fat People

I WILL SEND YOU A PROOF TREATMENT FREE—EITHER SEX.



My method reduces weight **3 to 6 Pounds a Week,** turns ill health into robustness, sluggishness into activity, relieves that feeling of fullness and oppression and gives other benefits in a great number of cases of overstoutness. No starvation, no tedious exercising, no absurd "drugless" lessons, nothing to ruin the stomach. I am a **regular practicing physician** and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, quickly removes double chin, large stomach and fat hips. Write to-day for proof treatment, book of valuable advice and testimonials, **all sent free.** Address: **Dr. F. T. BROUGH, 20 East 22d St., 9B, New York.**

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. **Girls going to school** do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much **better than a Rain Coat.** The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. **Boys** can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. **Girls** like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn **such a sensible premium** so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

while attempting to guess the dark secrets of your heart. You say I keep busy for all it takes is Will Power. Would you mind telling me who this fellow Will Power is? I've heard a great deal of him lately. I suppose he is related to Jack Frost, who I understand is a sister of Alf-Alfa. Anyway I'm glad that Will Power is lots of assistance. Keep him at it. The busier a boy is the better for his health. You say "Of coarse Uncle." I wish you to understand that I am not coarse. I of course abhor coarse people. Try a u instead of an a next time Alva. Excuse me for abbreviating your name. I like the first half immensely, but the second half sounds like a restaurant and suggests cannibalistic tendencies. When your Italian birds can sing English I shall be glad to hear them. You mention that you have a bird named Pete and that good birds go by that name. You are quite right my dear, they do. I had a canary by the name of Pete and to prove that good birds go by that name, he flew out of the window one day, and I was so heart broken by his loss that I have never cared to replace him. You inform us that your little hen bird is setting on four eggs, and he will hatch this week. That must be some bird to hatch a whole week. You are very foolish to take the mumps. Why not leave them alone. Of course if you insist on taking the mumps that is your business, but I wouldn't advise you to do it. Before you can take them of course you've got to catch them. The best way to catch the mumps is to get a shot gun and an electric search-light and go out in the woods on a dark night in the middle of the day on some fine spring morning in December, preferably on the 39th of the month, and after a few weeks you will doubtless, with the assistance of a good mump dog, get on the trail of the mump family. After throwing your search-lights on the highest roots of the trees, you will doubtless see Mr. and Mrs. Mump and all the mump family roosting on a limb. If you want to catch them alive, climb the tree and branch out or shoot them dead with a piece of rock and catch them in your mouth as they are falling. Then you will have the mumps. If you want to be mump proof boil two mumps, one red and one green over a hot fire for three weeks and two days, forty minutes and five hours, stirring the contents gradually with the left foot, and then anoint yourself from head to foot in the mump gravy. After bathing swallow the gravy and you will be mump proof for life. A man named Mumpford gave me this prescription. Try it and you will find it a sure preventive.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

W. S. Roberts (65), Brush Valley, Pa. Crippled from rheumatism. Is very needy. Would appreciate financial aid, reading matter and cheery letters. Do what you can for him. Mrs. Katherine Fraisure (63), Lulu, Fla. Has one leg amputated below knee, ulcer on the other. Widow. Daughter her only support. Is very poor. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Spencer, Va. Great sufferer from stomach trouble. Needs food and medicine. Send her some cheer. S. A. Shambliss, Dorsey, Miss. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Great sufferer. Send her some cheer. J. Mattson Johnson, Martel, Tenn. Suffers from epilepsy and other diseases. Unable to work. Remember him. Mrs. Sarah Mack (63), Bradford, Ark. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Poor and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Perry Parrish, Nashville, R. R. 2, Box 26, Ga. Crippled from rheumatism since he was three years of age. Also blind. Send him cheery letters and don't forget to put something in them. James T. Haney, 1109 Kansas Ave., Hiawatha, Kans. Great sufferer from rheumatism for sixteen years. Unable to work. Aged mother his only support. Send him some help. Simon Marshall, Ocola, Va. Helpless from rheumatism and kidney trouble. Highly recommended. Do something for him. Mattie Moss, Nelsonville, Ky. Invalid. Doctor says she would be able to work if she had a brace. Who will help her get one? Robert Ruark, Covedale, Lewis Co., Ky. Was badly burned six years ago and has been a cripple since. He has no one to help him. Doctors say he might be cured but he has no money to pay for treatment. Who will help him? Anna Arthur, Ona, R. R. 1, W. Va. Shut-in. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Frances Watts, Taylorsville, N. C. Badly afflicted from rheumatism. Unable to do anything. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mollie Burris, Rice, N. C. Shut-in. Poor and needy. Well recommended. Do something for her. Mrs. J. E. Jones, Horton, R. R. 1, Box 90, Vernon Co., Mo. Invalid would like silk, velvet or worsted quilt pieces, and reading matter. Mrs. Polly Schade, Bee Long, N. C. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters.

Charity covers a multitude of sins. Here is your chance to get a lot of your sins covered.

Lovingly,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems The Best Spring Medicine in The World!

There is no spring medicine that compares with Uncle Charlie's Poems. They make the sluggish blood course through the veins like a mill race, for the best tonic in the world is a hearty laugh, and there are a thousand laughs in Uncle Charlie's book of poems. You owe it to the children if not to yourself, to get immediately a copy of this exquisitely dainty book bound in lilac silk cloth, gold top, autumn leaf lined, splendid illustrations of the author and his faithful Maria and a sketch of his life. Free for a club of only four fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Yours for an hour's easy work. Don't be left out in the cold, but start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Whole Entertainment In Itself

Uncle Charlie's Song Book supplies a complete musical entertainment for church, parlor or concert room. Twenty-eight songs for every and all occasions, comic, sacred, coon and novelty songs with full music for voice and piano. On the handsome cover appear several splendid photographic pictures of Uncle Charlie. Five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. These premiums count toward our grand cash prize competition. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

TO DISTRIBUTE ELK.—A plan has been recommended by the superintendent of Yellowstone national park that from 500 to 1,000 elk be taken from the park herd each year and be distributed among state and municipal authorities of the country who will agree to protect them. The object in distributing them in this manner is to provide for their increase and preservation.

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE

$2.50 TEST Treatment FREE



Don't suffer and be disfigured with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one $2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

$2.50 TREATMENT FREE

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. Bobs, 615 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get $2.50 Treatment Free by mail.

Age?.....How old is goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Hands tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name .....
Address..... 615

Cancer Book Entirely New Book on Cancer. The most comprehensive explanation of cancer and its successful treatment without the knife ever published. The Book is FREE. Send for a copy today and Learn the Truth about cancer.

O. A. JOHNSON, M. D., Suite 440, 1320 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial** of a **home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

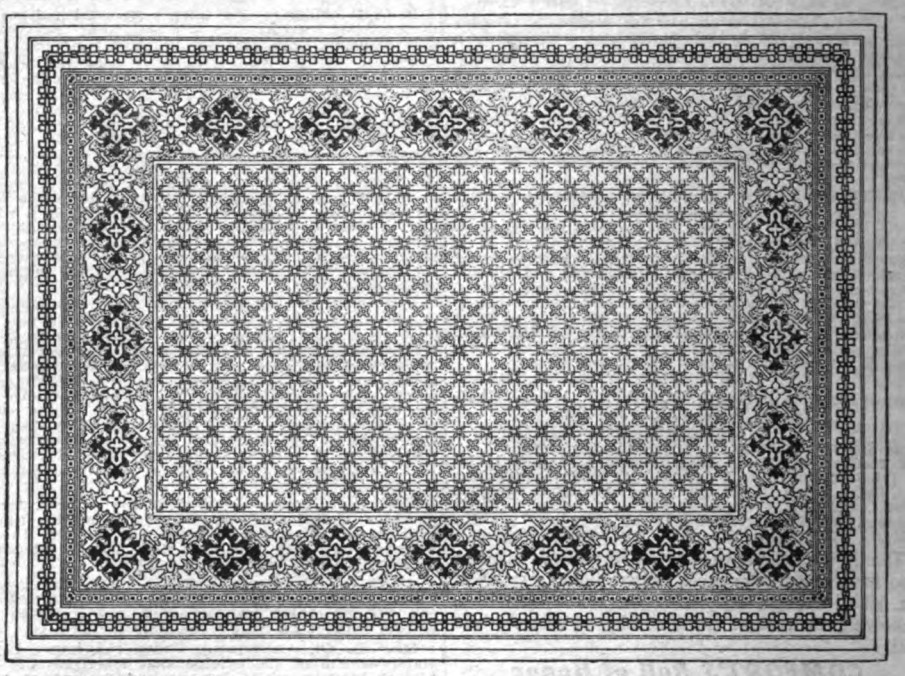
If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods. catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG



Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Five!

Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs or oil cloths. Every woman who has had experience with a single one of these old-fashioned methods of floor coverings knows how unsatisfactory they are, and expensive too, because they wear out so fast it is necessary to keep buying new ones all the time. Here, however, is a rug that will actually give **years** of constant service—a rug which is absolutely **waterproof all the way through**—which is not injured or **even affected** by heat, cold, water or changes of temperature—which **neither fades nor rots** no matter where you put it **in-doors or out.** It is not oilcloth—it is not linoleum—it is not made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other form of floor covering in the world. It is known as "Congoleum," a combination of a special wool mixture, waterproof paint and asphaltum. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it out on the porch all summer or all winter or the year round and it will not rot, fade or get that jaded look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. You can use it on the bathroom floor, the pantry floor, under the refrigerator, under the stove or as an ordinary rug in any room in the house, in fact, there is not a single requirement that this rug will not fill. It is **absolutely sanitary** because having a hard solid surface the dust, dirt and disease germs positively cannot get into it. No nails, tacks or paste are necessary to keep it down because **it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle,** thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear **ten times** as long, therefore they are the most **economical** as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

Club Offer. For a club of five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7205.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Last Chance to Win

COMFORT'S Cash Prize Contest Closes April 30. No Time For You To Lose If You Want To Win An April Prize And Perhaps A Grand Prize Also.

ONLY ONE more month remains in which our readers may share in COMFORT'S Grand Distribution of Cash Prizes. The contest ends promptly 12 o'clock midnight, April 30, and all subscriptions must be mailed to us not later than 12 o'clock midnight, April 30, in order to be counted on the prizes. The April Monthly Prizes are the same as those of March except that the first prize is from $30.00 to $180.00 as explained below and there are Fifty Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each. At the close of the contest we will also distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00. You still have time to win an April prize and a Grand Prize also, but don't wait, because every minute counts. Start a club today to be entered to your credit on the April Prizes and Grand Prizes too.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you **a fine premium sure** and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the **same** clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed **to your credit** on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, **if you request it.** It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort **is extra and in addition** to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you **double** each successive month that you continue to win **any** monthly prize. **The doubling begins with December.**

How Monthly Prizes Thribble

If you win the **same** Monthly Prize **three months in succession** we pay you **double** the amount the second month and **three times the amount** the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the **same** monthly prize. If, however, you should win the **first** monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **The thribbling begins with January.**

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of $1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. **Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thribble like the Monthly Prizes.**

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight **of the last day of the same month.** If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, **providing the postmark on the envelope shows it.** This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in **the most 25-cent subscriptions** to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the **largest** number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the **next** largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30	Next 3 Prizes,	$5 each
2nd Prize,	20	Next 4 Prizes,	3 each
3rd Prize,	10	Next 8 Prizes,	2 each

115 Prizes of $1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 or $60	3 Prizes,	$5 or $10 each
2nd Prize,	20 or 40	4 Prizes,	3 or 6 each
3rd Prize,	10 or 20	8 Prizes,	2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 or $2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize,	$30 to $90	3 Prizes,	$5 to $15 each
2nd Prize,	20 to 60	4 Prizes,	3 to 9 each
3rd Prize,	10 to 30	8 Prizes,	2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of $1.00 to $3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES

are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is $30.00 to $120.00 for February, $30.00 to $150.00 for March and $30.00 to $180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November. - -	75 Prizes of $1.00 each
December. - -	100 Prizes of $1 00 each
January. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
February. - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
March. - - -	100 Prizes of $1.00 each
April. - - -	50 Prizes of $1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize,	$150	5th Grand Prize,	$35
2nd Grand Prize,	100	6th Grand Prize,	25
3rd Grand Prize,	75	7th Grand Prize,	15
4th Grand Prize,	50	4 Grand Prizes, each	10

33 Grand Prizes of $5.00 each, $165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	350.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	26.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIR, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULISEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDERS, Ill.;	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA IHRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

Date_____191

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine.

I enclose $ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say Whether SUB- or RENEWAL for 15 Mo	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium_____

Name_____P. O._____St., Box or R.F.D._____State_____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription **25 Cents;** 3-years **50 Cents;** 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, **30 Cents. 50 Cents** a year in Canada.

How The Grand Prizes Are to be Awarded

Promptly at the close of the contest April 30, 1915 we shall also award 44 Grand Prizes as published elsewhere on this page. The Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 will go to the contestant who sends in the largest number of 25-cent subscriptions from the first day of October 1914 to the last day of next April. The second Grand Prize of $100 will go to the contestant who sends in the next largest number and so on. Remember these Grand Prizes come **on top** of the Monthly Prizes and the premiums that you are sure of anyway. Please bear in mind that you do not have to stay in the contest the entire six months in order to win a Grand Cash Prize. **In addition** to your Monthly Prize you may also win a Grand Prize **in a single month**—the first month, last month or any other month. Several contestants have done this in our previous contests.

Small Clubs Win The Prizes

Remember that small clubs win the Cash Prizes in these contests. Contrary to what you may have believed and what some people may try to tell you, you don't have to send in big clubs and lots of clubs in order to win the Monthly Prizes and perhaps a Grand Prize also in addition to your regular club premiums. Lots of people in our last year's contest carried off prizes month after month with clubs as small as 15 subscriptions, 20 subscriptions and so on up to 25 subscriptions. You are just as likely to be as fortunate in this contest, but of course you realize that the more subscriptions you send in each month, the better will be your chances.

You May win as Much as $780

The contestant who wins the first Monthly Prize each month for the entire six months will of course also win the Capital Grand Prize of $150.00 thereby winning a total of $780.00. To this fortunate contestant we will pay $30.00 for November, $60.00 for December, $90.00 for January, $120 for February, $150 for March and $180 for April which amounts to $630 and this added to the Capital Grand Prize of $150 makes the splendid sum of $780.

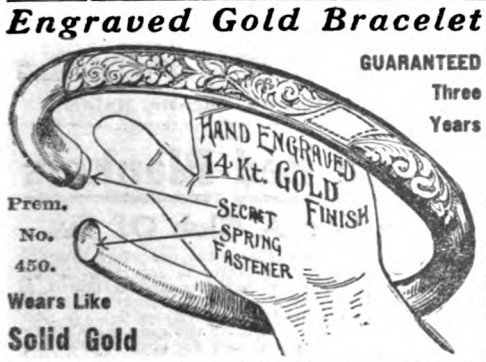
Rules and Conditions

1. Send subscription clubs, large or small, as often as you like. Name the club premiums you want.
2. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine, or we shall not know they are for the prize contest.
3. Subscriptions mailed on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.
4. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of fifteen-month subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in this prize contest as follows: A 50-cent three-year subscription equals two fifteen-month subscriptions. One two-year renewal equals one fifteen-month subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.
5. In case of a tie, the prize for which two or more contestants are tied will be awarded and **paid** in **full** to **each** contestant tied for that prize, doubling or thribbling such prize to such, if any, of the tied contestants as are entitled to double or thribble.

Mail The Coupon With A Small Club

You will earn a fine premium and you may start a Cash Prize your way also simply by sending us the coupon printed at the left along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. Then follow up your first club with another club as soon as possible. We will send you the premiums which you select from any issue of COMFORT or from our regular catalogue just as fast as you send in your clubs. They alone will more than pay you for your trouble. But remember that you may also win a Cash Prize every month. Start a club today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You cannot possibly lose because you are SURE to get a premium anyway for every club you send in. Start now and win an April prize and a Grand Prize too.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



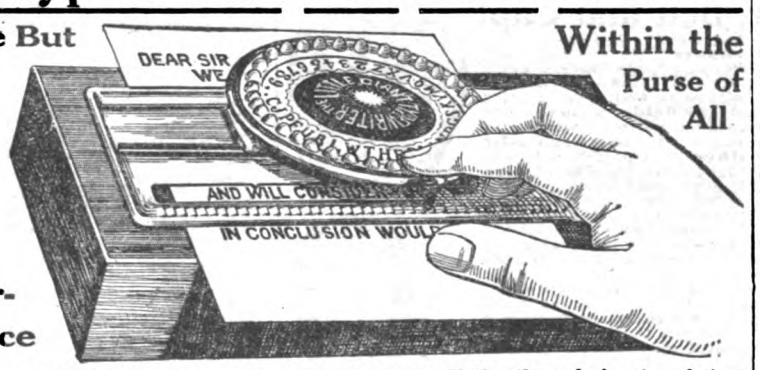
THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and **wears like Solid Gold.** There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



Within the Purse of All

THIS is not a toy, but a **practical,** satisfactory machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost as fast as some typewriters costing $10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



Premium No. 716

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have **loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!

BEAUTIFUL **Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil.** Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure **without money cost** a rare collection of **six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants** that will bloom and bloom **all summer** transforming your flower garden into a veritable **paradise** of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden **as soon as you receive them** and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you **at the proper time to plant** according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from **ten to fifteen days** in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you **free** on this great offer:

Crimson Crown For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

Killarney Queen In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. **With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty.** They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

PREMIUM NO. 672

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.			
Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.	1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mch.	1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	"	15
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.,	1
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	"	15
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States		May	1

Nita Weldon Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

Lady Hillingdon In this variety has been found every valuable feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember These roses are all strong healthy plants **on their own roots** and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in **wet moss** so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow **we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.**

Offer 672 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them **immediately** be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

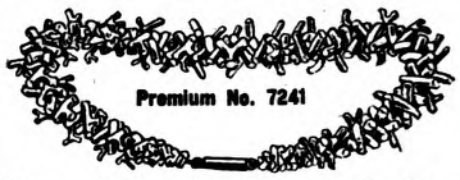
FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavallieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of **tiny French pearls** and set with either four **Emeralds** or four **Rubies** whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalliere free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Real Coral Necklace



Premium No. 7241

Given For One Subscription!

NECKLACES are the style this season. Any kind of a necklace is fashionable but there are none more popular than the coral necklace and it is not nearly so expensive as some of the other kinds. The necklace offered here is made of **genuine branched coral**—not imitation—strung on a stout cord, 15 inches long and fastens together with a strong safety snap. We will send you this stylish coral necklace free as a premium if you will accept either one of the following special offers:

Offer No. 7241 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this coral necklace free by Parcel Post prepaid

Offer No. 7241 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this coral necklace free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7241. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Silk Wrist Bag



Given For Two Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002

ONE of the latest styles is this handsome **black moire silk wrist bag** with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7½ inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following

Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7002.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Colored Petticoat

Premium No. 612



For A Club Of Two

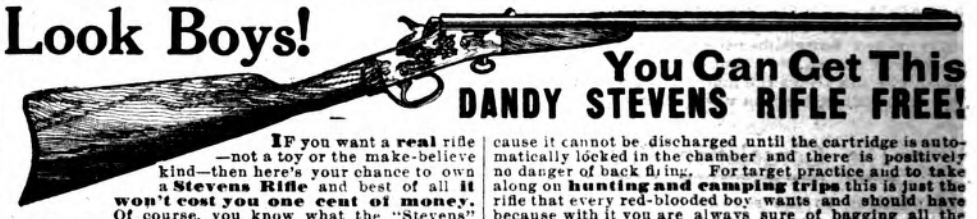
Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully. **Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering otherwise we cannot fill your order.** We have them in lengths from 38 inches to 44 inches and will send you length and color desired, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 612.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

IF you want a **real** rifle —not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Looks and Wears Like Solid Gold



Free For A Club Of 8

Elegant Lady's Watch

HERE IS a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Dutchess" and is a **perfect little beauty** having all the refined, stylish features that are generally found only on the hightest priced solid gold watches. We show both the front and the back of the watch in above illustration so that you can gain some idea of its beautiful appearance, especially the fancy engraving on the back. This is a thin model watch, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damaskeed, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skilled watch-makers in one of the largest watch factories in the United States. Best of all however, this watch cannot be told from a solid gold watch and **it will wear like solid gold** because the case is made of a **solid** composition of gilt metal that is the same color **all the way through** so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep **perfect time** and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to the factory any time within one year where it will either be repaired **free of charge** or a new watch sent in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we will **ourselves** guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only eight 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 691.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys' Base Ball Outfit





A Good Ball, Glove, Catcher's Mitt, Mask And Suit Consisting Of Trousers, Shirt, Belt and Cap!

BOYS, here is your chance! We will give every boy who accepts our offer this dandy baseball outfit and it will not cost you one cent. It consists of a splendid **baseball,** junior size, with extra well sewed genuine **horsehide cover**—a beauty of a **fielder's glove** made of brown **Nappa leather,** kid lined, strongly sewed, with web thumb, a regular big league style **catcher's mitt** made of **Craven tan leather,** well padded, a strong, durable catcher's **mask** made of electro blued **steel wire** with side pads, head and chin pieces and a handsome **gray flannel suit,** consisting of padded trousers, a shirt with elbow sleeves and red collar, cap with red visor and a red belt with a metal clasp. No matter how old you are—if you are not over 14 years of age—we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly as we have them in all sizes up to 14 years. The ball, glove, mask and mitt are the famous **"D. & M." brand** made by the Draper-Maynard Company, one of the largest and best known sporting goods manufacturers in the country. We tell you this so that you may know that we are giving you the **"real thing"** an outfit that you will feel **proud** to own and one that will stand the wear and tear of a hundred hard fought games. **When you order this outfit be sure to state your age.** Don't forget that because we want to send a suit that will fit you.

Given For A Club Of Twelve.

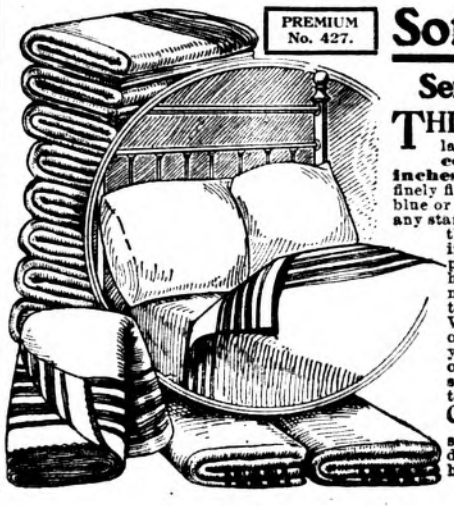
FOR a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you **free and charges prepaid** this complete baseball outfit exactly as described above. When ordering be **sure** to give your age. (**Premium No. 72012.**)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Prepay All Charges

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

PREMIUM No. 427.



Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are **72 inches long and 55 inches wide,** extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Souvenir State Spoons!

We Want To Give A Set To Every Reader of COMFORT!

HERE IS a chance for readers of COMFORT to join the great army of Souvenir State Spoon collectors, but while others have to pay money for them YOU can have a complete set of forty-eight Spoons and a handsome patriotic Sugar Shell without one cent of expense, by accepting our offer at once! ***Send your order in NOW as our supply is limited.***



Start Your Collection Now And Get This Handsome Sugar Shell Free!

WHY NOT start with six Spoons (Six of the same state or different states) and get this Sugar Shell free. You certainly want a collection of these State Seal Spoons. Everybody wants them. They are something you will always feel proud to own. You are SURE to be both pleased and satisfied with them because they are just as durable as they are handsome. They are the finest heavy SILVER PLATE made. Every Spoon in this wonderful collection bears the trade-mark "WALLACE A1" stamped on the handle. That is your protection and you are still further protected by a PRINTED GUARANTEE that comes wrapped around each Spoon. A facsimile of this guarantee is printed below. Read it carefully.

Read This Guarantee. It Protects You Fully And We Back Up Every Word Of It

WE GUARANTEE

That This State Souvenir Spoon

Stamped "Wallace A1." is made by us. That the base is 18 per cent Solid Nickel Silver, and that it is plated with a Heavy Plate of Pure Silver 999-1000 Fine (50 Dwt. to the gross.) We hereby agree to replace, free of charge, any spoon which does not give satisfactory service to the purchaser.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

You Will Find The Above Guarantee Wrapped Around Every Spoon In The Collection

Notice that the Wallace Co. agrees to replace FREE OF CHARGE any Spoon that does not give satisfactory service and that guarantee is backed up by us. No matter in what State you live you can have YOUR OWN STATE SPOON and we can give you the other State Spoons as fast as you send for them. You do not have to start your collection with as many as six Spoons unless you want to but UNLESS YOU DO you lose the opportunity to get the handsome patriotic Souvenir Sugar Shell absolutely free in addition to the Spoons. This Sugar Shell is exactly the same high-grade as the Spoons. It is heavily plated with PURE SILVER on a nickel silver base, the bowl is plain and bright polished and the handle has the popular French Grey finish and bears the heavily embossed Seal Of The District Of Columbia the head of George Washington and United States Shield. Our illustration of the Sugar Shell is greatly enlarged to show you what a beautiful design it is. The Sugar Shell itself is the regulation size and will match your Spoons finely. You certainly do not want to miss this chance to secure a set of these beautiful Souvenir State Spoons for yourself. We make it very easy for you to get them and convenient for you to send for them if you will use one of the coupons printed in the lower right-hand corner of this page. If you send a club of ***six*** 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each for ***Six Spoons*** (Six of the same state or different states) and Sugar shell, just fill in Coupon No. 1 and mail it to us with your remittance and the sheet of paper on which you write the subscribers' names and addresses. If you send ***one*** 15-month subscription (it must not be your own, but that of a friend) and 25 cents for ***one spoon*** fill in Coupon No. 2 and send it to us with your remittance. If you want ***more*** than one Spoon but ***less*** than six Spoons send us ***one 15-month subscription and 25 cents for each spoon ordered.*** In this case you need not send either coupon. When ordering ***be sure to write very distinctly what States you want.*** You had better start your collection with a set Six Spoons so as to get the Sugar Shell free, then you can add to your collection as fast as you please. Remember we have a Spoon for every state in the union and we can send you the states you desire as fast as you order them. ***Don't Delay but start your club today! We may not repeat this offer!***

Everybody is getting a collection of these beautiful Souvenir State Spoons. It is the greatest fad that ever struck this country. We know that there are thousands of COMFORT readers who are interested in securing a set of the Spoons so we have arranged with the R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., to make for us a complete set of forty-eight Spoons—a Spoon, for each State in the Union. We have just received the first lot and they are beauties. They are heavily silver plated on a nickel silver base. The pattern is simply exquisite. You never saw anything lovelier. The illustration at the lower left-hand corner of this page gives you no idea of their real beauty. The bowls of the Spoons are perfectly smooth and polished to a dazzling brightness. The handle of each Spoon has the popular French Grey finish and is ***handsomely embossed*** with the arms of the United States—the flag and eagle—and the name and ***State Seal*** of the particular state which the Spoon represents. You will be perfectly delighted with these Spoons because they are without doubt the handsomest you ever saw and they are of such high quality that they will last you a lifetime. "Wallace" silverware is acknowledged to be one of the best brands made anywhere and these Spoons are MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED by them. You can use them on your table every day in the year and they will wear splendidly and give perfect satisfaction. You will find them just as USEFUL as they are ornamental. We are now ready to distribute these Souvenir State Spoons to readers of COMFORT on the terms of the liberal free offer explained below. Don't miss this chance to secure at least a set of six of these Spoons in addition to the handsome Sugar Shell illustrated herewith while this offer lasts. You can, of course, start your collection with one Spoon but by starting with a set of six Spoons ***we will give you absolutely Free this Handsome Patriotic Sugar Shell, the handle of which is decorated with the head of George Washington, the shield of the United States and the seal of the District of Columbia.***

We Illustrate The Sugar Shell A Great Deal Larger Than It Really Is To Give You Some Idea Of The Handsome Embossed Design On The Handle.

Premium No. 7271

Here is The Way To Get As Many Of The Spoons as You Want!

WE CANNOT accept YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION for one Spoon but your own subscription (or renewal or extension of your present subscription) may be included in a club of six or in fact in a club of three or more. If you want ONE State Spoon only, get some friend to hand you 25 cents to pay for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, write his or her name and address and your own name and address and the name of State Spoon wanted ON COUPON NO. 2 and then mail the coupon and 25 cents to us and we will send you the spoon selected by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want to start with a set of Six Spoons and Sugar Shell get a club of six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each (including your own subscription if you so desire) then send us the subscriber's names and addresses and COUPON NO. 1 and the $1.50. We will send you the Six Spoons and Sugar Shell by Parcel Post prepaid and guarantee that you will be more than delighted with them. Don't fail to always mention state or states wanted. **Premium No. 7271.**

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No. 1

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(Use This Coupon If You Send Club Of Six For Six Spoons And Sugar Shell)

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Dear Sir:—I enclose $1.50 and six 15-month subscriptions. Please send me free and postpaid the Sugar Shell and Six Souvenir Spoons of the following states_____

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(Write Name Of States Wanted On Above Dotted Lines)

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Street and No._____ Box No._____ R. F. D. No._____ State_____

☞ Write Subscriber's Names and Addresses On Separate Sheet Of Paper and Pin This Coupon To It.

No. 2

One Spoon Coupon

(Use This Coupon If You Send One Subscription For One Spoon)

Publisher, COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Dear Sir:—I enclose 25 cents and one 15-month subscription. Please send me one souvenir spoon for the state of

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Street and No._____ Box No._____ R.F.D. No._____ State_____

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Coin Purse

THIS purse as illustrated was made of Coat's crochet cotton No. 5, in ecru. This shade being really preferable to white for a purse, as it does not show soil so quickly.

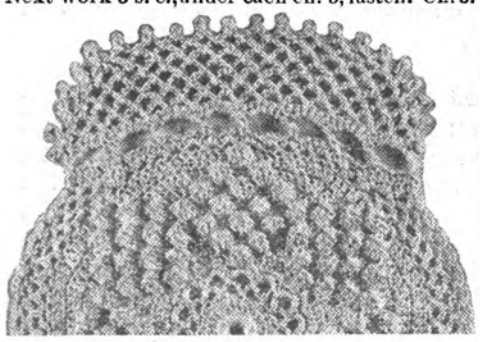
The finished purse is edged with loops of tatting, but if one cannot do this, the two sides may be crocheted together with a series of loops and picots. The front and back of the purse is also shown. To make the front begin in the center as follows: Wrap cotton 16 times around a pencil.

1st row.—Over this work 24 d. c.

2nd row.—1 s. c. in each st.

3rd row.—Ch. 2, fasten in top of second s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., in next second s. c. Continue thus, making 13 chains fastened in every other st. Finish with ch. 2 and 1 s. c. in first st.

4th row.—Ch. 5, 1 sl. st. under each ch. 2. Next work 5 s. c., under each ch. 5, fasten. Ch. 3.



FLAP OF COIN PURSE.

5th row.—Commence star by crocheting 5 d. in center st. of loop, turn, drawing loop of fifth d. c., through top of first d. c. and draw up closely to form a puff. 1 d. c. in each of next 9 sts., 1 puff and repeat, making 5 puffs which will come over every second loop or chain. Join to first puff. Ch. 3.

6th row.—1 d. c. in first d. c. after first puff, 1 puff in next d. c., 6 d. c., 1 puff., 1 d. c., 1 d. c., over puff in last row, 1 d. c. in next st., 1 puff, 6 d. c. and 2 puffs over each puff in first, made in this way. 3 d. c. after the last puff, join to first puff with sl. st. Ch. 3.

7th row.—1 d. c., 1 puff, 3 d. c., 1 puff, 3 d. c., 1 puff, 3 d. c., 1 puff, continue to first puff, fasten, ch. 3.

8th row.—1 d. c., 1 puff, 3 d. c., continue to first puff, fasten. Ch. 3.

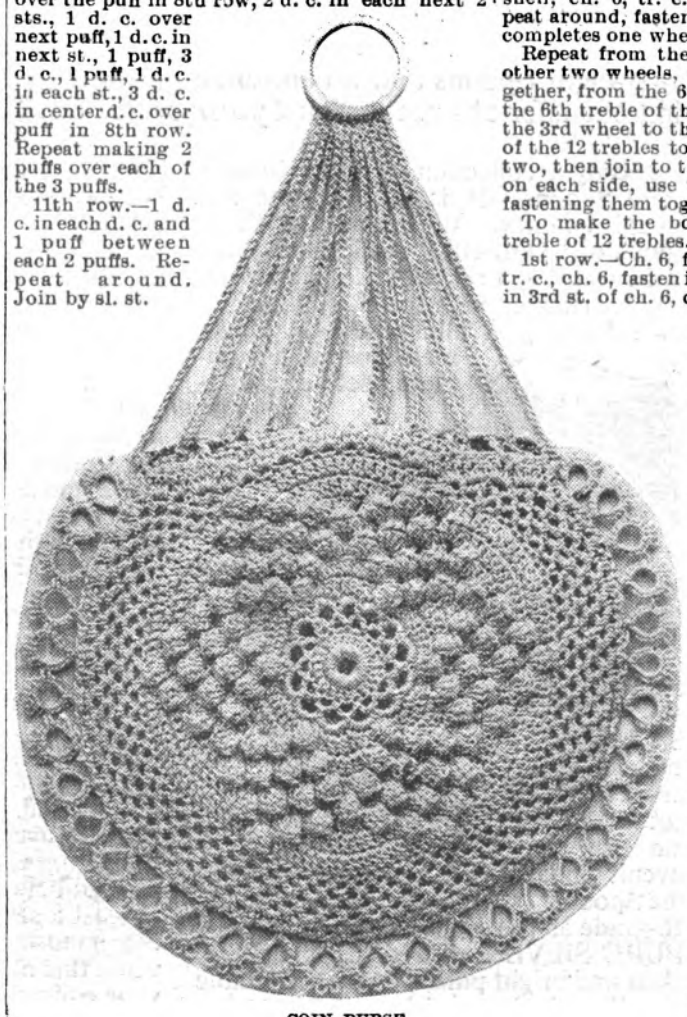
9th row.—3 d. c. over puff in last row, 1 d. c. on next d. c., 1 puff in next d. c., 3 d. c., 1 puff, continue making 3 puffs over each of the 5 points of the star with 3 d. c. between. Join, ch. 3.



BACK OF COIN PURSE.

10th row.—1 d. c. in st., 3 d. c. in center d. c. over the puff in 8th row, 2 d. c. in each next 2 sts., 1 d. c. over next puff, 1 d. c. in next st., 1 puff, 3 d. c., 1 puff, 1 d. c. in each st., 3 d. c. in center d. c. over puff in 8th row. Repeat making 2 puffs over each of the 3 puffs.

11th row.—1 d. c. in each d. c. and 1 puff between each 2 puffs. Repeat around. Join by sl. st.



COIN PURSE.

12th row.—Ch. 4, sl. st. in second st., ch. 4, sl. st., in next second st., repeat around.

13th row.—Fasten last ch. 4 in top of first ch. with 1 s. c. Repeat making ch. all round until puff on fifth point of star is reached. Turn with ch. 5, work back with chs. 4 until opposite puff on first point of star. Turn and work back and forth making in all five rows of chains excepting across the top, between the two points of the star as shown. This is left to fasten the flap to.

To Make Flap of Coin Purse

First work 3 treble crochet under each ch. 5 from the edge to first puff, between puffs across the top, work 3 d. c. under each ch. 4, 3 tr. c. under chs. 5, turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. c. on 6th tr. c. ch. 7, 1 tr. c. in next 6th st, repeat across. Turn. 5 s. c. under each ch., 1 s. c., on each tr. c. Turn, ch. 5, 1 sl. st. in 4th s. c., ch. 5, 1 sl. st. in next 4th st., turn. Ch. 5, 1 sl. st. under ch. 5, repeat making 6 rows to form the flap. Finish with a last row around the flap of chs. 5, catch back in 3rd ch. to form picot. Ch. 2, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Repeat.

Back of Purse

Begin center in the same way only making 4 rows of ch. 5, last row worked over with 5 s. c., then 1 row of puffs with 3 d. c. between each.

1 row s. c., 3 rows of ch. 5, 1 row, 5 s. c. under each ch. 5, 3 rows, 1 s. c. in each st. 1 row puffs with 2 d. c. between, 3 rows 1 s. c. in each st., 3 rows of ch. 4, join the 2 sides and crochet together, then edge with tatting loops of 5 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., 3 p., 2 d. s., 1 p. 5 d. s., close.

Chaining Through the Flap

Join cotton in right-hand side of the top of the back of the purse. Make ch. 45 sts., 1 s. c., over ivory ring. Ch. 45, fold flap over on back of purse, and make 1 s. c. in top of back of the purse in the center of the first space in the flap. Ch. 44, 1 s. c. on ring. Ch. 44, 1 s. c. in back of purse in center of second space of flap. Ch. 44, 1 s. c. on ring, ch. 43, 1 s. c. in third space. Ch. 43, 1 s. c. on ring. Ch. 42, 1 s. c. in fourth space. Ch. 42, 1 s. c., on ring. Ch. 42, 1 s. c. in fifth space. Draw needle out. Turn flap up, make ch. 8, 1 s. c. in edge of back, in st., this side of last ch., work back over ch. 8, with s. c., this makes the little loop used in pulling the purse open. (See illustration back of purse.) Fold flap over again and continue to chain to the ring making the chains a stitch long, just as they were shortened.

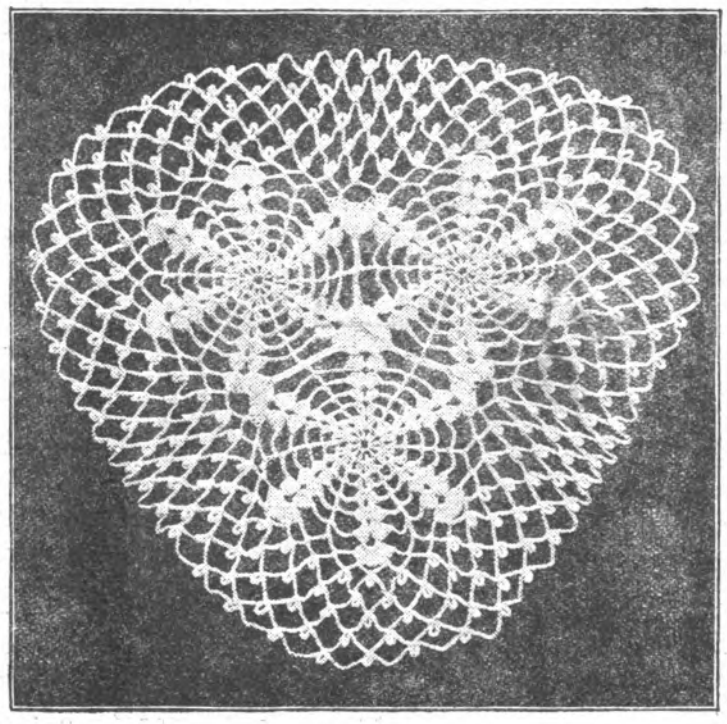
MRS. CLARA EMERSON.

Crocheted Wheel Doily

Begin with chain 8 stitches, join in ring.

1st round.—Ch. 4, * 1 tr. c. in ring, ch. 1, repeat from * 11 times, join to 3rd st., of first ch. 4.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, * 1 tr. c. under ch. 1, ch. 2, 2 tr. c. under same ch., ch. 1, 1 tr. c. under next ch. 1, ch. 1, shell of 2 tr. c., ch. 2, 2 tr. c. under next ch., repeat from * 5 times fasten to 3rd st. of ch. 3.



CROCHETED WHEEL DOILY.

3rd round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, tr. c, on tr. c., ch. 2, shell in shell, repeat around, fasten in 3rd st., ch. 5.

4th round.—Ch. 6, shell in shell, making shells of 3 tr. c., ch. 2, 3 tr. c., ch. 3, tr. c. on tr. c., repeat around fasten in 3rd st., ch. 6.

5th round.—Ch. 7, shell of 5 tr. c., ch. 2, 5 tr. c., ch. 5, tr. c. on tr. c., repeat around, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 8.

6th round.—Ch. 8, shell same as in 5th row, ch. 5, tr. c. on tr. c., repeat around, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 8.

7th round.—Ch. 9, 12 tr. c. under ch. 2, of shell, ch. 6, tr. c. on tr. c. Ch. 6, 12 tr. c., repeat around, fasten in 3rd st., of ch. 9. This completes one wheel.

Repeat from the beginning for each of the other two wheels, then join two of them together, from the 6th treble of the 12 trebles to the 6th treble of the next 12 trebles, then join the 3rd wheel to these by placing the 6th treble of the 12 trebles to the 6th treble of the other two, then join to the 6th treble of the 12 trebles on each side, use the single crochet stitch in fastening them together.

To make the border, fasten thread in 3rd treble of 12 trebles.

1st row.—Ch. 6, fasten in 9th tr. c., of the 12 tr. c., ch. 6, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 6, ch. 6, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 6, ch. 6, fasten in 3rd treble of 12 tr. c., ch. 6, fasten in the 9th tr. c. of 12 tr. c., repeat all around.

2nd row.—(Ch. 10, fasten in 3rd st. of ch. 6, ch. 5, fasten in same st. to form a picot), repeat until 5 rounds have been made.

Break the thread, draw through the stitch and fasten.

NIDA HOPE.

Crocheted Dress Trimming

This shell pattern can be used as an insertion and by the addition of the fringe as shown in the illustration, makes an unusually effective edging.

Begin by making a chain of 45 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 s. c. in the 7th st. from the needle, 3 d. c. in the next 3rd st., ch. 2, 3 d. c. in the same st. This makes a shell of 6 d. c. separated by ch. 2, all the shells are made in this way.

Fasten shell with 1 s. c. in the next 3rd st. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next 4th st., 1 shell in next 3rd st., 1 s. c. in next 3rd st., 1 shell in next 3rd. st., 1 s. c. in next 3rd st. 1 shell in next 3rd st. then 1 s.c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 4th st., 1 shell in next 3rd st., 1 s. c. in last st. Ch. 7, turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. under ch. 2, in center of shell, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under same st., this makes picot in which a shell will be worked.

Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. center next shell, repeat on next shell, ch. 5, and on last shell make 1 picot, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 p. on last shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under loop in last row. Ch. 7, turn.

3rd row.—1 s. c. under ch., 1 shell in p., 1 s. c. under ch., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell in p., 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., repeat over next 3 chs., 1 shell in last p., 1 s. c. Ch. 7, turn.

4th row.—1 p. on shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 p. on shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, turn.

5th row.—1 s. c., under ch., 1 shell in p., 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell in p., 1 s. c., shells in next two picots, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell, 1 s. c., ch. 7, turn.

6th row.—1 p. on shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 p., 4 chs. 5, 1 p. on last shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, turn.

7th row.—1 s. c., 1 shell in p., ch. 5, three times, 1 shell in p., 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell, 1 s. c., ch. 7, turn.

8th row.—1 p. on shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 p., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, turn.

The pattern is now repeated; begin with the first row.

For the fringe fasten the thread in a space on the edge and chain 3, a roll stitch O 6, in the space, ch. 3, a roll stitch this time between the roll and the thread alongside of it, repeat this last roll until you have 15 in length then fasten in the next space and begin at the beginning.

Filet Crochet in Urn Design

Begin with chain 69 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., thus forming 1 sp., ch. 3, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in next st., repeat to end of row, making 20 sps. in all, ch. 6, turn.

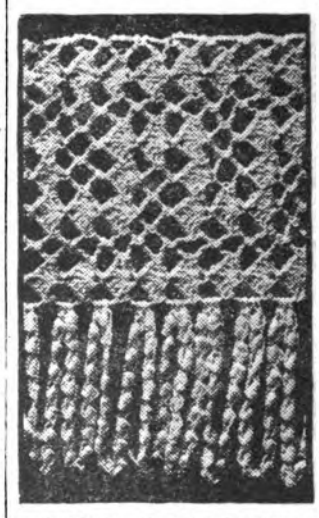
2nd and 3rd row.—Of 20 spaces each.

4th row.—8 sps., in next sp., make 2 d. c., in the ch., instead of usual ch. 2, this fills the space and makes what is known as a block, 12 more d. c. filling the next 4 sps. making 5 blocks in all, 8 spaces, ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 9 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

6th row.—5 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—4 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.



CROCHETED DRESS TRIMMING.

8th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—9 sps., 3 blks., ch. 6, turn.

10th row.—Same as ninth row, ch. 6 turn.

11th row.—6 sps., 9 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

14th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., * 1 sp., 1 blk., repeat from * twice, 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

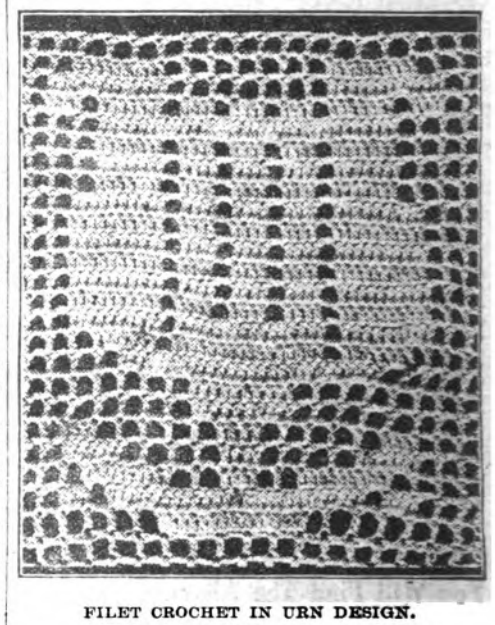
15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th rows, same as 14th row, ch. 6, turn.

20th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., * 1 sp., 1 blk., repeat from * twice, 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

21st and 22nd rows.—Same as 20th row, ch. 6, turn.

23rd row.—5 sps., 11 blks., ch. 6, turn.

24th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., * 1 sp., 1 blk., repeat from * twice, 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.



FILET CROCHET IN URN DESIGN.

25th row.—3 sps., 4 blks., 7 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

26th row.—4 sps., 3 blks., 7 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

Next three rows of 20 sps. each.

Neckwear Suggestions

In these days of varied styles in neckwear, new ideas are always welcome and if one is only passably clever with the needle most dainty creations may result from the expenditure of a little time and thought.

Since the Robespierre collars have become the vogue, a knowledge of embroidery or fine stitching is no longer necessary in fashioning universally becoming neckwear.

Rolling up high in the back as they do and leaving an open V in front, they soften the lines of the neck and throat wonderfully. Their charm is doubly increased by the dainty frill which falls down the front.

Crocheted Edging

Begin with chain of 30 stitches, turn.

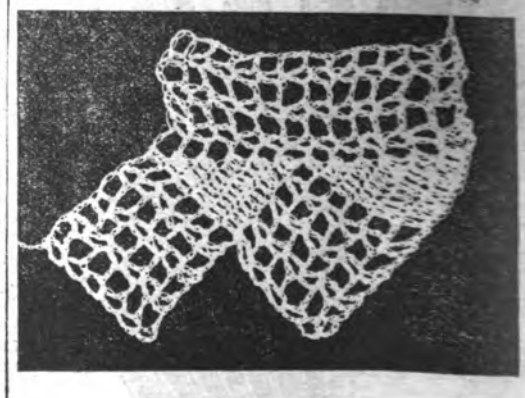
1st row.—2 d. c. in ninth st. of ch. * ch. 3, sk. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * six times, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. between first 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c. between next d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 1 d. c. between d. c., 3 d. c. under ch. 3, * ch. 3, 2 d. c. between d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—* ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 2 d. c. under ch. 3, 4 d. c. on d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * three times, ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice. ch. 3, 6 d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under ch. 3, * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—* ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 8 d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * three times, ch. 5, turn.



CROCHETED EDGING.

6th row.—1 d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 10 d. c., * ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—Repeat from first row only working into the lace instead of a chain.

W. G. OGMORE.

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII NO. 7



Monument to Confederate Dead
Arlington National Cemetery.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Idleness is the door to all vices.

The good is but the beautiful in action.

Men make laws; women make manners.

Marriage is sometimes only a long quarrel.

Love is a game at which one always cheats.

The loss of illusions is the death of the soul.

No one likes to be pitied on account of his errors.

Wine reddens the face to hide the blushes of shame.

If there is a fruit that can be eaten raw it is beauty.

With women, friendship ends when rivalry begins.

In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.

A gold bit in his mouth does not make the horse any better.

There is nothing that fear or hope does not make men believe.

He who thinks himself good for everything is often good for nothing.

Beauty is the first gift nature gives to woman and the first she takes from her.

God created in our misery the kisses of children for the tears of the mothers.

What would we not give to still have in store half the time that we have wasted?

Heaven protect us from our friends; we can protect ourselves against our enemies.

The beauty of a young girl should speak to the imagination and not to the senses.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth for money's sake.

Why should we complain when we are so little moved by the complaints of others?

The wealthiest man is he who is most economical; the poorest is he who is most miserly.

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as she changes her gloves.

A child becomes for its parents, according to the training it receives, a blessing or a curse.

There is a greater difference between some men and others than there is between some men and the beasts.

The Littlest Lover

By Addie Frankenberger

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"MARGARET, suppose you and I cut out the acquaintance of Mr. Jack Ford."

"O-h!" drawled the girl under her breath. Her chin settled itself within the hollow of her hand and her eyes shot gleams of mingled merriment and audacity. With a gesture that was in itself a caress she put out her hand toward the young man who towered above her.

"Sit down, Robert," she commanded. "I can talk better when you are on a level with me." The man made no motion to obey but stood regarding her with grave eyes.

"Oh, you won't come down to my level, you superior being! Then I suppose I shall have to make a strenuous effort to climb up to yours." The girl pulled herself up by his coat sleeve and stood on tiptoe her laughing face in close proximity to his.

"Do you know, Robert, dear," she remarked, mischieveously irrelevant. "Miss Hooper says you are by far the handsomest man at the reception. I heard her say it. Now what do you think of that?"

The young man frowned. "Can't you be serious for one minute, Margaret? You know, I don't often interfere with your flirtations. Heaven knows, I have tried to be reasonable with you. I have not demanded all your time and attention. But I don't want such a fellow as Jack Ford hanging around my promised wife."

"Oh, Jack Ford," said Margaret innocently, "what difference does that make?"

"It makes a vast amount of difference whether his name is coupled with yours or not. I've stood a good deal of nonsense from you, little girl, but I won't stand for that."

"Honestly? Poor, dear boy!" She leaned toward him and brought her bewitching face so near to his that he all but fell into the trap set for him. He forced himself back in the nick of time. What an adorable little wretch she was! He took a desperate grip on his tottering determination. He must make her understand.

"Margaret,——" he began, but got no further.

"Ah, ha! here you are!" Jack Ford himself bore jauntily down upon the scene. He bowed low over Margaret's hand, and totally regardless of the blackness of Jordon's brow he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"How are you, old man!" he exclaimed jovially, then turned with a smile to Margaret. "Miss Alden, my sister sent me to search you out and bring you to the conservatory. May I have the honor? With your permission, sir," essaying an elaborate bow of mock deference to Robert.

Margaret's eyes snapped mischievously. It was a situation altogether to her liking. As she was being borne away she cast a facetious glance over her shoulder. Robert's face was a study. Turning directly about, in the very face of the foppish young man at her side, she threw her lover an impulsive kiss.

Returning to the reception-room a half hour later Margaret was not a little surprised and nonplussed to find her betrothed conspicuous by his absence. It was a new departure. She shrugged her shoulders with a seriocomical air and wondered whimsically if the proverbial worm had turned.

It was wholly unlike Robert Jordon to abandon the field under any sort of provocation. If he had been a quitter.—well, if he had he could not have held capricious Margaret Alden as he had done. She gloried in his strength, and kept him in hot water accordingly.

To show how little she was disturbed by his absence she plunged into another reckless flirtation with Jack Ford, but the zest of the game was gone. There was no fun in it unless she could tease Robert. Presently, assuming an air of pensive innocence, she wandered over to the end of the veranda where her mother sat.

"Having a good time, little mother?" she asked. Then casually remarked as if on second thought, "You haven't seen anything of that big boy of mine around here, have you?"

"Robert?" questioned the mother. "Why, Robert left nearly half an hour ago. Did he not explain his going to you?"

"No, I didn't happen to be present just at that time." Margaret colored guiltily under her mother's searching eye, and executed a beseeching little pantomime. Mrs. Alden smiled, but preserved a discreet silence. She knew her willful girl.

Margaret always confided her worst escapades to her mother. It was the way she "appeased her troublesome conscience" she often laughingly averred. The troublesome conscience seemed to be getting in its work, for she soon sought her mother again.

"I am dead tired of this, mother," she said wearily, "let us go home." To which the mother acquiesced.

On reaching home they found the "other lover" in possession of the porch hammock working off his impatience by kicking the paint off the side of the house in his violent efforts to touch a certain point. Margaret sat down beside the six-year-old and he immediately began his usual bombardment.

"Where you been, Margaret?"

"Oh, to a tiresome reception." Margaret grimaced at the recollection. "It was a great bore."

"Didn't Robert be there?"

"Yes, Mr. Pry, Robert did be there."

"For why then didn't he come home with you?"

"For why then did he need to come home with me?" mimicked Margaret. "Couldn't my mother bring me home?"

"Y-e-s, but Robert al'ays does. For why didn't he?"

"Because he went away before we started home," said Margaret in a tone of finality calculated to settle the question. "Now, are you satisfied?"

"What for?" relentlessly pursued the embryo lawyer.

Margaret gave the hammock a little quick tilt that rolled the young inquisitor like a rubber ball out onto the soft rug. He clambered up sputtering indignantly:

"For what did you do that?"

In the little tussle for the possession of the hammock that followed he forgot for the time his cross-examination. When he was once more settled in his place, after a moment of silence, he started off on a new track.

"Marg'ret, what's a 'narnt flirt?"

"A what? Now what sort of a bee is buzzing in that gray matter of yours, you animated interrogation point?"

"I ain't a 'mated 'ter'gation point neither, Marg'ret Alden! I ist want to know what's a 'narnt flirt, 'cause I heard Miss Hooper say you're it."

"Oh!" There was a mixture of annoyance and portentious mischief in Margaret's face. "So Miss Hooper says I am an arrant flirt, does she?"

"Yes, she did, an' she said you ain't good 'nough for Robert, an' I ist told her my Marg'ret's whole wagon loads better'n her, an' Robert thinks so too!"

Margaret's dancing eyes became suddenly serious. "I am not so sure of that, honey boy," she said soberly. "I guess he thinks I am a pretty bad girl."

"But you ain't a 'narnt flirt, are you, Marg'ret? What's a 'narnt flirt?"

The timely intervention of the child's mother calling him home saved Margaret's face at last.

Left alone she swung slowly back and forth, a slight frown wrinkling her brow. Why should people indulge in idle gossip about her? Was she not the arbiter of her own actions? She arose and went into the house where she encountered her mother's grave face.

"I see I'm in for it," she remarked with a characteristic grimace. "I might as well make a full and complete confession." She brought a low stool and seated herself at her mother's knee.

"Where shall I begin? Let me see, where did I leave off last time?"

The upturned face was so alluringly sweet that the mother involuntarily bent and kissed it. She found it well nigh impossible to be severe, but she earnestly strove to do her duty.

"It really is a serious matter, dear," she said stroking her daughter's soft hair. "You must realize that a girl cannot be too careful of her reputation. People can only judge of your character by your outward actions, and so you ought not by word or deed to afford the slightest grounds for misinterpretation of your conduct."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl, "life is such a complicated affair. It's dreadful to have to be always on your good behavior."

"Not so dreadful as you think, daughter. You would be happier tonight if you had not teased Robert, now wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps," admitted Margaret, "but it is such fun to tease him." She laughed reminiscently. "The dear boy tries so hard to rise above all feelings of annoyance at anything I do. I like to make him come down."

"Which shows that he trusts you in the face of all your misconduct. But you will overstep yourself one of these days if you have not done it already. Robert is not going to stand everything. It would give my naughty girl no more than her deserts if her boy should throw her over and take Miss Hooper instead."

"Oh, mother! mother Alden!" Margaret buried her face in her mother's lap in order to smother the hysterical laughter. "Now you've gone and spoiled every single thing you've been saying to me and I shall go on being worse than ever! I do think we need some light on the situation." The irrepressible girl jumped up and switched on the electric light, then stood looking quizzically down at her mother.

"Say," she said suddenly, bending over and kissing her on each cheek, "do you know what I think? I think my little mother has been a madcap in her time. Come, 'fess up now, just once."

"Perhaps that is the reason I do not want my daughter to be one," answered the mother quietly. "It doesn't pay."

"Oh, yes, it does. I really think it does. It breaks the monotony of life, you know. But now I must retire to my own sacred precincts and write some letters. Good night, little mother mine." The girl turned at the door to waft back an alluring kiss and then went humming softly up the stairway.

After writing her letters and completing her other tasks of preparation for the night Margaret sat down before a picture of Robert Jordon that stood on her dressing table. She studied the features intently and her eyes filled with tears as she gazed into his strong, handsome boyish face. "You are the dearest boy in the world," she whispered, "and I will try to be more worthy of you." Then she got into bed and proceeded to forget all about her resolve.

Margaret rose next morning with an unaccountable feeling of depression. She had just started for the flower garden to seek some antidote for the uncomfortable sensation when the door burst open in her face and the other lover precipitated himself against her.

"Why, Morris Haley!" she cried catching him in her arms, "don't try to run over a young lady like that!" He wriggled himself loose.

"R-R-R-Robert's went away!" he stammered breathlessly, his eyes big with excitement.

"What!" Margaret turned pale, then laughed nervously. "Who said so?" she demanded a little shakily.

"My papa did! I heard him tell mamma 'at Robert went away, an' he said th' didn't anybody know when he'd come back!"

"Well, he could go away if he wanted to, couldn't he?" laughed Margaret.

"And not tell us!"

"Why, he didn't have to tell us if he didn't want to, did he?"

"But he al'ays does!" This establishment of new precedents was incomprehensible to the small mind.

"Well, never mind, deary, it's all right. I think he just went away on business and will soon be back and tell us all about it. You come over this afternoon and I'll pick you the biggest bouquet of roses you ever saw. Now, run along to school. Good by, sweetheart." Margaret threw him the usual kiss as the little feet sped happily away to kindergarten.

Late in the afternoon Margaret was ensconced in her favorite retreat in the garden, the rose bower, when a shrill little voice preceded a flying little figure.

"Marg'ret! Marg'ret! Where's you?"

She sat perfectly still fairly buried in roses.—roses in her hair, in her lap, all around her. Her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

"THE MYSTERIOUS SOPRANO"

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GUY P. GANNETT, Ass't. Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1915.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH, *Notary Public.*

(My commission expires Feb. 26, 1923.)



Defenselessness of United States Is Alarming

THE frightful carnage in Europe has forced on our attention the question of how to avoid war,—whether by arming or disarming. We had hoped against hope (and millions persisted in that hope, futile though it was) that there was enough good sense in the world, no matter how great the armament of the European powers, to avert war

We flattered ourselves with the idea that with the Hague peace palace, the intermarriage of royalties the greater sense of national responsibility, the deeper appreciation of the value of human life, the spread of democratic ideals, the desire of the great banking houses to keep capital profitably and peacefully employed, would all tend to avert a universal clash of arms. Alas! we flattered ourselves too much. Dynastic ambitions were more powerful than democratic ideals, the spirit of nationalism instead of diminishing with time, experience has shown, has intensified, and the altruistic ideal of world-wide brotherhood, has become for the present at least an irridescent dream.

It was a rude shock to us all, for the things we had placed so much reliance upon, the things our better natures told us ought forever to still the thunder of guns and the clash of steel, turned out to be as flimsy as a spider's web in comparison with those twin Molochs, greed and ambition, which still rule in the hearts of those who control the destinies of nations.

Our peace dreams (thanks to living under democratic institutions and being nourished on democratic ideals) had carried us at least a century ahead of our time and with a sickening thud we have been brought back from the blue skies of hope and peace to the cold, cruel earth where every clod, in Europe at least, seems destined to be a soldier's sepulcher.

Let us reason together. Once our geographical position gave us immunity, but science has obliterated our isolation and at any moment, the thunder of an enemy's guns may be heard in our ports, our coast cities may crumble, our Atlantic seaboard be as desolate as war-stricken Belgium. Do we want to be overrun by the armed hordes of Europe and Asia? We certainly do not. We want to work out our salvation in our own way, and that the other American republics may do likewise; so we have issued notice of the "Munroe Doctrine" that no European or Asiatic nation shall be permitted to acquire another inch of territory upon this continent. This policy is vital to the interests of all America. Yet Europe does not take this declaration of ours seriously, for we have been only too painfully reminded of late that might and force are the only determining factors in national policies, and that no declarations or protests of ours will have any weight with the rulers of the world, unless backed up by big guns, smokeless powder, battleships, aeroplanes, submarines and men trained to handle them in war.

We may prate of disarmament in time of peace. To those who do not know the real dangers it sounds well as put forward by impractical theorists and visionaries, all of whom would, were the enemy at our gates, be screaming for soldiers, sailors and battleships to protect them the same as our missionaries in barbarous Turkey today are demanding U. S. battleships and marines to protect them.

Had Jean Jaures, the French Socialist leader, had his way in disarming France, the Paris he loved would by now in all probability be a part of the German Empire, for the German socialists are backing the Kaiser in his invasion of France. Had Britain listened to the warnings of Lord Roberts and other far-seeing men, Belgium today would not be a mass of smoking ruins, its wealthiest citizens standing in the bread line, a million of its people heart-broken refugees in foreign lands, and six millions more lying prostrate beneath the heel of the merciless conqueror.

Democracies despise war, and for that reason seldom prepare for it, or if they do prepare, prepare inadequately. Thus it was that neither England nor France could render to Belgium the timely help that might have saved her.

And right here let me expose the hollow hypocracy of the proposition that the Belgians might have avoided all trouble by permitting the Germans to occupy Belgium and make it a base of operations against France and England. Belgium was neutral, not concerned in the war, and it is the duty of a neutral country not to permit its territory or any part of it to be occupied, traversed, or made a base of

as moral obligation and national honor, requires a neutral nation to defend its neutrality and resist with all its might any attempted violation of its territory by a belligerent.

Had the Belgians consented or even submitted, without resistance, to the Kaiser's proposal to march his army into their territory as a means of attacking France or England, it would have been an act of war on the part of Belgium against France or England. Therefore, the German invasion of Belgium forced war on the Belgians and left them only the choice of which side they would fight on

If there is a feud between two of your neighbors and you mind your own business and keep out of it, you are neutral. But if you should let one of them come into your house to shoot out of your window at the other you would be joining the feud and there would be no doubt which side you were on; and if the shot fired from your house with your knowledge and consent should kill the other neighbor the law would hold you guilty of murder equally with the man that fired it. International law applies the same rule to feuds between nations.

The case of Belgium illustrates how a nation, however peaceably disposed, may be forced into most disastrous war by a feud of its neighbors. If the German navy predominated as largely as the British navy does, and in the present war Germany saw fit to land an army anywhere on the coast of Maine and march across the State to attack Canada, the United States, in present condition of unpreparedness, could not muster force enough to prevent such an invasion.

What would this country say to a President or an administration that allowed Maine or any other State to be "Belgiumized"?

Directly we talk of adequately protecting our shores and raising a sufficient force to repel invasion, our ears are assaulted with the preposterous cries of militarism. This is the merest piffle. This is not a militaristic nation and never will be. The term militarism is greatly misunderstood. Militarism means that the military dominates the government as it does in certain European nations. The United States armies and navies are under the control of the people instead of the people being controlled by them, and the armed forces of the state are looked upon as necessary evils, tolerated under protest, instead of patriotic machines to be encouraged and worshipped.

In all branches of our military and naval arms we are deplorably deficient. It takes six months to create even apologies for soldiers, and longer time still is necessary to properly arm and equip them.

As to just what steps should be taken to protect our shores and the lives of our citizens from a foreign foe we can well leave to military and naval experts who are versed in such matters. Whether we adopt the Swiss system, an admirable system by the way, or some other system equally good, is immaterial as long as protection is given us. Let us be so well prepared for defense—and that is all we want—that no one will care to attack us. Our readers must learn to discriminate between aggressive militarism and defensive common sense. Armaments cost money but they cost little in comparison with war. Europe is an armed camp and Japan is a menace. Vain and foolish is that man who thinks we can keep our shores inviolate, our enormously wealthy country free from invasion by peace platitudes and soft talk. That may be done a hundred years hence, but until that time arrives we must be ready to meet the enemy at the gate with more than soft words. Envious eyes are always turned upon us, and we know not when the hour of our travail may come—and it may come quickly. .

Nation-Wide Prohibition of Liquor Is Coming in the U. S. as Well as in Europe

FROM the beginning of the war Earl Kitchener, head of the British War Department, has urged the suppression of the grogshops as a military necessity, and the government responded by shortening the daily period that the saloons are permitted to keep open and by otherwise restricting their business.

Even thus restricted and reduced the drink evil still remains the greatest menace that Great Britain has to contend with, and the highest officials of her government are strenuously advocating absolute prohibition throughout the United Kingdom, at least

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink," declares Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, "and, so far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink. If we are to settle with German militarism we must first of all settle with drink."

The chiefs of the British Navy Department are equally strong in their demand for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Understand that this is not because of the direct effect of drink on the soldiers, man-o-war's-men and marines, for they are under military discipline and no liquor is permitted to reach the fighting men of the army and navy. It is because of liquor's weakening and demoralizing effect on the people at home causing idleness, poverty and distress, reducing their earning and producing power in every line of industry at a time when the nation's resources are being taxed to their utmost and there is pressing need of the best efforts of the entire population. The great problem is to supply the armies with food, clothing, ammunition and other war material, and the liquor-drinking by the workers in the docks, shipyards, arsenals and factories is crippling England's military operations.

To meet the situation while the question of legal prohibition is under consideration, King George has issued a proclamation urging everybody to practise total abstinence as a patriotic duty, during the war at least, and has set the example himself not only by his personal pledge to abstain but also by ordering that no liquor shall be served in the palace. Though the King of England has been shorn of nearly all governmental powers, his moral influence is all the greater for that reason and he still reigns supreme as the social head of the nation. Everybody looks to him for guidance in matters of etiquette, ceremonial and style.

As the King has banished liquor from his household, all the nobility and gentry must do likewise unless they are willing to be excluded from good society. The King has taken the pledge, and that makes it bad form for any English gentleman to take a drink. The employers of labor have agreed to imitate the King in setting an example of total abstinence before their workmen. From this the grand significance and mighty influence of King George's personal stand on the drink question is apparent. Great Britain is making rapid strides toward nation-wide prohibition.

Would to God we had a social ruler in the United States equally devoted to the cause of temperance and as powerful to make total abstinence fashionable in high life here On the contrary it is the fashion with American society leaders to sneer at prohibition, and when a consistent temperance man like Secretary of State Bryan abolishes the custom of serving liquors at state dinners given in honor of the diplomatic corps he is shamefully caricatured in the press and his praiseworthy action is ridiculed as "grape-juice diplomacy;" and Secretary of the Navy Daniels is abused for his order forbidding our naval officers to set a bad example to the enlisted men by keeping liquor and drinking aboard ship.

All our public officers should, like Vice-President Marshall and Secretaries Bryan and Daniels, set an example of total abstinence.

Do not vote for any candidate for office who does not advocate nation-wide prohibition and exemplify temperance principles in his own conduct.

In response to my request for an expression of opinion on my April editorial, the letters and post cards are beginning to pour in urging COMFORT to lead a movement for nation-wide prohibition by act of CONGRESS. I cordially thank those who have written pledging their active support and, as it is yet early, I hope to hear from enough others to make sure that it will be worth while to launch the campaign by means of petitions to Congress. You will hear from me again in my June editorial in which I expect to lay out a definite plan for circulating the petitions which are not yet ready as great care is required for their preparation. Meanwhile I would like to receive a post card or letter from those who have not written me when this reaches them.

There is a world-wide agitation in favor of prohibition of the liquor traffic. Shall the United States lag behind Europe in doing away with the drink evil?



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AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Snappiest Household Line on Earth. Red Hot Sellers, Steady repeaters. Goods guaranteed. Over 100% profit. Write quick—hurry. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk X6, Chicago, Ill.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or exp. needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—$1,000 to $3,000 yearly selling over eighty every day articles to farmers. Permanent business. Big Chance. Write quick. Dept. 40, Duoform Company, North Java, N. Y.

Agents—200% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents—Delicious Soft Drinks in concentrated form. Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand—Big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular priced, fast selling, household necessities. We furnish free outfits. Write today—now—American Products Co., 2249 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Large Manufacturer wants reliable men and women to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, etc. to homes. Big profits. Send references. $10 sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 56, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Men & Women to sell jewelry and household goods on our new premium plan. Cash commission paid, send for free catalogue. Allen & Co., Dept. 4, Woodsboro, Md.

Billy Sunday's Message Authorized. We will pay you $120.00 to distribute it in your neighborhood. 60 days' work. Great opportunity for man or woman. Spare time may be used. Particulars and sample free. Universal Bible House, 606 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4095 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Trilby Wants You to represent it. Uncommon quality; unique patented package. Get the sole agency. Boyd, Bloomfield, N. J.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World Startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly easy. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 280, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

$25 To $50 Weekly In A Business Of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel Etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business overcrowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 721 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

I Will start you in the Mail Order Business, furnish everything if you will handle my goods. Crest Company, D, Atlantic City, N. J.

We Want A General Representative. Excellent opportunity and big money for ambitious men. Those meaning business apply at once, giving references. Central New York Nurseries, Geneva, New York.

Agents—to take orders for new idea in up-to-date visiting cards. Sample book free. Send for territory. S. C. Forman, 10th & Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. No rollers. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c. sells 15c. Homes buy dozens. Saves floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Y. Warren St., N. Y.

Sell a line of Monogram Stationery and Calling Cards. Big profit. Samples Free. F. D. Leder, 109 S. Charles, Baltimore, Md.

Sells Like Hot Cakes. New Ironing wax holder and asbestos rest. Perfumes clothes. Nothing like it. Working outfit 5c. M. B. R. Mfrs., 10 Water St., N. Y.

"Aromita" cleans your silver. Just put in water with your silver pieces, wipe off—that's all. Chemical action makes them like new. Send 50c today for this wonder worker. Agents wanted. Palmer Co., 42 B'way, N. Y. City.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Soap Agents Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 14 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents $10.00 Sample Watch Free. Write now for free sample watch and terms to Ogden Jewelry Co., Dept. 49, Chicago.

Agents: Splendid Position Open. Sell Aluminum Cooking Utensils. Low prices. Big Profits. Samples free to workers. Write us. Two Rivers Alum. Co., Box 366, Two Rivers, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. $75 to $125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations—can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial examination free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1450. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Study "Secret Service" and become a detective. New book gives full information and complete instruction. No "correspondence school." Absolutely genuine. "Secret Service," Box 1435, Boston, Mass.

Young Men—We show you three ways to earn railroad fare and expenses to Exposition selling and demonstrating our new product; protected route assigned. Write for proposition. Aladdin, 1252, San Francisco, Cal.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

$75 Month. Railway Mail Clerks. Examinations everywhere. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't T9, Rochester, N. Y.

$80 Monthly And Expenses, to travel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents, permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

Firemen, Brakemen, all railroads; $120 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Dept. P-56 Brooklyn, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Easy To Earn $10.00 Daily. Sell Our Raincoats at reasonable prices. Send postal. Free samples—full instructions. The New London Mfg. Co., New London, Ohio.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women:—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home Towns, on capital of 65c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured on easy terms. Pay a little at a time. I trust you—no references required. Booklet Free. W. T. Jones, 803 G St., Wash., D. C.

Patents Secured Through Credit System. Send Sketch, Search Free. Booklet Free. John Louis Waters & Co., Wash., D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Dollar 1873 S.Mint; $2.00 for 1904 Proof Dollars; $7. for 1853 Quarters no arrows, etc. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Ills'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

Buffalo Nickels. 25c paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for all old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones The Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 350, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Learn Drafting By Mail. Earn big salary. You can qualify quickly by my method. Chief Engineer, 455 Cass St., Chicago, Ills.

REAL ESTATE

Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2½x3¼ to 3¼x4¼ 3c.; 4x5 to 3¼x5½, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1062 Third Ave., New York City. Box S.

PRINTING—ENGRAVING

100 Envelopes Thirty cents. Samples free. Your Name and Address printed on the corner, postpaid. D.C. Breneisa, Wheeler, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Make Money! A way to utilize idle hours profitably. Pave your way to success now. 10 cents with two-cent stamp included will start you. The Theros Co., 500 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, Lisle Tops—Wonderful Value. 6 pair $2.00, 3 pair $1.10, sample pair 39c. Matthews, Lynden, Wash.

No Eyestrain:—New Selfthreading Needle threads in the dark; Ladies delighted; Assorted sizes; Send 10 cts. silver for samples. A. E. Elischer, 183 Cooper St., Trenton, N. J.

Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

FARM LANDS

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Tell Your Boy About This! Boys, you can make big money each month selling The Boys' Magazine. Send no money. Write us today for 10 copies. All unsold copies can be returned. The Boys' Magazine, Dept. A-77 Smethport, Pa.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Developing 10c, prints 2c. Quick returns. Free Sample prints and enlargement. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston.

BY PARCEL POST

Wanted—You to get ready for Decoration Day and July 4th. Beautiful Silk Lapel U. S. flags—Flag pin bows and flag handkerchief, for the handkerchief pocket. 2 silk lapel flags and 1 silk flag pin bow for only 10c. Handkerchiefs 50c. Morgan Taylor Co., P. O. Box 35, East Liverpool, O.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

10 Beautiful Art Colored Post Cards with your full name in Gold on each, 10c. Veldenz & Amiet, 6031 Ridge Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Investigators Work Everywhere. Be one, Earn big pay, Easy work, Travel. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.

15,000 Government Jobs Obtainable. $65.00 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dep't T-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Are Your Silos And Farm Buildings of concrete? If not, why not? Permanent, sanitary, fireproof. We teach you. Special course for contractors. National School of Concrete Construction, 453 Carter St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lady or Gentleman, fair education, to travel for old established firm; no canvassing; salary, $936 per year, payable weekly, pursuant to contract; expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Wanted—Several honest industrious persons to distribute religious literature. $60 per month sure. Stanton Co., Law Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays: $50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

MOUING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn $35 to $50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdse. Co., 255 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOVELTIES

Secrets kept by Invisible ink. Appears and disappears at will. 12c. Special pen Free. Rah Novelty Co., 601-21 St. N.W. Washington, D.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Be A Contortionist. How to make body limber and how to perform athletic stunts. Send 25c. E. C. Zinn, Carthage, Mo.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Poems Wanted. Splendid Offer. Particulars on receipt of poems. Brennen, Suite 777, 1433 Broadway, New York.

Song Writers "Key To Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

You Can Write A Short Story. Many sell their stories before completing the course. We will help you sell them. School Short Story Writing, Dept. 9, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARM LANDS WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or acreage for sale or exchange. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

Prize Winners In March Contest!

WE publish below the names of the Prize Winners in COMFORT'S Cash Prize Contest for March. These prizes have already been paid to the winners. April is the last month of the contest. Just as soon as possible after the contest closes at midnight April 30, we will award the April prizes and the 44 Grand Prizes ranging from $5 to $150 each. The names of those who win the April prizes and the 44 Grand Prizes will be published in June COMFORT.

The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following March Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a March prize DOUBLED OR THRIBBLED.

Ada Humphrey, Ky.	1st	Prize	Doubled	$60.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.	2nd	"	"	40.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.	3rd	"	"	20.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.	4th	"	Thribbled	15.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.	5th	"	Doubled	10.00
E. A. Buckingham, W. Va.	6th	"	"	10.00
Miss Elsie M. Walker, N. Y.	7th	"		3.00
Rudolph Fischer, Pa.	8th	"		3.00
Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.	9th	"	"	6.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	10th	"	"	6.00
Mrs. Allie M. Heaton, Calif.	11th	"		2.00
Mrs. Will Reams, Ill.	12th	"		2.00
Mrs. Mary Wehner, N. Y.	13th	"		2.00
Miss Audrey Jenkins, Maryland	14th	"		2.00
Mr. Joseph Farley, Missouri	15th	"		2.00
Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kans.	16th	"		2.00
Mrs. D. W. Murray, Missouri	17th	"		2.00
Mrs. J. D. Dillon, Va.	18th	"		2.00

The Next Two Received a $1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. George Kurtz, Kansas.
Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Washington.

The Next 23 Received A $1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Florence Sylvester, Kans.; Mrs. Art Davis, Okla.; Louis Spachner, Ill.; Mrs. Mariette Loomis, N. Y.; Chas. Little, N. C.; A. M. Tillman, Okla.; Mr. Norman Borgen, Wis.; Bessie Wells, Iowa; Vera Goodlett, Texas; Mrs. Hadley Colflesh, Ohio; Mrs. Sadie Ross, Indiana; Mrs. H. Rowe, Ill.; Mrs. Effie Rupe, Texas; Mrs. B. F. Robinett, Va.; Mrs. W. T. Sanderson, N.C.; Mrs. J. E. Bailey, Ga.; Miss Mary O. Head, Ky.; Mrs. Lillian M. Scott, Ohio; Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Conn.; Joseph Wishnefski, Pa.; Mrs. E. M. Best, N. C.; Mrs. Hattie Ambler, Kans.; Miss Bertha Austin, Calif.

We Paid Each Of These Women A $1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Miss Mary Sanders, Va.; Mrs. W. W. Gipson, Missouri; Maggie Polly, Iowa; Mrs. Rosia Kohn, Va.; Mrs. Mattie Pearson, Texas; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Miss Lorene Mingle, Tenn.; Mrs. J. W. Gurnee, N. Y.; Mattie Prince, Ark.; Mrs. Carrie Sailor, Indiana; Miss Lida Eldridge, Ky.; Mrs. Katie F. Whetstine, Iowa; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Mrs. T. H. Carter, Kans.; Mrs. Mary Bartlow, Ill.; Miss Jennie Luke, Pa.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Mrs. Mark Hall, Mich.; Mrs. Marie Mortensen, Minn.; Maggie M. Keeton, Ala.; Ola Kinstley, Miss.; Ethel Birr, Wis.; Mrs. M. C. Serpas, Calif.; Mrs. W. T. Kline, Ky.; Huldy Baxter, Tenn.; Lillie Moore, Calif.; Miss Helen Elliott, Pa.; Miss M. Jayne, Ala.; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H. Shelton, Va.; Mrs. Charles Spencer, Mich.; Mrs. Harry Hart, Missouri; Mrs. Martha Pierce, Okla.; Miss Sophronia Bigham, Miss.; Mrs. Cecil C. Hills, N. Mex.; Bertha Wheelen, Ohio; Louise Dahlstrom, Mich.; Mrs. Georgie Jones, Okla.; Miss Mary D. Moore, Del.; Mrs. Wm. Spitler, Okla.; Mrs. M. E. Himes, Ohio; Mrs. Tom Groves, Texas; Mrs. Harry Belson, Mich.; Miss Bertha Reed, Pa.; Mrs. E. D. Goffey, N. Mex.; Mrs. Annie Lawrence, Va.; Mrs. Robert Roberson, N. C.; Jennie Burk, Nebr.; Mrs. R. M. Crutcher, Tenn.; Tillie Flanders, Kans.; Mrs. A. F. Greenfield, Okla.; Mrs. R. M. Rush, Wash.; Mrs. Elijah Shank, Ohio; Mrs. Nellie Skamnis, Tenn.; Mrs. Will Abner, Texas; Mrs. Janie Woods, Ohio; Dorothea Duncan, Nebr.; Miss Louvella Steadman, Miss.; Mrs. Sallie L. Walker, Ky.; Lillie Wadsack, Ark.; Mrs. Evelyn Kline, Miss.; Margaret A. Kienlen, Okla.; Miss Ruth McAllister, Mich.; Emma Fahlteich, N. J.; Mrs. Amy Stratton, Indiana; Helen Fluty, Missouri; Mrs. H. B. Williams, Missouri; Sarah Renfro, Missouri; Miss Faye Anderson, Okla; Mrs. Josephine Place, N. Y.; Dora Andrus, Nebr.; Mrs. John S. Pickett, Fla.; Mrs. G. W. Wright, Okla.; Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Miss Sadie Brown, W. Va.; Eliza A. Pasca, Fla.; Miss Olive Jones, Iowa; Mrs. Dan Webster, Kans.; Amelia Dahmer, Ill.; Miss Florence Mount, Conn.; Mrs. Floyd Grimes, Ky.; Mina Stevenson, Tenn.; Mrs. J. W. Peck, Ala.; Mrs. Cora Smith, Texas; Mrs. T. F. Wood, N. C.; Mrs. C. E. Work, Ill.; Edna Davis, Ark.; Miss Anna McNamara, N. Y.; Mrs. Chas. H. Williams, Minn.; Mrs. Ella P. Faust, W. Va.; Mrs. Adeline Whittaker, Ky.; Miss Ruth L. Costley, Maine; Mrs. L. P. Futral, Ga.; Belle Loving, Missouri; Mrs. W. P. Harris, Ala.; Mrs. Mabel Smith, Ga.; Mrs. Claud Leffler, Indiana; Miss Nora Spencer, W. Va.; Mrs. Virginia Chynn, Miss.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WITH the craze for old-fashioned furniture, china, silver and articles too countless to mention, it would be well if someone would put in practise the old-fashioned Sunday. To the average city dweller, Sunday means a longer time in the morning to sleep and rest from the toil of the week or the extra dissipation of the Saturday night theater or dinner party and then time to read a somewhat sensational Sunday newspaper. In the country, particularly in the summer, if the time is not devoted to actual work in the fields it is spent in repairing farming implements or possibly the younger members of the family choose that as an opportune time for a fishing trip, or a game of baseball in the corner lot or the pasture. To a certain extent that is all right and I heartily approve of and endorse the need of sleep and rest, for it seems that when God has given us strong and healthy bodies the least we can do in return is to take proper and intelligent care of them. Then also I do not disapprove of Sunday papers except when read to the exclusion of everything else. The young people on the farm need pleasure and relaxation too, but with the rest of careless humanity they forget that Sunday should be a day of rest and that it is God's day and should be consecrated to Him.

To go back to the Sundays our grandmothers tell us about, aided with a moderate imagination, we can almost see the family at the breakfast table where they had gathered at a slightly later hour than usual, then, after morning prayers, go with them in the big wagon to the church; after the sermon came the ride home to the plain yet bountiful dinner, then the afternoon for study of the Bible instead of the latest best seller and the singing of hymns, rather than the present day ragtime which is a desecration of real music. If not another church service in the evening there were family prayers at home, followed by an early hour of retiring.

Compare this with the strenuous Sundays of today and then wonder if you can why our homes lack that air of peace that marked the simple Sundays of our forefathers.—Ed.

ALICE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT since I can remember and have often thought I would write but there were always so many interesting, instructive letters that I hardly felt my little mite would be needed. We live fourteen miles northwest of Alice, the county seat of Jim Wells county.

I enjoy reading the dear old COMFORT, from cover to cover, and read aloud to my husband's mother, who cannot see to read as well as I. We are left alone, she and I, with the children, and we are the best of friends. I have no mother. She is good and kind to me. And I hate to hear of mother-in-law and daughter not getting along together.

Sisters, here is a use for old stocking tops; pull them upon hand to clean out lamp glasses, then burn; also good to use when polishing stoves.

I am going to ask the dear sisters to help me. I have three requests and I sincerely hope they can help me. I will return the kindness in any way possible.

My gums are sore and seem to have receded from the teeth and left a dark ring where teeth are exposed. Have not the sisters some remedy to use? I have tried several remedies, also use dental paste, but my teeth get worse. Three teeth below and one above are affected.

What will take liver spots off my face? It is a sallow brown all over from under my chin to the roots of my hair and has been since I was twelve or fourteen years old. Should I take an internal remedy, external, or both, to remove this embarrassing defect?

Cannot someone help me to cure a boy of eight years from bed wetting?

I am quite small and very plain, but I have one of the dearest Johns. We have been married over five years. He is a large, strong, fine looking man, and has a refined face. I am indeed proud of my better half. I wish all of the sisters were blessed with a dear, good husband. We have large, healthy boys. The oldest is four, the next is three in a few days, and the baby is nine months old; one of the sweetest tempered, most playful, little tots I have ever seen. He worships his grandmother and will leave me to go to her, and she loves the little children dearly.

My husband's father died last September and since then we have lived with his mother on the home place, he being her only living son. And indeed, we are all more contented now than ever before, though times are harder and all necessities are higher. God is wise beyond all human conception.

Wishing all the contentment that an honest, helpful life can bring. Sincerely a friend,

MRS. IVA B. RICE.

Mrs. Rice. From your description I feel safe in saying that you are suffering from pyorrhea, more commonly known as Rigg's disease, and a reliable dentist is about the only hope for you, for I have never heard of any home treatment that would cure it. The exact cause of this disease is not known though it is thought that it results from some condition of the system for a great many people have it who take every care of the teeth. The pus forming germ works on the roots of the teeth, causing the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and finally drop out if the disease is not checked. Until recent years no cure was known and many teeth were extracted which might have been saved. The first step is to remove the deposits. This is accomplished by the use of instruments designed for this purpose by which the irritant material can be removed without undue injury to the gum or tooth-structures. The use of an antiseptic mouth wash, for which your dentist should give you a prescription, together with proper brushing of the teeth, using a paste prepared especially for your needs, will do much toward correcting this condition, though in advanced cases more than one scraping will be necessary. Splints or bands are used as a last resort to hold loosened teeth and a serum or antitoxin has been discovered which is used in cases of long standing, so do not be discouraged but act at once as the disease will spread from one tooth to another and is contagious, so it is not only to your advantage to have the matter attended to but you have the safety of your family to consider as well. One cannot be too careful in caring for their teeth and remember that the gums need brushing or massaging to keep them healthy. I think it a good practise to visit a dentist at least twice a year and have the teeth carefully examined and any cavities filled that may be present. Teach your children to care for their teeth and it will save them much in the way of dentist's bills and discomfort in years to come. If I can give you any further help, I shall be glad of the opportunity. Yours must be a happy family and I hope your faith and trust in God will be the means of helping some discouraged sister who does not seem to realize that God sees and cares for all.—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

NO BUTTER OR EGG CAKE.—Two and one half cups of unsifted flour, two cups of sugar, one heaping tablespoon of lard, one and one half teaspoon of cinnamon, nutmeg to suit taste, two tablespoons of cocoa, one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix with one and one quarter cups of sour milk in which is dissolved one teaspoon baking soda.

ICING.—One cup granulated sugar, three quarters cup sweet milk, piece of butter the size of a walnut; do not stir. Boil until it thickens in cold water; take off, beat until cold enough to spread on cake; flavor with vanilla. Raisins or nuts are good mixed in cake.

MRS. SCHINDLER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELDERBERRY FLOWER WINE.—(Requested.) Four quarts boiling water, two quarts elderberry blossoms free from stems, four pints of sugar, juice of two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the blossoms, let stand ten hours, strain through cheese-cloth, add sugar and lemon juice, let ferment and as it runs out of the jug keep filling the jug up with sweetened water. Keep jug in a dark place. Fit for use in a few months after it gets through fermenting.

MRS. GEO. L. MYERS, Smith, Nevada.

CORN CHOWDER.—One pint of corn, one quart of milk, three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, two eggs, one onion, salt and pepper; cook till done on slow fire.

MRS. CHAS. A. RIVERS, Voorkeeville, N. Y.

CORN OYSTERS.—One cup grated corn, one quarter cup cream, one well beaten egg, salt to taste; flour to make thick batter. Fry in hot, deep fat. Drop by spoonfuls about the size of an oyster. Drain on paper and serve hot.—Ed.

HOG'S-HEAD CHEESE. (Requested.)—Cook the meat, salting it. Five quarts lean, chopped fine, one quart fat, chopped fine, one quart water, one level tablespoon of pepper, two level tablespoons salt, three level tablespoons each of sage and celery leaves powdered. Celery gives it a fine flavor. Mix well and pack in pans. Slice and serve cold.

MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, Herron, Ill.

HOG'S-HEAD CHEESE. (Requested.)—Clean the head and cook till tender, then separate the meat from the bone, as hot as can be handled and chop fine in food chopper. Season to taste with salt, pepper and sage, then put in thin cheese-cloth sack and twist top to sack till cheese is formed in shape and the fat squeezed out. Let cool and cut in thin slices.

MRS. WILL DYCERT, Lenore, Idaho.

MACARONI WITH HAM.—To a quart of soaked macaroni add a medium-sized onion, fried in enough fat to keep it from sticking, and one cup of ground ham; one can of tomatoes, or a quart of tomatoes and cook a few minutes. Pour into baking dish, granite is best, and sprinkle with cheese. Bake till cheese is brown.

MRS. GEORGE TUBBS, Montevider, Minn.

PICKLED FISH. (Requested.)—Almost any kind of fish will do if fresh. Cut off heads and wash well; cover with salt over night; in morning cover with water, let come to a boil, remove from fire and skin; place in jar, cover with spiced vinegar, boiling hot; these are fine and keep well.

MRS. LILLIE DAVIS, St. David, Box 135, Ill.

POTATO SALAD.—Cook as many potatoes as there are people to be served if potatoes are small. Boil them with jackets on and when done throw them into very cold water and leave until they are lukewarm; then peel and slice them very thin. Moisten with vinegar diluted with water and let stand until cold enough to serve. For a salad for six persons take two red pimentoes from a 10-cent can of red peppers and cut them in strips, six green olives cut in thin slices, two tablespoons ground blanched almonds, four sour pickles and two hard boiled eggs cut in thin slices. Season the potatoes well with pepper and salt and a good dash of red pepper and mix all the other prepared ingredients well with the potatoes. Then mix well with sufficient mayonnaise dressing to make it rich and tasty. Lay on lettuce leaves and place six teaspoons of the mayonnaise on the top. The almonds will prove a delight and surprise.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cut steak and a small slice of ham into dice, simmer for fifteen minutes with two chopped onions and a little butter. Add one pint each of stock and sliced potatoes, a little flour and salt



BEEFSTEAK PIE.

and pepper to taste. Cook twenty minutes before pouring into crust-lined dish. Cover with good crust and bake.—Ed.

MEAT ROLLS.—This recipe will make enough for four persons. Take twenty-five cents' worth of round steak and put it through meat grinder. Take two slices of bacon cut in pieces, a medium-sized onion, half a green pepper, and put in a frying pan with a little butter. Brown slightly, add meat, three tablespoons tomatoes, and let steam two hours, turning often. Let cook *very slowly*, being careful that it does not get too dry. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Make rich pie crust, fill with meat and make individual rolls. Bake till brown and serve with tomato sauce.

MRS. C. M. HIEL, 1121 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Cal.

STUFFED BEEF STEAK.—Take a large round steak about one inch thick and spread on table. Make a dressing of one cup mashed potatoes, two onions chopped fine, one cup sweet milk, one half cup boiling water, and enough bread to make a thick dressing. Add salt, pepper and sage to taste. Last of all add two well-beaten eggs then mix all thoroughly. Spread a thick layer of the dressing on the steak and roll up carefully. Wrap in a piece of thin muslin, tie at both ends and in the middle with twine string. Drop into boiling water and boil until tender. Lift out of water and let get cold. Slice and serve. It is delicious for lunches.

MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, Herrin, Ill.

SALMON SALAD.—Remove all the bones from a can of salmon and put the fish through a meat chopper with a head of celery and a half cupful of stuffed olives. Mix with a salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

FRUIT SALAD.—Cut three oranges in halves and remove the pulp with a spoon. To this pulp add three bananas, one small bunch of white grapes seeded and sliced, a half cupful of chopped almonds, a few strawberries, in season. Serve the salad in the orange cups, after mixing with a tablespoonful or two of salad dressing and a cupful of whipped cream.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH ONIONS.—Take as many onions as are needed, peel and cut in cubes, put butter in the frying pan with the onions and cook until soft. Then add salt and pepper. Beat as many eggs as are required, pour over the onions and fry like scrambled eggs. A good-sized onion and two eggs make a nice meal, but it all depends on one's appetite.

MRS. W. H. GARDINIER, 1026 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.

CHICKEN SCRAPPLE.—Dress a chicken as for frying; boil until very tender. Take meat off the bones and cut up fine. Put meat back in broth, salt to taste. Thicken this with corn-meal, let stand in flat pan until cold and then slice and fry. This is a good way to use up old or tough poultry.

MRS. F. E. OLIVERSON, Erie, Kans.

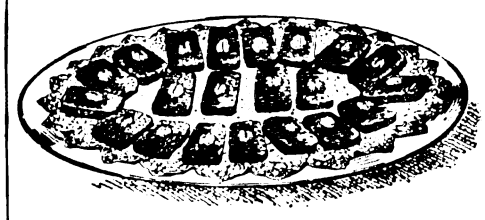
MOCK CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut leftover fresh shoulder in dice, chop some celery quite fine and mix the two with a good salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, and one could hardly tell the difference. Be sure and have shoulder lean. No fat is to be used.

PICKLED PIGS' FEET.—Take twelve pigs' feet, scrape and wash clean; put into a saucepan with enough hot, not boiling, water to cover. When partly done, salt. It requires four to five hours to boil soft. Pack in a stone jar or crock, and pour over them hot spiced vinegar. They will be ready to use in a day or two. If you wish them for breakfast, split them, make a batter of two eggs, a cup of milk, salt, a teaspoon of butter, with flour enough to make a thick batter; dip each piece in this and fry in hot lard. Or dip them in beaten egg and flour and fry.

SALMON LOAF.—One can salmon, two thirds cup of cracker crumbs, three quarters cup of milk, two eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon pepper; beat lemon into eggs, put fish and crackers in dish in layers. Steam one hour; serve with cream sauce.

MRS. EMMA STANTON, Connersville, Ind.

MARGUERITES.—Two eggs, one cup brown sugar, one half cup flour, one quarter teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, three quarters cup nuts, cut in small



MARGUERITES.

pieces. Fill small buttered tins with the mixture and place half of a walnut on each. Bake in moderate oven fifteen minutes.—Ed.

SILVER CAKE.—Whites six eggs, one cup milk, two cups sugar, two thirds cup butter, four cups flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon extract. Cream the butter and sugar, add milk, then the flour mixed with salt and baking powder; then add the extract and the whipped whites. Beat well for ten minutes, and bake in moderate oven.

GOLD CAKE.—Yolks six eggs, one half cup butter, two cups sugar, one pint flour, one and one half teaspoon baking powder, one cup cream, one teaspoon extract. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks and cream, flour sifted with powder, and extract. Mix into firm, smooth batter and bake.

These cakes may be baked in loaf form or in layers, as desired. If in loaves or very deep mold, about forty minutes are required for baking. Use any filling or icing preferred.

MRS. J. M. SANER, JR., Iron City, Tenn.

QUEEN CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sugar, four eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, sugar and yolks of eggs together, then add milk and raisins; flour, salt and baking powder together. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.

MRS. G. S. HOZHANSEN, Festus, Mo.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.—Scald one cup of molasses, pour it over one quarter cup of butter or lard, one half cup sugar, one half level teaspoon salt, and one tablespoon of ginger or any spices preferred; dissolve one half teaspoon soda in one quarter cup of cold water, add to the cooled molasses then stir in three or four cups of flour, making a soft dough to drop and spread in a pan or a stiff dough to roll and cut out.

MRS. BLANCHE GARDY, Aspen Hill, Tenn.

CRULLERS.—Two eggs and one half cup sugar beaten lightly together; one half cup sour cream, one half teaspoon baking soda, a little nutmeg; add two and one half cups flour, which will make a dough stiff enough to roll out on a floured board; then cut in about two and one half inch diamond shaped pieces, cut a slot in center and double one end through the hole. Drop into hot lard and let them turn to a light brown, these are excellent.

MRS. W. H. GARDINIER, 1026 Orange Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

RAISIN PIE.—Most of the raisin pie recipes I have seen have lemon in them, and as I do not care for it, perhaps some others would like this better: One cup raisins, two cups water, two tablespoons flour, salt. Boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, add water that has boiled away. Bake with two crusts.—Ed.

SOUR CREAM PIE.—One cup sour cream, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half of cloves, one teacup chopped raisins. Stir all together with one cup of sugar. Bake with one crust. Frost.

MARGARET FISCHER, Lakefield, Minn.

CREAM PIE.—One half cup sugar, one heaping tablespoon flour, two eggs; beat thoroughly; add enough cream to fill the pie pan which has been lined with crust; flavor with vanilla; bake in moderate oven.

SQUASH OR PUMPKIN PIE.—One cup squash or pumpkin, sifted; two eggs, one pint milk; stir squash and milk until smooth; set on back of stove to keep warm; add eggs, pinch salt, one half teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg, one small cup sugar; bake with under crust.

MRS. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

DATE PUDDING.—One cup suet, chopped fine, one half cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, three and a half cups flour, one pound dates, seeded and chopped, one teaspoon soda dissolved in milk. Mix and steam three and a half hours.

MRS. DE JOHN, Canon City, Colo.

SWEET CRACKERS. (Requested.)—Two and one half cups sugar, one cup lard, five cents' worth of baking ammonia, five cents' worth of lemon oil, two eggs; soak the ammonia in the milk, mix flour until it gets as hard as you can work it in; cut into squares one half inch thick and bake in a hot oven.

MRS. OLGA WENNER, Seven Persons, Alta.

DEVIL CAKE.—One half cup of grated chocolate, one half cup cold coffee, one cup of brown sugar, yolk of one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla if desired; stir together and cook to a cream, let cool and add to the following: One cup brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup cold coffee, two eggs, two and one half cups flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, dissolve the soda in the coffee and cream tartar in flour; beat well.

MRS. IDA HEADLAND, Fairmont, W. Va.

BANANA CAKE. (Requested.)—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, two scant cups flour, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, whites of four eggs, one half teaspoon vanilla. Mix flour and baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and flour alternately, then vanilla and beaten whites bake in three layer-tins in a hot oven. Add one half cup mashed bananas and use as filling. Dust top with powdered sugar.

LEMON CAKE. (Requested.)—One cup butter, two cups sugar, seven eggs, one and one half pints flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon extract lemon. Rub to a light cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, two at a time, beating five minutes after each add the flour sifted with the powder, and the extract; mix into a medium batter, bake in paper-lined tin, in a moderate oven forty minutes.

M. H. BLACK, 74 West 44th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One half cup brown sugar, one half cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, two cups flour, four tablespoons melted butter or other shortening, one teaspoon each of soda, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven.

MRS. FRED CARPENTER, Hermon, N. Y.

TEA CAKES.—One quart of flour, three eggs, two cups sugar, butter size of an egg, one half teaspoon lemon and enough milk to make soft dough; roll out and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderate oven.

MRS. SMITH, Tennille, Ga.

BUTTERLESS, MILKLESS, EGGLESS CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, two thirds cup of shortening, two cups of water, three cups of seeded raisins, pinch of salt, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one half teaspoon mace, if liked, one half teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon soda, four cups of flour, three tablespoons warm water. If desired, a cup of chopped nuts can be added.

MRS. CHARLES RIVERS, Voorheeville, N. Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



The City Man's Baked Beans

Baked for Men Who Don't Work Outdoors

Old-style baked beans, if men like them, may do for manual laborers. They can digest what office men cannot.

But the man who rides to inside work must foster his digestion. Under-baked beans are not good for him, and he knows it.

Yet men love Baked Beans. And the super-nutrition makes them ideal food.

That's one great reason for Van Camp's. They are baked for hours, in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. They come out mellow, mealy, easy to digest. There is no after-effect to destroy one's enjoyment.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

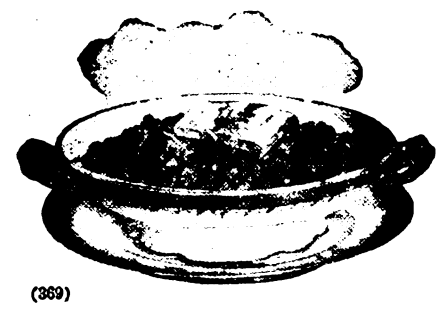
Then you never tasted old-style Beans even one-half so delicious. In Van Camp's, no Beans are crisped, none broken. No hulls are apparent. You taste only mealy morsels.

Van Camp's have a zestful sauce baked in, a sauce that was never matched.

If you think that Baked Beans don't differ much, you'll find a surprise in Van Camp's. And you will thank us silently a thousand times for creating such a ready-baked dish.

Order a few meals now.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die, Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BITTER MISERY.

MOLLY GLITTERS went on her way, having, as she thought, perhaps for the first time in her life done her duty, and stretched out her hand to warn and perhaps save an innocent young girl from the snares of one of the most dangerous men of the day, with a most pleasantly approving conscience. It was quite a novel sensation for Molly, the feeling of having done the right thing, and having gone out of the way to do it, too; for Molly was not partial to young and simple girls—indeed, she had the usual antipathy of her class for them, and it had not been by any means an easy piece of good will which she had accomplished that morning. Molly went on her way, self-satisfied and complacent, and left behind her a tortured, anguished, racked woman, who was no more the Edna of an hour ago than the eagles one sees eating their hearts out in their cages at the zoo, are the monarchs of the sky, that soar above the Syrian hills.

Motionless, tearless, she sat, her head bent upon her hands, her heart burning like a red-hot coal.

What did it all mean? What was this frightful nightmare? Was it true? Could it be true that her life had finished that day—that she should never know happiness, never be able to laugh more?—for it came to that with her, she felt, if this were true.

Ah, no, it could not be true! What was she sitting here for? Why did she not go home? Why did he not come? She was half stunned by the sudden, too sudden, revelation to realize it at once, immediately; but, as the slow minutes tramped round the clock overhead, the truth grew upon her and made itself felt, and, with a moan, she hid her face, and knew that the joy of life was over for her.

The idol which she had worshiped as gold of the purest and finest type was suddenly shorn of its divinity and shown to be nothing better than common clay and dross.

It is not too much to say that as she recalled the face and figure of her husband of an hour, the girl, innocent to a fault, shuddered. Had she been a whit less innocent, had she known half as much as the generality of girls of only half her age, that knowledge would have allowed her to discriminate, to see how far Cyril had sinned, to weigh his sin in the balance, and make excuses for him; but Edna knew nothing save that the man she had thought so good—as pure and good, and noble and spotless as he was handsome—was something so different that she shrank from the mere thought of his presence, blushed and writhed under the remembrance of his passionate kisses, and moaned aloud a prayer that the good God might send death there and then to her, and save her.

Edna's love had been as pure and noble as herself. She had not loved Cyril's beauty, great as it was, proudly fond of it as she was; if he had come back to her with some great scar across his face that rendered it twice as hideous as it had been before been beautiful, her love would have had no abatement—it would rather have increased by so much of sweet, wifely pity and tenderness. But now! Oh, God! it was too fearful to think of, so fearful that she, in her great innocence, could not grasp the full sense of it; but this she knew, that the man she had given her young life and virgin love to, the man who had come to her and made her love him, who had stood between her and blotted out all else as small and unworthy of consideration—did not love her, could not love her, for he had loved—oh, God; not loved, but murmured words of love to—had kissed with kisses, such as he had given her, another—yes, many other women!

Her state of mind—its great and awful contrast to that sweet, expectant happiness of an hour ago—is difficult to describe, well-nigh impossible, yet easy to understand; it was as if the heavens had been suddenly darkened, all good, and faith in good, destroyed, and she herself were left to stand alone and battle against unconquerable, inevitable, overwhelming misery of evil.

She shed no tear, but her face was white and drawn, her eyes strained and wild with a vast agony, and her lips parched as with fever. And so the bride waited for the bridegroom!

The great clock above her struck the hour; three monks from the monastery on the hill came slowly up the steps, with bent heads and folded hands, and approached the smaller flight at the cathedral door.

They looked at her as they passed; one—an old man, with white hair shining beneath his brown cowl—paused and bent over her as she sat, her head upon her hand, her eyes fixed with a wan hopeless, startled look upon the street beneath.

"Are you in any trouble, my daughter?" he asked, with gentle gravity.

Edna looked up at him with absent stare, and slowly shook her head; and the monk, with a muttered "Peace be with you!" passed with bent head, into the dim light beyond the open door.

Trouble! Yes, a trouble no monk that ever wore sandal could cure—a trouble she must fight and struggle with, and, alas! bear alone.

The interruption, slight as it was, roused her; she could not stay there to attract notice and invite pity. With a weak, languid step, she rose, steadying her hand against the old, time-worn stonework of the porch—for she was giddy, and quivering like a wounded deer—and made her way to the quiet and seclusion of the little cemetery at the back; he must pass through it on his way, and would see her. There—sinking down upon one of the tombstones, in a little garden of crosses, with a pictured Madonna within sight, and a sculptured crucifixion overshadowing her—she waited.

She had not to wait long, for presently there came the quick, firm tread of a happy man, and Cyril, handsome as Apollo, and as light-hearted, humming some joyous air, came up the path.

He had been longer than he expected; there had been some difficulty, caused primarily by his original French, but he had got the shawl, it was on his arm, and he was eager and impatient to exchange its light weight for the scarcely heavier one of his darling's arm.

His! All the way from the station had that little word been ringing a merry chime in his ears. His! the dearest, sweetest, purest angel that had ever walked on earth in the guise of a woman, was his! He didn't deserve it—he least of all men living—but fate, a kindly fate, had chosen to be merciful and generous and had poured out upon him the greatest gift that a man had ever received.

With such thoughts as these, handsome, happy "Wicked Sir Cyril" strode along, impatient of every yard of the road that stretched between him and his bride.

She saw him the moment he came past the cathedral into the graveyard, but she could not speak or move.

She watched him as he paused and looked round impatiently and eagerly; then, as he caught sight of her and came toward her, picking his way among the tiny graves of the children, with their poor wreath of immortelles and summer flowers, she put her hand to her face, pushed back her hair and panted.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, half stumbling over a tiny grave; "I thought I had lost you, that you had run away from me—thought little of it, you know. Here's the shawl, a spoil and trophy of war! What a pity it is that there isn't one language, and that English! Such a babel as we made of it at that station. Ah——" he has come close enough to see her face now, and there is enough in it to make him stop short and catch his words up.

"Edna! Good God! what is the matter? Are you ill, my darling?"

And with an anxious, loving face he is on his knees beside her.

With a visible shudder she shrinks from him, and draws—not snatches, that would not be so coldly reasonable—draws her hand which he has taken.



She shakes her head slowly, and coldly puts his hand aside.

He stares at her with unbounded astonishment at first, then an apprehensive look comes into his face, and he puts his arm round her waist.

"Edna! My darling! What is it? What has happened? Why do you look so? Edna! you must be ill!"

She shakes her head slowly, and coldly puts his hand away from her; he is so petrified that he does not resist, and his hand falls upon the tombstone that is no colder than her fingers; then he looks round, as if for help, and is about to draw her to him, when she speaks.

"Do not—do not touch me!"

"Do not touch you!" he repeats, each word distinct and full of horrified alarm. "Why not? Edna are you mad?"

For a moment a swift light comes into her eyes. Perhaps she is; she thinks; then she remembers, and shuddering, puts him away from her.

"No, I am not mad," she says, and her voice is so hollow, so lifeless, so changed, that he starts as if he could not believe his ears. Before he can speak she opens her lips again.

"Why did you marry me?"

"Why did—I—marry you? Great Heaven! am I mad?" and for the moment he looks as if he were. "Why did I marry you—do you ask me that now? Because I loved you—but—but—why do you ask, my darling? What has come to you? I left you here, all right, not a quarter of an hour ago, and come back to find you like—like a ghost, and—for God's sake tell me what is the matter with you?"

"Because you loved me!" she says, heedless of his imploring prayer. "That is not true! you did not love me! No—no—no!"

Cyril rises to his feet slowly, like one in a trance, his face as white as hers, his eyes fixed with a puzzled agony, upon hers.

"What do you say, Edna? I must be mad or dreaming," and he puts his hand to his head. "For God's sake, tell me what has happened to make you like this! or—or——" and a sudden, ghastly smile comes upon his face—"or—is it a joke?"

She sits with bent head speechless, the picture of desolation and despair. There is a moment's silence, then it is broken by the music of the grand organ and the voices of the monks chanting a vesper hymn.

Softly the sacred strains that have floated upon every evening air for a thousand years fall upon the twilight and upon the ears of the two miserable creatures under the shadow of the cathedral walls.

"Edna," says Cyril, at last, his voice broken and working, "something has happened—you have heard something——"

He stops, and she raises her eyes to his.

"I have," she says, with a shudder.

His face darkens for a moment, then sets hard.

"Tell me what you have heard to change you to me like this—all in one quarter of an hour, Edna." Then his composure gives way, and a burst of anguish, terrible to behold in a man, shakes him from head to foot. "Oh, Edna, my darling! don't sit there looking so! You—you kill me! Tell me what it is! God knows if you loved me as I love you, you would be more merciful!"

"More merciful!" and now she is on her feet confronting him, her eyes ablaze with a woman's passion of sorrow and despair, her little hand clinched, her soul afire with jealousy, tortured love, virginal indignation. "If I have loved you! Oh, how can you stand there and say such words to me? As if I had not loved you! Keep away from me! I—I could not bear you to touch me! I—I hate you!"

Cyril started, and clinched his hands hard, and set his lips tight.

"Yes—you—all my love is turned to hate! How could it be otherwise while I have sense to think and heart to feel? Ah, you do not know what you have done! You have worse than killed me! Oh, I would die a thousand times rather than hear this! Don't speak—I will not listen! I have listened too much—too much!"

Then her tears flowed fast, but she put up her hand to keep him off, and he could but stand and groan.

"You know that I have heard all about you—about your wickedness and your falseness! You know it! I can see it by your face! Oh, why—why did you come to me and make me love you? Why—why? I did not seek you, I did not think of you; I did not come across your life and take it all up and waste it? Why did you do it? Why did you pretend to be all that is good, and kind, and noble, while you were wicked, and false, and base, all the while? Did I deceive you? Why did you deceive me? Why did you make me love you even against my will, and then throw off the mask and come back to me something quite different? What had I done that you should do me such a great wrong—oh! what have I done?"

In a low, passionate voice she charges him, and he can only stand dull and white as a statue, and by silence, deep and awful, plead guilty.

He does not know how she has discovered his deceit, he does not know how much she knows—it may be all; but he understands how her pure young soul shrinks from him! And what wonder, for, as he stands confronted by her innocence, her maidenly indignation—he shrinks from himself. And she is his wife! Has she forgotten that? This is their marriage day—tonight their nuptial night; she has not forgotten, her next words show it.



He expected to see a half-formed, fairly bred, but rather commonplace young woman.

"You do not answer; what can you say? Ah, it is all true what that woman said!" and she shudders.

A great light flashes upon Cyril's intelligence—that woman!

He takes a step toward her.

"Edna! for God's sake, tell me! Whom have you seen—who has been telling you——"

"Who?" she repeats, with a shudder of disgust and a vivid flush. "The woman you loved—the woman who wears your portrait—the woman who should have been your wife—one of the many you have 'loved'!"

Slowly, bitterly, as the bitterness comes upon herself, she pants the words at him.

Cyril stands with half-bent head and twitching lips.

There is a moment's silence; then, as the anthem rises solemnly, and the voices of the monks break out, again he speaks.

"Edna"—the voice hollow and trembling—"do not say any more. Come home; it is too late—after today's work——"

She hides her face with a moan.

"Too late!" she cries.

Cyril trembles in every limb, and his eyes devour her, imploringly, pitifully, hungrily.

"Great God! she hates, she loathes me," he mutters, and turns away to hide the anguish with which the conviction has stabbed him.

Then he turns to her, and, with clinched hands and dry, white lips, speaks to her.

"Edna, it is not too late! You need not shrink from me—you need not shudder; you are my wife—you are mine, to have and to hold. I could carry you away with me tonight." His voice trembles for a moment, and sounds hollow and uncertain when he goes on; "I could command you to come to me, here where I stand, and keep you until death should part us. Ah, you need not shrink!"—for instinctively she has drawn a little further away—"you do not know me, or you would not fear that I should force myself or my right on you. You are my wife—it is too late to prevent that, nothing can alter it—but you can be my wife only in name; we can part tonight. Do not fear—we will! You shall go back to your aunt, in all but the name of wife the same as when I first saw you. It is all I can do to repair the wrong I have done; I will do it—yes, let it cost me what it will, I will do it. Ah!"—and his voice deepens into sternness—"I do it for my sake as well as yours, for I would rather die than hold you by any tie than love. If you do not love me, if you have learned to hate me, no power on earth shall make you wife of mine!"

Then his voice breaks.

"Poor child!" he says, almost inaudibly. "My poor, sweet, little Edna! go back and learn to forgive me—if you can, to forget; as I shall never learn to forgive myself or forget you."

She sits as motionless as if she were a figure carved upon the tomb beneath her. Still the music of the organ and the chant of the monks fills up the pause.

"You may think—fear—that I may break this resolve," says Cyril's voice, so utterly unlike his, "You need not fear that. You will never have to complain of my crossing your path after tonight. I will never, by my presence, or by word or deed, remind you of my claim to you; from tonight you may look upon me as dead, as I shall be in all but reality, to the world in which you are likely to be. After tonight we shall never meet—we shall never meet again."

There comes a silence deep and awful. Is she deaf, or dead, that she sits so silent and signless?

Cyril pulls himself together with a shiver, and goes up to her.

"Good by, Edna," he says, "good by, for the last time!"

Then he bends over her and kisses the edge of the shawl. Does she feel that last, mad kiss? She may or may not. She makes no sign, and the man who has loved her, who—be his sins what they may—loves her as truly and passionately as any man has loved yet, turns and walks quickly away.

At the corner he looks back; is it with a last wild, groundless hope that love may prevail?

No, she is still motionless, unrelenting.

Then he bows his head to hide the working of his white, haggard face, and passes swiftly away.

A moment afterward the mute figure he has left behind him starts to her feet.

"What have I done? Oh! my love, come back!"

But it is too late; wicked Sir Cyril is halfway down the street and out of hearing, even of the voice of his bride—the one voice he loves best in the whole wide world.

Outside the "Grand" the usual small group of idlers are congregated; it is the half hour before dinner, and the well-dressed men and women who patronize the best hotel in Lucerne, are lounging about, gossiping with the half-abstracted air which is noticeable about the man or woman waiting for dinner.

Cyril, blind to everything and everybody, filled with this, the first misery of his life, is striding past, heedless and indifferent to the little buzz and flutter of the fashionables, when a richly dressed woman, who is standing near the end of the ornamental forecourt, bargaining for some ripe figs with the dark-haired Swiss girl from the market, utters an exclamation at sight of him—or his face really—and puts out her beringed glove to stop him.

Cyril stops dead short with a startled air, then seeing who it is that has stopped him, turns an ugly red, and with something like an oath shakes his arm free from her light grasp, and goes on—but only for a few steps. A sudden resolution sends him back, and walking past her, he makes a gesture toward the little English church that stands in the hotel grounds.

"Go—somewhere out of sight—I want to speak to you."

Molly Glitters hesitates a moment and pouts, then obeys and follows him.

"So," says Cyril, standing opposite her, his hands clasped on his stick, a scornful scowl upon his face, "you broke your promise, as I might have expected."

The fiery contempt in the latter words raise Miss Molly's ire.

"Now, Mr. Daredevil, I didn't come to be insulted!" she exclaims, angrily, eying him with mingled surprise and some honest concern, for there is a look on his face which she, intimately as she thinks she knows—or has known—him has never seen before. "And what's the matter? Have you been lifting your elbow"—she meant drinking—"already this morning? That's unlike you, Sir Cyril."

"What is that to you?" says Cyril, with haughty roughness. "Answer my question—why did you break your promise? Was it impossible for you to be truthful in small things as it is in more important ones?"

The bitter sneer touches her and takes her breath away.

"You have been drinking!" she says, under her breath, and with a passionate nod, "or else you wouldn't insult me like this—unless you're quite changed since I knew you—and—oh, my promise, eh? And who says I've broken it?"

"Don't lie!" he retorts, savagely. "I have just come away from some of your—with——"

A light breaks in upon her and she smiles—not sweetly—but the smile dies suddenly under the scorching fire of his eyes.

"Oh, that's the matter. You don't like to be interfered with. Let me tell you, Mr. Cyril, I don't care what you say, and how you look, I'm not a bit sorry, in fact, I'm very glad if I've balked you for once, and saved that poor little thing."

"Silence!" says Cyril, between his teeth; "don't take her name upon your lips."

Molly flushes.

"I don't know her name, and I don't want to! So I'm not good enough to speak it. It strikes me I should do less harm to her than you would. Oh, your black looks won't frighten me;"—but she trembles a little nevertheless—"I've spoiled your game, and there's an end of it, and it's no use your coming and wanting to knock me down, because you can't do it! If you had any proper feeling about you you'd thank me rather and get out of the way, glad that I've stopped it from being any worse."

"Hold your tongue!" says Cyril, hoarsely; "you don't understand—you talk of harm! Harm! You think I meant harm!"

She breaks in upon him with her sharp and not unmusical laugh.

"When did you mean anything else?"

The retort strikes home so sharply that he winces, and Molly, seeing her advantage, goes on, quickly:

"Come, Cyril, what's the use of carrying it off high with me? I've done a good action—the first in my life, perhaps, and you ought to be glad of it! For all your black looks now you'll forget her in a week, and"—taking no notice of the dark frown that greets her assertion, she continues: "And it isn't half as bad as it might be, for, as to my promise, I don't know that I've broken it after all—I didn't mention your name."

Cyril turns his eyes on her with a glare of surprise and incredulity.

"Ah!" says Molly, shrewdly; "meant no harm, eh? and didn't tell her your name! Well, perhaps it was best, and I've done no harm, for she didn't get it from me, poor little thing, and she never shall, that's more!"

Cyril stands, his hand pressing against his brow, his whole mind concentrated upon one thought.

"You didn't tell her who I was?" he says.

"I didn't!" answers Molly, emphatically.

"She does not know——"

"Unless you told her."

"And you will keep your promise? Oh, Molly, if I could trust you!"

Something in his voice, for the first time revealing the agony within, touches her.

She looks at him with careful scrutiny.

"Why, you are both as bad as one another! Who'd ever think that you'd be hit like this? Yes, you can trust me; I don't know why you should insult me like this—no one can say Moly Glitters can't keep her word."

"Hold to that still," says Cyril, with a little anxious sigh; "keep it from her, and I'll forgive you all else you've done. Promise me, once more!" he pleads now.

"I promise, and there's my hand upon it!" she answers, humbly.

Cyril touches her hand with a shudder—it is the hand that has struck down his happiness at one blow—and then turns away.

"You are off now, I suppose?" she asks. "Where to?"

He puts his hat over his forehead again, and looks down with the dark, brooding stare.

"Yes, I am off," he says; "I don't know where now. We shan't meet again, but I trust to you; whatever happens, you'll keep it from her. Good by."

"I will—good by," she says.

And then, with his head bent down, he walks hurriedly away.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP onto my lap and lend me your ears and intellects. I suppose you have heard (or at least about one in every hundred of you have, for very little worth while news gets into the country papers) that we are going to be investigated all over again. By the way the people and the institutions of this country get investigated every three minutes, either by Uncle Sam, the state authorities, or some other nosey individual, or set of individuals, you would imagine that somebody was taking an interest in us and was really anxious to find out why we are all so desperately happy and prosperous, why we are also luxuriously rich and scandalously healthy, why we have to luxuriate in so many hundreds of prisons, insane asylums, poor houses, vice dens, not to mention saloons, etc. Honestly you would think somebody was intensely worried about us all, and you will feel confident they are when I tell you that our poverty-stricken old friend, John D. Rockefeller is going to spend a hundred million dollars to investigate, not only the people of the U. S. A. but every other human microbe that tenaciously clings to this bleeding, suffering planet. Now if I really thought that after John D. had spent all this vast amount of money (money which the masses have so industriously toiled for and made for him) that he and his investigators would know any more about us and conditions generally than they do now, and would unselfishly plan, with the knowledge acquired, to make the world a better place for all of us to live in, I would say: "Go ahead John, and spend your money, and good luck to you." But after this and all other similar investigations, what happens? Tons of books containing the evidence are printed and filed away, a report is made, a few slight reforms are recommended which won't harm anybody and won't do any good, and things go on in the same bad old way. These investigations to my mind are a farce. We all know or ought to know what ails society. A few have too much and the rest of us have too little. There is plenty for all. Stores and factories groan with wealth, plenty to go around and and make everybody happy. But it's not allowed to go around. Wealth is forced into a few deep bottomless pockets causing congestion in one spot and economic anaemia and sterility everywhere else. What the world needs is justice, and that is just what wealth and privilege are determined not to give us if they can help it. If the world had justice there would not be any John D. or Jim G. with a hundred million dollars lying around loose to investigate anybody, and what is more there would not be anybody that would need investigating. Society however is not built on a foundation of justice, but of injustice and it is to the interest of those who control society to keep things just as they are, so that the old game of plucking and plundering, which enriches the few and impoverishes the many, can go on without interruption.

Now if the oil king were sincere in his desire to benefit society (and the money he controls has done many splendid things) why doesn't he spend say about ten cents, investigating himself? The masses of the people do not need any investigating. We know all about the various conditions that keep the wolf of poverty, want and worry at the door of so many millions of homes. What Mr. Rockefeller should do is to ask himself a few questions, and the first one I would suggest is this: "How did I come to have a hundred million dollars to throw away on a mere hobby, when millions of people in the country in which this money has been made, haven't even one dollar for bread let alone for folly? And again how comes it in a country that can hand hundreds of millions of dollars to me and my friends, that there are millions upon millions of people so wretchedly poverty stricken that they need putting under the microscope and prodding and investigating, questioning and examining just as a scientist examines a bunch of microbes." Mr. Rockefeller is not likely to ask himself that question. He knows without spending a cent what ails society, but he is too good a business man to admit that he does know. Most of the money that will be spent on this investigation has been made from a product which nature has been millions of years storing up in the bowels of the earth, and which if we had a government which cared one atom for the interests of the people, would never have been allowed to have passed into private hands and used as a weapon, a monopolistic weapon, to exploit the people and enrich a few men beyond the dreams of avarice.

Henry H. Klein in his work "Stand rd Oil, or The People," says: "This country is passing through an economic crisis which means freedom or slavery for the people. The economic life of the nation is being crushed out by the greed of those who control its industries and finance. Twenty persons own the majority of the stock in the Standard Oil. They are in control of the principal railroads, mines and public utilities; they have fully one billion dollars invested in other than Standard Oil securities; they control the newspapers through the advertising columns, and maintain an influence over education and religion through the colleges which they endow, and the churches and ministers which they support and pension. Their profits from all securities amount to a quarter of a billion dollars a year. In a few years at the present rate of profit making the Standard Oil will own practically everything of value in the United States." These figures ought to give you food for serious thought.

Now here is something you probably never have thought of, for the average individual seldom does any thinking, except as to where his next meal is coming from. You know the truth of the old saying that money makes money. After a man gets a certain amount of money, he doesn't work, his money works for him. He invests his cash and lives on the interest, and it is the toilers all over the earth that have to work and pay that interest. Suppose now I buy up all the peanuts in the country and control the peanut industry. In a year or two I find my profits are so large that I can not only control the peanut industry,but I've got a lot of superfluous capital to put into the wooden leg industry. In a year or two my profits on peanuts and wooden legs are so great, I begin investing in the false teeth industry, and so I go on, just as the Standard Oil has gone on, investing in banks, railroads, gobbling up this and gobbling up that, controlling the lives and destinies of millions of men, getting as much work from them as possible, and paying them as little as possible in return, exerting a baleful influence over legislators, defying our laws, bringing the courts and judges under suspicion, and even menacing the law making power of Congress. You see it's just like the little snowball that keeps getting bigger and bigger with every revolution, until it becomes of enormous and menacing size, capable of sweeping the democratic institutions of the country smash, crash to destruction. Mr. Rockefeller has built a magnificent university at Chicago, and he is quite capable of covering the country with similar institutions. If he feels so disposed he can pension all the professors who teach in those universities, and they would be rank ingrates if, knowing they were to be provided for in their old age by Standard Oil profits, they said one word against monopolists or monopolies. Not even a decent dog will bite the hand that feeds it, and in these uncertain days when there is only a step between parlor and poorhouse, we cannot blame a man, especially if he has a family to provide for, if he tries first of all to protect himself and his loved ones from hunger and want, misery and pauperism. If Standard Oil money were paying my rent and Steel Trust money buying my food, how could I ever have the nerve to knock my benefactors and talk right out of my heart to you about conditions which I know only too well menace the very foundations of our liberties and ideals?

You have told me thousands of times that I am helping you, and I am helping you only because I speak freely and plainly. If wealth were to control me I would be like a muzzled dog in the presence of a burglar—helpless. If I do not talk plainly and freely, I cannot make you think, and without thinking, the world can never move or get anywhere. It is a positive fact that *no wrong can endure being thought about*, and if you would all concentrate your minds on one wrong after another, they would all crumble and disappear for thought would crystalize into action. If wealth muzzles our press and our leaders of thought we are doomed. Give us the man who will tell the truth no matter who it hurts. But if Rockefeller's money buys bread for our teachers and thinkers isn't it natural to assume that a great deal of education will bear the imprint of the oil can? A courageous manufacturer startled the board of commerce in Detroit the other day by hurling at them these words which exploded with the force of a bomb shell: "You fellows sit back smug and complacent and don't give a damn what becomes of your workmen. This board never was a factor in the community and never will be until it becomes more useful to the people at large. You are simply great on handshaking and making things pleasant. I would suggest that the board drop all fads and devote itself to helping the unemployed. If you fellows didn't pay your men such rotten wages such help wouldn't be necessary. When your plants shut down you grease up the machinery and kick the men into the streets."

I quote this from one of New York's greatest and most conservative prints. We need men who dare to talk thus. Men only talk strongly when they feel deeply, and not until men's deepest emotions are stirred shall we awake and set our house in order. Bear in mind we can't reach the fount of a man's emotions if it has been plentifully sprinkled with oil. One of our greatest misfortunes is that money today is organized, while society is not. A writer in Collier's puts the matter thus: "There is no such thing as organized society no matter how often the empty phrase is used. None of us belong anywhere, we live where we please, work at something we have chosen or have happened into. What do you suppose any ancient Egyptian or Greek would think of our loosely scattered changing ways? How long would it take to convince such a one that we have a social system, pernicious or otherwise. The plain truth is that we have not. Our modern world has had thrown into it certain mighty forces of science and invention and change and the old arrangements have been broken up; the old voices of supernatural or caste society, are only petulant squeaks. We do not heed them any longer. We some day will have organizations of society based not on authority or fear, but on the co-operation of men, facing the facts of life in freedom and brotherliness. That is what we are working toward. But the events of 1914 serve to show how far we have fallen short from attainment."

Let us not be discouraged. When Thomas A. Edison speaks his countrymen are ever ready to listen. He says: "In two hundred years by the cheapening of commodities the ordinary laborer will live as well as a man does now with two hundred thousand annual income. Automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will bring this result, not individualism but social labor will dominate the future; you can't have individual machines and every man working for himself. Industry will constantly become more social and interdependent. There will be no manual labor in the factories in the future, the men in them will be strictly superintendents, watching the machinery to see that it works right. The work day I believe will be eight hours. Every man needs that much work to keep him out of mischief and to keep him happy, but it will be work with the brain, something men will be interested in, and done in wholesome, pleasant surroundings. Less and less men will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows."

Two hundred years is a long way off. I do not believe we shall have to wait one fourth that time. All that is necessary to do is to get the mass of the people thinking and working along right lines. If the people would do that, the old American spirit of independence would be rekindled in the heart of the present generation, then we would have no one cringing to Carnegie for libraries or pleading to Rockefeller for universities or hookworm medicine. We have in this country the brains and the ability to abolish poverty, disease, crime, ignorance and nearly every other ailment, mental and physical. The great and necessary thing to do is to bridge that terrible gap which lies between the highly cultured, educated, able man of science and thought, and the poor, wronged duped, exploited toilers. Let Rockefeller devote his millions to bridging that gap, and the first step in that direction would be to imitate the methods of Henry Ford of Detroit. See that every man working for the Standard Oil and associated interests is receiving a wage that will allow him to rear his children in a comfortable home and under conditions which will enable them to grow up healthy, right-thinking, peace-loving, God-fearing American citizens. The people of the United States do not need investigating. They just want to be given an opportunity to develop along right lines, and as I have said many times before, give them justice and they will need no charity, and there will be no one with enough loose change to bestow charity on anyone. God speed that day. Meanwhile let us not forget that Rockefeller has spent two hundred and fifty million dollars for various educational and charitable purposes, while scores of men of vast wealth, equally capable of doing good have never given a single cent to help their fellow beings.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them.—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort.—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

WHITESTONE, R. R. 1, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to see this song in Print written by Bessie Millwood.

The Lightling Express

The Lightling Express at the Depot Last night as it started on its way,
all the Passengers on Board of the train they all seemed Happy and gay
Except one young man was sitting By hinself was holding a Letter in his hand
was plained to Be seen By the tears in His eyes that the contents made him feel sad.

chor

Plea.e Mister conductor don't Put me off your train, for the very best frind I have in this world is watting for me in pain
mother is expeting to die in a moment sir and May not last through the day
I want to kiss mother goodby dear sir Before god takes her Away.

A stan old conductor then started around to get a ticket from everyone
he came to this young man in grafted tones comanded his fair
I have no ticket the young man said I will Pay you back some day
I will put you off at the next station sir, but he stoped when he heard the man say

Repet chor

a little girl was sitting close by a Hearing what thay did say
She picked up his hat and colesion soon made and paid the boys way on train
Oblige to you Miss for your kindness to me you are welcome said she never fear
Each time the conductor would pase through the car those words would ring in his ears.

chor

mother was sick when I left home and needed a doctor Care
I came to your town Impolment to get but could not find work here
a letter rived from sister this morning mother was dying said she
and that is why I want to ride on your train thoe I have no money to Pay.

chor

I live on the farm and like it fine. I will Be 21 next May. Have light hair, grey eyes, weigh 120 pounds, am five fet tall. I am sending you a song I want you to print, it is a beautiful song, so I will close for this time.

your friend as every,
MISS BESSIE MILLWOOD.

Bessie, I am sorry you think The Lightling Express a "beautiful" song. The song tastes of the American people are not very high I regret to say. In every city there are of course a few cultured people who know a real song from punk and junk, but the punkier and junkier a song is the more chance it has to make a hit with the class of people who go wild over such dopey ditties as "Willie Get The Hammer, There's a Fly on Baby's Lip," "The Eggs My Mother's Chickens Laid For Me," "Take Back Your Heart I asked For Liver," "Grandma's Teeth Will Soon Fit Willie," "Did She Fall Or Was She Pushed." I have published the song as you wrote it Bessie, or nearly as you wrote it, for in its original form it is almost unprintable. The Lightling Express. I take it is your way of expressing The Lightning Express. Nothing like originality. In the first verse we see the young man sitting by "hinself." I've heard an Irishman talk of a hen as a hin. What's your idea in trying to convert a human being into poultry. Make it himself next time. In the chorus you have a capital B for Before and a small g for God. It's God that needs a capital letter and not before. In your second spasm you speak of a "stan" old conductor. No doubt you mean "stern" old conductor. You say he spoke in "grated tones." Conductors have done a lot of grafting in their time, but though grafting affects the pocketbook I'd no idea it affected the voice. Probably you mean "gruff tones." I think that's nearer the mark. You say the conductor commanded the boy's "fair." What was he trying to do, steal his complexion? I hope not as that would be a skin game. Most railroads run a skin game, so the conductor may possibly have been after his complexion as well as his fare. Note the difference between the spelling of the two words. Wasn't it perfectly lovely of the young man to promise the conductor he would pay him back some day and wouldn't it be perfectly lovely if we could all get aboard a train here in New York say, bound for San Francisco. With sleepers, meals, etc. that trip would only cost about $112. Then when the train started and the "stan" old conductor came round with his "grafted voice" and we found it inconvenient to hand him our complexions and still more inconvenient to whack up a hundred bones for the fare, we could pull a crumpled piece of paper out of our pockets, start our lamps leaking, and hand the conductor a bull con story that mother was dying from inflammation of the pocketbook and extreme stringency of the monetary system, and wanted to kiss us before she cashed in her checks. Then just as the "stan" old conductor decided to pull the bell rope and dump us on the prairie between New York and Yonkers, a little girl would pass around the hat, collect three cents and a pant's button, and the conductor would put the three cents in his pocket and give the company the pant's button, and take the whole bunch of us to San Francisco, and throw in a chop suey supper and a trip to the Barbary Coast for good measure, and mother would be down to the depot to meet us, dolled up in her Sunday best looking so fascinating, that the conductor would marry her right on the jump, and the train would have to walk back east the best way it could. Oh, I just tell you if life was like the song writers paint it, we'd be having more fun than a society dog at his own funeral. But alas, things never turn out that way. Bessie informs us that the little girl took up the poor young man's hat and made a "colesion." I've heard of a collection being made but never a colesion. A colesion I imagine must be an improvement on the old fashioned collection, a regular Wall Street hold up game judging from the results. I think I'll get Billy the Goat to pass around the hat and take up a colesion for me, so that I can hire Dr. Care, the gentleman referred to in the last verse, for a man who comes into violent collision with the "Lightling" Express is going to get it between his breakfast and his dinner time if he doesn't get off the track. Alas! the little girls who will get up a colesion for a man are mighty few and far between. In the last verse we are told that the young man went to town to get "empolment," which if I know anything about it is a new way for spelling employment. If I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Wash Day Dont's and Wash Day Do's



Don't boil or scald clothes; don't hard-rub them. Boiling and rough rubbing wear out fabrics much faster than actual use.



Don't waste fuel, time, strength, health, by doing your washing the old-fashioned way. There is an easier, quicker, better way—the Fels-Naptha way.



Do this the next time you wash:

Get Fels-Naptha Soap, soak the clothes in cool or lukewarm water for about thirty minutes after breakfast. Rub lightly, rinse, wring and hang out.



All the afternoon is left—you can sew, read, or go visiting—you'll not be too tired even to iron.

Changes a whole day's hard drudgery into a half day's easy work—because Fels-Naptha does the hard part of the washing for you.

Fels-Naptha Soap is just as wonderful for all soap and water housework as it is for washing clothes.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

A Sacrifice to Love

By Hapsburg Liebe

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SHE was a little woman, bent and gray, was the Widow Sarah Lee Oliver, and the patience of her lined face was both beautiful and unforgetable. She lived alone in her two-roomed log house on the brow of the hill that overshadowed the little mountain town, Morrisville. Her husband had built the cabin there, at her wish; she had told him that the view was worth carrying water a long way. And her husband, also at her wish, had sawn out a low window in the western wall, from which she had seen thousands of sunsets, and from which she could see every house in the town below. He had called it the Sunset Window—and by that name did Sarah Lee still call it.

The air of the spring morning was to her like that of some especially hallowed Sabbath. The sun was warm and bright; a fresh breeze caressed the vines and the rosebushes with a gentleness almost human; hens clucked, birds sang, mud-wasps droned. It was the greatest day of old Sarah Lee's life; the happiest, the best, the sweetest. She had succeeded in her heaviest undertaking.

For her daughter Betty, a girl of nineteen, was to be home that day from having finished her schooling in the nearest city, which lay twenty miles west of Morrisville. Sarah Lee had worked and starved, suffered, almost bled, for years, that Betty might have an opportunity to become a woman of accomplishments.

The little woman had forgotten the old wound in her heart as she looked from the Sunset Window out across the rows of hewn log houses and to the scrub-bordered wagon road that stretched out like a dirty-white ribbon toward the railroad and the city. The wound was that her one son, six years older than Betty, had left home at the age of twelve, no word of any kind having been received from him during the whole thirteen years of his absence.

Although she knew that her daughter would not reach Morrisville until late in the afternoon, Sarah Lee began the very best dinner she could afford full two hours too early—she had two baked pheasants, vegetables, pies, jellies, a cake.

The sun sank lower and lower, and she watched breathlessly from the western indow for the homecoming of Betty. She would go to the wavy mirror and touch again and again her gray tresses to see that not a single lair was out of its place; she would carefully smooth down the folds in her fresh, dark percale dress, and see that her coarse shoes had not the slightest fleck of dust on them.

Then a black object appeared on the dirty-white ribbon of a road, in the distance. As it came nearer, she saw that it was a light vehicle drawn by a pair of mettlesome horses—and it was coming at what seemed to Sarah Lee a terrific pace! In front of the court house she saw a well-dressed young man alight, tie the reins to the hitching rack, and help a girl to the ground in a manner that was both courteous and masterful. She watched them closely, her eyes too dim to recognize her daughter—but she had no doubt that it was Betty.

The pair came hastily up the winding path. There was a rush of white, lacy garments, a vision of loveliness—and a pair of soft, warm arms went about Sarah Lee's old neck. The young man, strong looking and masterful as he appeared to be, turned his head to admire the little panorama spread out before him.

Sarah Lee Oliver, however, could not forget her inborn spirt of hospitality, even in her heaven of gladness. She cordially invited her daughter's escort into her humble home.

"Why, I didn't even tell you his name, mother!" Betty cried, her blue eyes shining with happiness. "That's Arnold Stewart—my mother. Wasn't it kind of him to bring me home?"

Arnold Stewart had addressed a thousand men during his short career as an attorney with much more confidence in himself than he had when he spoke his first words to Sarah Lee Oliver. For the light on the little widow's countenance was greater by far than the expression of any of the thousand masculine faces.

"It was a pleasure to bring your daughter home, I assure you," he managed to say, after the introduction. "So let's forget it."

"It was kind in you," declared Sarah Lee. "And you must have dinner with us, Mr. Stewart. I know you're hungry, after such a long drive. And I want you to eat like a horse!"

They laughed. Stewart entered the cabin, and accepted a creaking chair as graciously as though it were some magic throne. Then they had dinner, and the guest ate with a gusto he had rarely shown for food.

When it was over, he took little, bent Sarah Lee by the shoulders, looked smilingly down into her good face, and told her that he wished to marry her daughter.

"I admit it pleases me to hear you say that," said Sarah Lee, after a moment of silence, returning his sincere gaze with equal sincerity; "but I think you'd better not marry Betty."

"Why?"

"Must I go over it?" murmured the old woman. "She is too young to marry, for one reason. Besides, you are the son of a wealthy man, and naturally your people expect you to marry a wealthy woman. You see, Betty has written me about you."

Stewart smiled and shook his fine head slowly. "Money!" he exclaimed, a little bitterly. "Money! What is any money, compared to Betty Oliver?"

"The color of romance sometimes fails to last forever," said Sarah Lee. "And then—think of *me*, Mr. Stewart. What would I do without her? —not that——" she interrupted him with a hand raised to his broad shoulder. "I know you would say that I could live with you. There are things here that I could not leave, Mr. Stewart."

There followed a moment of awkward silence. Betty however, stepped into the breach.

"I told you all this, Arnold," she said softly. "I could never leave her, even for you, Arnold. It was her unceasing work and self denial that made my education possible, that made it possible for you to care for me. No, I owe her too much. I cannot go with you to your world, much as I—as I——"

She covered her face with her hands and ran, sobbing aloud, into the other room. She had defeated her purpose by breaking down. It caused old Sarah Lee to see matters in a different light. Betty loved him! Must Betty throw aside her happiness for *her*? Could *she* hold Betty from her heart's desire? For Betty would not have sobbed, had she not loved Arnold Stewart.

No, Sarah Lee decided, she couldn't. And as she looked Arnold Stewart over again she began to have a great faith in him.

"Arnold," she breathed, addressing him thus almost affectionately, "Betty is yours, if she wants to be—and it seems that she does. She's told me a great deal about you; and I believe you're a man all through. That's the highest compliment I know, Arnold. I ask only that you both come back here very often."

Sarah Lee's judgment was correct; Arnold Stewart was a man, all of a man; there was no skeleton in the closet of his life. It came to him dazedly that he must throw out of the weighing his own happiness; that he must think of the patient woman to whom Betty owed all. He paled, and his gaze, filled with pain, sought the floor.

But the little widow read his thoughts of sacrifice.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, her voice thick. "It's good of you. Don't you see that if you don't take her we'll all be unhappy? And I believe Betty would be missing a great deal by losing you. If you still want her, Arnold, she is yours."

Arnold Stewart's face jerked strangely as he caught the little old woman up in a hug that almost frightened her.

"I still want her!" he assured Sarah Lee.

Two months later they were married. Stewart's set immediately fell in love with Betty, as much so as the people of Morrisville had loved her mother before her. And the young couple did not forget, for all their happiness, the old woman living alone in the cabin on the hill that frowned down upon Morrisville. They visited her at every opportunity; gifts and money came regularly, while no week passed without a pressing letter concerning Sarah's Lee's making her home with them.

The last of these missives was especially urgent. It was in the form of a petition, and signed to it were the names of young Stewart's father and mother, as well as his own and Betty's. Sarah Lee kissed it, and went to the window that looked out across the little town and over miles of mountainous country stretching to the westward. The sun was going down, and rays of golden glory, interspersed with shafts of crimson and violet and purple, shot from the distant horizon like a heavenly aurora borealis. Sarah Lee read the letter again, and this time she bowed her gray head to the sill log and whispered brokenly to the silence:

"If I didn't have a boy out in the world, I'd go. But if he came home, he'd expect to find me here, so I must stay and wait."

She had always thought he had gone West, and he was therefore inseparably linked to the sunsets, linked by a bond that neither heaven nor earth could have forged anywhere except in the furnace of a mother's heart. And Sarah Lee prayed to the God that had made all the beautiful sunsets to send her wanderer home, just as she had prayed thousands of times before.

Insufferable sacrifice! But of such, surely, is the bleach that whitens souls.

The next morning, Mrs. Spurden, the town gossip, a fat, round, elderly woman, came toiling up the winding pathway, her flushed face telling Sarah Lee Oliver that she had big news before she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak.

"Such an awful—climb!" she spouted disconnectedly. "Sary Lee—did you hear—about the desperado?"

Sarah Lee's heart almost stopped with a strange, smothering apprehension.

"What desperado?" she shot back.

"The desperado—the desperado that killed Mort Hendricks last night," panted the garrulous one. "Didn't you hear about it, Sary Lee?"

"I didn't hear of it," answered the little widow, holding herself calm despite her fears. "What was his name—well, just tell me all about it, Jane."

Mrs. Spurden had begun to breathe normally again. With the consciously proud air all gossips have when dispensing, she told her story:

"Last night, about an hour after dark, there stepped into Job Farrel's store a big, tall man dressed in reg'lar Western clothes—peak-ed, dove-colored hat, soft blue shirt, horsehair watch-chain, and so on. He was sunburned and reckless-lookin', my husband said.

"Well, Mort Hendricks was drinkin', and he stumbled against this man, steppin' on his foot. The desperado told him to please be careful, and said that his breath would wilt ragweeds, and he didn't want it in his face. Then Mort hauled off and slapped the desperado. You know how stout Mort was, Sary Lee. Well, he grabbed the desperado, and they begun to wrastle around. Finally they got outside the door, in the dark, and there the desperado stuck a big knife into Mort's side, killin' him right off. Sheriff Raines happened along, and caught the mu'derer red-handed. He's in the jail, now, Sary Lee."

"What do you think they will do with him?" asked the widow, having told herself that no son of hers would kill a man for such a trifle, and thus setting her mind at rest.

"Humph," grunted Mrs. Spurden, smilingly. "My husband heard old Judge Elwood—he's in town, you know, Sary Lee, it bein' court week here—heard the judge say that Morrisville would have its first hangin', or he'd miss his guess."

"But you didn't tell me his name," the widow reminded.

"He laughed a little, my husband said," replied the gossip, "and said that his name was John Doe for the present. Of course he denied that he done the killin'."

"Poor man!" murmured Sarah Lee, with the ready sympathy of one who has suffered much himself. "Is there any chance that he is innocent, Jane?"

"Why, of course not, Sary Lee!" Mrs. Spurden clipped. "Who on earth would have done it—stickin' the knife thataway—but the strange man? They almost seen him do it. Besides, who's got anything against Mort Hendricks, enough to do such a terrible thing as that?"

"The Hendrickses and the Raineses have a lot against each other," said Sarah Lee, speaking more to herself, perhaps, than to her visitor. "They have been at riflepoints as long as I've known them."

"But none of the Raineses would be guilty of such a sneaking trick as knifing an enemy," Mrs. Spurden retorted with spirit—for the Raineses were relatives of her husband's. "Why, Sary Lee, the Raineses are among the best people of the county: there's George Raines is the sheriff, and Bolton Raines is a magistrate. I know Mort and George Raines had a fight last week, but George Raines wouldn't kill a man unless it was to save himself, Sary Lee. Sary Lee," she went on triumphantly, her eyes narrowing, "didn't you have a boy to run off from home a long time ago?"

"Yes," the little woman admitted, with studied calmness.

"My husband whispered to me—but I won't tell it at all—whispered to me that this desperado looks a lot like your husband used to look," Mrs. Spurden said, no doubt feeling that she had ably retaliated for the suggestion that any of the Raineses could have done the terrible deed.

Sarah Lee Oliver forced a smile. "There is not the slightest chance that he is my son," she declared. "My blood and my husband's blood has no murder in it, Jane."

And there was that in her tones that caused the gossip to change the topic of conversation immediately. Sarah Lee Oliver was—figuratively—a fighter.

But the little widow's mind was not quite at rest now, despite the fact that there was no murder in the blood of her son. For he had resembled his father, had the boy Newton.

Justice in Morrisville was strict in its adherence to the law and quick. The young man accused of the killing of Morton Hendricks was brought to trial with little delay. He called himself John Doe with a peculiar twinkle in his deep, gray eyes and refused to say anything about his past. He talked only when it was absolutely necessary, and the burden of his speech was in the main stout declarations of his innocence. His attorney fought hard for him, but to no effect. The idea that the killing was connected in any way with the old feud between the Raineses and the Hendrickses was met by hoots and jeers.

There was a breathless silence in the courtroom. The rustling of the leaves on the gnarled maples without could be plainly heard. The far-away tinkle of cowbells became a roar. The neigh of a horse was almost startling. They were waiting for the return of the jury.

And they did not have long to wait. The twelve good men and true filed slowly to their places, their countenances heavy with the weight of the judgment they were to set upon the shoulders of a fellow man. Sara Lee Oliver, unable to entirely throw off the haunting fear that had fought continuously to sink its wolfish fangs into her soul, stood at one of the windows, on the outside, waiting to get a glimpse of the accused to see for herself that it was not her son.

Voices came to her dully. Then she caught a few words that jammed in her heart like leaden balls:

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailyard—Morrisville!"

Her wrinkled face growing white with apprehension, she shifted her position; then she hastened to another window. She saw the prisoner now, standing erect, manful, his head up, his eyes deep and earnest. It seemed that he was mentally pitying those who had condemned him to death. She knew him, for all his grown-up air. It was indeed her son, this man who was to be hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailyard—Morrisville!

She reeled at the blow, and saved herself from falling only by her grasp on the windowsill. Her husband's blood, her own blood, the first life she had held to her young breast, the child of her heart, the boy of the beautiful sunset land and of her thousands of prayers to God—*a murderer!*

Then he saw her and knew her. He saw her old eyes wide, staring, accusing, searching him through and through for the murder-blood. His lips moved, shaping soundlessly a single word, a word meant for her eyes alone—and which was caught by her eyes alone, because those in the courtroom had been too intent on watching the outcome of the trial to see the little woman at the window. The one word was—*"Betty!"*

Betty! So that was the reason he had refused to give his name! He would not have it said against Betty that her brother was hanged. If a murderer, then in one respect a noble murderer. It did not occur to this woman of sacrifices that he had also been trying to shield her from disgrace by calling himself John Doe.

Her mind in a chaotic state, Sarah Lee Oliver hastened up the winding pathway to the cabin on the hill and to the Sunset Window. The hazy autumn sun was going down in a bank of smoke from mountain fires; it was setting in a sea of death, cold, distant. Her eyes were dry. There were no more tears to shed. All was ended of her watching and praying and waiting; all was gone out into the great uselessness of earthly things. So this was the answer to her prayers! This was the reward of her beautiful faith! This was the wages of her eternal sacrifices!

Now more than ever before she felt that she had indeed made sacrifices, and that she had indeed had faith. It seemed so unkind of heaven. She wondered if God cared, watching the last rays of the dim sun's cold aurora as she wondered. Perhaps she was too little to come beneath His notice. There were so many, many people in the world; she was so small, so unimportant. And then the first rebellion of her life stirred within her. She turned her eyes again to the darkening west, and into the twilight's hush her quivering lips sent the words that, so long ago, had shaken the brow of Calvary's hill:

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

The quiet that followed sank into her brain with a feeling of guilt, a feeling of shame. A belated brown sparrow flew to its nestingplace in a knothole in the log first above the Sunset Window—a sparrow.

Her lips moved again: *" 'Not a sparrow falleth —' "* and they continued to move: *" 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death —' "*

When night had come the little woman, seeming more bent, older, grayer, stole down through the darkness to the high fence that ran around the jail. She was going to see her son. She had not thought of the guard that paced on the outside of the fence. It was the sheriff himself, who would be on duty until midnight; and he recognized the familiar figure that crept along in the shadows.

"Sarah Lee!"

"Yes, it's Sarah Lee, George," she said lowly. She knew now that she would have need of a confidante, and decided to trust him with the secret. "George," she continued, "I must have a friend. I want you to swear that you won't betray us."

Wondering, Raines raised his hand and swore.

"George, for heaven's sake never tell it," Sarah Lee whispered tremulously. "The prisoner in there is my boy, who ran away from home thirteen years ago. I want to see him."

"Why, Sarah Lee Oliver!" There was genuine surprise and pain in the officer's words.

"Not so loud, George," cautioned the little widow, putting a hand on his arm. "Nobody must know it until we decide fully about it. You see, my son wouldn't tell his name, to save Betty from disgrace. I'm not ashamed to own my son, George, but I've got to see him first, and talk it over."

Sheriff Raines turned and unlocked the gate to the stockade, and Sarah Lee followed him through the dark night to the door of the strong, primitive prison. Another lock clicked, and they were inside the stuffy room.

"Newton!"

"Mother!" came from the pitchy gloom in a low cry of mingled joy and despair. He had known her voice, despite the years that had passed since he had seen her. "I'm so glad you came. Does anybody know of it except the sheriff?"

"Nobody," sobbed Sarah Lee, from her place on his broad breast. "George Raines was your father's friend, and he has sworn never to tell. But—but Newton, I cannot be ashamed to own you! Oh, I cannot! Newton Oliver, tell me the truth, before Almighty God—did you kill Morton Hendricks?"

He lifted her higher and kissed her in a manner that of itself was assurance of his innocence.

"Before Almighty God, I did not," he swore. "But there was no show for me. I could do nothing. The sentence cannot be undone now. I must be a martyr to justice, mother; and we must keep the secret for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Mr. Gannett Offers Prizes for Pictures of COMFORT Homes

My Dear Friends:

The descriptions of homes of our subscribers in their letters to our "Sisters' Corner" constitute one of the most interesting features of that department.

The Sisters say so, and so do others.

These glimpses of the homes and introductions to the family circle make them feel actually acquainted with each other as friends and almost as neighbors, besides gratifying a general desire to know how the manner of living is varied to meet conditions that differ so widely in different sections of our great country.

I want to supplement these word pictures by reproducing in COMFORT a series of photographs of homes of our subscribers in all the States.

Therefore, for satisfactory photographs of the most attractive homes of COMFORT subscribers I offer the following

List of Prizes

1st Prize - - - - - - -	$15.00	4th, 5th and 6th Prizes, Each	$3.00
2nd Prize - - - - - - -	$10.00	7th, 8th and 9th Prizes, Each	$2.00
3rd Prize - - - - - - -	$ 5.00	Next 5 Prizes, Each - - -	$1.00

CONDITIONS. The only requirements for entering this contest are that you must be a COMFORT subscriber and send me a photograph of the home you live in, with a brief description of yourself and other members of your family, and state your occupation, how long you have been a subscriber, and whether the home is owned or rented by you or by which member of your family. The photo and description must be mailed, postage prepaid, not later than the fifteenth day of June, when the contest will close and the prizes will be awarded and paid as soon as possible thereafter.

The photos may be of any size or in any style, even picture post cards will do, provided they are clear enough to make good pictures to print in COMFORT. It makes no difference how you got the picture,—whether taken by yourself or by a friend or by a paid photographer, it is all the same for this contest.

The prizes will be awarded and paid for the pictures of the fourteen most attractive homes according to my judgment of the photos. The largest and most pretentious houses may not win, for neatness and coziness with an air of thrift and comfort, and good sense, displayed in the buildings and their surroundings will be considered as important factors of attractiveness.

I will also pay one dollar each for any photos that I may wish to keep, other than the fourteen prize-winners. The others I will return if the owners so request and enclose postage for return.

Now this is an interesting prize contest, and to enter it costs you nothing, except a few cents for postage, if you have a picture of your home or a camera to take one with or can get a friend who has a camera to take the picture for you.

I hope that many more than the fourteen prize-winners will be such pictures as I shall wish to keep and pay for at one dollar each for my COMFORT home album.

REMEMBER: You must be a COMFORT subscriber to enter this contest but you don't have to be the owner of the home. Whichever member of the family, whether father, mother, husband, wife, son or daughter, is a COMFORT subscriber may send in the photo of the home and compete for the prizes.

Address Home Prize Contest, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Don't forget to enclose the written description, also the postage for return, if you care to have the picture returned in case it is not accepted for my album.

On a farm there are other things besides the buildings, such as domestic animals, farm machinery, or possibly an automobile that, if taken in the picture of the home, would make it more interesting, and if some of the family are included it will be no objection.

I hope your responses will be such as to enable me to make this an interesting feature of COMFORT.

Sincerely your friend,

W. H. GANNETT.

TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COON HUNT.

LONG before the appointed hour, the next night, Toughey and the children clad in overalls and their Washington snow boots which their mother insisted upon as a protection against prickly pear thorns and the green brier, were ready for the projected hunt.

"Tisn't ever going to be dark," declared the children, watching, with mutinous eyes, the lagging sunset and the slowly darkening skies.



THE COON DOGS.

But the darkness came at last and the start was made with old Isum, carrying a lighted lantern, in the lead, Mr. Deering, Len and the little girls following in an irregular group and the dogs ranging in the brush on either side of the road.

The old negro had contributed to the chase his own dog, a celebrated coon-hunter and known as Gramp. In his stiff yellow hair, uncouth proportions and morose temper one seemed to read his low origin. But his skill in trailing game and his perseverance in keeping it treed till such time as old Isum could appear on the scene with his gun and bring it down for his own and Gramp's dinner, pointed with equal clearness to some ancestor, along his obscure line, to whom he owed a heritage of good blood and cultivated instincts.

"Yo' aint gwinta git nuffin," remarked old Isum pessimistically. "'Tain't no time fur coons an' possuns."

"Oh, we'll get a few cats," said papa cheerfully.

"Cats!" exclaimed the children in astonished dismay.

"Skunks, honey," explained the old negro, "but *dey* ain't nuffin," he went on to say, "Dey des spoils de dogs."

"A dead skunk don't eat chickens," observed papa sententiously.

But Isum continued to grumble. He had lived in the woods for many years and was too good a sportsman to consider polecats true game. His complaints were interrupted by the savage barking of the dogs a short distance ahead. They were circling about some object, evidently unwilling to go close to it.

"I doan know what dat ken be," he murmured.

As he spoke, a high sharp rattle broke through the clamor of the dogs.

"By jinks!" exclaimed Len, "it's a rattler!"

"Stand back," commanded papa in a low tone, raising his rifle and taking careful aim.

The children cowered behind him and Toughey stepping to one side gazed with breathless interest at the coiled snake, focused in the light, tense and motionless save for the vibrant tail and thread like tongue. But its hour had come and in a moment more the dogs were veering away from its limp, shattered body, seeming to know by instinct that with their foe, though fallen, still dwelt the power of death.

Excited by the incident, the children discovered a rattlesnake in every katydid and fallen leaf, while even their elders were betrayed into occasional nervous starts.

Shortly afterwards old Tom gave tongue, and the party was again brought to a halt. After listening for a minute or two Isum walked on composedly.

"Dat dog done fool me all he's gwinta," he remarked.

"He seems to have struck a good trail," said Mr. Deering doubtfully, listening to the deep bell-tones of the hound.

"Lessen Jerry and Gramp takes up de trail," said the old negro, "yo sho gwinta git lef'."

"All right," said papa, giving in.

"We're depending on you Isum; I'm betting on your judgment."

The old negro chuckled.

"Yo ain't mek no misteke ef yo does," he said. "Yo and de chilluns 'll be traillin' all over dem mountains tell daybrek ef you 'pends on dat dog."

The matter being settled they moved on and presently old Tom, tiring of his cold trail, padded softly across the road and disappeared in the brush to take up the hunt again.

They now entered a short thick bottom, ending at its mouth where it joined the river, in a canyon of considerable proportions. Its big trees and thick undergrowth were supposed to afford cover for unnumbered coons, possums and skunks, and it was not long before Jerry's clear note was heard, causing old Isum to start forward in pursuit with some show of excitement.

"Not too fas';" he cautioned, "de trail mought run back, an' we don' wanta crowd de dogs."

But as the cries receded rapidly they pushed ahead with some speed and shortly found themselves on a narrow tongue of land with the river on one side and the canyon on the other. Here they waited hoping that the game would be treed where they could follow. But luck was against them, for Isum soon reported that the dogs were crossing the river.

"Hit's a coon," said the old negro, "dey sho am smat."

"It may recross the river," said papa, listening attentively to the cry of the dogs. But it did not, and Isum's long familiarity with the surrounding country presently enabled him to locate the dogs in an inaccesible canyon to which they had driven their quarry and where they were now awaiting the arrival of the huntsmen.

"Call them off and let's get away from the river," said Mr. Deering.

Isum sounded several loud blasts on his horn, and then several more, and then blew himself into a state of wrath and exhaustion in a vain effort to recover the dogs. They were too hot after their enemy to heed the command.

"Dey sho is hod to pull off," he said, exasperated by their obstinacy. Then added apologetically:

"But hit's better toe hav em stick, dan kerless like some dogs."

Mr. Deering agreed with him but it was decided that they should start back without the dogs.

The children were now discovered on a grassy spot, sound asleep. Their father laughed and shouldered one, while Len took the other.

"You see what happens when you take babies hunting," remarked Toughey severely.

"They shall go on their ponies next time," promised papa, to which the children gave sleepy acquiescence, while Toughey received it with an incredulous grunt.

They were overtaken by the dogs about half way home, but Mr. Deering's animated proposal that they go up the mountain and try their luck further was voted against by all save Toughey.

It was late when the party reached Pecan Hollow; later than they had expected it to be, as they realized when they turned over the limp little girls to a reproachful mamma, to whom no mention was made until the next day of the projected hunt on horseback.

Dreamless sleep prevailed throughout the little house that night.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A week later found the little party, mounted on horses, proceeding across the mountains to again try its luck in the field of sport. This time, by common consent, they avoided the thick river bottom with its entangling canyons, and headed for the open prairie.

The night was moonless and the stars were obscured by a light rack of clouds. Low on the southeastern horizon lay a storm cloud made visible now and then by a glare of lightning, like a smoldering fire fanned into fitful life by some passing breeze.

The children watched it with a creepy feeling, wondering what would happen if a storm should overtake them.

"It will go around us, I think," said papa in answer to their fearful questioning.

This was somewhat reassuring, but they regarded the slowly spreading cloud very much as Jack did the sleeping giant and they listened with strained anxiety to its low mutter of thunder, until old Tom, with blatant voice, awoke the echoes of the surrounding hollows and aroused their interest in the hunt.

This time, Jerry and Gramp were old Tom's confederates in leading them a wild chase over several miles of scrubby brush, until, brought up before an impossible line of wire fencing, they called off the dogs and made their way to a gate through which they now went into the hay pasture.

"That ran like a wolf," said Mr. Deering thoughtfully.

"It sho did," said Isum with some excitement. "I done sey dat dem goats o' yourn what yo sent up in de spring gwinta fotch many a coyote inta dese hollers."

This conversation was interrupted by an outburst from the dogs who had now, for the first time, encountered the long-looked for "cat" or skunk. Caught outside its hole on the open prairie, the slow moving animal had little chance for its life and was shown no quarter by the dogs. It was swiftly dispatched amidst wild cheering by the children.

Following almost immediately came Jerry's certain call. This time a mother cat with several young ones was brought to bay, and as they made their stand a little inside the remnant of an old fence, the hunting party, in order not to miss the fight, found it necessary to dismount and crawl through or under the loose strands of wire to the battle-field.

A skunk's only weapon is its scent glands, but it uses them with such powerful effect that dogs are frequently repulsed and dart away to give nose and jaws a vigorous rubbing on the grass.

In the dim light it was hard to tell one animal from the other and when a dark object separated itself from the struggling mass of creatures and rushed in the direction of the children they fled shrieking into the outer darkness. Finding themselves unattacked by the enemy, however, they returned, but soon discovered that the dogs were as objectionable as the cats.

Their efforts to keep out of the way of both friends and foes and at the same time encourage the dogs to do the skunks to death, led them into such extravagant capers, such frantic yelling, presenting a spectacle of such primitive savagery that Toughey, herself, hoarse from over much screaming, paused to watch them. She was uncertain whether to complain of them or sympathize with their strenuous enjoyment. She decided to speak to her father about it and when the last of the family of skunks had been shaken into a disfigured pelt, and the hunters again in the saddle, Toughey said:

"Papa, have you noticed the children?"

"Yes," he replied, "They appear to be having some fun."

"Don't you think, papa," she went on gravely, "that they're getting downright bloodthirsty?"

"Regular cannibals," he agreed cheerfully.

But when he heard Toughey's reproachful, "Oh, papa!" he became serious and explained that he was making war on the skunks in the interest of the quail and the Mongolian pheasants which he proposed to introduce on the Plantation that fall. His words relieved her scruples and she responded eagerly to the next cry of the dogs.

This time the hounds were out-generaled by their foe who took refuge in a large prickly-pear bush, from which strategic position it was easy to defy them. The cat knew well that she was safe from assault, for not since puppy days had any of these experienced old hunters attempted to storm a prickly-pear bush. Torture lay in the thousands of tiny needles with which nature had provided it.

So the dogs yelped for aid and old Isum settled the matter with a big stick.

As Isum had predicted, the dogs were now unfitted to follow a less pungent trail than that of the polecat, but of these they killed several in the course of the next hour or two.

While a fight was on, the children whistled and screamed themselves into a frenzy of delight, but during the quiet moments when the dogs were searching for prey, they drooped more and more until they were finally discovered by Toughey leaning forward on their ponies' necks, their little cheeks pressing the manes, dozing if not fast asleep. So the horn was sounded and the hunt was declared at an end. And it was well that it had ended, for the storm cloud was slowly spreading, the light clouds overhead were growing thicker and darker, and the increasing wind was becoming cold with the breath of unshed raindrops.

By riding rapidly, they reached home and the last pony was turned out, the last saddle hung on a nail under the protected corner of the gallery, and the sleepy children tucked into bed before the threatened flood descended. This time it brought no terrors to the little girls, for they neither heard nor saw it; by the next day it was done, leaving only a beautiful, fresh morning to tell the tale of its passage.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

FAIRBANKS, BOX 825, ALASKA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just called for a few minutes' chat to gratify a longing I have had for many years, but like a good many other sisters I have been too timid but if I see this in print I may have courage to come again. I have been a COMFORT reader for the past five years and would miss its comfort very much should I be deprived of this dear paper, but hope I never shall be.

Now I am not cold, so do not draw my chair too close to the fire as it is only two or three degrees below zero and we Northerners think that pleasant weather.

I am not going to describe myself, but something more interesting. I wish to tell you some real facts about this far-away land of Alaska. It is not a land of ice and snow the year round as so many people are inclined to believe, we have long, dark, cold winters, it is true, the thermometer registering sixty degrees below zero for two or three days at a time and several times through a winter, but we have warm log cabins and frame houses with plenty of wood so we keep warm and comfortable. The days are short, the sun shines only two hours and forty-five minutes on the shortest day and often we do not see it at all if it happens to be a cold, foggy day, but we have electric lights so do not mind the darkness so much as you would think. The heavy frosts set in about the middle of September or first of October and we do not plant much outdoors before the middle or latter part of May. Do I hear the sisters saying, "My, what a short season!" Well I am not at all surprised to hear it, but wait a moment, and I will tell you why such things as potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beets and turnips can mature in so short a time; it is because we have sunshine night and day. On the 21st of June the sun just seems to set and rise again. We have a baseball game at midnight on that day so you see it is truly the land of the "Midnight Sun." Last summer we had so much rain that the gardens were not the success we hoped they would be, but this winter has been very warm; the coldest weather so far being twenty-five degrees below zero and that was only for a short time.

I realize Alaska has been given a great deal of publicity since the Alaska Railroad Bill passed and I fear it will be the means of tempting some poor man to leave his family with very little means and rush here before there is work enough to do to supply the hundreds of men that will flock here in the spring, so I want to sound a warning note to the COMFORT sisters; tell your husband not to be too hasty, but watch, for I know there will be some good advantages here in the near future for the right men, but it is like most countries, it takes men and women of strong will and muscle and active brain to make a success.

I have lived in the West all my life; Utah being my home state and was born in Salt Lake City. I would like to hear from some of the sisters there. I also lived in Alberta, Canada, for seven years and I have been in Alaska five years.

I have three children, Mary, aged nine, Frank, seven and Stella five years old, so you see two are in school; our schools could be better but they are very good at that; still we hope to better them as years go on.

My lack of education has been one long regret but I study with my children so will not give up and say "lost" for we are never too old to learn.

With best wishes to all of COMFORT's staff and sisters,

From your loving sister, MRS. ROY SHAFER.

Mrs. Shafer. There seems to be a sort of magic connected with the lands of the far North which makes letters from there doubly interesting and I feel sure you will receive a hearty welcome in our corner. I admire the spirit manifested in your desire for an education and most assuredly it is not too late. Your children will make more progress in their schoolwork if you keep abreast of them and are ready to help them. Good books are the best teachers and you will find that time spent in reading is not lost.—Ed.

MATTITUCK, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is the first time I have ever written for this column, although I have been reading and loving COMFORT for a number of years, and have sold quite a number of Uncle Charlie's Poem books for him, and through that work I became personally acquainted with him. And let me tell you right here that he thoroughly appreciates any effort you make for him and he certainly has proven it to me. I have never sent a name in for a book that he did not write me a nice long letter and his letters are fine and sound exactly like him. I know, you see, for I have visited him twice and my daughter has visited a week with him and Maria. I visited him the second week in January, and stayed a day and a night, and only regretted that I could not stay longer; as I enjoyed every moment I spent there.

His rooms show good taste and everything harmonizes. Everything at present is a warm red color. His pictures show the artist's taste. He has a piano and a Victrola and when I was there he had two canaries belonging to Eva Tanguay banging in his room, and they sang beautifully, but, what sounded best to me was Uncle Charlie's rich bass voice, singing every now and then a line or two of some of his favorite songs. He has a magnificent voice, and lovely, dreamy brown eyes, but I had better have a care how I tell you of any more of his charms or you will all be falling in love with him and I can assure you he is well cared for by Maria.

I think you will all agree with me when I say Uncle Charlie is a man with a big heart, full of sympathy and charity. He's full of fun too and can keep you laughing all day. I wonder how many of us could be as patient and jolly under like circumstances.

I have often heard it said of one after they had departed from this life, "None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise." I think it better to say kind things about our friends while they are here, don't you? I feel sure if you knew Uncle Charlie, you would feel as I do about him and the lines above seem fitting to him.

I cannot speak too highly of Maria. Twice she has visited me and my family, which consist of my husband and two daughters, we all love her, she is one of those people who wear well.

At present "Billy the Goat" is a pretty little German girl, and I think her all to the good.

My oldest daughter is eighteen years old, and has been a bookkeeper in a store for more than a year. I think every girl should know how to support herself, as it might become necessary. The younger daughter is thirteen years old; she was born on the day McKinley was shot, Sept. 6, 1901.

Wishing the sisters and all interested in COMFORT, the best of luck, Sincerely, MRS. GRACE E. DURYEE.

Mrs. Duryee. Perhaps your letter will convince many a Doubting Thomas that Uncle Charlie is not the mythical person they imagine him to be but all that your letter has pictured him—a patient, noble man, endeavoring to make the world a better place by his presence in it; I think he is succeeding. I agree with you that we should not save our kind words till too late and in that connection am printing the following poem which appeals to me strongly. I know Uncle Charlie appreciates the kind words and thoughts from the readers, and most assuredly he is grateful for the substantial aid you have rendered him through the sale of so many of his books.—Ed.

If I Should Die Tonight

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

"If I should die tonight
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all tonight.

"Oh, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travelworn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

VIEMAN, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please allow me a place in your cozy corner? I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for quite a while but desire to make the acquaintance of the many sisters.

I have been a reader and admirer of our grand paper, COMFORT, since I was quite small and a subscriber for some time.

COMFORT has my favorite motto, "Onward and Upward." There is something inspiring in those words; if we only stop to analyze them. What a mirror is our corner; reflecting different characters and homes.

The letters are very interesting; some are pathetic, some inspire to nobler aims and purposes through lessons of self-sacrifice; and others cause a desire to know the writer personally; that we might count them a link in the great chain of friendship. So many of the sisters' letters portray such a true Christian spirit.

Not long ago I was waiting for my train in the station of one of our large cities in this state. Presently a woman entered the waiting-room with three small children, the two youngest mere babies. She

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the 'phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

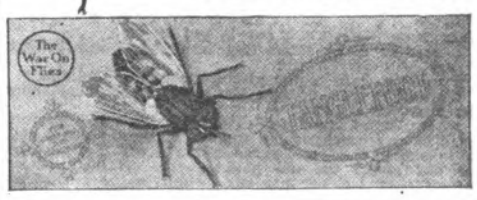
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

was escorted by a man who found a seat for her near enough to us that the conversation was easily understood. He disappeared and quickly returned and told her he had found a suitable hotel and invited her to accompany him. She wisely refused.

We learned afterward that he was a total stranger to her.

Not possessing an air of culture and refinement, either in manners or dress, she was shunned as an ogre or passed by unnoticed, except by some who forgot themselves so much as to stare continually. She approached our party and conversed with us telling us her story. Soon she passed on, still the victim of those chilly stares mingled with haughty looks. We felt that guardian angels were still on duty though.

Our train was called and as the scene came before us again in memory, we felt that the world still contained more Levites than good Samaritans.

There was no humiliation on the part of the Good Samaritan as he ministered to the needs of the wounded man for he possessed charity or perfect love.

It takes much grace to be Christlike; but our great Teacher said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I am the youngest of the family and the only one at home. I live with my parents on the farm. We are located in the central part of the state. I have never lived in the city; but prefer the country life always. The city has its advantages but with the many modern conveniences country life is not so remote as formerly. Many of our country people are as cultured and refined as those you meet in the city. Of course we cannot do without the cities; neither can they discard us and prosper. But after all the sentiments expressed in the beautiful poem, written by John Howward Payne, while exiled, "There is no place like Home," applies to all.

Someone has said, "A Contented mind is a perpetual feast," then how richly endowed we are if we possess it together with the faculty of finding, "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," and God everywhere.

I will send one of my poems which I hope will encourage some dear sister in the performance of the many every-day tasks.

Just Persevere

"When the taskes that lie before you,
Seem as numerous as the stars,
And success seems just as possible
As a journey up to Mars;
'Tis no time now for despairing,
Just begin; and persevere.
You will be surprised how quickly
That each task will disappear.

"Takes a grim determination,
An unfaltering courage too.
To reach the heights of mountains,
That extend into the blue.
But if you keep climbing upward
With a guide to lead you on,
You will surely reach the summit
When the victory is won."

I hope I haven't tired dear Mrs. Wilkinson and you sisters with the length of my first call.

I will be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

With best wishes to all, MISS NELLIE F. STOVALL.

Miss Stovall. The tone of your letter indicates that you have acquired the art of looking beyond the trivial every-day tasks to the final completion and that is half the battle. We are all willing to do the big things but it requires courage to do the little things well, without complaining.—Ed.

STONEBORO, R. R. 1, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw so many interesting letters last month that I decided to try again.

I want to talk to the girls on character building."

I speak to girls because I'm a girl myself and know the heart of a girl.

First, let us study for a while and see if we can't get a clearer conception of what it really is to be a girl or woman in the truest sense of the word. Let us take for our motto the old philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself," by looking into our own lives for a moment and seeing just what there is in there.

I think when we are old enough to realize that we are existing and for a purpose, right then we should begin to study our nature, to detect our faults and shortcomings, and try hard to overcome them. Then we should try to develop the good qualities, those womanly virtues which God intended for woman to possess, for to be sure there is something good in everybody. We were all designed for a purpose, each has her sphere to fill in this world. Don't be discouraged because you can't climb high in the world and have honors heaped upon you. God has given you a talent; it may be one of those virtues—say kindness, a sweet, lovable disposition. That may seem as nothing to you, but did you know that is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, gift God could bestow upon woman—to be always cheerful and calm, never fretting and worrying over trifles, but carrying all to God in prayer. There is no limit to such a woman's influence. Girls, to those of you who are high tempered, easily vexed and, perhaps, to some extent quarrelsome, try to begin early in life by asking your Heavenly Father to help you to overcome these or any other fault in your nature.

We have it in our power to shape our own lives and by our example, influence the lives of others. Girls, what are we going to do?"

Are we going to make a generation of giddy, narrow-minded women who think of nothing else but dress and amusements? No, no; let us determine to be something—to make of ourselves noble, broad-minded women who will be a blessing to the world. Now is the time we are forming our characters. Every day we are growing better or worse, either by trying to overcome some faults and so make our lives purer and sweeter, or by willfully developing some spark of evil in our nature.

Have some aim in life, then shape everything to that end. Let everything you say and do be a step nearer the goal to which you climb. It is good for us to have in mind some ideal person, and who does not admire that lofty Christian character, that sweet Christ-like spirit in a woman? Then shape your lives by that character. Be very thoughtful, always thinking before you speak and act. Often we say some very unkind things, thoughtlessly of course, and by so doing cast a shadow on many a happy heart.

Always cultivate a pleasant expression. Speak kindly, a censorious tongue is a perpetual scourge, but kind words heal wounds. Goodness is greater than smartness.

In your work for God you will often blunder. Don't worry too much over your blunders, but learn from them. Be cheerful. Solemnity is no sign of Godliness. The owl is no better than the robin.

Don't try to please everyone. It is hard for sixty to sympathize with sixteen, and you will have some critics. Be yourself—natural, modest, kind, earnest, Godly. Some will dub you slow, some declare you fast; but you have only one Master, please Him. Try to forget yourself and remember others. Be not anxious to know many people, but to help those you do know. Try not so much to extend your influence as to strengthen it.

Shun questionable company. Remember, wealth is no surety for character. Gilded sin is not holiness, and the world knows it. Keep good company or none. Be sincere. Do not say all you mean, but mean all you say. Perfection may be impossible to humanity, but we can at least be true. Let dress and speech song and prayer, clasp of hand and glance of eye, be all expressions of your sincere desire to please your God and serve your brother.

Best wishes to all, CLARA BAKER.

Clara Baker. The following poem, which was sent in by a sister, brings out a point you mentioned—that of forgetting our blunders, remembering them only long enough to prevent a repetition of the same mistake. It has cheered and encouraged me and I am glad to pass it along for the benefit of others.

Today

"With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has canceled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

"Concern yourself with but today,
Grasp it, and teach it to obey
Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.

"You and today! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.
With God Himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!"

Sir Thomas Lipton Assists American Red Cross Work

His Steam Yacht to Take American Doctors, Nurses and Hospital Supplies to Serbia

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON, known the world over as the proprietor of Lipton's teas and popular in the United States as the genial contestant for the America's cup, has placed himself and his elegant, great steam yacht, the Erin, at the service of the American and British Red Cross Societies for their relief work in stricken Serbia.

He has recently fitted out the Erin for this purpose and at the present writing she is about to sail on her mission of mercy. Sir Thomas will accompany the expedition to see that nothing is lacking so far as lies in his power to contribute to its success.

Our readers remember that the present European conflict started with Austria's declaration of war against Serbia and immediate attack on that unfortunate little country whose present plight through the devastation of war and the attendant ravages of famine and disease resulting from invasion by the Austrian armies is as bad if not worse than that of Belgium.

In a recent interview Sir Thomas Lipton said: "One can scarcely imagine the terrible ravages of typhus in Serbia. It is far worse than typhoid fever and even worse than the black plague.

"There I am sailing shortly on the Erin, taking with me 20 doctors and 60 tons of medicines and hospital comforts. I have already placed my yacht at the disposition of the American Red Cross and British Red Cross societies and am under their orders.

"It is my earnest desire that I may have the pleasure and honor of taking American doctors and nurses to Serbia. There is a crying need for hospital work to be done."

Wonderful Career of a Self-Made Man

Sir Thomas Lipton is an interesting character and has had a remarkable career. Though a British subject by birth and loyal to his country he seems very American in the democratic simplicity and delightful cordiality of his manners and to a degree also in his habit of thought and his business methods. This may be due in part to the influence of his early experiences and associations in our country.

He was born poor but with an ambition and will to be somebody, which impelled him as a boy to seek his fortune in the great Western land of opportunity.

He is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, his parents having come there from the north of Ireland. His schooling was curtailed by the necessity to work, as may be judged from the fact that at the age of fifteen he had saved from his own earnings enough to pay his passage to New York where he landed fifty years ago, just after the close of our Civil War. For years he worked hard, first in the rice fields of South Carolina and later in New York and other Northern cities until from his small wages he had saved five hundred dollars besides sending home money each month to help his parents in Scotland.

From boyhood it had been his fixed determination to acquire wealth and great wealth, not as an end nor for the miserly satisfaction of being rich but as a means of accomplishing great things and doing good in the world.

Brains, hard work and capital faithfully employed are the three essentials requisite to the honest acquisition of riches.

He had labored hard and faithfully for others until he had saved five hundred dollars with which to start in business for himself. With this small nest egg, which was destined to grow into one of the greatest fortunes in England, he returned to Glasgow and opened a small retail provision store, paying cash for his stock and at first doing all the work himself without assistance of clerk or bookkeeper. Brains, industry and honesty constituted the big end of his business equipment and told heavily in his favor. His business grew rapidly until he had one of the largest stores in Glasgow; then he began establishing stores in other places and in a short time had them in the principal cities of the British Isles.

He had become rich, at the same time earning a reputation for honesty and square dealing with the public that was his best asset.

The Lipton Idea

Thus far he had been only a dealer retailing the goods that others produced. But realizing how much the middlemen's expenses and profits added to the price the consumer had to pay, he decided to become a producer of some of the goods that he was selling and to share with his customers the benefit of the saving made by thus cutting out the middlemen.

Jams and canned fruits, because of the way they were put up and handled in England, were luxuries for the rich. So he went into the canning business and by doing it on a large scale and by more economical methods of handling he brought down the prices of his products to where they were within the means of ordinary people. He even raised a considerable portion of the fruits and berries, that he put up, on large farms which were purchased and operated for that purpose.

The British are great tea drinkers and the consumption of tea in Britain and her colonies is enormous. The tea business offered an immense field for the application of the Lipton principle of direct dealing between producer and consumer and Sir Thomas was not slow to recognize and seize the opportunity.

Begins Raising Tea

He visited all the tea-producing countries, and after careful study of the best methods of cultivation, harvesting and preparation of the different varieties of tea he bought extensive tracts of land in India and Ceylon and went into tea raising on a scale never before attempted by any single concern. When he had this established he was offered ten million dollars for his tea plantations. But he refused to sell, saying that his tea business was still in its infancy. And so it was, for it soon outgrew the requirements of the four hundred and twenty Lipton stores in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and he put his product on the general market with the result that Lipton tea is known the world over.

He has become a large producer of other food products which he retails in the Lipton stores. He has coffee and cocoa plantations in Ceylon, and he bought out a Chicago meat packing establishment that handled three thousand hogs a day.

Sir Thomas Lipton is now one of the richest men in England, and in marked contrast with some of our multi-millionaires, he has made his money honestly, for he has neither robbed the rich nor squeezed it out of the poor. He has no monopoly in any line of business but sells in fair and free competition with thousands of other dealers. Instead of forming a trust or cornering the markets to raise prices, his aim has been, by doing business on an enormous scale, by producing many of the products which he retails, by economical management, better business methods and the cutting out of middlemen's profits and expenses, to reduce food prices to the millions of customers who consume his goods. And thus the people, and especially the poor, have benefited by the business methods which have enriched him.

What He Does with His Money

How does he use his wealth? Just as you would expect such a broad-minded man to do,—a man who knows what it is to be poor. He gives liberally to every worthy charity, and he has given as high as half a million dollars in a single donation.

He is also a patron of clean sport. His special delight is yachting and three times he has crossed the Atlantic with a new yacht to race for the famous America's cup. In each race luck was against him, but he accepted defeat so gracefully that he won something better than the prize cup—the respect, admiration and good will of the American people.

Last summer he built a fourth yacht and was about to come over and race our yachtsmen again for the great international trophy when the war broke out and the race was called off.

The "Sir" before his name means that the King has made him a baronet in recognition of the good he has done, and it is believed that he is in a fair way to be promoted to the peerage.

England is proud of him, and America may justly share in that pride, for it was in the United States that he got his business training and accumulated the little capital on which he began business at home.

He says "My experience in America sharpened me and I always felt that I got a good commercial training there."

His advice is "Work hard, deal honestly, use careful judgment, do unto others as you would be done by, advertise freely and judiciously, and success is bound to follow."

That he is just to his help may be inferred from the fact that although he employs thousands of laborers in many parts of the world he has never had a strike and believes he never will have one. "I make it my business," he says, "to look after the interests of my men and we live in peace and harmony."

584 49th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Ever since I have taken COMFORT, about three years, I had planned writing and answering some of the interesting letters which are published in the sisters' column. I don't know whether I can give any help in general in this open letter, but should any of the sisters care for any information will be glad to answer all letters.

First, will tell you about myself and surroundings. I am twenty-six years old and have lived in Milwaukee all my life, with the exception of the summers, which we spend at our summer home on Okanchee Lake, thirty-five miles from Milwaukee, a most beautiful place. Many of you may not know that Wisconsin is the state of lakes. Millionaries from all over the United States come to these lakes. It is lovely to spend the hot days where there is always a cool breeze, and I often wish the poor people could enjoy it with me. I am never really happy, for I always think of the poor, the old, and needy.

To those mothers who have boys and girls and have a chance to go to some summer resort, please don't let them go unless properly chaperoned, I see, yes, hundreds of girls being misled during one summer. I wish I could have a heart-to-heart talk with every girl, and boy, too, for the boys are not always to blame.

Milwaukee is the "Beer City." We have over ten large breweries; the Schlitz Brewery being second largest of the world. You all know that "Schlitz" made Milwaukee famous. Milwaukee is not so bad after all, not any worse than any other city. Drink is a bad habit and I advise every girl to keep away from a man that drinks. It will lead to unhappiness if she ever marries a man of that kind, although a woman sometimes can do wonders.

Milwaukee is a nice place to live, it has the finest and cleanest parks and schools. I don't say this because it is my home town, but because I have traveled South and all through the East and have seen for myself. I like the city, but if I tell you that we have a fine garden at our summer home, raising over fifty bushels of potatoes and one hundred and fifty bushels of corn and every vegetable of its kind that grows in Wisconsin for our own use, you will come to the conclusion that we come pretty near being called farmers, although we have every convenience that summer resorters have; a large, beautiful home, two launches, eight row boats and an automobile and a few swimming suits. So if any of you ever chance to come this way, you can spend a fine day with us.

I am a lover of flowers and I plant everything in the flower line, from the daintiest blossom to the sunflower. I will give any information that any lady wants to know, as nothing has ever failed me, whatever it was that I put into the ground.

I have a sweet baby girl, Doris, one year old. She has never been sick, and weighs over twenty pounds. She never cries, and talks quite a lot. I think it is because I talk to her all I can, but not the "baby language." I try to rear her just right and teach her now what is right and wrong in the things she does. I love babies and I always look forward to a sister's letter stating interesting things of help about children. I do not believe in a lot of scolding, but gentle words bring obedience quicker than all else.

Now a word in regard to the "old folks." Always be gentle and kind to them, remember you will some day attain that state. Even if they are fretty try and do your best and do something to please them. I had a dear good grandma who died just a year ago. She was ninety-four years old and blind, but she was always happy. We made her so. We always sang and played for her and talked to her of things she liked.

I am afraid this letter is almost too long and some of you will say there are "no helps."

I have never seen a letter in this column from Milwaukee, although I know there are a lot of people here who take COMFORT.

We live in a pretty bungalow only two short blocks from Washington Park and Zoo. I take baby out in the park every day when the weather permits.

Will be glad to answer all letters sent to me.

My best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers. MRS. M. C. BALDWIN.

BEULAH, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND EDITOR:

I have thought of writing to you so many times, but always found a letter that handled the subject I had in mind so much better than I could that I gave it up, but there is so much in common among us country mothers that I feel someone might like to hear from one away out in Wyoming.

We are living near the Black Hills and the climate is very mild; the hardier fruits do well, and although the winters are quite severe at times, most years we have very little snow and the chenook wind blows often enough to remind us of summer. The altitude is about four thousand feet here but it ranges from three thousand feet in the southeastern part to very high in the western part of the state. We are thirty-five miles from Deadwood and from the Homestead mine, the biggest gold mine, you know.

The scenery is very fine, and although we came from the mountains of Colorado we think these hills are more beautiful, they are so rugged. The tops of most of those near us are low and flat and are farmed, while the valleys are very narrow and seem to have been formed by the earth cracking, leaving a little flat surrounded by sheer walls of rock which are called rim-rocks.

We have a three hundred and twenty acre homestead and are very proud of it; we live in the valley where we have about twenty acres. The rim-rock is out in front, but at the back is a gradual slope and the timber runs down to the house. We have named our ranch "Robin's Nest." Do you think it pretty?

Mrs. McRee, please shake hands. I can imagine you among your roses, working and loving them. I, too, am getting a few started and, like you, always love to give them to others. I also have large quantities of annuals. Asters are my favorites as are sweet peas and four o'clocks. Several years ago I bought a package of Japanese morning glories as the blossoms looked so pretty in the catalogue, never dreaming that they were perennial, but although they have never bloomed since the first years they are large vines now and everyone who sees them thinks they are grapes. Chinese pinks gave me much satisfaction last summer, continuing to bloom after the ground was slightly frozen, and such a variety! Zinnias and poppies are easy to grow and are not to be slighted. I like the Shirley poppies best and had lovely ones last year, but of course there is no odor. But one should get a few perennials started as soon as possible. I have, besides what has been already mentioned, iris, forgetmenots, columbines, peonies and lilacs, although these last haven't bloomed yet; but of course I am not satisfied yet and am counting on beds of pansies and lilies next.

Now before I leave the subject of flowers, will someone please tell me why my rose buds mildewed? The earlier ones were fine but the last ones seemed to rot. There was a heavy rainstorm then, would that cause it?

I hope you all agree with Mrs. McRee and me that we are nearer the Creator in our flower gardens than anywhere else.

I would like to help some of the young mothers if I could, in the care of the babies, for I remember how hard it was for me to know what to do; so I tried everything anyone told me to do and some others. I was eighteen when my first boy was born and had never had any care of a baby. Some old ladies told me to give him a taste of everything I ate and nothing would hurt him. I did, and nursed him every time he cried; then he would "swallow wind" and I would give him peppermint; that would make him constipated and I would give him Castoria.

Don't you pity that poor infant? He doesn't look like an infant now though, as he is within an inch of six feet at sixteen, but is very dainty about his eating and is the only one of our children who ever has "little spells with his stomach."

We have five others as tough as pine knots and this is the way they were handled:

I got them to nursing regularly at three hour intervals by the time they were two weeks old, with water frequently and they never had any solid food until they were nearly a year old. Colic was very rare with them and a hot cloth over the abdomen is much better than giving medicine.

If you nurse a baby you can regulate its bowels to a certain extent by eating laxative foods but if you must give it something, Castor oil is healing and is the only thing I ever used with success for summer complaint. It gets at the cause of the trouble and heals the membranes.

Remember that a baby's stomach is very small and do not overload it. Food, good food, is more important to a baby than any other thing and if you must economize on something, don't stint his stomach to buy fancy clothing. Give the children three good meals a day and do not allow them to "piece" between meals; the stomach needs to rest.

When they start to school see that their lunch pails are well supplied with nourishing food, put up appetizingly. I believe that if a child's natural craving for substantial food is satisfied, he will not form a taste for liquors or tobacco. Encourage a taste for sweets for the same reason, though of course they can eat enough sweets to hurt them.

I have been much interested in the discussion: To whip or not to whip, and think that we can go to extremes one way as well as the other. Letting a child always have its own way will breed contempt for a mother who is so easy and is not kind to the child because he must learn that others have rights and often

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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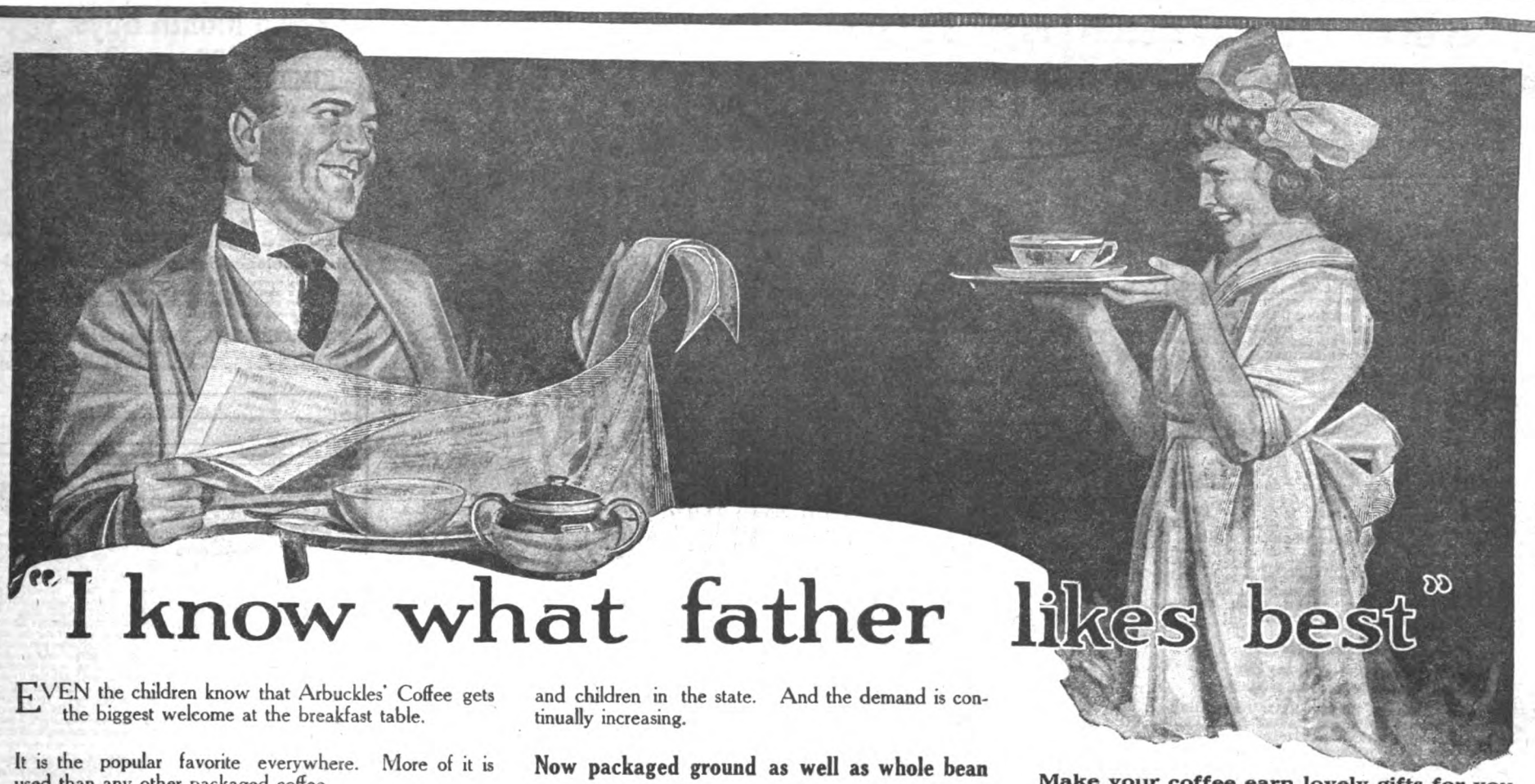
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"I know what father likes best"

EVEN the children know that Arbuckles' Coffee gets the biggest welcome at the breakfast table.

It is the popular favorite everywhere. More of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

Think what this means.

In America we drink more coffee than does any other nation. Last year 900,000,000 lbs. of coffee were brought here. Think of all the different kinds of coffee —the different varieties of flavor this represents.

For their favorite coffee, the people of this country have chosen Arbuckles.' For nearly fifty years they have shown their preference for this coffee. In one state last year four times as many pounds of Arbuckles' were used during the year as there were men, women and children in the state. And the demand is continually increasing.

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving, Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Marchmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home, Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcote a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that sex makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher, who has important documents stolen from his safe. He reports the loss to the proper officials. Failing to find them Mr. Fletcher is arrested upon the charge of treason. Imogen visits Roland Fletcher in the jail. If she can give him back his freedom, restore his good name and the respect of his followmen will he make her his wife. Declaring it impossible to call another woman wife Imogen realizes she has lost all and refuses to help Mr. Fletcher. The court opens; the third day Judge Ashburton is taken violently ill; he insists that Alice shall continue the case. Thoroughly posted on every point she takes up the argument of her opponent and reduces it to insignificance. Will arrives and conducts Alice to Castleview. The next morning Alice detects a man climbing over the railing of Imogen's window, preparing to let himself to the ground. Meeting the butler, she gets the gardener and they secure the man, binding his arms behind him. Alice searches his pockets and secures the stolen papers unopened. Driving to the courthouse with their prisoner and delivering him to an officer, Alice hurries inside where the judge is addressing the jury. Failing to attract the judge's attention, he proceeds with the case and the jury not finding evidence recommends that Mr. Fletcher be discharged. Alice produces the missing papers. The judge demands an explanation and Mr. Fletcher goes out a free man.

To make the story clear we go back to the night the papers were stolen. Imogen, left alone, wonders if she fastened a window in the library. Returning she recognizes the detective who has hounded her life, crouching before Roland Fletcher's safe. He admits the combination is easy and that he has taken all the money from the safe. He warns her not to make an outcry and reminds her that he knows where the missing child is, also that he can secure the perforated extension top case. He leaves her stricken dumb. The night of Judge Ashburton's sudden illness Imogen, exhausted and nervous lies down. She is awakened by an unusual sound. Going to the window and pushing the drapery aside she sees the face of Reardon, the detective. He demands admittance. If she gives one thousand pounds he will produce the stolen papers and give a statement that he stole them and will never reveal the other affair. Hearing voices and anxious to secrete him Imogen opens a door and he passes into what he supposes to be a closet and she locks the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOILED IN HIS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

EVEN when he found himself locked into the place where Imogen had pretended to conceal him, Reardon, the detective, did not, at first, feel in the least disturbed, although the click of the key as it turned the lock grated harshly on his nerves.

He reasoned that a sense of guilt on Imogen's part had impelled her to take this precaution which, under the circumstances, appeared but natural.

He stood quietly by the door and listened.

Presently he heard the door of the room he had just left open and close, then the sound as of voices in subdued conversation which lasted only a moment or two, after which the door opened and closed again and all was still once more.

Now, he thought, he should be released, but no, there was not a sound in the room outside his prison.

Possibly, he reasoned, the woman had gone to the judge to try to get the money he had demanded, and deemed it safer to keep him there until her return, but he did not like the situation at all, for the sense of confinement and intense darkness was exceedingly unpleasant.

He put out his hands, but could feel no wall, and thought the closet must be a very large one.

He had matches and, striking one, he found himself in what might be more properly termed a trunkroom, for it was quite a sizable place, there being several trunks in it and garments of various descriptions hanging on the walls; but there was not a window or door in it, save the one by which he had entered.

"Hum!" he grunted, as his match went out and he struck another, "this is a deuce of a fix, and I'm blamed if I know just what to make of it."

He seated himself upon a trunk near the door and waited, with what patience he could command, until he should hear Imogen return.

He sat there in utter silence for at least half an hour, and then, unable to endure the suspense any longer, he tapped upon the door.

"Mrs. Ingraham," he said, with his lips close to the keyhole.

But there was no answer.

He waited another half hour, then he spoke again.

Still there came no reply, although he was sure he caught the sound of someone moving outside.

Imogen really had not left the room, nor had anyone entered.

The moment the trunkroom door was closed and locked upon her enemy, she sped to the one leading into the hall, opened and closed it and pretended to be talking with someone.

Then she made as if she was letting someone out, after which she sat down and tried to decide what move to make next—it had only been a ruse to gain time and keep her prisoner quiet until she could arrive at some decision regarding him.

All the antagonism of her nature was aroused to arms, and she had arrived at a point where she felt that she must break the terrible yoke of bondage which, for so many years, had held her and, by some means, free herself forever from this bad man's power.

But how? This was the perplexing problem, and she could seem to think of no way to solve it.

Each time the detective spoke her lips curled in a cruel smile and her eyes flashed with mingled hatred and triumph. For more than an hour she sat there and never moved, thinking—thinking; but coming to no definite decision.

Then her prisoner, becoming desperate, rattled the knob impatiently and demanded to be released in tones that were dangerously loud.

Imogen arose, resolution and defiance dominant in every look and motion.

"Stop that!" she said, going close to the closet and speaking low, but authoritatively; "the judge is sleeping, and his man says he must not be disturbed tonight, so I can do nothing about the money until tomorrow morning."

Reardon swore roundly at this, for he now felt sure that she had not left the room, but was lying to him.

"Then let me out," he said.

"No," replied Imogen, firmly, "I am going to keep you here tonight, for I shall want those papers the first thing in the morning."

"Well, I can bring them to you then, —— ——— you! unlock this door and let me out," the man commanded, roughly.

"No; something might happen that you would not come—some accident, or you might change your mind; they might be stolen—a hundred things might occur. You'll have to get along in there the best you can——"

"By ——! I'll raise the roof if you don't unlock the door this instant," he interposed, in a towering rage.

"Very well, you can do so if you choose," coolly responded Imogen, whose courage arose as she found herself so thoroughly mistress of the situation, "but just so sure as you do, you will go from here into a cell in the jail; now you can meditate over that, for I mean what I say."

He saw that she was resolute, and he cursed himself for a fool for having fallen so easily into her trap.

"I shall suffocate in here; come, be reasonable and let me out," he said, in a conciliatory tone, after a moment of thought.

"No, you will not suffocate, although I know the air hasn't a very good circulation in there, but there is quite a crack under the door, and so you will easily stand it until morning," Imogen returned. "However," she added, "I will release you on one condition."

"Well?" he questioned, sullenly.

"Give me the papers and swear that you will leave the country at once," the woman continued, "You have been a parasite on me for years—I have been a slave to your demands for money—to the fear that you would ruin me in the estimation of my friends, until I have become desperate. I am going to end it all at once and forever. I may as well, for I have no faith in you," she went on, her face and her voice hardening. "If I should yield to your demand and get the thousand pounds, I could not be sure that you would not return, when it was gone, and hold the same old threats over me. No, sir; I'm going to confess the whole story to Judge Ashburton, the first thing tomorrow; throw myself upon his mercy, save the good man who is suffering for your crime and let you suffer the penalty of your own sins, and for the misery that you have caused me for half a lifetime. There, now," she said, in conclusion, "you can take your choice—give me that package at once and go free—clear the country immediately, or remain where you are and meet the consequences tomorrow morning."

The detective was appalled by this unexpected *denouement*. He realized that she was desperate and determined—that he had driven her into a corner where she could not turn and, in so doing, had got himself into a bad scrape also.

He knew, but too well, what the consequence would be if he was arrested in that place and those important papers found upon his person, while whatever revenge he might take upon Imogen Ingraham would not change the fact that he would have to suffer to the extent of the law for his crime.

He fumed, and swore, and threatened, but all to no purpose; his captor was firm, and he knew by the relentless tones of her voice—by a certain ring of triumph which he detected in them, that she had turned at last, like the proverbial worm, and would do her worst—that she would not spare him, and, if he did not come to her terms, transportation for a term of years, with a ball and chain for companions, would be the fate to which she would doom him, and glory in it.

"It is useless to parley," she said, when he paused, "I have had my say. You can push that envelope through the crack at the bottom of the door to me—fortunately it is wide enough—and the moment it is in a safe place beyond your reach, I will unlock this door and you may go free."

"How do I know that I may trust you? You may get it in your possession and then play me false," the detective opposed.

Imogen gave vent to a bitter laugh.

"Do not fear—do not be so suspicious," she said, with stinging sarcasm, "such a course would put me in an uncomfortable position; it would not be so easy then to prove you the thief that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



YOKE effects are shown on many of the new spring styles, on coats as well as dresses.

One-piece frocks are more popular than ever, and what could be more serviceable especially for the business woman than the new skirts with mannish pockets.

Shirt-waists are made with controvertible collars, so fashioned that one may have the waist buttoned close to the neck in standing collar style, or open and low with the collar in flare or rolled outline.

Corded shirrings and gathers are seen on many of the new full skirt models, which lend themselves so readily to the soft pliant materials.

Guimpe dresses for grown-ups and children are smart, popular, and easily developed.

Wide short skirts in circular, plaited or gathered effects are among the new modes, and with these of course the jackets take the same outline.

As for variety in style, that seems endless—every figure may be suited. There are semi-fitted basque effects, one-piece tunic basque in the popular "chemise" style, waists finished at high or normal waistline, and quaint little bolero waists, for wear over high cut skirts.

Pattern Descriptions

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1260-1251—A Smart Spring Suit, comprising Ladies' Coat Pattern 1260, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1251. As here shown gabardine in a new sand shade was used, with vest of Oriental embroidery, and velvet for trimming. The skirt pattern is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The coat in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one half yards of material 44 inches wide for the entire suit for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns.

1245—A New and Pretty Shirt-waist. This desirable model is lovely for any of the pretty new spring cotton materials, and also lends itself nicely to silk, crepe, crepe de chine, poplin, linen or batise. The fronts show a deep tuck at the armscye and some gathered fullness, below a short shoulder yoke. The back has deep box plaits.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1254—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack with Bell or Bishop Sleeve. Cotton crepe, dimity, lawn, organdie, batiste, cashmere, crepe de chine, silk or voile are all suitable for this style of garment. The model is pretty and comfortable and very easy to develop.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1237—Ladies' Shirt-waist with Sleeve in either of two lengths. The model is finished with coat closing and the new high collar. The fronts may be open at the throat, the collar being rolled back with the fronts to form revers. Linen, ratine, madras, crepe, batiste, albatross, satin, taffeta and poplin are all suitable for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1253—Girls' Dress in High or Low Neck outline, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with bloomers. The design is good for linen, drill, linene, gingham, percale, chambrey, cashmere, voile, repp or poplin. The comfortable bloomers, may replace petticoats, and will be found an ideal undergarment.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for the dress and one yard for the bloomers, for a four-year size.

1255—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with or without tucker. This model would be nice for albatross or cashmere, for linen, batiste, poplin or lawn. It would make a nice school dress in serge, galatea or gingham, and is fine for percale or chambrey. The dress is a one-piece style, with a wide panel over the front. The belt holds the fullness at low waistline, but may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size, for the dress, with one half yard for the tucker of 30-inch material.

1176—Ladies' Apron with or without facing and pocket. This garment could be made of white drill with trimming of striped percale, or of dotted or figured percale, with facings of contrasting materials. The model is cut in kimono style, with the fullness of the back confined by a belt.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9731—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover, and Drawers with or without ruffle. The cover and drawers may be finished as separate garments, if so desired.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires one and three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the corset cover, two and one half yards for the drawers, with two and one half yards of embroidery five inches wide for ruffling, for a medium size.

1178—Ladies' One- or Two-piece Circular Skirt in round length and raised waistline. Checked brown and white novelty suiting was used for this design. The model is also good for velvet, corduroy, silk, satin, serge, broadcloth, voile, poplin or taffeta. It may be made with a seamless front and back closing, or with lapped fronts and the closing at this part.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires two and one half yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1243—Girls' Over Blouse Dress, with skirt joined to a separate waist. This model is good for gingham, seersucker, chambrey, ratine percale, taffeta, batiste, crepe or poplin. The underwaist is made with body and sleeves in one.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1236—Ladies' Yoke Skirt, in raised or normal waistline. In soft crepe in a new shade of green, with braiding in black or self color, this style is lovely. In serge, brown or blue, with yoke of contrasting material, it also is smart.

Cut in five sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1027—Girls' Combination Waist and Drawers, in round, square or "V" neck outline, and the drawers in Knickerbocker style or with straight lower edge. The front is cut to combine the waist and body portion. The back is in two pieces.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9606—Girls' One-piece Apron. This simple design is easily made, and will look pretty and neat. It may be of lawn, crossbar muslin, cambric, dimity, or batiste, gingham or percale.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for an eight-year size.

1267—A Dainty Infants' Set, comprising bonnet, coat, dress and wrapper.

Cut in one size only and requires: For the dress two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. For the coat, four and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. For the wrapper, two and five eighths yards of 27-inch material. For the cap, one half yard of 24-inch material.

1205—Girls' Over Blouse Dress with Guimpe having sleeves in either of two lengths. In plain or striped gingham or galatea, the model would make a serviceable school dress, with a guimpe of contrasting material.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires one and one half yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and three yards for the dress for a six-year size.

9623—Girls' Dress with Body and Sleeve Combined. This design would look well in tan-colored gingham piped with red, or in red or blue chambrey piped with white.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 40-inch material for a four-year size.

9909—Child's Rompers with long or shorter sleeve. The model is good for chambrey, denim, linen, cambric, linene or percale. It is made with waist front and body portions in one, while at the back the body of trouser portions joins to the waist.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1257—Ladies' Blouse Waist with added over sections, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. Embroidered voile in a new shade of tan was used for this model. The waist is cut with long drooping shoulders. The neck is cut with a deep front opening and finished with a collar high over the back.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 42-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9680—Ladies' Kimono. Scotch dimity in a pretty shade of lavender on white with facings of white, was used for this model. It is finished with a new shaped collar, and has sleeves in bell shape.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

9993—Ladies' Corset Cover or Body Lining, in round, square or "V" neck edge, and with or without shield or puff sleeve. The model may serve as a waist lining. It is close fitting, with side front, side back, back and shoulder seams.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9943—Boys' Play Suit with Knickerbockers. The sleeve is cut in one with the yoke portions. The closing is at the center under the tuck. This design is good for linen, linene, chambrey, galatea, percale, crepe or seersucker.

Cut in four sizes; two, three, four, and five years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a three-year size.

1241-1240—A Charming and Simple Gown, comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1241, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1240. As here shown figured foulard is combined with grenadine, in harmonizing shades of brown and green. The designs may be used separately.

The waist pattern is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires two yards of 44-inch material for the underwaist, with one yard for the overblouse, and three and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for skirt in a medium size.

1249—A simple, comfortable dress for house or porch wear. The waist is made in blouse style and with coat closing. The skirt has a wide lap tuck and is gathered at the top. The back of the waist is combined with the sleeve, which may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or short with a neat turn back cuff.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1261—A dainty and attractive dress for Mother's Girl. This model is lovely for soft fabrics such as albatross, crepe, crepe de chine, messaline or charmeuse, for lawns, organdies and tissue fabrics. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length, and the neck cut in low outline, or with a yoke and collar.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 40-inch material for a 10-year size.

1259—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with chemisette, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. In raised or normal waistline. Brown and white checked gingham was used for this style, with white corduroy for collar and cuffs. The right waist front is shaped over the left, and the low, comfortable neck is finished with a deep collar. The skirt is a four-gored model, cut on new lines and with ample fullness.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1238—Ladies' Apron, with sleeve protector and cap. The models are suitable for gingham, chambrey, sateen, percale, lawn or seersucker.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It embraces all styles illustrated, and requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the apron, three quarters yard for the cape and seven eighths yard for one pair of sleeve protectors.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Pigeons for Profit

PROBABLY pigeons are the most neglected—or rather the most mismanaged—of all poultry on the general farm, yet they are most profitable if well cared for, and especially appropriate for the man who has to be away at work most of the day, or the woman with heavy household duties to occupy most of her time, because they won't overeat; food can be left before them all the time, and the parent birds take all the care of the young ones, so that an hour in the morning is about all that anyone need devote to pigeons every day in the week, with a few extra hours on Saturday to clean up.

There is really money in the business, if you are prepared to earn it. The people must understand that raising pigeons is a business requiring industry and management to make it a success. Unfortunately, a lot of nonsense has been written about pigeons and squab-raising. Lots of people have run away with the idea that all they have to do is to buy a few birds, throw in a little corn night and morning, and make a fortune. True, there is no heavy work to be done, and a good income can be made on a fair-sized flock of homers which are given intelligent care. A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken house and cover it all over with tar paper or anyone of the good roofing papers. The yard must be enclosed, of course, and should extend over the roof, and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on it when flying from end to end, and sun themselves (which they love to do) on a high, dry place. Put up two or three long perches at the end of the yard; a stand about three feet high in the center for a bath-tub. Let the stand be a foot larger all round than the bath, so that the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend, of course, on the quantity of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall from floor to ceiling, so after it is fitted, it is easy to tell just how many birds a house can accommodate. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across and two deep, which is to be found in most five and ten cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity.

Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary for birds' health as well as for man and beasts. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kafir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet, and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be had cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon-raiser:

Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn and wheat. Afternoon feed: cracked corn and Kafir corn. During the winter the proportions: Two parts cracked corn to one of wheat or Kafir corn. Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds can help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties and throw out the grain or wheat.

Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their head or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once. Remember that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to use new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with canker. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease in the throat and mouth, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season.

Early Chickens

Several readers wish to know how to care for incubator chicks in brooders, and how to fatten for market, so I will tell you our method of preparing broilers. Up to the tenth day they are fed like all other baby chicks, then as follows:

Steam some chopped clover hay—about a quart—and add one pint of coarse corn-meal, one pint of ground oats, and half a small cupful of chopped liver which has been boiled for five minutes (raw liver is too strong for such young birds), but it should not be boiled more than the five minutes. Feed once a day at noon. Put the mash into two or three dishes, so they can all get a chance to eat at once. Remove any that is left at the end of ten minutes. If it is not possible to get fresh liver, use one teaspoonful of beef meal, or any of the commercial meat preparations which are ground fine. Continue to scatter the dry grains three or four times a day. When they are four weeks old, give mash twice a day about 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., increasing the allowance of milk slightly; and if you have plenty of skim-milk, make cottage cheese and give it them as an extra once or twice a week.

From the fourth week, keep a pan containing grit and charcoal always before them. After they are six weeks old, increase the quantity of corn-meal in the mash, and correspondingly decrease the ground oats, until all corn-meal and no oats are being used. Also, stop steaming the clover, and mix it dry with the other ingredients; then moisten the mash with scalded milk in which suet has been boiled (one pound of chopped suet to four quarts of meal. Boil for fifteen minutes). Feed it three times a day—9 A. M., 12 M., and 3 P. M. The last two weeks before killing, omit all the dry grain; feed nothing but mash, made as before, only as soft as possible without being sloppy. Feed four times a day all they will eat up in ten minutes, but on no account leave food before them longer than that, or they will become satiated, and your object not be gained. Birds so pushed along should be plump and in really fine condition for market when from ten to twelve weeks old.

Should it be necessary to hold any of the birds over for a week or two, continue the rations given for the period between the fourth and sixth weeks, as it would not be safe to feed such heavy rations as are given for the last two weeks of the fattening process, for an indefinite period. As you will notice, our broilers are never given water to drink, but always scalded milk. It is done for a double reason; scalded milk checks any tendency to bowel trouble, the great scourge of chickenhood and is also a strong factor in making the flesh tender and juicy; but of course if you don't have milk you must substitute water.

Correspondence

C. H.—In your Nov. number, 1914, you give a subscriber advice for limberneck in fowls. The treatment you advise is a dose of one teaspoonful turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, and three of Castor oil. Did you mean to adminster this dose to one fowl as one dose? As you say limberneck is caused by ptomaine poisoning, I suppose mine got the trouble by eating some bottled peas that had gone bad. I threw them out, never thinking that they would hurt the fowls. The very next morning nearly one dozen had the limberneck, and I lost nearly two dozen (all hens and pullets) within a few days.

A.—I think there must have been some mistake. The proper dose for limberneck is one teaspoonful of oil of turpentine and one tablespoonful of sweet oil or Castor oil.

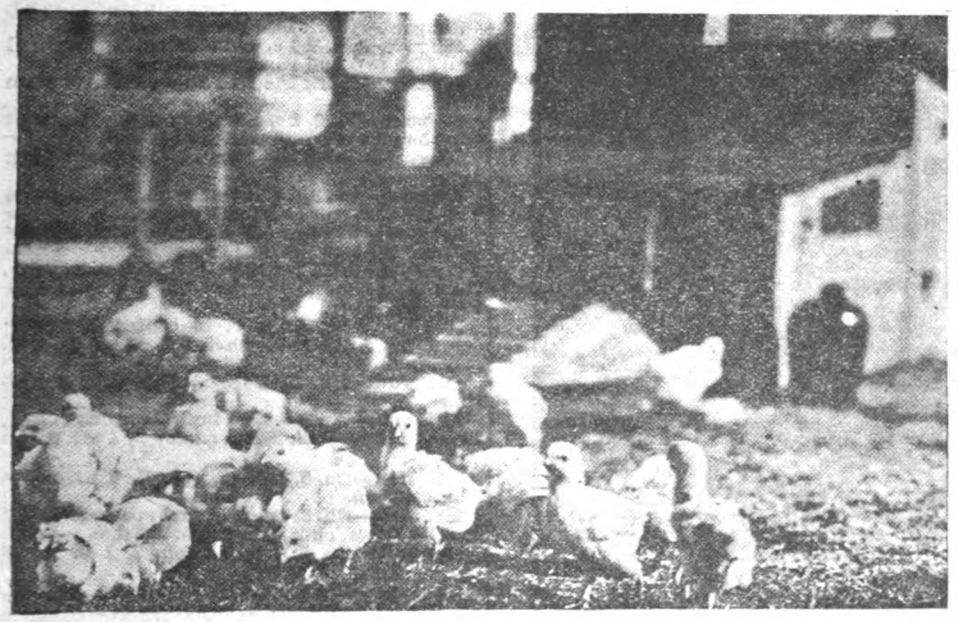
A. K.—You say that you only gave thirty birds one quart of scratch feed night and morning, but that they are very fat and don't lay. This is because they are not getting a well-balanced ration. Scatter half a pint of scratch feed in deep litter in the early morning, and about ten or eleven o'clock give a quart of mash composed of wheat bran, ground oats, ground corn and wheat middlings; equal parts of each. Add one tablespoonful of any of the commercial animal meals beef or bone. Mix thoroughly, and moisten just enough to make a crumbly mash. After a week, gradually increase the amount of animal food, until they are getting four tablespoonfuls to each quart of mash. At noon, give them green stuff and another half pint of scratch feed. At night, whole corn; as much as they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. There is no necessity to use permanganate of potassium in the drinking water, except when you have an infectious disease to fight. Torn paper would not be at all practical as scratching material. Use dry leaves if you think that straw or hay is too expensive. It would not do to bury grain in dirt or sand, because it would be apt to get damp and sour.

P. E. R.—As I want to start raising chickens, and try and make a success, I shall ask you about my chicken coop. Size, seven by fourteen by seven feet high, gable ends, and I want to know what ventilation I should have in it. I shall have the chicken roosts two feet from floor, and on a level. How many hens will this coop hold?

A.—You could keep from twenty to twenty-five hens in the house, because you never have to keep poultry in during long periods of snow being on the ground, as we do in the East. I advise you to cover the window and door with muslin or wire netting, and provide muslin curtains to cover the netting in wet weather. This will provide plenty of fresh air without any ventilating system.

L. I.—I have been taking COMFORT for about a year and think it a grand paper, I have looked through its columns for a remedy for my chickens, but failed to find any, so am coming to you for advice. I have about fifty head of chickens, and mostly all Plymouth Rocks. They have something the matter with their necks and feet. Their knees and feet swell and crack open, and they can scarcely get about. We feed on cold scraps from the table and chopped corn. They also have a rattling noise in their throats. Their droppings are whitish-colored. They will stand and sleep, but eat heartily. Have lost three head lately.

A.—The whole flock must be in a very bad condition, and one which, I fear, you will have great difficulty in curing. Don't use any of their eggs for hatching this season. The birds must have hereditary rheumatism and roupy tendencies, which have developed in a malignant form. I fear that doctoring will be of little benefit. Personally, I should kill them all, thoroughly disinfect the house, plow up the yard, and start with a fresh lot of birds. But if you want to try what can be done, spray their throats with permanganate of potassium, made by diluting half a teaspoonful of the crystals in a pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with three of water. Or you can use one teaspoonful of peroxide of dydrogen in half a tumbler of water. For the shanks and feet, bathe them in warm, soapy water; dry on a soft, clean rag, and while moist, rub with carbolic ointment or lard and sulphur in equal parts.



OUTDOOR BROODER HEATED BY A LAMP. SUCH BROODERS ARE STORM PROOF AND WILL HOUSE FROM 75 TO 100 CHICKS.



L. W. M.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my turkeys? They have about three black sores on their heads and one yellow spot just inside the mouth. I have lost one turkey from this disease and have two others with it. The one I lost was in bad shape before I knew there was anything the matter with them. Since last issue of COMFORT I have been using permanganate of potassium for affected birds. The turkeys are healthy and active. They have a free range and plenty of green food, sand, gravel and fresh water. The two birds that are affected now are no better and no worse. I have been using the above remedy about twelve days. What must I do to prevent the spread of this disease? Have used sheep dip and copperas in their drinking water.

A.—Quarantine the sick birds or kill them, and take every means to keep the disease from spreading. Give each bird in the flock a spoonful of Castor oil. Read the poultry department in the March issue of COMFORT. It will give much of the information you want.

C. D.—Will you please let me know how long after being separated from the male bird eggs are fertilized or good for hatching? If it is the same period for ducks, geese or hens? A goose was given me on Dec. 24; now she is laying. Would like to know if her eggs are good to be hatched.

A.—I should not care to risk using eggs for hatching from hens which have been separated from the rooster for more than two weeks—or ducks' either, and most certainly goose eggs could not be fertile.

M. B.—I would like to know what was the matter with my little ducks. They got so they could not stand on their feet; just sat around all the time, and ate all the time, but could not walk. I feed wheat and ground corn. They have all the water and grit they want.

A.—Young ducks can't stand heavy ground feed. They should have mash made of equal parts of wheat bran, cut clover and ground oats, and all the green vegetables or grass they will eat. When overfed, and especially on corn, they invariably get leg weakness.

G. A. A.—Can you tell me what to do for my roosters' feet? They get so sore. Sometimes they can hardly walk. I think it is caused by jumping from their roost, and they are so heavy, too. (2) What kind of food is best to feed poultry to produce eggs? (3) What ought poultry to have to make their shells? Please describe plainly. (4) What part of grit is best for poultry, to digest their food? Is beat-up china good for poultry, if so, what, etc.? (5) Can you tell me what to feed little chicks on, and how to manage them? (6) What is best to feed little ducks on and how to manage them? (7) And what is best to feed little guineas on and how to manage them? (8) Is charcoal good for poultry, if so, for what, and how ought it to be fixed and fed? Please describe plainly. What ought setting hens to have to eat? How often to feed? (10) Can you tell me how to get rid of chicken lice?

A.—Keep plenty of clean, soft hay on the floor of the chicken-house to prevent the roosters striking the hard floor when they jump off the perches. (2) Read answer to A. K. (3) Hens need lime both to make egg shells and to create bone in the chicks when the eggs are used for hatching. Wheat bran, clover and oats all contain lime, which goes to make bone and muscle in the embryo chick. But, for the shell, they should have a supply of land plaster or oyster shell always before them. (4) China or crockery that has been broken fine, or hard, sharp gravel of any sort. (5) Little chicks must have nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, and then hard-boiled egg chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread-crumbs. Feed five times a day, but give very little each time. After the fourth day, give chick food three times a day. (This is a mixture of finely cracked grains and small seeds, specially prepared and sold under the name of chickfeed), and two feeds of egg and bread-crumbs. Keep that up for three or four days, then give chopped egg, dry cottage cheese, crumbled, or liver slightly boiled and chopped fine, once a day, and chickfeed three times a day. Read about fattening young chickens in the first part of the department. (6) Read answer to M. B. (7) Feed the young guinea fowl just the same as young chickens. (8) Charcoal is very good for all poultry, and should be kept before them all the time. For young chickens, it must be broken almost to a powder. For older birds it must be like cracked corn. It aids digestion, and keeps the crop and intestines sweet. (9) Setting hens should have whole corn, grit and water, left where they can get it whenever they get off of the nest. (10) All poultry should be dusted with a good insect powder every other night for a week in the early spring; again in the fall; and all hens should be thoroughly dusted when they are given eggs to hatch, and again about three days before the chickens are expected. Clean out the henhouse, brood coops, etc., and give everything a coat of good fresh limewash. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid to every pail of whitewash while it is still boiling. Paint the roosts and nest boxes, especially up in the cracks and joints, with sheep dip or any strong solution, every week all through the year; being careful, of course, that the hens don't get on to the perches whilst they are wet, as they might blister their feet.

A. U. E.—I have been reading your paper for three years, and have been watching for a remedy for my White Plymouth Rock chickens. They have free range, living on a farm with about ten acres of timber and grass; plenty of grit and oyster shell and pure water. They take sick about the first of May or June. They stretch their heads out on the ground and won't move unless you make them, and then they flap their wings and crawl. Their feathers are loose, and in two or three days they take white and green diarrhea, and then don't live more than two or three days after that. We try and burn all of them that die and kill some of them as soon as taken sick. I gave them copperas in their drinking water. That don't seem to help, so I don't know what to do. Some say it is limberneck. Mostly hens and pullets—not many roosters—take it. I have about thirty hens left, so would like to know a cure. Am afraid they will die this spring. They have a good clean henhouse, and I feed little corn and give them all the milk they will drink.

A.—Would say this was a case of poison of some sort. Do you use strong fertilizer on the land where the hens are liable to find it, or is there any foul water in the woods and pastures that they are likely to drink? Or it may be that you or your neighbors poison rats in the spring of the year, and the birds find dead carcases. In any such cases as these, the safest plan is to administer a tablespoonful of Castor oil as soon as you notice any symptoms of illness. I should advise you to keep the fowls shut up during May and the early part of June.

J. L.—I have been taking COMFORT for a number of years, and have been reading your poultry talks. My sister and I have been trying the poultry business on a small scale. We have one half dozen Black Minorca hens and a rooster. These are pure stock. Also three dozen Buff Orpingtons with two cockerels. These are almost pure. We had thought of selling the baby chicks of the Buff and raising the Minorcas until grown, then sell them as pure stock. How old is the best age to sell the baby chicks, and what is the price usually paid? How could one find customers for them? I know lots of people would rather buy them at that age, and then raise them to maturity. Which way do you think is the most profitable? To sell them when baby chicks or raise them until they weigh a couple of pounds? Also how would one find customers for the Black Minorcas? Would like to sell them for fancy prices, you know. They are extremely nice. Are such a showy, pretty chicken. Am sending you a stamped envelope for answer. Or do you never answer letters personally? I did not know.

A.—Baby chicks should be shipped as soon as hatched, because they need no food for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and close confinement does not injure them during that period. The usual price for ordinary stock is from eight to ten cents each, and from fifteen to twenty cents for high bred stock. An advertisement in your local paper will be the best means for getting customers, and it should be inserted at least a month before you expect a hatch. It is usually difficult to get fancy prices for mature birds, unless the stock has gained a reputation at shows. Whether it is better to sell baby chicks or two-pound birds depends so entirely upon local conditions that I can't say which you will find the most profitable. It is against our rules to answer letters personally, though we do so occasionally when the case is urgent.

M. E.—Please read answer to G. A. A.

J. J.—I have two canaries, one male and one female. The male is five years old and the female is one year old. Please tell me if they will breed, as I heard that the male will not breed after he is three years old. Also please tell me what to feed young birds.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Higher Subscription and Renewal Rates Will Take Effect June First

You still have a chance to renew or extend your subscription at the present low rates before the first day of June.

Read full particulars in notice on page two of this magazine and act at once.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Venetian Crochet Coat Set

MATERIALS required: Ecru crochet cotton about as heavy as a small cord. A steel crochet hook which will carry it easily and yet small enough to make the work snug and firm.

Each of the motifs, leaves and grapes are made separately and then joined together,—these being arranged on a perfectly fitting cotton collar of any desired shape.

Large Square Motifs

For these motifs which form the sides of the collar and finish the under part of the cuffs begin by making a chain 21 sts., turn.

1st row.—1 d. c, in 9th st., * ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in 3rd st., repeat from * 3 times, making a row of 5 spaces. Ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next d. c., repeat to end of row. Ch. 5, turn. Repeat 2nd row three times, forming a square of 5 holes or spaces each way.

6th row.—Ch. 1, 3 s. c., under first and second chains 2, 2 s. c. in third sp., ch. 6, turn. 1 s. c. in last s. c. made, forming a loop seen on side of square. Ch. 1, turn and work 3 s. c., under ch. 6, ch. 4, sl. st. to last s. c., this forms 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4 all under ch. 6, 1 s. c. in same sp., 3 s. c. in next sp., 7 s. c. in corner sp. Repeat on 3 sides, finishing with 3 s. c. in last sp., join with sl. st.

7th row.—Ch. 7, 1 sl. st. in first p. Ch. 8, 1 sl. st., in third p., ch. 7, 1 sl. st., in corner of square. Repeat around the three other corners.

8th row.—Under ch. 7, work 3 s. c., ch. 4 for p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. Under ch. 8 make an extra p. Under ch. 7, same as first ch. 7. Repeat around the three corners.

For the small square motif, of which only two are required, ch. 15, and proceed as for the large square, but making only 3 rows of 3 spaces each. Finished with 3 s. c. in each sp., and 1 p., on each side and 1 p. in each corner.

For the round motif, 2 of which will be seen on each side of the collar, begin in the center, make a loop around your finger with end of thread toward you, and on this loop work 7 s. c., joining last to 1st with a sl. st. Draw up the end of thread very firmly so there is no hole left in the center.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, 2 s. c., in each s. c., of last row, closing with a sl. st. The work should be done snugly, taking into both loops of stitch to avoid a rib.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, * a s. c. in 1st stitch, 2 in next and repeat around, joining to 1st stitch.

4th row.—Ch. 6, sk. 2 s. c., fasten with a sl. st., in next; repeat around the circle, making 8 loops.

5th row.—In each loop work 3 s. c., 1 picot, 3 s. c., and fasten off.

The grapes, of which there are 7 clusters or bunches of 8 grapes each, are made like center of wheel until you have completed the 3rd row. Proceed as follows:

4th row of grapes.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each s. c.

5th row.—1 s. c. in every other s. c. of previous row.

6th row.—Same as 5th row.

Cut thread 2 inches long and pull through last stitch; now draw up both threads very firmly and tie securely, stuffing ends into grape. To form the bunches sew 6 grapes around a center grape, and the 8th between any 2 of the circles.

For the leaves, proceed as follows:

Ch. 16, sk. 1 st., 14 s. c. in 14 sts., 3 in last st., 14 s. c. on other side. * ch. 2, turn 15, taking up the back loop only to form ridge, 3 s. c. in 2nd of 3 widening sts., 14 s. c., down other side. This leaves a little point for center of leaf. Repeat until you have 4 points or ribs on each side of the center, and end the leaflet at the bottom. Make 2 leaves more in the same way, crocheting the others to this one to within 5 stitches from the last point. For the stem fasten your thread into the end of one of the side petals, chain 32, and fasten in the same place. On this double chain make 30 s. c., pushing your stitches very close together, and having the last one in the loop of the chain to hold them on; ch. 1, turn, and work with singles back to the beginning, fastening into the ends of the other 2 leaflets or petals. By pushing the fullness to end of stem it will curve nicely; sew to curve in stem to keep in position.

The piece at the neck is 18 inches long, and is made as follows:

1st row.—Ch. 172 stitches, make a picot of last 4 stitches, and on the remaining 168 make 6 s. c., picot of ch. 4, repeat all along the line, ending with a picot, which will be the 29th of the row, turn

2nd row.—Ch 2, a single on other side of ch. 4, a treble in same place, ch. 6, sk. 2, * 2 tr. c. in next 2 stitches, ch. 6, sk. 4, repeat from * all along, making 2 trebles at end. The trebles will come exactly between the picots on opposite side; turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 1,* a s. c. on each treble, 3 s. c., picot, 3 s. c. under ch. 6, 2 d. c. in 2 trebles, 3 s. c. under next ch., then a triple picot (consisting of 3 picots of ch. 4, fastened in same place, one after the other), 3 s. c. under same ch. 6, and repeat from *, alternating the single with triple picots, and ending with a single picot. This gives 15 single and 14 triple picots.

Baste this neckpiece and motifs on your pattern, placing them face down, and fasten neatly with thread and needle. They may be joined as the work proceeds, but if one is a beginner it will be found much easier to get the collar to lie smoothly and fit perfectly if put together as suggested The spaces between the center bunch of grapes and the wheel motifs each side, also between these and the wheels toward points of collar, are filled in by small sections of picoted chains similar to those described in 3rd row of neckpiece.

Fasten in top of center bunch of grapes ch. 1, 2 tr. c. in single 1 of neckpiece ch. 6, 1 s. c. in stem of leaf, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in point of leaf, ch. 3, 1 sl. st., 1 p. of round motif, ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in 3rd single p. of neckpiece, turn, work singles under ch. to center ch. 6, make 1 triple p., joining center p. to center p. of triple p. of neckpiece, singles, 1 triple p. joined to neck triple p. under neck ch. 6, fasten. Fill other spaces in like manner The stems of the grapes may be either a chain of requisite length, or put in with needle and thread, carrying the thread across and back to make 3 strands, then twist or wind these closely and evenly, and fasten off.

The Cuffs

The cuffs are composed of one leaf, 1 bunch of grapes and 2 large square motifs. Join the squares as in the collar, by the 6 picots, and sew the grapes between the 2 petals of the leaf. Fill in between the upper picots of the square and the top of the leaf with a "spider-web" arrangement of chains: Fasten in at the upper picot of square, ch. 32, fasten to 1st point of upper petal of leaf, turn, (ch. 8, sk. 7, fasten in next stitch) 4 times, forming 4 loops, each of which is filled with (4 s. c., picot) repeat twice, 4 s. c. for the finish at the top of cuff. From the picot where the ch. 32 started ch. 10, thread over 5 times, catch in next picot below and work off the stitches 2 at a time as in making a treble; repeat this long stitch (quintuple treble) in each of next 2 picots below, over 3 times and work in corner of leaflet, over twice, and work in side of stem, where it curves, over 5 times and catch in 24th of ch. 32, where 3rd loop is fastened; catch all these together, forming a close center, then ch. 8, fasten in 16th stitch of ch. 32, make a double treble in top of leafstem, ch. 10, catch in side of other leaf-petal, and fasten off. The number of times the thread is put over should be graduated according to the space, to make the bars of the spiderweb of proper length. Make the other cuff in same way, but for the opposite side.

This is a very rich-looking and handsome set, elaborate in appearance but not at all difficult to make. The motifs may be used in making handbags, pillow-covers, and many other articles.

Wild Rose Yoke

By Mrs Wertman

The directions as given are for the yoke of a corset cover, for a woman of 48 inches bust measure, or even larger. But the same design can easily be made in any size yoke, for either woman or child by turning a corner in the insertion sooner, according to the directions and as illustrated.

This yoke was crocheted of medium coarse mercerized cotton, but if a rather fine crochet cotton is used the directions as given will result in a yoke of about 40 inches.

Begin at opening in front of yoke, by making a chain of 80 stitches.

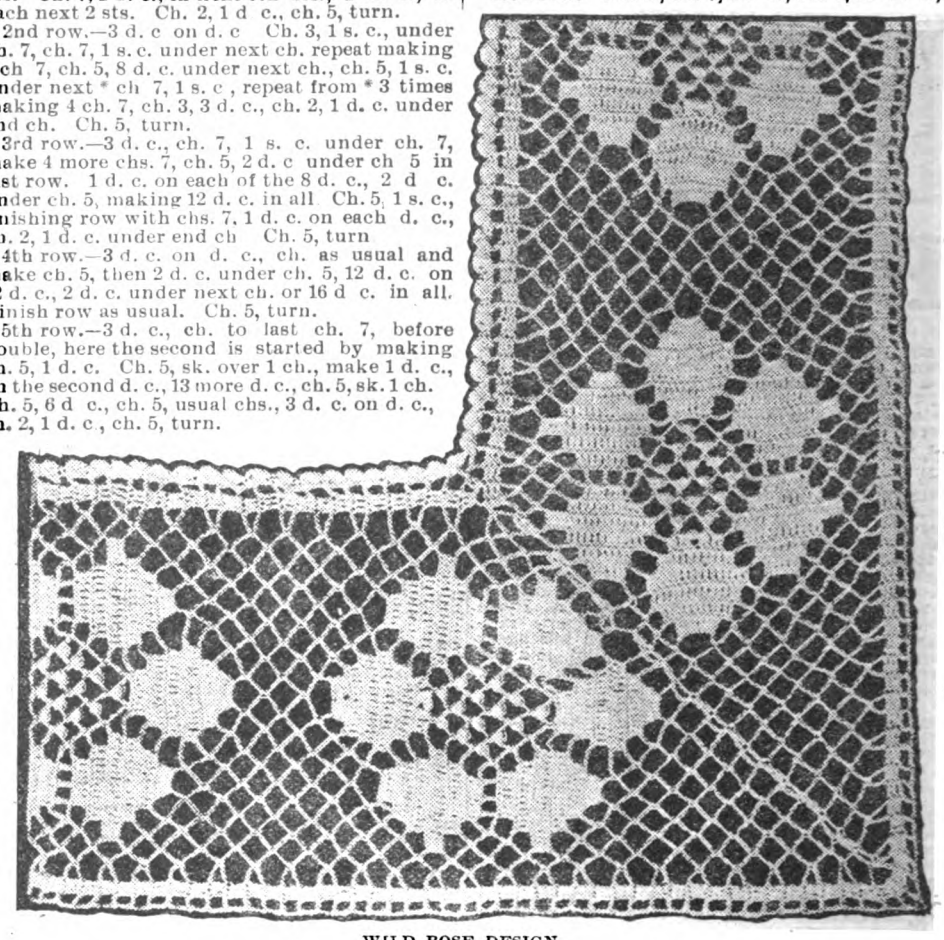
1st row.—1 d. c. in 8th st. from needle, 1 d. c., in each next 2 sts. * Ch. 7, 1 s. c., in next 6th st., repeat from * 9 times making 10 chains of 7 sts. Ch. 7, 1 d. c., in next 6th sts., 1 d. c., in each next 2 sts. Ch. 2, 1 d c., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—3 d. c on d. c Ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 7, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under next ch. repeat making 4 ch 7, ch. 5, 8 d. c. under next ch., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next * ch 7, 1 s. c , repeat from * 3 times making 4 ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. under end ch. Ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. under ch. 7, make 4 more chs. 7, ch. 5, 2 d. c under ch 5 in last row. 1 d. c. on each of the 8 d. c., 2 d c. under ch. 5, making 12 d. c. in all Ch. 5, 1 s. c., finishing row with chs. 7, 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. under end ch Ch. 5, turn

4th row.—3 d. c. on d. c., ch. as usual and make ch. 5, then 2 d. c. under ch. 5, 12 d. c. on 12 d. c., 2 d. c. under next ch. or 16 d c. in all. Finish row as usual. Ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—3 d. c., ch. to last ch. 7, before double, here the second is started by making ch. 5, 1 d. c. Ch. 5, sk. over 1 ch., make 1 d. c., on the second d. c., 13 more d. c., ch. 5, sk. 1 ch. Ch. 5, 6 d c., ch. 5, usual chs., 3 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c , ch. 5, turn.



WILD ROSE DESIGN.

6th row.—3 d. c., chs. 10 d. c. over 6 d. c., making 2 extra on either side. Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c. Ch. 5, 10 d. c. over 6 d. c Finish row as usual.

7th row.—3 d. c., chs. 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. Ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the doubles. 1 d. c., on each d. c., ch 5, skip 1 ch. and make 1 s. c. on second d. c., now a clones knot made as follows: Ch. 3 (thread over the needle, bring up a loop around the chain close to the needle), repeat four times, thread over needle and draw through all the loops on the needle. This makes a knot, now. Ch. 2, 1 s. c., on second last d. c. of petal. This detail of Clones Knot will not be given again. Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on each d. c., of petal, and 4 under next ch. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., on end. Ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., under ch. before petal. Ch. 5, sk. 4 d. c., 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. A Clones knot made with ch. 3, the knot then ch. 2, 1 sl. st., under knot in previous row., (make it in the thread that holds the knot together.) A Clones knot, fastens on next ch. 5, ch. 5, from the 3rd d. c., make 12 d. c., on the petal; ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d c.. ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—3 d. c., 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 3 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) twice Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on second d. c. of petal, ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next 3rd d. c; ch. 2, 1 d. c., on last d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c; 4 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in first d. c., of petal, ch. 2, d. c. in third d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next third d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Ch. 5, turn.

12th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, sk. 1 ch., 8 d. c., beginning on first double. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under first clones knot; 3 clones knots. Ch. 5, 8 d. c., beginning 1 in front of doubles; ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c , ch. 5, turn.

13th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s c., ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under knot, 2 clones knots. Ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., * ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

14th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. * Ch. 5, 4 d. c. before the petal, 12 d. c. and 2 d. c. on the other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under knot, 1 knot, ch. 5, 2 d. c. before petal, 12 d. c., 4 d. c. on other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

15th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, sk. 4 doubles, 12 d. c., ch. 5, start last petal by making 8 d. c. in a row. Thus 2 under ch. 5, 2 before knot, 2 after knot, under ch. 5., ch. 5. Begin on third double next petal and make 12 d c in a row. ch. 5, 1 s. c., * ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

16th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., * ch. 5, 8 d. c. over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d.c. Finish row as usual.

17th row.—3 d. c., 2 chs. 7, ch. 5, 6 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch 5, 14 over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c. over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. * Finish row as usual.

18th row.—3 d. c., made chs. Sk. over petal with last * ch. 7, 1 s. c. in next space, ch. 5, 16 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, sk. over petal. Finish as usual.

19th row.—3 d. c., chs. 7, then ch. 5, 12 d. c. over 16 d. c., ch. 5. * Finish with chs. 7 as usual

20th row.—3 d. c., chs. as usual, * ch. 5, then 8 d. c., over 12. Finish as usual.

21st row.—3 d. c., 11 chs. 7, 3 d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

22nd row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c , 10 chs. 7, 3 d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn. Repeat 21 and 22 rows twice for network between the roses. Begin next rose at second or even row.

Detail of miter corner on the decrease.

1st row.—Work the 13th row to the * and then turn.

2nd row.—Three s. c. on 3 doubles; ch. 3 and 1 s. c. Begin at * on 14th row and work to end.

3rd row.—Work 15th row to * then turn.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * on 16th row and work to end.

5th row.—Work the 17th row to the * then turn.

6th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * in the 18th row and work to the end.

7th row.—Work the 19th row to the * then turn.

8th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at * on the 20th row and work to end.

9th row.—The rose is finished now, so the pattern will be worked to a point with a network of chs. of 7. Begin with ch. 5, 3 d. cs., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 6 times. The last ch. 7 passes over the petal. Turn

10th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center of space; (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) 5 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s c.) 5 times. Turn.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., in first space., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 4 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

13th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) 4 times. Turn.

14th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in first space, (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) 3 times, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

15th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 3 times. Turn.

16th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in first space, (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) twice, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

17th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) twice. Turn.

18th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., in first space, ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

19th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c. Turn.

20th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

21st row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c. Turn.

22nd row.—3 s. c. on 3 d. c., ch. 2, and in place of a double make a treble on the end.

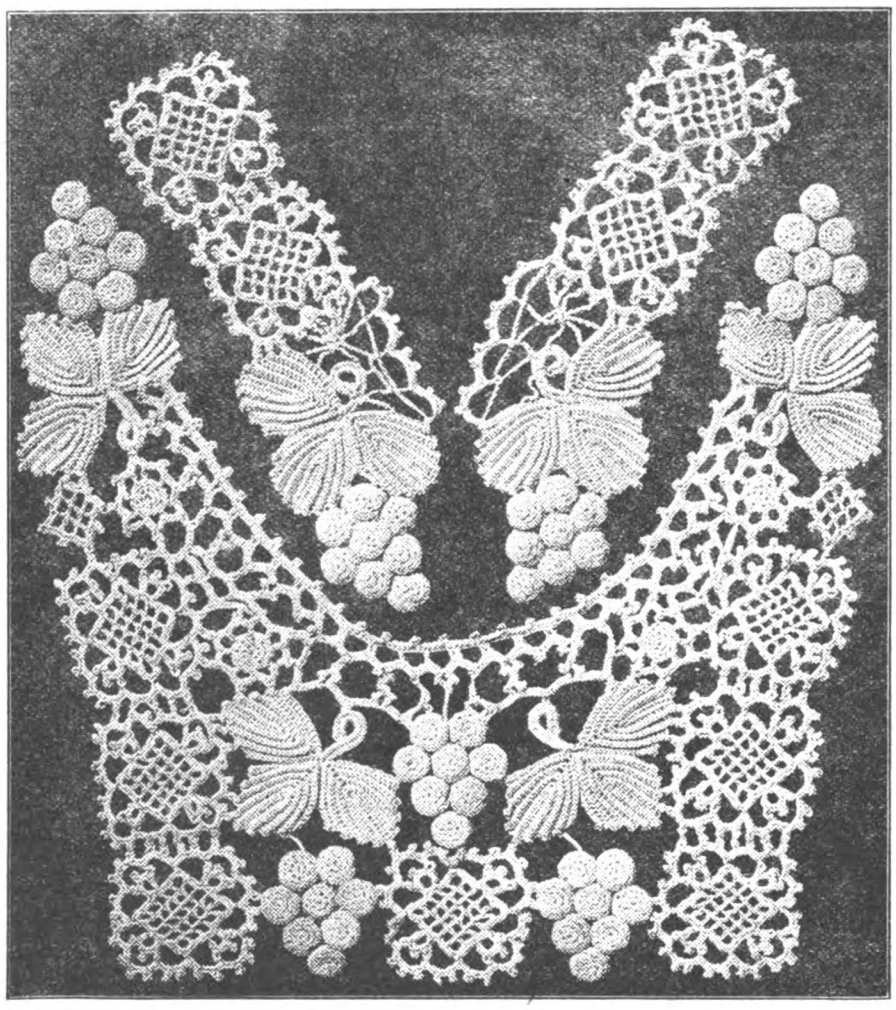
This is the corner and wants to be a trifle larger. As this was worked on the decrease it must now be worked to increase, until the work is even again.

1st row.—On the increase of miter: Ch. 5, 3 d. c. on 3 s. c., ch. 3, fasten on the bias edge on the first s. c. you come to. Ch. 3, fasten on next sp e on bias edge.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, 3 d. c. on 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



GRAPE VENETIAN CROCHET COAT SET.

A New Memorial Day

Dedication of Confederate Monument in National Cemetery

By Edna Mary Colman

The impressive ceremonies which attended the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead in the National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, typify the new national spirit that animates our people throughout the land. The event is of mighty significance and marks an epoch in the history of our country.

That the South has wished, and Congress willingly granted permission, to place this monument where it stands shows that the sectional misunderstanding, distrust and animosity which caused the war are buried by both sides forever in the graves that hallow this consecrated ground.

Among the orators was General Gardner, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., delegated to assist in these memorial exercises, which were made national in character by President Wilson's participation. The former foes in war vied here in eloquent expressions of mutual respect, friendship and esteem.

Impartially the nation mourns the dead heroes of the Civil War and accords their memory the honors due to brave men regardless of the cause for which they sacrificed their lives.

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THE thirtieth day of May, this year, will witness a scene unparalleled in the history of any nation, for in the great National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, bordering the Potomac opposite Washington, there will be a united decoration of all graves and impartial honor paid to the memory of all soldiers buried there without discrimination as to whether it was the stars and stripes or the stars and bars that they fought under.

The massive monument to the memory of the twenty-one hundred and eleven unknown Union soldiers whose bodies gleaned from the field of battle rest in nameless, but not forgotten graves, will share its measure of loving attention with the new Confederate monument dedicated on the fourth day of last June. Laurel wreaths and flags will be placed alike on both, and all services conducted in honor of the dead of the great silent city will include impartially all who have found a last resting place under the majestic trees on the green slopes of Arlington, once the historic estate of the famous Custis and Lee families.

With the unveiling of this superb bronze monument in honor of the Confederate dead in the hallowed precincts of the National Cemetery, the last link was forged in the chain of fraternity that binds together the North and the South. And the participation in the ceremonies of the veterans of both the Blue and the Gray but add to the strength of the tie. This monument is the most unique in the world's history, erected in a government cemetery to the memory of the Southern soldiers who fought the government in the war between the states.

Not only is this a monument to the gray-clad followers of the lost cause, but it is the visualized expression of the grandeur of American character, for nowhere else on the face of the earth lives there a nation with so wonderful a conception of magnanimity nor so true a sense of honor and justice. That within the space of the passing of a generation, the enemies in the gigantic conflict, that laid a million of its choice manhood in untimely graves, should meet in unity and harmony, and clasp hands in friendship over the graves of their fallen comrades, is only possible because both sides were Americans.

On that memorable day of last June which none who were privileged to be present will ever forget, in the warm sunlight of the glorious summer afternoon, the expectant crowds gathered in the big city of the dead, and stepped lightly and reverently between the little stones that mark the twenty thousand graves.

In the section where the confederate soldiers are buried, rows upon rows of chairs were placed, many of them resting against the time-stained stones that, in few brief words, told of the soldier's answer to the last roll call. Not a desecration but a benediction was this, for the feet that thus trod over the green turf above the sacred dust, came in honor such as no flags nor flowers had ever brought in their wake.

"Johnny Reb," in faded gray sat side by side with the white-haired, stoop-shouldered "Yanks," and each held the starry banner of the other side. Once, midst a lull in the musical selections of the band, a thin, tired old voice sang out with eager spirit, "Hi there, Johnny Reb, you are taking mighty good care of that old flag today." The grizzled veteran in blue had spied a gray-clad soldier supporting the Union flag so carefully that despite its size and the best efforts of the willful afternoon breeze, not a fold touched the ground. Quick as a flash came his answer with equal spirit, "You bet I am, Yank, she's my flag now, though I've seen the day I'd have dragged her in the dirt." Such was the spirit that hovered over the people and the place, as a most propitious prelude to the exercises that were soon to follow.

"Johnny Rebs" and "Yanks" took delight in calling over the intervening rows of spectators to greet each other in fun, and many a battle was fought over and many a camp-fire story told, but with a sort of detachment as though the narrators had not been participants but only onlookers. A few rows back, two old men were in earnest conversation and a sentence that was wafted over the confusion of the moment gave the solution to the whole occasion to any who may still have been in doubt:

"Yes, I'm here. My boy lies over there, killed in the Phillipines and I buried my bitterness in his grave."

One vigorous gray veteran leaped up when General Bennett Young, of Louisville, Kentucky, came upon the platform, and gave the famous rebel yell once, then he looked around with scorn upon his nearby comrades and said: "Get up there, you fellows, salute your old commander!" When the "yell" had been given with a will and the last echo died away in the muttering thunder of the approaching storm, a deliberate voice called out: "Say, Johnny, there was plenty times you all were too busy running to do much yelling." Once more the Grays rose to the occasion with a lightning retort, "Yep, and there was plenty times when you all did the tallest running of your lives when you heard that yell, and that's why you happen to be here now." Like boys, in their delight in chafing and joking these battle-scarred heroes, many of them tense with the emotion of the inspiring scene, seemed imbued with the desire to let the whole throng share the joy of their reunion. Reminiscences of hardships, hair-raising experiences, and tales of great exploits were exchanged in a serio-comic fashion for the benefit of surrounding listeners.

Here were assembled, the highest officials in the land, the President, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Supreme Court Justices, foreign diplomats wide-eyed with astonishment over the sentiment of such a ceremonial and distinguished personages from all over the United States. Fluttering in the breezes, their folds entwining were the flags of the states, the flag of the confederacy and the Stars and Stripes. Dixie and Yankee Doodle broke forth on the summer air and saluted each other and then gave place to the Star Spangled banner while khaki clad soldiers, of a younger generation, sons of both sections ushered the wearers of the Blue and the Gray to advantageous seats.

Above the tramp of many feet and the confusion of the great throng the old melodies of the Southland and the Northland, from the Fort Myer band, stirred old memories and brought the flush of pride and the straightening up shoulders bent with the weight of the years that have passed, while unconsciously canes and crutches beat a subdued accompaniment.

A scene without parallel and set apart in the life history not only of a nation but of the world.

No poet ever had sublimer theme for song or story, no artist greater inspiration for his brush, and posterity can have no grander example of Christian ideals, than unfolded in the incidents of that eventful afternoon. Pathos heavy with tragedies and sorrows brought fresh to mind, human interest running the whole gamut of the emotions, honor and devotion burying forever the stings of the past, wove together the last broken strands of sectional differences into a superb mantle of fraternal unity, consecrated by sacrifice, made invulnerable to the world by its baptism of mingled tears, to stand forever a star jewelled armor and shield behind which forty-eight states stand as one.

While the 5th Cavalry Band played its beautiful and appropriate selections, thousands of people, men and women who lived through the anguish of that war, their children and grandchildren, with scores of veterans and their friends, gathered around the white swathed statue contributed by the women of the South, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Most fitting, it was, that this gift, consecrated to the devotion and sacrifice of the Southern women who sent their loved ones into battle for what they believed was right, that the President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, should have the honor of presenting it to the Nation. Also a happy coincidence that the President of the United States who accepted it in the name of a reunited nation as a pledge both of civil peace and a guarantee of inseparable union, should claim the South as his birthplace and the North as his residence and place of education.

Every step in the impressive program emphasized the spirit of the occasion, the union of the North and the South in honoring together the soldiers of both Federal and Confederate armies, who, even while fighting, shared their food and drink and in death sleep side by side in the nation's cemetery. Hence, both General Washington Gardner of Albion, Michigan, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and General Bennett Young of Louisville, Kentucky, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, sat side by side on the platform, and they in turn, as spokesmen for the great armies participants in the most desperate and tragic war the world has ever seen, told of the depth of reunion that has bound them together to stand shoulder to shoulder against all the world for country's sake.

While these, the leaders of the Blue and the Gray, gave voice to their pæans of peace from the same platform, the veterans of both armies mingled together and gave the stamp of truth to the words of their commanders.

The splendid orations are too long to be printed here in full and the brief extracts which follow convey but a slight idea of the thrilling eloquence of the speakers.

After the exercises were opened by prayer by the Reverend Randolph McKim, pastor of Epiphany church, General Young, the first speaker, gave a beautiful expression of the real meaning of the ceremony. He said: "This monument is a history, a pledge and a prophecy. As a history it memorializes the devotion of a people to a cause that was lost; as a pledge it gives assurance that North and South have clasped across a fratricidal grave; as a prophecy it promises a blessed future in which sectional hate shall be fully transmuted into fraternity and good will."

General Gardner left nothing to be desired in the manner in which he grasped the hand of fellowship extended across the battle-fields of the war and responded to the sentiments expressed. He emphasized the idea of the memorial thus: "There is room in the hearts of the people of all of the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead, and, at the same time, for the most unfaltering love and loyalty and devotion to the Union of all of the states. Without the existence of the former we should be disposed to doubt the sincerity or steadfastness of the latter.

"The Holy City" was then rendered as a cornet solo.

Colonel Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of the Confederate General, followed in a masterly oration, which delivered in splendid vibrating tones, reached and enthralled every eager listener. Colonel Lee's personality would keep any audience in rapt attention, but upon this occasion, his very presence upon this spot, adding his plea for devotion to the one flag and his eulogies to the dead of both sides, within sight of his ancestral home, made an appeal to the sensibilities of his hearers, such as few orators are ever able to accomplish and, from the first word he uttered to his inspiring rendition of the flag poem, he had the closest attention and the most rousing applause. Colonel Lee's whole address seemed inspired and the message that he gave must surely go down in history in company with other deathless oratorical appeals for the inspiration of posterity.

Colonel Lee termed the Civil War, "the Great American Paradox, a quarrel in which both sides were right. The North had no doubt about her position and the South knew she was right. Strange spectacle this, that even the sledge hammer of time could have welded such diametrically opposed positions and yet not strange when we consider the justice, patriotism and greatness of the whole American people."

Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, president of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association, who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration, summed up the history of the Monument in his speech. It is to Colonel Herbert's energy and unfailing persistence, that this project was carried through to such a magnificent consummation. But it is to the soldier president, William McKinley, that honor should primarily be given, since he gave expression to the following sentiments at Atlanta, in 1898, just after the Spanish War, in which the South had shouldered her full share of fighting.

President McKinley then said: "And the time has now come, in the evolution of public sentiment, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity, we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

Two years later, on motion of Senator Hawley of Connecticut, an act was passed to gather into one section of the National Cemetery, the bodies of all Confederate soldiers then scattered around through this district. So the Confederate soldier found a place in Arlington, and in 1906 Secretary of War Taft gave permission for the erection of the monument and an organization for that purpose was effected among Southerners in the District of Columbia. After a year's work the Daughters of the Confederacy took up the task and for years the joint committees labored untiringly to accumulate the funds necessary. In 1913 the corner stone was laid, President Taft participating, and then the question of a sculptor had to be settled. Among the world famous artists there happened to be one, a Virginian and a Confederate soldier, who in 1864 was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and rendered distinguished service at the battle of New Market. This was Sir Moses Ezekiel, who in the years following the close of the Civil War had found fame, fortune, and even title, abroad, through his art, as Queen Margherita of Italy knighted him. To him the committee turned with the hope that the traditions of the land of his birth would draw from his art that which they desired the statue to express, and he succeeded far beyond their hopes for his statue is superb in conception and inspiring in effect.

"There it stands," Colonel Herbert exclaimed, "Pedestal and all in bronze. Its leading idea is honor to the dead, and peace everlasting, among the living. The heroic-sized figure with her right hand holding a laurel wreath to crown the dead, her left resting on a plowshare, on which is a sickle, is the South. In the figures around the pedestal, every phase of life in the Confederacy is typified. The young wife buckling on her husband's sword, the blacksmith forging his own weapon, the father parting from his child in the arms of its old mammy—and prominently may be noted a stricken figure leaning on the Constitution for support."

Colonel Herbert paid a glowing tribute to the old Federal Constitution and instructed Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens to hand the monument over to the head of the government to be cared for by it forever.

Then came the dramatic moment of the day, when at a word from Colonel Herbert, his eleven-year-old grandson, Paul Herbert Micou, who had been selected for the unveiling ceremony, twitched a cord that opened the white draperies around the peerless statue. As they fell away, to the notes of the bugle call, and the magnificent work of bronze stood revealed in all of the warm rich beauty that brilliant sunlight can bring forth from gleaming metal, the assemblage for an instant held its breath in sheer rapture of appreciation of the artist's skill and then came the applause which nearly deadened the salute of twenty-one guns. What a memory for Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor to carry away with him.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy then made a most graceful speech of presentation at the conclusion of which, Col. Herbert presented her with a great bunch of roses, which she in turn presented to President Wilson.

Despite the rumbling thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning that by this time had grown so threatening, President Wilson made a most fitting speech of acceptance of the statue on the behalf of the government and summed up the reunion of the two sections. Although his talk was originally intended to be brief, he was obliged to cut it shorter still as the storm suddenly broke over the unprotected heads of the gathering with the wild fury of a small cyclone. There was no time to conclude the program which included the placing of magnificent floral tributes upon both the new memorial and the Monument to the unknown Federal dead and the benediction.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, who was present at the unveiling exercises told the meaning of the statue very briefly:

"The intention is that it is a peace monument. Without forgetting the sacrifices and the heroism of the South and emphasizing the fact that we were fighting for a constitutional right and not to uphold slavery, I have attempted to have the dominant idea, the future and not the past, that the intention of the South is to rest the future on her industry and her agriculture and let the past go, but not be forgotten.

"With this idea, the large figure at the top represents the South, one hand, holding a wreath for the past, but with the right hand resting on the handles of a plow. The smaller figures below represent the sacrifices, the devotion, the heroism of all classes of the South in upholding and fighting for what they passionately believed to be the right. On the base of the monument are the words:

"'They shall turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks!'"

The completed monument including the base or plinth and the thirty-two life-size figures, all in full relief, surrounding it, are all of bronze. It stands upon a foundation of beautiful dark gray, highly polished, Woodstock granite. The figures illustrate in striking manner the enthusiasm that animated the South when the tocsin of war was sounded, and in detail these illustrate every phase of the heroism and sacrifices of the period.

The inscriptions are:

"To Our Dead Heroes
By
The United Daughters of the Confederacy
"They have beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."
Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victra Catoni.
"Not for fame; not for place, or for rank; not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity; but in simple obedience to duty as they understood it, these men suffered, sacrificed all, dared all—and died."

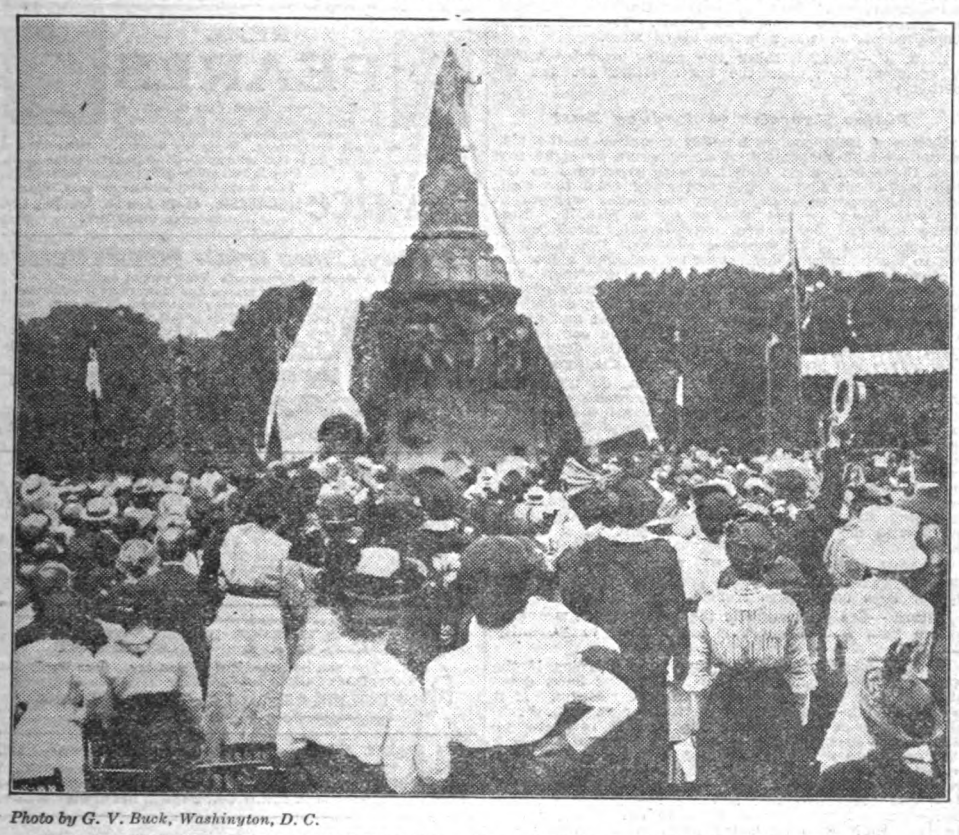


Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

AT THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING WHEN THE WHITE DRAPERIES OPENED AT THE BUGLE CALL.
See Title Page Illustration.

Easily Earned

We Give You Your Choice of These Articles for Selling a Few Boxes of Our Fine Toilet Soap

SEND NO MONEY—just fill out Coupon below stating which Premium you want, and we will send it to you together with the required number of Boxes of our Fine Toilet Soap. You sell the Soap at 50c per box—send us the money within 30 days and keep the premium as your reward. All we ask is that you give us as references, the names of your Banker, Pastor, Express or Freight Agent, or other responsible business men who know you. If references are satisfactory, we will send shipment at once.

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Description Of Rocker

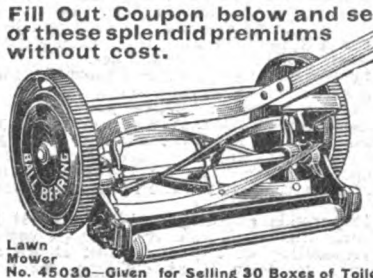
Given for selling 20 Boxes of Toilet Soap. Rocker has solid Oak frame with Golden Oak finish; front posts and arms 4 inches wide; upholstered in best black imitation leather; 21 inch spring seat. Height of chair 38 inches.



Oak Frame Rocker No. 90215

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No. 45030—Given for Selling 30 Boxes of Toilet Soap. This easy running Lawn Mower is made from the best of material. The 16 inch cutting blades are constructed of fine tempered steel. The wheels are 9 inches in diameter and of the ball bearing type which enables this machine to run smoothly and easily. Reel is 6 inches in diameter with 4 cutting blades. Lawn Mower is handsomely finished in Aluminum and Gold Bronze.

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IMPORTANT—Your father or mother must sign the coupon, giving two satisfactory references—we cannot send wagon unless this is done.



No. 3804

CROFTS & REED CO. Dept. B-279 CHICAGO, ILL.

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Kindly send me ---------- boxes of Toilet Soap and Premium No---------- I agree to sell the soap at 50 cents a box and send you $---------- within 30 days, keeping the premium as my reward.

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Give references here.

No. 1 ---------- No. 2 ----------

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How About Your Waist?

I HAVE discovered a secret, members of the Pretty Girls' Club!—that most of us would put up with pudgy ankles, and corns, and chilblains, and even hair that was not all we desired to have it, and perhaps a freckle or two on the bridge of our noses, if we could only have a pretty and supple waist, and shoulders and bust that complied with all the laws of beauty.

Tell the truth, now!—is there one of you who doesn't long for a pretty waist and graceful shoulders? Of course not! So what we are going to do, this month, is to get to work and make our waists and shoulders over a little nearer to our heart's desire.

A pretty waist is one which is neither shaped like an hour-glass nor overlaid with fat. It should be supple, so that the body bends gracefully, and gives the suggestion and buoyancy of lightness with every movement.



DEVELOPING A PRETTY WAIST. FIG. 1.

If this effect is to be achieved, the waist must be given daily and systematic exercise, so the muscles may lose all stiffness, and any surplus fat be disposed of. Strange as it may seem, the same waist exercise will reduce a fat waist and build up a too thin one. This is because exercise sets the blood circulating healthfully, and healthy circulation means normal conditions.

Therefore, whether you be thick-waisted or as thin as thin can be, practise the following exercise conscientiously for five minutes, night and morning:

To Reduce or Build up Waist

Take a deep breath, then, standing with heels together, chin up, shoulders slightly back, place hands on hips, thumbs toward the back, fingers forward. Now, without bending the knees, bend forward from the waist as far as you can without undue strain, expelling the breath slowly as you do so. Return to upright position, rest a moment, then bend backward at the waist (Fig. 1), inhaling as you do so. The knees will have to bend for this movement. Bend as far as possible; then return to position, exhaling.

With each day's practise of this exercise, you will find the waist grow in suppleness and will be able to bend farther and farther in either direction. The carriage of the body will be immensely improved in a short time as well as the symmetry and suppleness of the waist.

Another excellent exercise which will not only help you to acquire a pretty waist, but beautifully molded hips, should be included in your morning and evening practise hour; but allow a few minutes' rest between the different exercises:

For Graceful Hips and Waist

Standing as before, advance the right foot twice its length, or a little more. It should be a good long step in front of the other foot. Now, lift the arms above the head, palms out, the sides of thumbs touching, and with a quick movement throw the arms out and down to touch the floor at the side of the left foot. Do not bend the left knee, although the right may be slightly bent. Now, resume the upright position, breathing in as you do so. Repeat, expelling the breath as you throw the arms out and down, drawing it in as you rise. After a couple of minutes, change the position of the feet, putting the left foot forward, and throwing the arms to the side of the right foot.

I can confidently assure my girls that if they will give this stingy little ten minutes night and morning to the work of remodeling the waist which isn't just as they would like, that they will both look and feel like new persons inside of a month.

Let me whisper a secret!—this will work almost as much of a miracle in your complexion as your figure, as it will set the eliminative and assimilative organs working away like good industrious servants.

Of course, we won't be satisfied to just stop at waists and hips, will we, girls? We have those shoulders to think of, for I am quite sure we are of one mind on this subject, and that everyone of us would like gracefully rounded shoulders, with no hollows and no thick little cushions of fat. Very well, then, we must get to work and add another five minutes to our morning boudoir exercises!

For Symmetry of Shoulders

Standing as before, stretch the arms out in front on a line with the shoulders and parallel to each other. Now, close the fingers in a half fist, bend the elbows quickly, and jerk the shoulders back (Fig. 2.), being careful not to let the elbows drop below the level of the shoulders. As you bring the arms out in front of you again, draw in a deep breath, and expel this gradually as you jerk back the shoulders.

This exercise is excellent for the girl who is flat-chested or has weak lungs—and she will be delighted to know, that in building up her lungs she will be enlarging her chest walls and this in time will add an inch or two to her bust measurement.

After a week of this exercise, substitute another one whose object is to teach the shoulders to carry the head lightly and gracefully, and to strengthen the muscles of neck and shoulders which have this work to do. This might be called a lazy girl's exercise, since it can be taken lying on the floor.

Exercise for Graceful Carriage of Head

Lie flat on the stomach, with elbows bent and at right angles to the shoulders, arms folded under the chest. Now, press hard against the floor with the folded arms, and lift head and neck. *Do not throw head back*, but keep chin drawn down toward the neck and merely lift neck, head and all without tilting head at all. Do not lift the body from the floor—only the neck and head. Now, relax all muscles and rest, then repeat; relax, repeat, from eight to ten times.

Does fifteen minutes, night and morning, girls, seem like an awful lot of time to spend? Well, let me tell you something! When you get to be thirty, those fifteen minutes will have kept you young and fresh; if you have not had them, you will begin to wish woefully that you had been wise enough to take Time by the forelock and make him behave himself while it was still possible.

Isn't it possible at thirty? Well, yes—it is! And at forty and at fifty, even! For we can do lots of remodeling at any age. But if we are wise enough to begin it at eighteen, we need never have creaky joints, or ungainly shoulders, or pudgy waists, or fat double chins. "A stitch in time saves nine"—and a few minutes' daily exercise keeps away many bugaboos of beauty, while lending grace and suppleness to every movement of the body and building up the figure into one attractive whole.

Just let that thought sink into your minds, won't you, little maids of mine? And let's be as pretty as we can, as long as we can—and that's almost to the very end of all the years which make up a happy life.

I'm counting on you to practise every exercise faithfully and joyously every day of the coming month—and the months that are to follow.

And I'm not going to be disappointed, am I?

Answers to Questions

Country Lassie.—Do you brush your hair sufficiently? If it is oily near the scalp but brittle elsewhere, probably you do not brush it enough to get the oil distributed. Give the hair one hundred strokes every night, the way our grandmothers used to do. The soap jelly shampoo is the best for you, but be very careful about rinsing. If you leave any soap in the hair, it causes dandruff and makes the hair harsh and dry. The best thing for your scalp is massage. Every night, before going to bed, let down the hair, then, slipping the fingers in next to the scalp, press them firmly and move the skin back and forth on the skull. Do not move the fingers back and forth on the skin, but instead let them move the skin. Do this all over the head, every night. It makes the scalp healthy. Then follow by brushing the hair. Are you using curling irons? Stop it at once, if you are, as they dry up the hair. And how is your general health? Your hair cannot be healthy if your body is underweight or if you are at all rundown. Feed and care for the body well, and be sure the eliminative functions are working properly, if you want healthy hair.

Brown Eyes.—Yes, the soap you mention will be all right for the Epsom Salts paste; and you should take a morning bath as usual, after having used the paste the night before.

E. M. B., Lonesome Girl, Walla Walla, F. B.—The Portugal Bust tonic is made by boiling two oranges for four hours in ten ounces of olive oil in a double boiler. Thereafter a piece of orange should be rubbed lightly over the breast at night, using a circular motion, and continuing for several minutes.

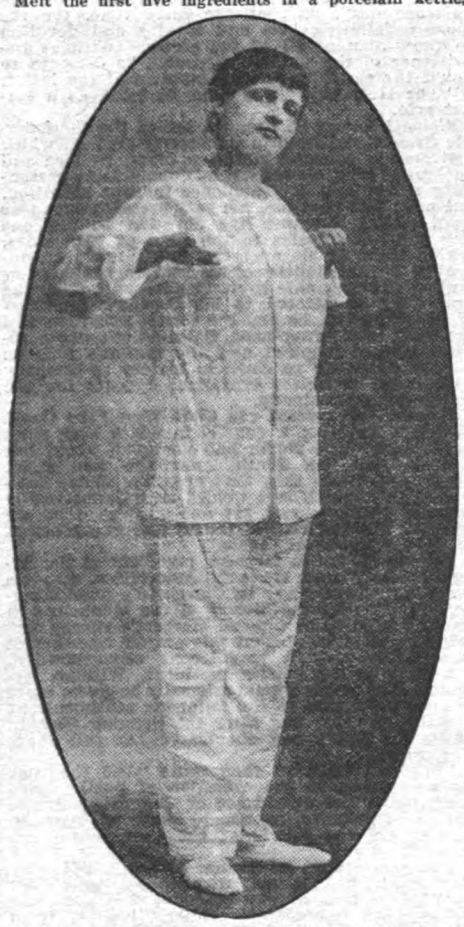
Inez.—Yes, peroxide and ammonia will remove superfluous hair. If the skin feels a little irritated from it at any time, rub in some cold cream, and stop the treatment for a couple of days, resuming again. If the skin is very sensitive you can dilute the ammonia. If your mole is flat you may try salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and apply to the mole for half an hour. These applications, with some days between, sometimes removes a small flat mole. For a fleshy protuberant mole, tie a thread tight around the base. It will blacken and finally, after some days, fall off.

N. W.—I am sorry I cannot answer your letter by mail. Scrub the face with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush every night before retiring, using Castile or any other pure toilet soap. Be careful to rinse the face thoroughly, as soap left on injures the skin. Any good cold cream is satisfactory for massage. Here is a formula for the Orange-flower Skin Food:

Orange-Flower Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle,



AN EFFECTIVE SHOULDER EXERCISE. FIG. 2.

take from fire, add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, fluffing it with an egg beater until cold. Probably you have been using too strong soap and not rinsing the face thoroughly. Rub cold cream in every night before retiring. You do not need any very complicated movements. If you will remember to rub the cheeks up, never down, and to go round and round the eye with the tips of the fingers, and to massage the flesh under the chin back from the point of the chin, and to make little circular movements, with the fingers pressed together, over the temples and forehead and cheeks, you will get on all right. The main thing is to get the circulation started up. When you are through, wipe off any surplus cream with a wad of absorbent cotton. It will be a good plan for you to rub in cold cream in the daytime before applying powder, but be sure to rub it in thoroughly and to wipe the face with a towel before adding the powder. Be careful to avoid sweets, do not eat between meals, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, and get some outdoor exercise every day.

Black Eyes—If your skin is too oily, your eliminative functions are probably out of order. Take a good dose of Castor oil, then be careful about food, and drink plenty of water daily. See directions to "N. W." about caring for the face at night. You need more exercise. Follow those you will find in these columns from month to month, and get as much of outdoor sports as you can. Walk a great deal—real brisk, healthy walking, not a polite little stroll down Main Street. You know what I mean, don't you, dear? Stop the vinegar and saltpeter and, instead, take the Castor oil and exercise. Good luck.

Eva.—There is no speedy road to development of the bust. It takes many patient weeks as a rule. See my answer to "C. J. D." for an excellent bust tonic. Is the rest of your body well developed? If not, why not put yourself on the Milk Diet for a couple of months? The bust would enlarge under the treatment and the whole body would be benefited. I have given directions for it many times, so I presume you know just how to take it.

D. L. R.—I do not think the treatment you suggest would develop the bust, but see my answer to "E. M. B." for a suggestion.

C. J. D.—Galega is another name for Goat's Rue used in the Vaucaire Bust tonic. Ask your druggist for it by that name. Here is the formula:

Vaucaire Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four grams. The dose is two soupspoonfuls in water before every meal.

I. L. C.—Yes, I think the pulley exercise would be excellent to reduce the bust. Here are the directions:

Pulley Exercise to Reduce Bust

Fasten a fully equipped pulley exerciser to the side of the wall at the height of about seven or eight feet from the floor. Then standing with your back to the wall and about four or five feet away from the wall, grasp the rope ends and allow the pulley weights to pull your hands up and back as far as possible. Now strike out and down with considerable force, as if you were going to hit someone. Repeat. Practise from five to ten minutes a day. Another excellent aid to reduction is to wrap the bust in rubber sheeting. You can buy this by the yard, and cut a strip wide enough to extend above and below the bust and long enough to go around the body. Draw it over the bust and fasten with strips of adhesive plaster which you can buy in small rolls for five or ten cents, at the drug-store. This makes you perspire and so reduces the flesh.

E. C. B.—If you are only nineteen, do not worry about your undeveloped bust. It will round out beautifully later. In the meantime, take all the vigorous exercise you can. If you are near water, learn to swim and row; if not, play tennis or just ordinary ball, or anything which exercises your arms. See my answer to "I. L. C." for an exercise you should practise. Do not wear tight clothes, use your arms vigorously in every way possible, practise standing straight and breathing deeply, and in a few months you will probably write me that your figure is just as it should be.

G. McP.—See answer to "I. L. C." Yes, splashing the bust with cold water is good for it, as it tones up the flesh and makes it firm.

Althea.—Scalp massage is the best possible means to induce your hair to grow. See answer to "Country Lassie."

Slender Blue Eyes.—Try using bone hairpins if the wire ones are breaking the hair. Let your locks down at night, and brush and braid it before retiring. If it is uneven, clip the ends half an inch or an inch. Probably you mean it is so broken that it roughens up with short ends. There is nothing you can do about this except to take good care of it now and the short ends in time will grow long. You need to gain about twelve or fifteen pounds, if you only weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, and are five feet five inches tall. Drink lots of water, eight to ten glasses a day, and see that the eliminative functions act freely and fully daily. Eat plenty of potatoes, good rich milk, cream, butter and lots of green vegetables and fresh fruits. How old are you? If you are under twenty, your weight will no doubt increase naturally; if you are over twenty, I suggest the Milk Diet for you.

Box 326.—Even the busiest of us have time for a few minutes' exercise, night and morning, and I cannot hold forth much hope of your increasing your bust satisfactorily unless you are willing to give a little time to it. There are, alas! no short cuts to beauty of figure. You say you could not go on with the Milk Diet on account of interfering with your work. Can't you manage it in this way: two glasses of hot water on rising (6.30). Fifteen minutes later, two glasses of milk, every mouthful "chewed;" half an hour later, two glasses more; half an hour later two glasses more. This would be 8.15. At twelve take two glasses more, at twelve-thirty two glasses more; at one o'clock two glasses, at five-thirty two glasses, two glasses at six o'clock, two glasses at six-thirty. Then if you could get one "dose" of two glasses in the middle of the morning, and one or two glasses in the middle of the afternoon, you could do without any solid food, and would gain quite rapidly.

Edna, Sheridan.—You need to build up in weight—should weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. This will help your bust. Can't you put yourself on the milk diet for two months—it would be the best thing in the world for you. Gentle massage of the bust nightly, using a circular motion, and anointing the hands with cold cream, or using cocoa-butter, will help the contour of the bust, and if you will practise dashing cold water on the breasts, it will help to firm them.

Helen.—A good way to plumpen the cheeks is to open the mouth to its widest extent stiffen cheek muscles, then slowly close the mouth to the count of eighteen. Practise this exercise for ten minutes every day and I think you will soon have plump cheeks.

Bashful.—Perhaps you are self conscious. This frequently causes flushing of the face. Tight lacing, snug belts, shoes, collars and cuffs are also responsible for a red face. If you are careful not to eat rich food, such as cake, pie, pudding, preserves and gravies and will drink freely of cool water during the day, you will not be near so apt to redden on each and every occasion.

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Poultry Farming for Women

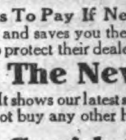
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Should they be together when the female is setting? I have read COMFORT for ten years.

A.—I have used a male canary for breeding when seven years old. The birds should be kept together, because the male bird assists in caring for the young ones. From the time your old birds pair, feed a little mash every day, made of hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, stale bread-crumbs, and hulled oats ground fine. Just moisten this with milk which has been scalded, or with beaten egg. After the little ones are hatched, give mash twice a day, and add a little rape seed to it. Boil the rape for a few minutes, then rinse through cold water and allow to dry. The corner of the cage where the nest is situated should be partly covered with a piece of baize or cloth, as a setting bird dislikes the full light. If you are using a large breeding cage, it is well to have two nest boxes, as the hen often starts to build a second nest when the first batch is about fifteen days old. Canary eggs take fourteen days to incubate. The youngsters can be removed to a separate cage when four weeks old.

H. M. B.—At what temperature will a fowl's comb and wattles freeze, and what causes the fluff to disappear and leave that part of the pullet bare? Mine are the American Dominique, and I have several of them that are that way, but all appear healthy and are first-class.

A.—Fowls' combs and wattles may freeze at any temperature below the freezing point. Large comb fowls which are shut up in close houses at night are especially susceptible to frosty winds in the early morning. If you notice a bird with a frozen comb, put it in a room which will warm up slowly, and where the direct rays of the sun cannot strike it, and if there is snow on the ground, hold a little of it on the comb and wattles, so that renewal of circulation is very slow. If you don't happen to notice the birds until the swelling has set in, confine it in a coop or room, and then rub with the following ointment: Three tablespoonfuls of vaseline, one tablespoonful of glycerine, and half a teaspoonful of turpentine. If used at once and persistently, it will usually prevent the birds losing the frozen parts.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

the lesson is not learned until he gets out in the world and harsher hands than mother's are the teachers. But oppression breeds anarchy just as truly in the home as in the government. You cannot let a child run his own course for the first few years and then "whip it out of him," no matter how much you set your jaw. When the baby cries for something not advisable for him to have then is the time to teach him that crying does no good and if he lies on the floor and screams, a spanking then will save him of hard knocks from the world, later.

Do to others as you would have them do to you, with your children and remember when you are trying to break their strong wills by whipping, that quite frequently a child has more real sense than his mother and no amount of beating will make him respect a red-faced woman who screams at him, mother or no mother.

Sisters, this is not a sermonette it is a real full-blown sermon, but I promise not to do it again.

I enjoy your descriptions so will tell you how I look and then move over. Am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-three pounds, black hair and blue eyes.

I enjoy every bit of COMFORT, and there is nothing in it that makes us blush for our children to read which is more than can be said about some of the higher-priced magazines.

We all have our troubles, great or small and ours is that our oldest daughter, fourteen, is deaf. Not entirely, but so as to be unable to attend school with good results, as she doesn't speak plainly. Can you tell me of something to help her?

MRS. FLORA HINDMAN.

RITTA, FLORIDA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading the many interesting letters in COMFORT and enjoy them so much, that I thought perhaps others would be interested in a description of my home and surroundings.

I live on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee, in the Everglades of Florida. This lake is forty miles wide and sixty miles long, abounding in fish and wild ducks. The Everglades of Florida are a vast prairie extending from the south shore of Lake Okeechobee to Biscayne Bay; this prairie is covered with a clean growth of saw grass reaching a height of six feet. Before the canals were opened, during the rainy season it was overflowed about three months each year from the water of Lake Okeechobee, as this large lake had no outlet.

Since the state has undertaken the draining of the Glades they have cut four canals, The Ft. Lauderdale Canal, on the east, is sixty-four miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. The Miamia Canal, on the south is ninety miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. There are also the Hillsbourgh and The Three Miles Canal, so now they have the waters of the lake under control.

The soil of the Everglades is a rich muck; according to the government report the richest in the world. This soil varies from two to fourteen feet deep.

We are in the winter garden district, below frost line. In midwinter we grow all kinds of vegetables. We are growing now, Feb. 2nd, on our place potatoes, beans, cabbage, corn, peppers, lettuce, radishs, peas, onions, etc. Of course this time of year we can get the highest prices for them. For fruits we have ripe strawberries, bananas, oranges and grapefruit. In this climate we plant and grow vegetables every month in the year. The average temperature is 86. The sea breezes from the Atlantic on the East and Gulf on the West keep it about the same all of the time. I have lived in five different states and I think Florida is almost perfect, what I would call a paradise on earth, as nearly as one can make it.

This country is full of birds that winter here from the North; each morning they awake me with their songs. With this beautiful lake of sixty miles of water spread out in front of you, you can imagine what it is to get a glimpse of the sea of glass which is before the throne in the midst of the paradise of God.

South of the house is a thick growth of custard apple-trees, covered with moon vines and air plants; underneath these trees are a natural fernery. The ostrich fern grows six feet tall, besides other beautiful ferns; as for flowers, Florida you know is noted for her sunshine and flowers. We have the daily rose which is a continual bloomer and others too numerous to mention.

This part of Florida is a new country just opened to settlers. Three years ago this was under water. A year ago we had only about twenty people in the Everglades; now we have about five hundred settlers and more coming all of the time.

Wishing all the sisters success and happiness, I remain a COMFORT sister. MRS. W. S. DOWELL.

MUNCIE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I return again after many years' absence? I'm glad to get COMFORT again and hear from old friends.

I am married now, but am not going to tell my maiden name as I want to make friends again under my new name.

I have been traveling around for nearly three years, all over the United States and Canada, and I have seen many beautiful places, and I wish some of the lonely shut-ins could have accompanied me. I am glad to have been able to travel but I'm happier now at home with COMFORT to cheer me.

For constipation try eating one or two figs mornings before breakfast, or a few more figs if chronic, this is good for children, as all love figs; also a spoonful wheaten bran, beaten well in glass of water is a simple and quite effective remedy.

For caked breasts try baking two or more large potatoes, put in a woolen stocking or cloth, crush soft, and apply to breast hot as can be borne; change frequently until relieved.

As spring and house-cleaning nears, try making your own furniture polish of equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine, spirits of wine, and cider or any good vinegar. Apply with soft cloth and dust with dry duster.

To make plain white calcimine use one pound white glue, twenty pounds English whiting; dissolve glue by boiling in three pints of water; dissolve whiting in water to make a thick batter; add glue and one cup soft soap, or bar laundry soap melted in as little water as possible; dissolve alum, size of hen's egg, mix all thoroughly, let cool before using. If too thick to spread nicely, add more water. For blue tints, add five cents' worth Prussian blue, and a little Venetian red for lavender color and same amount of blue with the red. For a peach bloom color, add the red without the blue. This makes enough to give four ceilings, sixteen feet square, two coats. This will not rub off like whitewash made of lime.

Hoping I'm forgiven for a long letter, I am, Sincerely yours for COMFORT, MRS. K. TAKAYAMA.

SHELBY, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If you dear sisters will please move over just a bit and make room for an old, but silent reader of our paper I will try to tell you a few things about this part of the Delta.

We raise almost anything in the vegetable line for our own use; cotton and corn are the main field crops. The soil is very black and heavy with but very little sand. It has been raining almost all the time for the past two weeks and if any of the sisters live in the Delta you know what kind of a time I am having with mud.

This is our third year here, but we haven't learned to love the place yet. My husband is manager of a plantation and his work keeps him away from the house a great deal of the time and I spend a number of lonesome hours.

As so many are writing on the subject of stepmothers I will say a few words. There has been a stepmother in my father's home for five years. Of course no one can ever fill our dear mother's place, but is it not much better to meet our stepmother with a smile and words of encouragement than so often to remind her that she is unwelcome? I know there are some stepmothers who are very harsh and exacting, who never give the children a kind word and expect them to act like grown ups in every respect, while there are other stepmothers who consider the happiness of their stepchildren as they do their own and I am sure they never fail to be appreciated. In many cases the children are often to blame for their bad treatment by not showing due respect to their stepparents. Stepmothers, let me beg you to be as kind to the motherless child who is in your care as you would have some other stepmother be to your child.

How many of the sisters like to crochet? I am only a beginner but spend a number of spare moments thus employed.

I also am a great lover of flowers and am planning to have a pretty garden soon.

I can surely sympathize with the sisters who do not live near enough their parents to visit often. We live two hundred and fourteen miles from my husband's people and about two hundred and fifty miles from my people. We have very few neighbors and I know some of you city sisters are going to open your eyes with wonder when I say that in the past two years only four different women have been to see me.

Mrs. J. H. Anders of Centerville, Miss., I feel almost as if I were acquainted with you as my childhood home was near that place.

Miss Marie P. Kearney, I agree with you that a man or boy who drinks should not be scorned and hated, but talked to and tried to be made to see the error of his way, but it does make me tired to hear a person say, "I have tried but just can't quit drinking or smoking." Don't you believe that where there is enough will power any bad habit can be overcome?

I, too, am interested in the training of children as we have one little boy, nearly three years old. I have begun to teach him his letters and to spell short words and do you think we can begin to teach our little ones good manners too soon? It sounds so sweet to hear my boy say, "No thank you," and "If you please," while at the table and "Excuse me," when he is through.

I am twenty-four years old; five feet six inches tall; have brown hair and eyes; dark complexion and weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. Have been married eight years.

A happy and successful year to all.

MRS. Z. C. WILKINSON.

TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come again and for the third time. This dear old paper is home to me. "Home is where the heart is," for my heart has been wrapped up in the interests of COMFORT since October, 1907, when I first subscribed for it and joined the League; since that time I have never missed reading a single number through and through. I read all and everything, I never miss Crumbs of Comfort for there I gather many golden grains of thought such as "God may delay, but He never forgets." At times we think our prayers are not answered, as soon as we'd like, but they are, in His own good time, if we can say with a spirit and understanding,

"Father, I know that all of my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee."

I cannot tell which department I like best, the Sisters' Corner or Uncle Charlie's, they are both indispensable; there is so much good being done in the world as a result of both departments. Time and eternity will tell. Poor Uncle Charlie in his afflictions laughs and makes the world laugh with him. A monument of prayers has been erected unto the throne of Heaven in his behalf. If I had the expression of Webster, the oratory of Calhoun and the patience of Job perhaps I could tell the good COMFORT has done me. There are some thoughts and raptures of the human heart, that can never be expressed. God alone understands. I dare say I am trying to say what thousands of COMFORT'S shut-ins would say if they could express themselves.

The sisters' letters are like an encyclopedia almost for helps and useful knowledge. I often think I am just an usurper as I get all of the good things and I give nothing in return.

Since my last letter to COMFORT, about four years ago, this town has suffered from a great fire, that destroyed the whole business block, excepting two brick buildings; the oldest hotel was also destroyed. The business outlook was very gloomy for a while; but modern, sanitary structures have risen from the ashes of the old houses. A three-story brick hotel, furnished with water works and all conveniences, vies with those of larger cities; water works are installed in many places of business over the town. We also have an electric light and ice plant which are of inestimable benefit.

This county, Monroe, has taken advantage of the "State Aid" plan for building roads, for the county to issue road bonds, seems the quickest way to build roads; every dollar the county subscribes the state doubles it; our people have paid a big mud tax in the last century.

A short time ago Mrs. Cora Wilson Steward, Superintendent of Rowan county, originated and put into practise the system of "Moonlight Schools." She made such rapid progress in that mountainous school that it has gained state-wide recognition. As a result, "Moonlight Schools" were taught all over the state. The Governor of Kentucky appointed an "Illiteracy Commission" and "Educational Whirlwind Campaign," to wipe illiteracy out of the state by 1920; he asks everyone who can read and write to teach someone who can't. The average attendance of all schools of the state was only 48.32, so, you see there is room for great work to be done. The oldest pupil in the "Moonlight Schools" was eighty-five years old, learning to read so she could read her Bible.

When Kentucky reaches the point sought and women get the vote and vote whisky out of the state, it will have attained a very high state of civilization. "Boot leggers" with "Moonshine" are a great source of trouble here; it certainly will take strenuous efforts to correct the evil.

Can any of the sisters give me any information on Belgian hares and where to get them? Also, what is a tried remedy for roaring in head, caused by indigestion?

May God's richest blessings rest on all, and an extension of life to all the noble workers, angels of mercy to every shut-in. MRS. L. HOPE.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

"Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned boy
Who didn't talk back to his pa?
And what has become of the girl—such a joy—
Who didn't know more than her ma?
They have wandered away; they have gone hand in hand,
With the parents who mounted the skids,
Those old-fashioned parents who used to demand
A little respect from their kids."

Mrs. Della Chapman, I quite agree with you, a good spanking does work wonders. If parents required obedience and punished the disobedient we would have less need for reformatories and penitentiaries.

Some children need less discipline than others and while a spanking is the very thing for one child, the next one would be more easily conquered by being made to sit on a chair or stand in the corner.

Someone says, "I'd never do that, I can't punish the little dears." Well, your children show it. A child with an ugly, selfish disposition is dreaded by even those who love the parents. And don't lie to the children. If you promise to "whip Johnnie if he does that again," do it, for he may say, as I heard a boy say, "You won't neither; you always say that, and you don't do it." They know you lie to them. If you promise to give them a piano or pony if they are good, then do it, but never promise or threaten the impossible.

With all good wishes to the sisters and all departments of COMFORT, especially Uncle Charlie,

I am, yours very truly. MRS. O. L. ELLIOTT.

P. S. Please do not write to me, expecting answers.

SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I read the sisters' letters with interest and find so many helpful hints that I want to write and tell them how much I appreciate their help even if I can't send any.

It seems that nearly every family in this part of the country takes COMFORT and everyone speaks of it in the highest terms.

My sympathy goes out to the dear shut-ins and I try to send my "little mite" to help and cheer them.

We live nine miles from Sentinel, our post-office, near a village called Retrop and have one of the best consolidated schools in the state. The building contains seven rooms and an auditorium. We employ six teachers, also a music teacher. In the music room we have a piano where a large class of pupils practise music and learn songs for the benefit of the music loving patrons. In the auditorium we have three hundred and sixty opera chairs; in fact, the entire building is equipped in the most up-to-date manner. Six "High School" wagons convey the pupils to and from school. Everyone seems deeply interested in education.

Of course the boys and girls have their popular games such as baseball, basket ball, etc.

I have four boys—the oldest married and living in Hobart, the others going to school. I read everything regarding boys but I think every mother a law unto herself for, like medicine, what is good for some is poison to others, and we must "doctor" them according to their dispositions. Now for a few hints:

If you have a cold or sore throat and will bathe the face and throat in cold water just as quickly as you can after getting out of bed you will find the treatment will benefit you.

For mothers, if you will make your boys Balkan blouses, buy a pair of suspenders to hold up pants under the blouse and over his union suit and you will save time and trouble to say nothing of the wear and tear of button and buttonholes.

I wish more sisters would write from Oklahoma, as we think this a grand state. MRS. EMMA FLIPPIN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To clean silk, woolen or cotton goods. To clean and revive soiled and faded garments wash them in the following mixture: Grate two good-sized potatoes in a pint of soft water and strain through a coarse cloth. Add about a gallon of water and allow to settle. Pour off the starchy fluid from the sediment and wash the goods well in it; rinse thoroughly, dry and press. Goods cleaned in this way will look like new.

Homemade Cuff Buttons. If you have two pretty buttons exactly alike and don't know just how to use them, sew small pearl buttons fast to the eye and use them for cuff buttons.

To Dye Lace or Thin Silk. Get enough gasoline to cover the goods; in this dissolve enough tube paint to make it the desired shade. Dip and wet the goods thoroughly in this, hang to drip. Press while damp and they will look like new.

Use of soap in embroidery work. The use of white soap in embroidery work is a great help as well as a time-saver. Soap rubbed across the threads which are to be pulled for drawnwork will make them pull more easily. When piercing the material for eyelet work, place the soap under the material, pressing the stiletto through the cloth into the soap; this prevents tearing and stiffens the edge, making it easier for working.

Use alcohol for cleaning piano keys. It will remove every spot on the ivory.

When beating the whites of eggs, add a little salt. This causes them to whip lightly.

Save your peach stones, you will find the kernels excellent for flavoring salads and ices.

ETHEL H. LATOURETTE, White House Sta., N. J.

The tender leaves and small ends of celery should never be thrown away. If dried they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

Copper utensils or brass articles may be thoroughly cleaned to look bright if washed with a solution of salt and vinegar.

Pour boiling water over potatoes and leave fifteen minutes and about half the usual time will be required to bake them.

L. E. KERR, Ft. Smith, Ark.

Remedies

ASTHMA.—Chronic cases have been cured by the following: Sulphur, one half ounce; bruised anise seed, two and one half drams; confection of senna, six drams; syrup of tolu, six drams; mix and take freely every day; or, one or two teaspoons three times a day, or sufficient to keep bowels moving easily.

ASTHMA.—Sulphur, one half ounce; anise seed, one half ounce; senna, one ounce; cream of tartar, one ounce. Mix and give a teaspoon every night, or more often if required. Bathing and hygiene should be carefully attended to.

ECZEMA.—If the secretion is profuse, apply powdered cinchona bark; also a mixture of glycerine, two parts to one of borax. A cold potato poultice, with a small quantity of camphor, has proven most helpful.

CROUP.—Fat bacon applied to the throat, as in sore throat, is recommended as a remedy for croup. Its action can be helped by taking internally a few drops of kerosene oil on sugar.

MRS. BULAH E. ZEIGLER, Arnold, Kans.

SPRAINS.—Apply equal parts of coal oil and camphor, warmed. MRS. W. ROUX, Cloverdale, Cal.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—In the spring gather spruce twigs and steep till all the strength is extracted. Drink a small amount once a day.

MRS. L. POOL, Yicka, Cal.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—Make pills of pine pitch; take one or two a day. This has been tried and found good. FANNIE HESELTINE, Whitesville, N. Y.

Requests

Cure for drink habit.

Mrs. Maurice Graham, Riverside, Wash., would like to know where to obtain book, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody.

How to prepare gum arabic and plaster of Paris for mending china and glassware.

How to make jam pudding.

How to pickle fish.

Mrs. M. B. Holloway, Iuka, Ill., would like to know where she can get "Edward's First Reader."

Mrs. W. L. Sutherland, Derby, Kans., wants recipe for making yeast starter.

How to make soda crackers.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James Baker, Sac City, R. R. 5, Iowa. S. R. Patterson, Paruna, Okla. Lois Raines, Bemis, Tenn. Miss Maggie Love, Birds Run, R. R. 2, Ohio, Ira D. Phillips, Saint George, W. Va. Mrs. H. M. Bradstreet, Vinal Haven Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Jimie Hunter and three half-sisters who left Kentucky fifty-two years ago. Notify their niece, Mrs. Charles Pyle, Pyrus, Ky.

Information of John C. Churchill, last heard of in St. Louis, Mo., in 1899. Notify Mrs. M. J. Churchill, Ness City, Kans.

Information of Louie, John and Will Hauber, heard from respectively at Omaha, Nebr., Medicine Hat, Canada, and Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. H. Wohlers, Hokah, Minn.

I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS
AT $1,200 TO $3,600 A YEAR

To introduce my new Vacuum and Compress Washing Machine to every home in the country I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. No experience is required—you can start right now. A labor saver—a time saver—a money saver—a constant helper to every housewife, this wonderful machine practically sells itself at every home without talking or argument being necessary. You risk nothing—everything to gain. This opportunity is placed free in your hands today. You can now secure free territory—drop everything else—take this marvelous little machine as our special representative and



MR. L. M. PALMER, Glen Allen, Ala.

Mr. Palmer is one of my agents who started this work without having had any experience at all in selling anything. He thought he would take me at my word and see if this machine would sell itself. He put out 108 on trial—from house to house. Going back to collect, he received one machine and the cash for 107 machines—107 out of 108 sold themselves—his profit $107.00. This same position is now offered to you—you can make this money yourself. Could you ask greater proof than Palmer's record? Then write today and start for yourself.

Make $21 Next Saturday

That's what Ralph Cappa, of Florida, did the first Saturday he worked. Another one of my money making men, T. L. Speakman, of Gainesville, Ala., put out 36 on trial one day and sold every one of them—they sold themselves. Profit $36.00. Can you beat that kind of a seller? Do you want this money for yourself? Do you want to make $3600.00 this year? Then here's your chance—if you act now. Here's your chance to be independent—to be in business for yourself—to make and keep the money you make.

Profits Start First Day.

Business supplies the capital. Nothing to stand in your way. You can do what others are now doing every day—you can make this money. I will help you as I helped G. W. Hickman, of Ga., to make $10.00 the first afternoon. Frank Green made $45.00 first three days. Mrs. L. C. Merrick made $90.00 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard made $13 first three hours.



Only $1.50 Selling Price.

And every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Frees women from worry and fatigue. Housewives discard $15 and $20 power machines for it. No competition. Patented. Infringers will be prosecuted. Avoid imitations. Get the WENDELL VACUUM AND COMPRESS WASHER ONLY. Works like magic. Abolishes drudgery. Always ready. The work of this invention is almost unbelieveable—yet true. Listen to the words of Mrs. Thomas Jenkins: "I have been washing clothes for twenty-five years. I have owned all sorts of washers. I now have in my house a costly washer which I have put aside **and never use since buying the Wendell Washer.** The first day I used the Wendell I washed **six tubs of clothes in just thirty-three minutes.** One tub consisted of greasy aprons, and other colored clothes, among which was a wool dress skirt. These I examined at the end of five minutes, and to my surprise found them to be perfectly clean. Two tubs were of blankets, and I worked on each tub only three minutes."

Investigate.

Send for complete information today. Learn all about this remarkable new invention and this free new opportunity to make money. No waiting or guessing. The price of only $1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent. profit to you.

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This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Sore Mouth in Pigs

LITTLE pigs often suffer from canker sore mouth and die of that disease, when it takes a severe form as it does when the sores become infected. An erroneous bit of advice has been spread throughout the country by some stock and farm papers to the effect that the little sharp teeth found in the mouths of some pigs at birth cause these sores and therefore should be snipped off. The teeth do not cause the sores, but of course they may cause lacerations of the snouts of pigs when fighting, or may lacerate the teats of the sow. They do less harm in that way, however, than may result from their removal by cutting. During the operation the gums become bruised or lacerated and then are readily infected and serious canker sores result. The infective germ is known as the bacillus necrophorus and it is normally present in the manure of hogs and therefore found in all yards and uncleaned pens used by hogs. To prevent canker sores souse the heads of the pigs in warm water containing an ounce of permanganate of potash to the gallon. Do this instantly at birth and repeat daily, if there has been trouble from sores. If a sore starts scrape it clean, rub lightly with lunar caustic pencil or swab it with tincture of iodine once and then with a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash applied once daily with cotton tied on a stick. If a lump or boil starts on the snout swab daily with tincture of iodine, split open when soft, then go on using the iodine tincture. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the pens before the pigs are born. Black teeth in pigs' mouths do no harm and need not be cut off. If pigs die and black teeth are found present they should not be blamed for the deaths. Some disease is present. Small sharp teeth are most likely to be found in the mouths of pigs from sows that have been fed a rich protein ration during pregnancy. The sow should have light laxative rations, without much corn and with only a moderate amount of protein. Let her have plenty of exercise every day and keep her bowels active.

Wheat with Oats

We find that in some districts farmers are sowing some wheat with their oat seed in spring. They find that the combination tends to stand up better than where oats alone are seeded. The wheat straw is stronger and helps to support the weaker oat straw. Besides this the farmers consider a little wheat a valuable and beneficial addition to the oats for feeding purposes. Two pecks of wheat is the average amount sown with oats and will suffice for the purpose. In so seeding wheat it should be understood that the resultant crop is to be fed at home. It cannot well be sold when wheat is present, nor is it feasible to clean out the wheat. Modern farmers prefer to feed all the grain they raise, if they are farming a comparatively small area of land, and it is such farmers that can afford to mix wheat with oats for feeding purposes. The combination is fine for pigs and poultry and a little wheat will not injure the horses and indeed is beneficial; but wheat cannot safely be fed to horses in any considerable amount. It causes indigestion and has been known to cause fatal colic or severe founder when the horse has broken loose and gorged himself with this grain. Rye is about as bad for the latter troubles and if fed liberally causes indigestion, while barley irritates the skin. These grains therefore should be carefully fed and form by a small part of the ration with oats and wheat bran. Peas and oats sown together will be found to make an admirable green forage crop for dairy cows and the mixture comes in handy when the grass becomes brown and dry in July and August.

When the Foal Comes

Remember to provide an absolutely clean, disinfected, whitewashed and freshly bedded box stall for the reception of the new born foal and when it comes saturate the stump of its navel with tincture of iodine and then dust with slaked lime twice a day until perfectly healed and dried. If this is not done the foal may die of navel and joint disease, or grow up unsound on that account. The mare should have light, laxative rations as foaling time approaches. Let her have plenty of wheat bran and less corn than she has been getting, while oats of course make the best feed for her at this time if she is working, and she should be worked or abundantly exercised right up to the week of foaling. If she runs on grass she will not need bran, but may well have a little oats daily to keep her in good condition. Lush green grass is loosening and not too fattening for the early foaling mare and should be augmented by oats and dry hay to prevent scouring. See that the foal's bowels move promptly at birth and if they do not do so give rectal injections of warm water with the addition of two teaspoonfuls of glycerine per pint. A dose of Castor oil may be given in milk if found necessary. Just as soon as the foal cares to lick it supply oatmeal in a box where the mare cannot feed, and after a time gradually add wheat bran to the oatmeal and when the foal can chew it give a mixture of equal parts of whole oats and wheat bran. If so fed the foal will practically wean himself at five to six months of age and then go on growing profitably if the generous feeding is continued. The most profitable growth is made during the first year of a foal's life and if he is stunted then he never will mature into a full grown horse. Work the mare lightly two weeks after the foal is born and be careful to let the foal suck frequently. Do not let the foal suck when the mare is hot and sweating. Feed her some hay when she comes in and milk away most of the milk until she cools off; then the foal may suck. On general principles it is poor policy to let the foal run to town with the dam, or to accompany her to the field when she is cultivating corn. The foal may run with the mare, however, if she is doing light work, not in a corn field.

Some Short Needful Reminders

Just as soon as time and money allow put in some cement sidewalks about the house yard. It is a shame to let the womenfolk wade in mud and a nuisance to have the men track mud into the kitchen and house. If cement walks cannot well be made, then it is certain that some of lumber should be constructed. They do not need to be expensive, but they will pay in comfort and cleanliness and make home better and happier for all concerned.

For any sake swat those flies! They are an abomination and a danger. Watch where they come from onto your pie at dinner time. Note how they wipe their feet on your food, or face or bald pate. Remember that those feet swarm with germs of all sorts and that some of them may be the germs of typhoid fever, or some other serious contagion. Do away with their breeding places in manure piles and muck spots. Screen against them wherever possible, and so far as that can be done do away with the places where those pesky mosquitoes breed and multiply. That means every single receptacle for stagnant water, and it pays to pour some crude oil on the ponds and sloughs, where draining cannot well be done.

For the table's sake and the stomach's sake please understand that the garden patch really is the most important bit of land on the farm and therefore the farmer and his hands should be ashamed to see the womenfolk doing the gardening with hand implements. That patch, properly tended, will pay a bigger profit than any similar area on the farm and think what those fresh vegetables mean during hot weather and how anxious the men would be to "make garden" if the women "struck" and attended to their household duties which are more than enough to try and exhaust their strength. Put the garden crops in in long straight rows and cultivate with a horse, or at least supply and use the wheel hose and such like implements which so greatly reduce hand labor in the garden. If the garden is appreciated as it deserves its care will be taken into consideration and be provided for just as well as that of any field on the farm and when that is so the wife and daughters will have no complaint to make.

Spring Planting

May is the month in which the greater share of spring seeding and planting is done in the Northern States.

In the April number of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer we published a table showing temperatures at which seeds germinate and make most rapid growth under favorable conditions. By referring to that table you will note that with many plants it does not pay to put the seed in the ground until it has reached a temperature of 70 degrees. The general rule to follow is:

Don't be in a hurry to plant unless the weather is favorable. Many farmers make the mistake of seeding too early. The seed is put into the ground just after it has reached the point where it will grow but not yet warm enough to grow with vigor. This results in weak, sickly plants without vigor and sufficient vitality to make a good crop. Farmers often notice that crops put in the ground a week or two later produce better yields than those sown early.

Will early sowing injure the seed? Yes. Early sowing will injure the seed in two ways. In the first place it may be just warm enough to start sprouting and then a few days of colder weather come on which will reduce the temperature so much that sprouts cannot grow more. Decay sets in and the seed is spoiled. In the next place the backward weather may keep the young plants growing so slowly that they become weak, sickly and yellow. In the first place the seed is lost, in the second the crop is reduced through slow growth. In either case early sowing won't pay.

Does it ever pay to sow early? In the case of seeds that must lie in the ground some time before germinating it often pays to sow early. In this way the seeding of these crops is out of the way by the time that those crops that had best be planted when the weather is right, need attention. But the farmer should clearly understand the difference between those plants which will be uninjured by early planting and those which will not. For his convenience lists have been prepared as follows:

Seeds that are seldom injured by early planting. Wheat, rye, timothy, red top, bluegrass, and most of the other pasture and meadow grasses.

Seeds that will be uninjured by early sowing provided that no severely cold weather follows. Oats, barley, peas, hemp, flax and most of the early vegetables.

Seeds that should not be planted until both air and ground are warm. Corn, beans, clover, cucumber, melon, pumpkin and all other plants easily damaged by slight frosts.

It must be remembered in every case, however, that it is a safer plan to plant a little late than it is to put seed into a cold soil.

How to Start Early Vegetables

Such plants as cannot be safely planted in the open ground until late in the season may be started in the hot bed, cold frame or in boxes and transplanted then to the open ground as soon as it is in proper condition. This is done on practically every farm in the Northern states with cabbage, celery, tomatoes and like plants. But with another group of plants like cucumber and melons it is seldom practised. Now why is this? Simply because such plants do not transplant easily. Those plants having a large fibrous root system transplant with great ease, but plants like cucumbers and melons, possessing but a single tap root with little branching are very difficult to make grow after transplanting.

How to transplant melons and cucumbers. However, melons and cucumbers and all like plants may be easily handled in the following manner: Plant in small pots and when ready to transplant soak the soil thoroughly with water so that it will not fall apart, slip plant, dirt and all out of the pot by inverting it and giving it a sharp rap and set the whole thing out without in the least disturbing the roots. This is the general method. Now how can it best be practised? Pots are expensive and the method somewhat slow.

Get from the druggist the ordinary paper drinking cup, punch a hole in the bottom and plant seed in it. When ready to transplant, wet and transplant pot and all. Slit the pot down the side in two or three places and spread open so that the roots may escape. Or make pots of old envelopes, soak thoroughly and set out in the same way. The heavy soaking and later rains will destroy the paper or it may be easily torn off. Or use the little paper side dishes for nuts that are sold for table use, for pots in the same way.

The best method of all, however, is the sod method. In the summer previous to the year in which it is to be used cut squares of sod about three inches thick and pile it up in a compact heap to decay. The next spring plant seeds in little three-inch squares of this sod and when ready transplant plants, sod and all, to the open ground. By using proper care with any of the above methods, plants that are usually very difficult to transplant may be grown early and placed in the field as soon as outside conditions are fit.

Notes on Summer Work

If it has not been done the wire fences on the farm should be safely "grounded" before thunder storms take their annual grist to the sorrow of the improvident farmer. Hundreds of farm animals are each year killed by lightning conducted to them by wire fences. We have seen pictures of as many as twenty fine cattle lying dead beside a wire fence after a big thunder storm. The grounding is not difficult to do. Attach a copper wire to each wire of the fence by stapling and after attaching the free end of the wire to a zinc plate bury it in ground that will remain damp. Go deep enough to make dampness a certainty. Do the grounding of the wires at intervals of not over twenty rods and ten rods would be better, although some farmers think such short intervals unnecessary. The way we look at it is that it is better to err on the side of safety, placing the grounding wires close together as the expense is comparatively small and protection of the highest importance. At the same time it is well to remind our readers that lightning rods should be placed upon the house and barns by an expert who is known as educated and honest in the business. Make sure, too, that the fire and tornado policies are in good standing; or insure the buildings against fire and tornadoes, if that has not been done. It is a bad business to find the tornado policy lapsed when the big barn has blown to smithers.

While fences should be put in good repair in early spring, before plowing becomes possible, or in fall when other works has been finished, the experienced farmer carries an emergency kit with him when he walks over his broad acres and does many a little repair stunt that counts mightily in preventing accidents and wasteful pillaging of animals. It is a good plan to "walk the fences" at least once a week. A staple in time saves a good horse from getting a loose wire wrapped around his ankle to saw and wound. It also is necessary work as the neighbor's bull may break through and the "breechy" bull commonly is a scrub and his visits liable to do dire damage in the herd. Mending fences is a necessary part of the farmer's work; but continual patching and piecing is poor policy. Often the best policy is to put in a new fence and be done with it and always it is best to build a fence that will last. It is a pity to see a man putting in posts of scrub oak or black oak, or poplar or some other wood that will only last a few years. If one cannot use white oak or cedar posts the very best thing to do is to make some cement post molds, or "forms" and fill them just as often as rush of other work will allow. This proves most profitable where sand and fine gravel can be found right on the farm; but in many districts materials for post making are not so far away as to make hauling too expensive and the cement posts will last a lifetime if properly constructed.

Watch where the water stands in spring and remember in dry weather in summer and fall to do the ditching. There comes a time after haying and harvesting and before silo filling when tiling can be done to advantage and the needed tiles should be hauled some day on a return trip from town. Much land that is not wet needs draining to get the water into it so that air may follow and do away with sourness and set free plant foods, but in most districts the chief aim is to get the water off low spots and that certainly is necessary and important work. See that there is a sufficient outlet for a main drain before starting to dig ditches and that the fall will be sufficient for the lateral rains; then run all the drains with as few curves as possible and get them deep enough to escape frost. Such drains will soon pay for the expense of their digging and placing and farm land is getting so scarce and high in many localities that every reclaimed acre means much to the farmer and his family. There is no profit in letting so many acres merely furnish coolness and comfort for the frog family and crowfish. Get them to producing crops.

Another most necessary but somewhat vexatious "chore" in summer-time is the mowing of the roadsides and the cleaning out of weeds along the fences, along the sides of the growing grain and corn and cotton crops and in the corners of the fences. We know of few jobs that the "boys" hate worse, but it has to be done and done on time, else weeds will go to seed and "smut" the farm and some of the neighbor's land. The orchard is perhaps a worse proposition to tackle when it grows up to rag weed and wild hemp, and Spanish needle and a host of other tall and tough cumberers of the ground. Weeds are a good protection to the soil, no doubt but they will do better when cut and left lying as a mulch than standing and ripening seed. Cut them down. The clean farm is a rarity and a joy forever. The foul farm is a common and annoying terror.

The noon "siesta" of the farm folk of Mexico and of some other hot countries is not a mere sign of laziness, but is a necessity born of experience. We sometimes think that it would be much better on our own farms to rest longer at noon, in haying and harvest and during the entire period of summer heat, than to "lay off" for only an hour at noon. The horses cannot properly cool off and masticate their feed in that time, to say nothing of obtaining sufficient rest after the hard forenoon's work. They should have two hours rest at noon and work an extra hour in the evening and in extra hot weather advantage should be taken of the cool evening hours to get in some of the crop. In the beating heat of the day oats often are too dry to bind by hand and when that is so it is too hot for people and horses to work in safety and to the best advantage. At such times some sensible farmers now do the cutting and binding (by machine) at night, when the light will allow, and we suppose the day will come when electric light will turn night into day as desired, on the farm as well as in the country. The pioneer days when men worked eighteen out of the twenty-four hours in summer surely are gone and ought to be, and with grain and other farm products now selling for twice the price they did in the early days one should be able to use modern machinery and make the work hours shorter and more effective for the men in the field and the womenfolk in the house.

Succulence for Dry Weather

It is no trick at all to get a fine flow of rich milk from a fresh cow on lush pastures in May and June. Nature does the work. The feed available at that time not only is well balanced in food nutrients, but also is succulent and laxative. Such feed cleans up the system of the cow, so to speak, after she has been on winter rations and she does her very best in milk production. Just as soon as the hot weather comes on and the grass starts to ripen or fade or grow slowly the milk diminishes in flow and unless great care is taken, by additional feeding and proper management the flow may fall off fully two thirds from the May amount. Change from succulent, laxative green grass to dry grass is the principal cause, but contributing causes are flies, lack of shade, excess of heat and stagnanted pond or river water often used by pasturing cows. To take the place of the green grass, or for use as an adjunct to what grass there is, many men are providing summer silage, in a small silo filled at the same time as the large silo and kept closely shut until needed in July and August. This silo should be narrow so that the surface silage may be fed off quickly each day to prevent much moulding and spoiling. Some dairymen have the first ten feet or so of the silo under ground and make the silo very tall, 36 feet and over with the object of having the bottom ten feet left for summer use. If silage has not been provided remember to sow corn broadcast or in drills for cutting green when needed in the dry, hot spell of weather sure to come before autumn rains; or sow peas and oats, Hungarian or millet, cow peas or some form of vetch, according to the possibilities of the district in which the cows are to be fed. Roots also are useful if available early and certainly are a fine feed for use after grass and before the silo is opened in November. The entire profit from the spring calving cows may be dependent upon the provision of such succulent feed as we have suggested. There is no profit in a feast and then a famine of feed. The cow must be kept fully fed and with bowels regular throughout the entire milking season and must also be protected from flies, have adequate shade and pure, cool water.



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The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

GRAFTING PEAR TREES.—I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a number of years and always well pleased with it. I have a pear tree about eight years old that always bears well but the fruit is of a hard, gritty variety. Could I have the tree grafted, or could I do it myself? When should I get the cuttings, and how long before it will bear fruit after grafting?

MRS. T. J. S., Evergreen, N. Y.

A.—Yes, pear trees can be top grafted successfully. You will have to wait until next fall to get the cuttings. It should be top grafted in the early spring before the sap starts. If you are not familiar with top working trees you had better get someone who is to get the cuttings for you do the grafting. It will take three or four years before the tree will bear well after topgrafting.

WHEN TO PLANT WHITE BURBANK POTATO.—Please tell me what time of year to plant the White Burbank potato. I planted some in May and they all made vines and no potatoes. On what kind of soil should they be planted and how cultivated?

S. T. C., Vanndale, Ark.

A.—Potatoes grow best on a fertile, sandy loam. Too rich soil produces a heavy growth of vines. May planted potatoes should do well in your state though Burbanks should ripen if planted in June. They should be cultivated frequently until the vines are too big for easy cultivation. From your description it would seem that your soil was too rich or that you used too much stable manure, though of course it is impossible to tell without further information. Potato phosphate is a better fertilizer than manure for potatoes.

SEEDING TO ALFALFA.—I have a piece of cultivated ground that I would like to seed into Alfalfa. Now I would like to know if it would be all right to seed it into clover this year when I want it for Alfalfa next year? And if so what kind of clover is it best to seed, or does the clover have to be more than one year old before plowing up and seeding for Alfalfa? (2) I have another piece that had alsike clover and a little red clover mixed that was two years old, and I plant that down last fall. I would like to know if it would be all right to seed that into Alfalfa this spring or would it be better to raise a crop of potatoes from it first before seeding into Alfalfa? R. E. S., Tekoa, Wash.

A.—Yes. Sow clover this year. Mix with clover seed one or two pounds of Alfalfa seed per acre. These Alfalfa plants will inoculate the soil. Mammoth or medium red clover is good. Better not plow under clover until second year since the land will be left in better shape and the Alfalfa will have a longer time to inoculate the soil. Whether to seed your alsike clover field to Alfalfa now or plant potatoes first depends upon the amount of weeds in the field. Never sow Alfalfa on weedy land. All weeds should be killed by thorough cultivation before Alfalfa is sown. You will have better success with Alfalfa if you will always inoculate the soil.



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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SALIVARY FISTULA.—I have two cows that have a small lump that came on the left jaw. It appears to be under the skin and when it discharges it is like clear water. I cannot cure it. MRS. M. K.

A.—An opening or fistula forms in the salivary duct (Steno's) in such cases and home treatment will do no good. In a horse the veterinarian may be able to operate successfully, but with a cow that scarcely would prove profitable. Swab with tincture of iodine every other day.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—Can you give me a remedy for a cow that sucks herself? Can anything be put on the teats? MISS D. C.

A.—Fit the cow with a spiked halter or make her a "necklace" of sharpened pickets or laths woven with smooth wire and to run lengthwise of the neck. Aloes and oil smeared on the teats possibly may help.

COUGH.—I have a mare three years old. She had distemper this last winter, leaving her with a cough. Please tell me how to stop it. C. B. C.

A.—Wet all feed and give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until the cough abates; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least a week to the work. Heaves possibly is present.

NAVEL INFECTION.—I had a young mule colt die last spring. He appeared healthy. When eight days old, one ankle was enlarged and then all the joints were affected. It died in three days. H. J. R.

A.—This was a case of navel infection and consequent joint disease (pyemia). The trouble may be prevented by allowing the mare a perfectly cleansed and freshly bedded box stall at foaling time, saturating the stump of the navel with tincture of iodine at birth and then dusting it often with slacked lime. Affected colts usually die.

LUMP.—About a year ago a small lump appeared in the left side of the udder of one of my cows. It is on the inside of the teat and the size of a hickory nut. It is hard, but does not appear to be sore. She is thin in flesh but eats heartily and gives a good flow of milk. M. A.

A.—As the lump apparently is doing no harm it probably would be best to leave it alone. If you prefer to give treatment you may paint it with tincture of iodine two or three times a week. When a well-fed cow remains thin and thriftless it is wise to have her tested with turberculin, as tuberculosis may be present.

NERVOUS COW.—I have a young cow that urinates every time I milk her. She eats well, but appears to lose flesh. E. M.

A.—Give her some relished feed at milking time and massage the udder gently for a few minutes before starting to milk. She may gradually get over the nervousness. Add oilmeal to the ration.

QUITTOR.—I have a horse that had a runround on its hoof, about four months ago. A new hoof has grown out about two inches, but it is still sore at back of hoof and pus forms in the parts affected, and sometimes the leg swells. MRS. M. W.

A.—Soak the hoof twice daily for fifteen or twenty minutes in a tub containing a warm one per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and if that does not suffice use a weak solution of concentrated lye, half a teaspoonful to the quart at first, and gradually strengthen the solution. On taking the foot from the tub cover the wound with boric acid, absorbent cotton and bandages.

WARTS.—Please print a remedy for warts on a heifer. They are next to the eye. M. H.

A.—Rub the parts once or twice daily with best Castor oil and the warts soon will disappear.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule which limps painfully when pulling a load up an incline. The leg affected is the right hind leg. She walks smoothly on level ground. She also persists in standing on her toes on that foot. Am almost positive that it is not a stifle. The leg is not swollen anywhere and not deformed in anyway. MRS. J. W. G.

A.—The lameness probably is located in the hock joint and a spavin may be present and would require firing, blistering and a prolonged rest. We are unable to diagnose mysterious lameness without making a personal examination and merely make the above as a suggestion. You will have to employ the local graduate veterinarian.

BONE TUMOR.—I have a mare three years old. About two months ago I noticed a lump the size of a hen's egg on the lower side of the jaw bone. Now there is another one—not so large. They appear to be very sore and when I touch them she flinches. They are calloused on the bone. L. F.

A.—It would of course be best to have the tumors operated upon by an educated veterinarian, but some owners treat such growths successfully by applying a mixture of powdered corrosive sublimate and a little lard to cause sloughing. This does best when the bone is not involved.

CHOKING.—I have an eight-year-old gelding. In eating oats they seem to clog in his throat. He was all right until I fed him from a nose bag. MRS. J. W. S.

A.—Mix one ninth part of wheat bran with the whole oats, dampen this mixture at feeding time and feed it from a large box on the bottom of which it will spread out thin. He learns to bolt feed from the nose-bag.

GARGET.—What is the matter with my cow? Her udder becomes lumpy, and the milk appears chabbered. The teats are sore when you milk her. MRS. B. G.

A.—Foment the udder with hot water three times a day and milk and massage the udder at these times. At night rub the udder with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lanoline, lard, or soft soap. At times of attack give a tablespoonful of powdered poke root twice daily in water or feed for two or three successive days.

WIRE CUT.—Can you tell me what will make the hair grow back on my horse's leg where he was cut when a little colt? The cut healed but no hair grew back on it. J. S.

A.—The hair roots have been destroyed and hair cannot therefore be made to grow upon the scar; but a skilled surgeon could cut out the scar, bring the edges of the new wound together by sutures and probably obtain immediate union (healing by first intention) between the lips of the wound so that no unsightly blemish would remain.

Lice.—Can you give a simple and effective remedy for lice on horses and directions for treatment and also for worms in horses and pigs? MRS. M. N.

A.—For lice use a 1-30 solution of coal tar dip and repeat as often as found necessary. For worms mix in the feed night and morning for a week a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur. For worms of hogs mix sulphate of iron in the slop for five consecutive mornings, allowing one dram for each hundred pounds of body weight of pigs. Repeat in ten days if thought necessary.

PARALYSIS.—I have a sow that brought twelve pigs January 9th. One was dead, and two have died since. Early in February she appeared stiff in hind parts and two days later she got down and could not get up. She gets up on front feet, to help her up on hind feet seems to hurt her. MRS. I. F. H.

A.—Lack of exercise and stuffing on corn brought on this weakness and it will be likely to prove incurable. The drain and strain of nursing brings out the trouble in a pampered sow. Wean the pigs at once and feed the sow on milk, middlings, flaxseed meal and limewater. Roots and Alfalfa hay may be added. Rub loins twice daily with druggist's soap liniment.

SWELLING.—I have a horse three years old that has a swelling, or enlarged glands, just back of jaw bone. He seems to be sound in every other way, eating and drinking heartily. E. U.

A.—The parotid gland is enlarged and this may result from strangles (distemper) or influenza, or be associated with an attack. So long as it causes no inconvenience leave it alone, but if thought necessary rub in iodine ointment every other day.

WARTS.—I have a mare that has warts on the inside of both hind legs at the stifle joint. What is the best and safest way to get rid of them? R. S.

A.—Tie a fine cord around each wart that has a narrow neck. Rub Castor oil once or twice daily upon masses of small warts. They will then drop off or disappear after a time.

ABNORMAL MILK SECRETION.—I have a mule ten years old. She is fat and works all the time. She has milk secretion in her udder. What is the cause and what can I do to dry it up?

A.—Heavy feeding and good condition induce the secretion. Rub in camphorated oil or strong vinegar twice daily. Reduce feed and increase exercise.

GREASE.—I have a five-year-old horse, Percheron stock, weighing 1480 pounds. A year ago this spring his left hind leg swelled just above the fetlock joint. The leg has cracked from the fetlock joint up about eight inches. They are about one inch apart. It seems sore when I rub it, but does not make the horse lame. The cracks are on the hind part of the leg.

A.—Farcy is the skin form of glanders and were that disease present the horse would have to be destroyed according to state law. The symptoms indicate grease or aggravated scratches. Poultice with hot flaxseed meal for three days and then apply oxide of zinc ointment twice daily. Increase exercise and reduce rich feed.

CHOLERA.—I have a number of hogs. First they appear stupid and won't come out of bed, then they get so they won't eat, or drink swill. They have chills and shake all over. They turn purple around the snout. They look sick out of eyes. Three have died and they suffer when dying. MRS. J. F. E.

A.—Hog cholera no doubt is present and there is no remedy. After cleansing, disinfecting and whitewashing the pens and houses vaccinated hogs will have to be put in and vaccination will have to be done as often as necessary, by a graduate veterinarian, to prevent similar losses in future.

DISTEMPER.—I would like to know what to do for my horse. He has had distemper for two or three weeks. It does not appear to bother him much. There is inflammation and a discharge from his nose. I used sweet spirits niter and tartaric emetic. D. H. H.

A.—We cannot prescribe in such a case as the symptoms merely show a discharge from the nose which might be due to anyone of several different diseases. As one of the possibilities is glanders and that is incurable and also communicable and fatal to man you should at once have an examination made by an educated veterinarian. The remedies mentioned should not be used unless chosen and prescribed by an expert.

CATARRH.—I have a horse nine years old that has catarrh. When working hard enough to sweat he catches cold easily and when he lowers his head to drink a disagreeable discharge comes from his nose. He has been this way a year or more and is hearty and in good order and has never missed a meal. At times he apears drowsy. A. C. M.

A.—As glanders may be present we should not feel justified in prescribing treatment in this case and a qualified veterinarian should therefore be employed to make an examination. Where glanders is present the affected horse has to be destroyed according to state law. The disease is communicable and fatal to man as well as horses, so one has to be extremely careful.

INDIGESTION.—I have two horses; one nine years old, and one four. They gnaw and eat wood all the time. R. J. M.

A.—Horses afflicted with indigestion from improper feed or methods of feeding, or from intestinal worms, often gnaw wood or bark and may also eat earth, bedding or manure. Have their teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then feed whole oats, wheat bran and hay. Allow free access to rock salt. If the trouble persists mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of powdered wood charcoal, sulphur and bicarbonate of soda in the feed twice daily for a week, then skip ten days and repeat if thought necessary.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

had been around at the time, he'd have got imprisonment. Now I'll bet a gallon of Mexican currency to a three cent dime that this guy had been staying around the home until his mother got tired of him, then she threw him out and told him to beat it and get a job. I'll bet this letter about mother dying he faked up himself and when he landed home, I'll bet he managed to hit the house just as dinner was being landed on the table, and I'll also bet that his good old mother when she heard they had to take up a colesion for him on the cars and pass round the hat to pay his fare, handed him a ten dollar bill and made him chase down the track, overhaul the train and give the conductor the money to hand back to the people who had been buncoed, which of course the conductor forgot to do, putting nine dollars and ninety-five cents into his own pocket and in a fit of generosity handing the nickel over to the company. According to the last accounts the young man's mother was still looking for a doctor Care. It is to be hoped she won't find him, as most people have all the care they want without paying a doctor to hand it to them. When you boys and girls send in copies of old songs that you have memorized from hearing them constantly sung, be sure and write the words down correctly and don't claim the authorship of things which other people have written.

BELLEFOUNTAINE, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for sometime, and I suppose you are a very busy man, but if you can spare the time from your other work, I would like to have your opinion on what is the importance on the production and price of grain of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors. Also what in your opinion would prevent strikes among railroad employees. I am sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply. I thank you in advance.

Your nephew, J. R. ROSE.

You have given me two very hard questions to answer. If there is any man in the world who could understand your first question, I will contribute my share to having an oil painting of him placed in the Hall of Fame. If I were in a nutty house and the gentleman ran up to me with extended hands and asked me not to shake them as both of them were glass, and then fired at me a question such as the one you have put to me, I should just give my head two gentle taps and say: "Nobody home!" For your personal edification let me repeat the question as you have put it. "What is the importance on the production and price of grain of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors?" That is almost equivalent to asking me, what is the importance of red canton flannel night shirts on the protuberances of the isothermal dithyrambics of the zodiacal calculus as applied to the dynamometrical tintinnabulations of green-eyed fleas on a dog's tail? Now my question is just as involved and difficult to answer as yours. What I imagine you really want to ask is: "What influence has the manufacture of alcoholic liquors on the production and price of grain?" If you get the Anti-Saloon League Manual for 1914, I think you will find the information you seek. It is not a matter on which you or anybody else need bother their brains very much, as it is only a side issue. The one important truth to bear in mind is this: A lot of good productive land and a vast amount of useful labor are being devoted to the production of wholesome grain, which is later on converted into a murderous liquid which poisons hundreds of thousands, nay millions of human beings. I contend that all this land and the product of the land could be used for an infinitely better purpose—the raising of crops that will sustain life, instead of destroying it. If I had a farm and knew my grain was going to be used to poison people I'd rather blow my brains out than devote my time and energy to such base ends. The farmers of China can no longer raise poppies for opium. Land is too valuable in China to be diverted to any other purpose than that of sustaining life. It is the same here. No work should be done unless some good comes of it. If we closed up distilleries and breweries it doubtless would cause a considerable loss to many thousands of people, but not one fiftieth part of the loss that these people are causing other people. Brewers, distillers, saloon keepers and other trades dependent on the sale of poison for their living know, or if they don't know, must be taught to know, that they are engaged in a business that undermines the health, morals and efficiency of the American people, and no consideration should be shown to people who murder as surely, thoroughly, and completely as the gun man who puts a bullet through his victim's brain. You ask me what would prevent strikes among railroad employes? The best way would be to put the railroad on a silver platter and hand it to the employes. That's the best way from the striker's point of view. The other way would be to invent some machine that would operate railroads mechanically without employing labor at all. As probably no one will adopt these measures, I would suggest that both parties rub along the best way they can for a generation or so until a more thoughtful and intelligent class of people come into existence, and these people I know will insist on the government ownership of all public utilities, and railroads are the greatest public utility we have. The working men on the whole are ready to trust Uncle Sam, for in the last analysis, Uncle Sam is the people, while a few Wall Street gentlemen who practically control nearly all the railroads in the United States, have shown themselves time and again, not only to be indifferent but inimical to the public interests. The government won't have to take the railroads. The railroads will simply fall into the government's hands just as an overripe apple falls into the lap of mother earth. Then it is to be hoped everyone will get a square deal, and the rights of labor, the government and the people be respected. It was kind of you Brother Rose to send me a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. It is extraordinary how generous some people can be. If you haven't any higher appreciation of the value of my advice than you have of my time, I'm afraid this letter won't do you very much good.

IRMIN, R. R. 1, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a member of the C. L. O. C. for several years.

Uncle, I have derived a great deal of good from your monthly talks and answers to the cousins' letters. I like your fearless attack on all existing evils and your unselfish life. I hope that you may have the health and strength to continue as our leader for many more years. I enjoy helping the shut-ins and have received as a reward for what I have done, a great many lovely letters of thanks. I wish more of the members would help with the sunshine work, for some of the shut-ins are hardly remembered in their appeal for aid. I have letters from several who were scarcely remembered, so cousins let's try and help the poor souls all we can. Uncle Charlie, I have all three of your wonderful books. They are just simply grand. I thought I would explode when I was reading about "Lily, or Help Wanted" in the Story book. The book of poems is also a great book. Cousins, get a copy of each book, I am sure it will be the best investment you ever made.

I am twenty-three years old. I live on a farm with my parents and brother. Our principal crop is corn. We also raise wheat, oats, cane, cowpeas and millet. Fruit does fairly well here, but farming and stock raising are the chief industries.

Our crops have been poor the past few years on account of the severe droughts. But we are hopeful for a better crop this season.

I would like to receive post-cards from the cousins, views preferred. I will answer all I receive.

With love and best wishes to Uncle Charlie, Marie and Billy the Goat, I am your nephew,

FRANK J. VACCA. (League No. 37,474.)

Thank you for your bouquets, Frank, I only wish I deserved them. I also want to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to our shut-ins. Boys as a rule are not much interested in the sick and seldom interested enough to give up their whiskey and cigarette money for charitable purposes. If I could only take some of you fellows, especially some of you booze fighters, to the besdsides of those who are perishing from consumption, or consuming with raging fevers, and get you to put your whiskey money into a few oranges to soothe their parched and burning tongues, I could make you see the folly and the wickedness of wasting your hard-earned money on kerosene and prune juice, otherwise known as whiskey. Very little is done for our shut-ins nowadays. Once we raised hundreds of dollars monthly for this beautiful work, but many of you have lost interest, and the interest of many of you it is impossible to arouse, so if those on our list get a few dimes, they are lucky indeed. We are very proud of our country, because we haven't any real idea of what a country ought to be, but I want to tell you right now that the people of a hundred years hence won't be able to speak of us without the blush of shame coming to their cheeks. They will refer to us as barbarians, and barbarians we are all right. Now let me tell you a little story that ought to drive home with titanic force the need of some real civilization and some real christianity. Some months ago a poor old lady of seventy-eight, a life-long resident of a well-known and flournishing town in one of the most prosperous of our middle west states, left her home for the first time in twenty-six years. You see the poor old soul needed a wheel chair, but the relatives were so poor they couldn't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

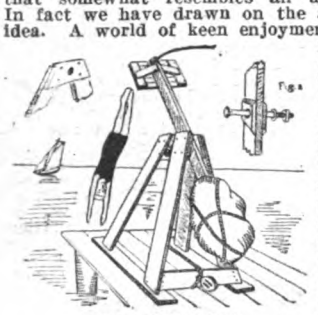
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THE month of May calls us outdoors with a compelling voice. Happy is the boy who has enough work to do, to make his leisure hours sweeter. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but all play makes Jack worse than a dull boy. Did you ever stop to think that when you play a game of ball, you really work harder than when you are doing chores, and yet you go at one with zest and at the other with dragging feet. You take an interest in the game and so it does not seem like work. If you take an interest in your work instead of hating and slighting it, it will soon become interesting instead of irksome. It is only those that try to do their work as well as they can that ever rise in the world.

At the Swimming Hole

The accompanying sketch suggests the good old summer-time very strongly. It is a diving board that somewhat resembles an ancient catapult. In fact we have drawn on the ancients for our idea. A world of keen enjoyment awaits you if you make this device, and it should not take a "gang" of six or seven lads more than a couple of hours to do so. Erect the truss out of heavy plank near the bank of a stream and fit a strong bolt through the center as shown in Fig. 2. A piece of sound scantling will do for the swinging-board. Bore a hole in the center for the bolt to pass through, and on one end place a standing board made of cross cleats. A heavy weight made of bags of stone or sand is tied to the other end. The picture shows the diving catapult upsidedown after it has swung round and thrown the boy towards the water. When ready for use the weight is at the front end. The rope passes down through the pulley shown in the rear and is held by several boys. The diver poises, ready for a spring, on the standing board, and when he yells, "all right," the rope is let go and the weighted end falls throwing the diver in a half circle through the air. At the right instant he leaves the board and makes a beautiful dive.



DIVING CATAPULT.

Queen of Hearts Puzzle

The queen of hearts, she made some tarts. There are nine of them on the dish and she wants her wise men to arrange them in eight rows of three each. They finally discovered how to do it as shown in the small diagram at the side.



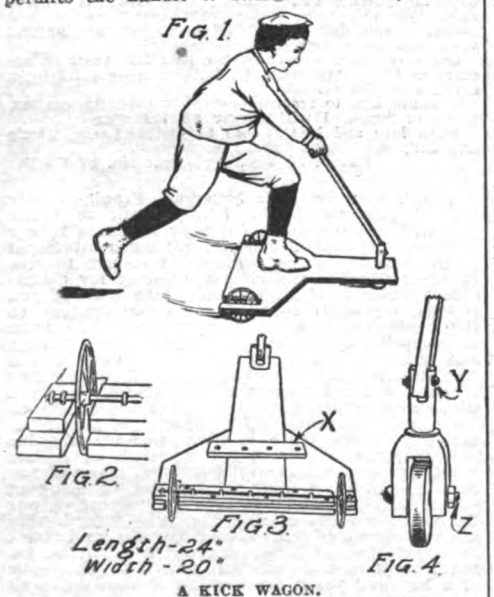
THE NINE TARTS.

Glass

Glass is one of the commonest everyday articles we know about and yet there are many kinds of glass which are positively mysterious. Perhaps you will think it strange to have a window through which you could see clearly looking out from within the house, but which defied observation of you from the outside. In other words, you can see through it only from one side. This glass is not more wonderful than court glass which is as hard to break as steel. Imagine a thin crystal tumbler which might be thrown around like a tin cup, or plunged first in the fire and then in ice cold water without danger of breaking. As you might imagine, this glass is very expensive.

A Kick Wagon

Did you ever ride on a kick-back cart? If not get busy with hammer and saw and make one according to the directions given herewith. In some corner around the farm you can find three small metal wheels, that will do nicely. Use two-inch plank for the body of the cart and make it exactly as shown in Fig. 3. The simplest way to attach the axle is to drive staples around it as shown in Fig. 2. The small fore wheel by means of which you steer the vehicle is pictured in Fig. 4. It resembles a large caster. It is probable you can find such a wheel in the scrap as many farm implements have them. It is not hard to make one out of wood. A piece of scantling will do for the forked post, the bolt "Z" serves as an axle for the wheel, and "Y" as a pivot that permits the handle to swing. Use every means you know of to make the wagon strong and it will yield you many an hour of fun. It is a good exerciser as well as a joy producer.



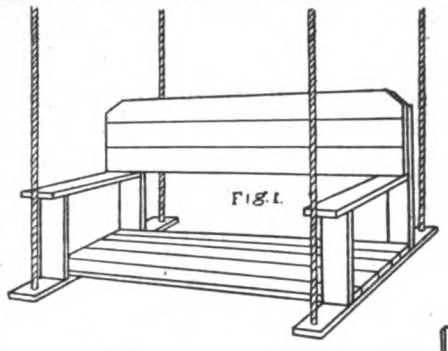
A KICK WAGON.

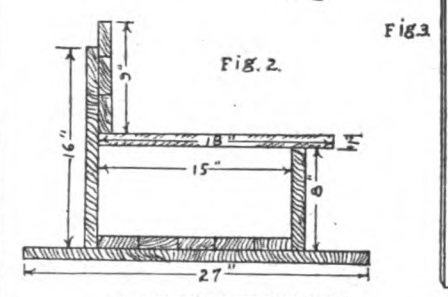
Rescue at Sea

If you were to fall into the sea, your one desire would be to grasp a proffered life line and be hauled to safety. An American seaman who was thrown overboard by rough weather did not do so. When the line was thrown to him, he continued to bob around as calmly as if he were in no danger. Finally he did reach for the line, and untied a crude knot which had been made by a well-meaning landlubber. When the seaman was pulled aboard, he voiced his disgust in no uncertain terms. It is said that a poorly tied knot is abhorred by a real sailor as much as discord is by a professor of music.

A Swinging Porch Seat

The porch seat pictured here is an article of beauty, comfort and utility. I have planned it in such a simple way that any of my boy readers over twelve years can make it without other assistance than the pictures and instructions given here. All the pieces that go to form it are exactly alike, save for a difference of length. Fig. 3 is a picture of the board with the dimensions marked on it. Fourteen boards just like it are what you need to make the seat. Fig. 2 is a side view of the swing, and as it shows all the measurements you must study it carefully as you proceed with the work of construction.





A SWINGING PORCH SEAT.

The first thing to do is to place the two bottom cleats down on the floor and nail the five 48-inch seat boards to them. Next nail on the four legs, then the arm rest, and last the back boards. Bore one inch holes in the corner to thread the rope through. The upper ends of the ropes fasten to hooks in the porch ceiling. The most beautiful way to finish this seat is to give it two coats of forest green paint and two coats of varnish. It will then be a fitting piece of furniture for the finest porch in the land.

Chicken Fountain

A simple feeding device for little chicks may be made from a tin can. All that needs to be done is to cut a three-cornered hole in the can as shown in Fig. 2. The cutting is done in such a way that the jagged edges of the tin may be bent back a quarter of an inch. The hole is just large enough to permit the head of the chicks to enter. A can opener is a good tool to do the cutting with. The lower end of the can is open and fits closely around a row of nails which prevents its being blown over. It is easily lifted off to permit of scalding occasionally. The plank needs scrubbing and scalding frequently.



CHICKEN FOUNTAIN.

I will bid you good by now until the September issue. I will be trying to discover something new and interesting for you while you are at play. I love the work or I would not be able to do it. All my waking hours I share with you, for the problems incident to editing a department of this kind are never absent from my mind. I sincerely wish each of you good fortune in all things.

UNCLE JOHN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

buy her one. After twenty-six long years, more than a quarter of a century, a society in the town (not a church society by the way) bought the poor, dear old lady, a rolling chair, and she was wheeled out into the sunshine for the first time in twenty-six years. That news item went the round of all the big newspapers the country o'er. Big syndicates send items of this kind to hundreds of publications from coast to coast. When I read that item it made my stomach turn over and I cried aloud: "Oh, God, how can such things be?" Millions of people I've no doubt read of that incident, but I don't suppose it meant more to the average mind than if it had been a report of a ball game, or the account of the birth of a three-legged calf or a seven-legged hog. To me however, this paragraph was a burning indictment of society, our institutions, secular and religious and our savage civilization. If this poor old soul had been lying helpless in some isolated section of the backwoods one might understand her pitiable plight, but there she was helpless and neglected in a well-to-do Christian or un-Christian community. Now it is a positive fact that no one can lie on a bed of sickness for twenty-six years in a city of even a hundred thousand people without nearly everyone knowing it. The ubiquitous reporter is always glad to run in a line every now and again about such cases. Everyone in New York knows of two or three people who have been in bed over forty years. They are public characters, and many prominent people visit them and take an interest in them. Of course these are exceptional cases, or they would not attract attention in this vast melting pit of the races. But that they do, is sufficient proof that small towns, cannot close their eyes and ears and ignore things of this character. In this particular city for twenty-six years the salaried servants of Christ have preached thousands upon thousands of sermons, probably a good half of them at least dwelling upon one's duty towards one's neighbor, and collected tens of thousands of dollars to convert the heathen Chinee and other fortunate inhabitants of foreign lands, but never once raising a finger or collecting a red cent to get this poor martyred old soul out of her living tomb. If I had known of this case that poor old lady would have had a wheel chair ten years ago even if I had had to hock my own bed to give it to her. Plenty of churchianity you see, but no practical Christianity. A few words from one of the many pulpits in that prosperous city would have rescued this poor old lady from her mattress grave twenty-five years ago, but alas not for a quarter of a century was that word spoken. Faith without works is dead and an institution that does not send its shepherds into the highways and byways and succor its sick and afflicted sheep, is nothing but a mausoleum of dead hopes and dead men. Shall we ever get together and do unto others as we would have others do unto us? Shall we ever learn that in dollars and windy words there is nothing but disillusion and death and in service to man and God alone are to be found, peace, joy and happiness? Before me lies a letter from a poor old woman down South who has been sick and helpless for many years and who never in her life has known what it is to have a blanket covering her shivering and tortured body. These are hard times, but hard or not there is plenty of money for whiskey, candy, vice and every other fool thing, but mighty little for God's suffering, neglected poor. Put your prayers into deeds and imitate Frank Vacca. He isn't letting the ashes of selfishness, greed and indifference, bury the gold nuggets of his soul. There are a thousand of you skimming around in automobiles who never allow one sweet, unselfish, Christ-like thought to enter your flinty hearts. You see I'm giving you a regular Billy Sunday raking over. It is the only kind of talk that gets results. Fine words butter no parsnips, and its deeds, not hot air that unlock the door of the better world.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

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All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Lucinda Weed, Evart, R. R. 3, Mich. Has consumption. Husband afflicted with rheumatism. Three children to support. Physician is rendering free treatment. Her life may be indefinitely prolonged if she can have plenty of nourishment and care. Here is your chance to save a life. Help her please. Ellen Burke, 210 Main St. West, Rochester, N. Y. Bedridden from rheumatism. Sixty-two years of age. Sister her only support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. R. M. Johnson, Buford, Ga. Bedridden for five years. Send her some help. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Invalid for many years. Mother also sick. Needy and worthy. Give them a boost. Jeff Collins, Tomahawk, Ky. Crippled from rheumatism for four years. Wife also in poor health. Unable to work. No means of support. Highly recommended. Send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. E. H. Bell, Laidlaw, Oregon. Paralyzed. Poor and helpless. Needs a wheel chair. Send her some help. John D. Moore, Spencer, Henry Co., Va. One hand and foot paralyzed. Unable to work. Needs food and clothing. Send him some help. John B. Adkins, Branchfield, R. R. 1, W. Va. Invalid for nine years. Unable to work. Would appreciate cards and letters, and if someone could pass him on a typewriter would be grateful. Emma Jenkins, R. R. 1, Walling, Tenn. Hasn't walked for thirty-five years. Would appreciate cheery letters and a dime shower. Walter Layton, Albemarle, N. C. Paralyzed from having his spine broken while working in sawmill. Has wife and five small children. Very sad case. Highly recommended. Send them some help. Mrs. Cora A. Willson, Price, N. C. Invalid. Send her cheery letters and postal cards and reading matter, and be sure and put something in your letters. Mrs. F. A. Browne, Rohnerville, Cal. Invalid. Would like cheery letters, postal cards and quilt pieces. No financial aid needed. Mrs. W. O. Hudson, Corunna, Mich. Invalid. Would appreciate cards, letters, quilt scraps and reading matter. Viola Ford, Spruce, R. R. 1, Mo., Little crippled girl thirteen years of age. Would like reading matter, postal cards and cheery letters.

Put your hand in your long stocking and help all you can. Don't leave all the giving to a few. Got hates a tight wad. Jar loose.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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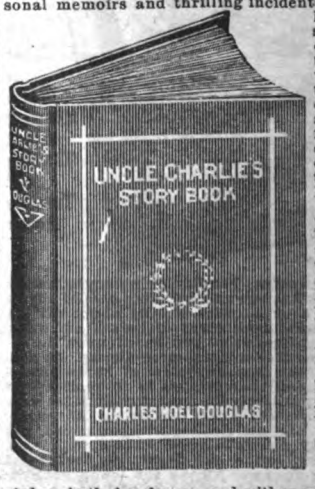
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Uncle Charlie's Story Book

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

HERE we are, my dears, before we had hardly thought spring had come, here we are at the merry month of May and the last month of spring is upon us and I'll bet a lot of you haven't done your spring cleaning yet. But don't worry over that, there are thirty-one days in May and you can do wonders in that time if you want to. Besides some folks do their spring cleaning in June, or even July or August, and, let me whisper it to you, some don't do it at all. However, none of you is like that, I am sure. Anyway, May is a lovely month and I hope you will all enjoy it as much as I do. May and October are the two months of the year I like best and—but I can't be talking with work to do. So here goes to the pile of letters on my desk.

The very first letter I open contains the one great unanswerable heart question. It comes from Cousin E. of Plymouth, Nebr., and the question is: "Why does the one I dearly love care more for other girls than he does for me?" Nobody can answer that, not even the one who is dearly loved and why should I try to? I won't, and Cousin E. must find the answer for herself, if there is one. Still, she is only sixteen, and I fancy it will not be a great while before she will be laughing at herself for having asked me such a foolish question.

Troubled Bells, Tenn.—If there is no other mode of conveyance and the distance is great, girls might ride behind young men from evening parties, but a much nicer way would be for the girls to provide ways of their own to go to and from parties, if the young men aren't polite enough to do so properly. (2) You may associate with the young man who asked to kiss you, provided you did not permit him to do so.

F. A. M. E., Paonia, Colo.—Don't give up your school teaching, even though the burden of your broken heart is almost more than you can bear. You are in no condition to marry the young man who wants to marry you. Ere you can marry him happily, you must forget the one you want to marry and he doesn't want you. Cupid is a curious critter, my dear.

Reader, Hardin, Ky.—Don't bother about him until you are perfectly sure that he likes you as well as you think he does. When that is settled there won't be any need to bother, will there?

Perplexed, Cleveland, O.—The difficulty with you and the young man is that neither of you is frank and square with the other. Insignificant matters you magnify and the small troubles between you you will not talk about and clear up and out as sensible people should. Now try the open and frank manner of people with nothing to conceal and see if you don't understand each other much better. If you don't, it is time for both of you to quit each other. A number of other COMFORT young people should take this advice, too.

Broken-hearted, Alum Bridge, W. Va.—You sign yourself "Broken harted" and say it is because a young man "goes with another girl a good eal." No wonder, my dear, it has such a bad effect. Suppose you try the spelling-book treatment on it for six months.

Lovie, Burlington, Iowa.—As he does not realize that you love him, yet is well acquainted with you and cares for no other girl, don't you know that if he cared a beat of his heart for you, that you would not be asking me how you should let him know how you feel? If you don't, now is the time to learn and the quicker you learn in this case, or any other you may have later, the happier you will be.

Marion, New York, N. Y.—Evidently you have the New York idea of marrying for the most you can get out of it in material results. If you loved this very desirable young man as you should, you would be glad enough to wait two or three years for him, especially as both of you would be better off by the waiting. Being engaged to him does not mean that you are not to have just as good time as any girl ought to have with plenty of friends. While he is in the West making a home for you, he would hardly expect you to retire from society and go into mourning for him, would he? I think, my dear, you don't care very much what husband you have, so long as it is a husband who is a good provider, and your parents ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging that material tendency in you.

Anxious, New Bloomfield, Pa.—Flirt with the man who gets cross when you talk to other young men, but don't marry him. A husband with a jealous disposition like that will make your future married life anything but a happy one.

Girlie, Crawford, Texas.—A girl makes just as much of a mistake by not caring for the attention of young men, as he does by caring too much for it. Human beings need pleasant association and companionship and every man and woman owes it to themselves and others to know each other, be with each other and help each other in every way they can. You can make yourself about as unhappy being selfish and sour as you can by being foolish and sweet. Choose the golden medium and be happy making others happy. For this reason when the boys and girls came to your house to play tennis and didn't wait for the formalities, you should have joined them and made them welcome. Possibly, they should have come to you and your sisters before playing, but they felt that you were all friends and it wasn't necessary to be formal about it. Don't be finicky.

Chums, Sunnyvale, Cal.—Certainly when a bad young man tries to reform, everybody should do all that is possible, but this does not mean that young girls should accept "marked attention" from him and his friends as a sign of his reformation. Be friendly with him and encourage him to stick to the right path, but don't put your arms around him to hold him there. It may be heroic, but it isn't sensible to lose yourself trying to save somebody else.

Fayrie Queen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.—One month is just as lucky to marry in as another, and one color as lucky as another for a bride's dress. If you expect to build married happiness on a foundation of that kind, you should never marry.

Distressed, Orient, O.—If he loves you so little that his love can't follow you one hundred and eighty-five miles, it isn't much of a love. However, as you are sixteen and he nineteen you have plenty of time to think it over. It would be much more correct for him to get work in the neighborhood of your new home, than it would be for you to get work in his neighborhood and let your parents move away without you, as they have first claim on you until you are of age. Go on to your new home with your parents and if he loves you really and truly, he won't lose you, and maybe you won't lose him. Both of you should wait for at least five years to see if your love is warranted to last.

Anxious, New Haven, Conn.—You should have asked for an apology for his strange conduct on his previous call, and you should not have kissed him good by until he had made it and explained why he acted so. Don't be foolish over him and don't let him treat you any way he pleases, or you will be sorry enough before you are through with him. Young men of his type need to be controlled properly.

Cousin, Belle Plaine, Ia.—Sweethearts are always having little quarrels and this one of yours will soon pass over, if it hasn't done so already. But why should you worry about it more than he does? If he doesn't worry, you should give him up for someone who cared more for you.

Dimples, Peck, Va.—A fifteen-year-old girl shouldn't write to her "beou" at all and she will not, if her parents are doing their duty by her. You keep to your spelling-book. That's what you need more than beaus.

There, my dears, you have my best wishes, some in pleasant humor and some other scoldy but my best wishes no less when I have to talk sharply to you for your own good, than when I don't. Now run along in the bright spring weather and let all of us be just as happy as the good Lord wants us to be. By, by, till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

A Sacrifice to Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Betty's sake. You see, I knew about her; I heard them talking about her in the store that night, before I stepped in. I had just started to ask if you still lived on the hill—but let that go. I was coming home to stay as long as I lived. I have been over most of the world, wandering in its countries, sailing all of its seas; but I never could forget that little cabin up there—among the rosebushes and honeysuckles—and I remembered the Sunset Window—and you—and Betty——"

He broke down, sank to his knees in the darkness, and sobbed as a child, only more bitterly.

But he was a man, and he recovered himself quickly.

"No," he went on calmly, "it will do no good whatever to own me. Nothing on earth can change the verdict now. We must keep Betty happy. Am I not right, Sheriff Raines?"

"It's hard," said the officer, his voice thick, "but it's best. You won't have to suffer long, Sarah Lee; and then you have the consolation of knowing your son is innocent, even if he can't prove it. Sarah Lee, there's a reward for such as you and your son, else there's no God. Newton Oliver, I want to shake your hand—you're your mother's son. I wish I could help you—hold ——" as a startling idea came to him—"Newton Oliver, if I were to let you out of here, would you tell it if you were caught?"

Young Oliver gripped the officer's hand hard, and his voice came shakily but determinedly:

"I cannot let you do that. You were my father's friend, and you have an oath to keep. Besides, I would as soon die as be hounded over the world for the rest of my life. Still, I thank you, sheriff."

Sarah Lee Oliver felt for George Raines' other hand, raised it to her lips and kissed it, her heart too full to permit her to speak her gratitude.

Then the little woman bade her son farewell and left the jail. He had told her that she must be a soldier, and that she must not try to see him again. Whispering over and over to herself that she would be almost satisfied if she knew he had not sworn to his innocence only to relieve her mind, she crept through the thick darkness to the lonely cabin on the hill.

When the pounding and rasping of hammer and saw came to her ears she would not look down into the jailyard. She knew that the gallows were going up.

As time ran on, the gossip spread the suspicion that the man to be hanged was the son of Sarah Lee Oliver. People began to look pityingly toward the old woman, and some of them asked her about it. But Sarah Lee would smile and deny it, while the wound ran red in her mother soul. It was a lie; but it was for Betty's happiness, and it must be done. What would Betty's set think if they knew that Betty's brother had died at the rope's end? That he was innocent would make little difference; all criminals protested their guiltlessness.

The day of the hanging came, and with it the terrible hour. The sun was bright; the air was filled with floating leaves of all colors and tints. Many of the townspeople crowded to the cabin on the hill to view the execution at a little distance.

Mrs. Spurden called Sarah Lee into the best room.

"Sary Lee," she whispered, "it's no use to try to keep it. I know it's your son. Let us offer our sympathy."

"Why, Jane Spurden!" retorted Sarah Lee. "Do you think for one moment that I would hesitate to own my flesh and blood?"

Finally, with a strength that she had hardly dared hope was within her, she almost disarmed the gossip of her suspicion. Then the cries of those on the outside told them that the condemned man had walked to the scaffold.

"Come on out, Sary Lee," called Mrs. Spurden.

It was the crucial test. *Must* she see her son hanged? But to refuse to go with Mrs. Spurden was as good as to admit that she was the unfortunate's mother. So Sarah Lee went to join the others, who stood watching the doings in the jailyard below with morbid interest. And there the little widow stood bravely in the front ranks of the on-lookers, numb from pain, crucified on an invisible cross with nails of fire.

They saw the sheriff adjust a bandage about the eyes of the man who had called himself John Doe—and they noted that the condemned man stood as gallantly erect as though he were waiting for a crown instead of the most ignominious of deaths.

But something seemed wrong. Instead of throwing the trap, Sheriff Raines slashed at Newton Oliver's bonds and pushed him from the scaffold. Then he turned his face toward the cabin on the hill, and recognizing Sarah Lee, cried out in a voice that was terrible:

"It was your kiss—the mother kiss—it has burned a hole in my hand! There is a reward for such as I—and I am going to that reward! I killed Morton Hendricks!"

He quickly put the noose about his own neck, and the next moment had hurled himself to his death.

Newton Oliver hastened to the little woman who knelt at the Sunset Window, under the sparrow's nest.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

has jeopardized Mr. Fletcher. If I give you up it will be as a midnight burglar, who stole into my room for the probable purpose of robbing the house. I shall not accuse you of having stolen those papers, but you will be searched—they will be found upon your person, and no matter what story you may then tell, very little credence will be given to it."

He saw it—and cursed himself again.

What should he do? Should he yield to this woman whom he had persecuted for a score of years—own himself beaten by one who had practically been his slave?

He dropped his head upon his breast to think, and rammed both his hands savagely into his coat pockets.

Suddenly he started, and a satisfied exclamation broke from him.

"What is it?" demanded Imogen, who had caught the sound.

"No, —— you! do your worst. I'll never yield a peg to you," he sullenly retorted.

The woman caught her breath sharply and swayed dizzily where she stood.

"Very well," she said, after a moment, "you will remain my prisoner for the night. I know it must be rather close in there, but you'll have to make the best of it, and you're welcome to take anything you can find to make a bed for yourself. I shall not retire, however; I shall remain here to give instant alarm if you attempt to use forcible measures to release yourself."

Again an oath escaped the man, for he had depended upon her going to bed, when he had hoped to make his escape; for, when he had plunged his hands into his pockets, his fingers had come in contact with a pair of pliers, which he had not known he had about him, and, as he was an expert in using such implements, he knew he could easily turn the key in the lock and thus escape from his prison.

But if his jailer contemplated sitting up all night, matters would become more complicated. At all events, he told himself that he would not give in until the last moment.

Accordingly, he tore a quantity of garments from their hooks and, spreading them upon the floor, settled himself to get what rest he could.

He finally fell asleep, while Imogen tried to while away the weary hours with a fresh novel; but she failed to get interested in the book, and it seemed as if daylight would never come.

When the dressing bell rang in the morning she knew that Olive would soon come for her to go to breakfast.

She knew that she must not let the girl suspect that she had been up all night; she dare not play the invalid, either, and have her breakfast sent up, for that would bring others into her room, and she was most anxious to keep everyone out, at least until she had tried once more to bring Reardon to her terms.

Accordingly, she dressed herself in a fresh and tasteful wrapper; rouged her white cheeks and tried to look as bright as possible, and feeling that her prisoner would be perfectly safe until she returned—for even if he could manage to burst the door of the trunkroom open without arousing the house, she was sure he could not force the one leading into the hall; while he certainly never would think of going out the way he had entered in broad daylight—she joined Olive in the hall, after securely locking her door, and went down to the dining-room, just as Will and Alice were leaving.

The moment Reardon heard the door close after Imogen he realized that his opportunity had come. He knew that she did not dream of his possessing tools that would enable him to escape without making a noise, and he chuckled as he thought how he should outwit her, and what would be her dismay upon her return to find that her bird had flown.

With the use of his pliers, he succeeded in turning the key, and in less than five minutes found himself free in the blessed daylight and pure fresh air, which he breathed most gratefully into his tired lungs.

Of course, he could not get out of the room, for Imogen had taken the key with her, and he did not relish the thought of going out of the window and down by the waste pipe, as he had entered; for he knew it would be a very dangerous proceeding in more senses than one. Even if he could make the descent safely, there were liable to be men about the grounds who might interfere with his getting away.

But there seemed to be no other way, and after reconnoitering and seeing no one outside, he made a bold venture, passed through the window, and was in the act of getting over the railing of the balcony when Alice saw him from her room.

We know the result, and with what dispatch and resolution the brave girl accomplished his arrest and had him conveyed to town.

We also know that both Olive and Imogen were ignorant of what was occurring outside, for they were in the dining-room in the opposite wing of the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CHAPTER X.

A LEGAL CONSULTATION.

A chamber in Lincoln's Inn, the private room in the offices of Mr. Richard Burdon, solicitor. Mr. Burdon himself is seated at the writing table in the center, talking to his friend and brother in the law, Mr. Edward More.

The table at which Mr. More sits is new, of well-seasoned mahogany and the best workmanship; the chairs—well stuffed and upholstered in leather—in which Mr. Burdon and the barrister sit, and their fellows round the room, are luxurious and comfortable to match. There is a handsome, sober-hued carpet upon the floor; dark, expensive rep curtains to the windows; and altogether an air of substantial, well-to-do comfort that is noticeable at a glance. At one time it was considered that a lawyer's office could not be too musty, dusty and badly furnished; but the lawyers themselves have changed all that; perhaps they have come to agree with the wisdom of the proverbial spider, and deemed it politic to make the ensnaring parlor pretty and enticing for their hapless victims.

The owner of the room, as he sits in the half-cool sunlight of this first morning in September, harmonizes well with the room and its adjuncts. Elderly, white-haired, sharp-browed, close shaven, he looks, like his chairs and tables, well-to-do and prosperous, and, in addition, offers a striking contrast to the appearance and bearing of his companion, who, as well as differing from him in being small made, thin, dark and dissatisfied-looking, is, at the present moment, ill at ease and suffering from the first effects of a surprise, which he scarcely knows whether to consider welcome or unpleasant. Mr. Burdon leans back in his chair, his hand upon a thick pile of parchment, his placid, yea not unacute, eyes regarding his companion, as he fidgets in his chair and gnaws, restlessly, at his three forefingers.

"This—is a most extraordinary story," he says, at last, in response to the elder gentleman's patient, but nevertheless expectant regard.

"Most extraordinary! And you say that it is as fresh to you as to me?"

There is palpable doubt in the tone, and still more plainly hinted incredulity in the look which accompanies the question.

Mr. Burdon does not appear to notice, certainly does not resent, either word or look.

"Yes, quite as fresh. I have, of course, never opened the deed until this morning—until just now. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" mutters Edward More, rising and walking to the window, where he stands for a moment to beat the devil's tattoo with his finger upon the glass. "Why, indeed, and yet—it is an extraordinary story—such a—a romantic"——he says the word with a burst of irritable contempt—"business, that I should have thought you would have known something about it."

Mr. Burdon shakes his head.

"I did not know till this morning. I might have had some suspicion or idea, but nothing more——"

Edward More breaks in with a sudden, suspicious question:

"I suppose it is all right?"

"How do you mean?" asks the other. "If you mean is the money all right, of course it is. Lord Sunley and myself are trustees."

"Yes, yes, I know," interposes Edward, with an impatient nod. "I don't suppose the money's anything but right; but the deed?"

"Is without a flaw," replies Mr. Burdon. "Look at it yourself—it was drawn up by one of the first conveyancers—Green. Nothing could be clearer."

"I wonder you weren't asked."

"How?" responds the other, with a smile. "Then the secret would have been out! No—John Weston was a far-seeing, acute man; he would have made a good lawyer, More; and he took every precaution to keep the thing quiet."

"Of course Green knew?"

"Of course! but there was nothing in that, any more than if the Sphinx had known it. You don't suppose Green would open his lips about a deed he had anything to do with if it was the understood thing that he shouldn't. No, I feel convinced that we three—Green, you and I—are the only ones who know of the existence of the deed, excepting the witnesses. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "it is strange."

"And that precious brother of mine," commenced Edward More, with morose repugnance, "is in happy ignorance of this stroke of luck. Luck! no one ever had such luck, and no one less deserved it," he added, with an envious snarl.

"Well," said Mr. Burdon, with a curious smile, "as to luck, that remains to be proved. He may—he may, you know, refuse to comply with the conditions——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the amiable brother, with a sneer.

"I said—may," remarked Burdon. "Of course it is not likely that he would be so unwise, so ill-advised as to turn his back upon such a fortune. It is to be hoped not, for your sake," he added, with a smile.

"Ah!" snarled Edward, biting at his finger and fidgeting in his chair. "For my sake, indeed! Do you think he'd spend any of it on the estate? Not he! You don't know him! He's a fool, and a spendthrift, and a profligate, who'd waste and play ducks and drakes with twenty such fortunes, all as large as this."

Mr. Burdon smiled, and rustled the documents under his hand.

"We can't say that. May have sown his wild oats by this time; and if he hasn't, the very condition by which he'd get the money would help him to! 'Pon my word, More, I don't think you've much to feel cut up about. The money would be in the family at least——",

"In one member's pocket, and that not for long," said Edward More, with a malignant sneer. "Oh, don't expect me to be overjoyed and congratulatory. I know too much of my precious brother ever to hope to get any advantage, directly or indirectly, through him. Now, if this money——"

He stopped abruptly, for a little bell sounded in the distance—it was the bell attached to the door of the clerks' office.

"Had only been left to you—if Edward More's name instead of Cyril's had stood in the deed," and Mr. Burdon laughed softly.

Edward More's ill-favored face flushed angrily and enviously, but before he could make any reply there was a knock at the door, and a soft-footed, discreet-voiced clerk stepped in and placed two cards before his principal.

"One minute, Lane. When I ring," said Mr. Burdon. Then he held up the cards.

"They have come," he said.

Edward More glanced at the substantial, expensive clock upon the mantelshelf, and fell to biting his forefinger again.

"The girl," he asked, "have you seen her? Do you know anything about her?"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"No, nothing. She has been living with her father, old Weston, the bookworm, as we used to call him, in Geneva. Since his death she has been under the care of her aunt, Weston's sister-in-law."

"And you've no idea what she will be likely to do—what course she'll take."

"How should I have?" asked Mr. Burdon. "Candidly, I don't expect any girl, however unsophisticated, to throw away a chance like this any more than I should suspect your brother of doing so."

"No, of course not!" assented Edward More, ill-humoredly. "She must be told today, I suppose."

"Certainly," said Mr. Burdon, tapping the deed. "What good would it be to anyone to keep it from her? Nothing could be done without her—nothing at all. I wish I had your brother here! You have no clew to his whereabouts?"

"None!" snapped Edward, the look of dislike and repugnance, which always rose to his face, showing on it as usual. "None at all. How should I have? We never correspond; I take no interest in his proceedings. Have you——"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"I have not the remotest idea where he is. Since the general smash and wind-up I have seen little of him—lately, nothing at all. He took what money there was—the rents and a slight advance in bank notes. There was some talk of Italy, or Switzerland, or it might be Germany—I could not take upon myself to say that I remember. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Edward, with a spiteful ring to the echo, however. "You pity him! A man who has brought all upon his own head, a fool who has wasted a fortune upon blacklegs and—and—every kind of profligacy, and not only his own money, but squandered and wasted, to the best of his ability, the estate that belongs to his family! Pity! I cannot understand how a man of sense can feel anything but disgust and contempt for him."

"Ah, yes—yes, very true," said Mr. Burdon, as the handsome face of the abused man rose before him, with its genial, light-hearted, good-tempered smile; "but one may be too hard—a little too hard. But there, bad as he is, or is not, I'd give something to have him here."

As he spoke he took up a memorandum book, and consulted it.

"I sent Jackson after him last week, quite on my own responsibility, but of course I can't tell whether he will find him. There is one good thing. Sir Cyril carries a pretty distinct identity about with him. Few people who run against him are likely to pass him unnoticed. Like most of your wild men he is confounded handsome."

This was of all subjects the least to Edward More's taste.

"These people are still outside."

Mr. Burdon nodded.

"Nothing more to say before they come in?" he asked, with his hand on the bell, and as Edward shook his head, Mr. Burdon gave the signal.

The discreet clerk opened the door noiselessly, and the two ladies were ushered in.

Mr. Burdon rose from his chair with an inward sense of surprise. Of course no trace of it was visible on his legally composed features.

He had expected to see a half-formed, fairly bred, but rather commonplace young woman, with a decidedly foreign air and appearance, and with whose embarrassment and nervousness he should have to struggle and contend during the task that was set before him.

Instead, he saw a tall, graceful girl, with a face that, but for its look of weariness and pallor, would have been simply lovely; and what told with still greater effect upon the lawyer, an unmistakable air of high breeding which displayed itself in the carriage of her head, the composure—yet not constrained composure—and self-possession of her manner.

The lawyer had expected to have the task of soothing and overcoming the shyness of an inexperienced girl; before him stood a beautiful, queenly—well, almost woman.

"Miss Weston, how do you do? Miss Weston, I am very glad to see you; this is Mr. Edward More, with whom you will soon, no doubt, be well acquainted;" and he turned with his pleasant smile to introduce the then sour-visaged brother of wicked Sir Cyril.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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In & Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

and fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, and fasten on next space on bias edge. Turn.

4th row.—Ch 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

5th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, fasten in next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten in next space on bias edge. Turn.

6th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat twice. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, and d. c. on end.

7th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat twice, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

8th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

9th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

10th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 4 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

11th row.—Ch. 5., 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 4 times, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space of bias edge. Turn

12th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 5 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

13th row.—In this row the rose is begun. Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 4 times, ch. 5, 8 d. c. in next space for petal, ch. 5, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space of bias edge. Turn.

14th row.—Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 8, ch. 5, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Turn.

15th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 3 times, ch. 5, 16 d. c. over 12, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 7, fasten on center of ch. 7, on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten to next single on bias edge. Turn.

16th row.—Ch. 5, begin side petal in next space by making 6 d. c., ch. 5. 14 d. c. over 16, ch. 5, skip over space and make 6 d. c. for petal in next space, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

17th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c. ch 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c., ch. 5, fasten on next space on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next single on bias edge. Turn.

18th row.—Ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

19th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the petal and one on each double, ch. 5, 1 s. c. on second d. c. of petal, a clones knot, fastened into second last double of petal, ch. 5, 1 d. c. on each d. c. of petal and 4 on the other side, ch. 5, fasten in space of bias edge, ch. 3, fasten in next single of bias edge. Turn.

20th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c. on petal, beginning at 5th, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 2 clones knots, ch. 5, 12 d. c., on petal, beginning at 3rd, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2. and d. c. on end.

21st row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c. over 12 d. c., ch 5, 1 s. c., 3 clones knots, ch. 5, 8 d. c. over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch 7, fasten on the last of the 3 singles made over the 3 doubles. Turn.

22nd row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat twice, ch. 5, a d. c., on 2nd d. c., of petal, ch. 2, a d. c. on 3rd d. c., ch. 2, a d. c., on last d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 4 clones knots, ch. 5, a d. c., on 1st double of petal, ch. 2, a d. c., on 3rd double, ch. 2, a d. c., on 3rd double, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, and double on end.

23rd row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3. 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., for a petal over the ch., 2 spaces, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 3 clones knots, ch. 5, 8 d. c. over the ch., 2 spaces, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, now 3 d c., made crossways over the double below which makes the corner, ch. 2, 1 sl. st., over top edge. This makes the rows even and now you begin with the 13th row again to finish rose. Remember when you want to make mitered corner, you must have 12 rows of the rose made and start the miter on the first row of the decrease.

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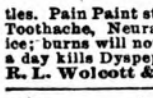
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ark. Greenhorn, Little Rock, Ark.—Your fellow traveler having performed a service for you at some inconvenience to himself, you should not hesitate to recognize him when meeting him anywhere afterwards, provided, of course he is a person whom a lady should recognize socially. They might even become friends, though their meeting was so unconventional. (2) Fish is not to be eaten from the fingers, but one may take a chicken bone in his fingers, or a bone of any meat, or an ear of corn, though it is a little neater not to, except as to the ear of corn, which is not so greasy. Coffee, while hot, may be sipped with a spoon, but it is better form to let it cool sufficiently to drink from the cup. The small spoon of the demi-tasse is hardly to be used except to stir the coffee with.

Violet Eyes, White Springs, Fla.—Your mistake has been with the young man in postponing for a few weeks at a time the date of your marriage. You should, when he failed the first time to meet the date as he was not ready to marry, was to have made the next date a year ahead. A young man out of a job cannot very well find within a few weeks enough to do to make him ready to assume a wife. In a year he might. As you are older than he is—twenty-one is too young for him to marry—you should manage the affair better than you have. We are inclined to think that the engagement should be broken and the young man left free to act, as he seems to be square enough, only he lacks the proper push to get anywhere. Also we may add that you seem to be too anxious to marry.

Fisherman, Paynesville, Minn.—As you called on the visiting lady and showed her attention while she was in your town it would be quite proper for you to call on her at her town without invitation as many ladies do not invite gentlemen to call. Still, it would be just a little more safe if you should write her asking if you might call. As to inviting her to spend the summer at your lakeside home, that would not be proper unless the invitation also went to her mother, or sister, or brother, or the whole family, or unless your home was also a summer hotel, and she would be willing to accept the courtesies of the hotel. However, talk to her about it.

Foolish, Rich Hill, Mo.—If the necklace is of any value and the young man declines to return it, thinking it smart to keep it, you might ask some lawyer friend of yours to write him a letter demanding its return, or risk being arrested for taking and holding it. Otherwise you will have to get it back anyway you can.

J. W. W., Tate, Tenn.—For plain home comfort the girl, who likes work and her home better than anything else and doesn't care for books and company and is not much of a talker, will make the better wife for the man who likes his physical comfort. But for a man looking for companionship and the livelier mind and wider interest of a woman who divides her work with books and the wider interests of the world, the girl who is of that type is the more suitable. It is entirely a matter of individual taste and nobody can decide the question except yourself.

Dimples, Hecla, S. Dak.—The lady, to whom the gentleman says in meeting: "Well, how are you today?" should tell him how she was and ask him how he was or something like that. It is rather familiar and off hand, but passes properly among friends. (2) "Most sincerely," or "Most cordially" is the usual form nowadays of closing a letter to any one, except family letters or love-letters, though the writer may choose any form of closing.

N. F. S., Chelmsford, Mass.—You may be blushing and quiet and pretty and neat and care nothing for the young men, but you are getting away from that very commendable condition when you begin to question whether you should be that kind of a girl or not. As a rule of action in all your association with the opposite sex, always be agreeable and responsive to their attentions with the most kindly appreciation of them, but don't seek in any direct way to win their notice. If they don't notice you, be so intent upon other things of more value, that you won't notice whether they notice you or not. That is not indifference at all, but attention to what is more important to you in the world's work.

Troubled Three, Sharon, S. C.—A wave to a passing friend of either sex is quite proper in the country and quite the custom. (2) In going home from a dance or a call or other social entertainment, it is the lady's place to say when to go, though if they are friends and the man wants to go he may tell the lady how he feels about going and she may make the start. (3) It is very tomboyish for a girl to ride horseback with a man on the same horse. It is all right, when she has to make a journey and there is but one horse for both. At least, it used to be so a hundred years ago.

Dimples, Hamill, S. Dak.—It is bad enough when a girl gets silly over a man, but it is decidedly much worse and unnatural besides when she gets silly over another girl. If this girl you so fondly love is wise she will nip your silliness in the bud right at the beginning, and have nothing to do with you, unless you get some good common sense to mix with your admiration.

S. F. H., Rochester, N. Y.—It will be quite correct for you to ask the gentleman to call, though if you have known each other for some time and he has not called recently, you should not invite him, as it will appear that you are more interested than purely social.

Curly, Gibbons, Mont.—We are not surprised that a boy eighteen years of age is in love with a girl. The woods are full of them. Neither are we surprised that you do not know how to propose to her. Many grown men find it difficult when they reach that point in their courtship. However, we advise that you wait until you are a man before proposing, and maybe by that time you will have learned something. An eighteen-year-old boy wanting to propose to a girl and not knowing how would be pathetic, only there are so many of them that they are a joke. At the same time, there should be more, because there are enough of them at that age who do know how and do get married as to cause a tremendous lot of domestic trouble.

Subscriber, Riddle, Oregon.—There has been quite a romance in your life, as you say, but the man of seventy is not the same man of forty years ago who said you were to be his second wife. There was a time when he was first a widower when you might have had him, but you chose differently and he took another in your place. Now that each of you has divorced your respective spouses you want to marry him, but the man of seventy with money is looking for a pretty young girl, not a handsome matron of sixty, and we fear that your romance is at an end. He knows as well as you do that he can get you if he wants you, and as he makes no effort to do so, you should accept his indifference as a sure sign that he doesn't want you and make up your mind not to want him. But it is an interesting story just the same.

Advil, Camp Crook, S. Dak.—A gentleman, who brings a lady home from a dance or other entertainment, is not entitled to kiss her as a reward for his services in her behalf. You owe him nothing except your thanks for his courtesy, and he owes you an apology for asking more than that.

Chick, Kannapolis, N. C.—Yes, sir, it was highly improper to ask a young lady to kiss you on leaving town after an acquaintance of four weeks, unless you had been busy and become engaged to her in that time. However, as you are only sixteen and want to know if you are old enough to wear long pants, you may be forgiven this time, but please do not let it occur again. P. S. An unkissed kiss is sometimes loaded as you have found out to your sorrow, but you will outgrow it. Cheer up, there's worse to follow.

Ozma, Fairmont, W. Va.—A lady may say what she pleases to a gentleman who asks her to go to the theater—"Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you," according to how she feels about it. (2) As you know only a few gentlemen and want to give a birthday party, and don't want all ladies, why not ask such gentlemen as you know and ask each lady to invite a gentleman of her acquaintance. That would be quite proper and add to the interest of the occasion. (3) A girl may best attract young men by being attractive herself and not trying to attract them.

Wynola, Lehigh, Iowa.—It is perfectly correct for a girl to accept a respectable young man's company home from church, or a party, but if the young man is really and truly respectable he will not let her find her way to church or a party, but will take her there and then bring her home.

P. H., Warrenton, N. C.—An engaged couple owe almost as much to each other as if they were married, and when either of them disregards the reasonable wishes of the other, the engagement should be broken. In your case the young woman is not acting at all as she should, in accepting the attentions of a man with whom you will have nothing to do for good reasons. It indicates a disposition that no man wants in a wife and is a very sure sign that she has neither love nor respect for you. The engagement should be broken, and if you are wise there will be no reconciliation thereafter. Make the break permanent, unless you are marrying for trouble.

The Littlest Lover

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

small adorer stopped abruptly in his tracks and stared at her.

"Oh, Marg'ret!" he gasped, "you look ist like a rose yerself!"

"Thank you, my gallant cavalier. It seems to me you are beginning rather early making such flowery compliments to young ladies." There was a sudden avalanche of roses. She caught the small boy in her arms nearly smothering him with kisses, and finally deposited him on a patch of velvety grass. He scrambled up, straightened himself stiffly and stood regarding her with a great air of outraged dignity.

"You don't do other young men like that, Marg'ret," he said reproachfully.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Indeed I do! I forgot it was a young man. Will you forgive me, Sir Cavalier?"

Morris stood looking at her a troubled light in his big brown eyes. "You're my own sweetheart, ain't you Marg'ret?" he asked wistfully, "Mine and Robert's?"

"Why, surely I am, honey boy," Margaret replied kneeling down beside him and putting her arms around him.

"Then what makes you go with Jack Ford?"

Talk about angels—or devils. Before Margaret could frame a reply there was a whir and a "honk-honk" and with an ostentatious flourish a gaudy red touring car drew up in front of the gate. Mr. Jack Ford alighted and came straight toward the pair in the garden. He doffed his hat with a lavishing courtesy.

"Miss Alden, the new car entreats the honor of your presence for its initiative trip."

Margaret laughed audaciously in his face. "Thank the car for me," she replied, "I shall be delighted to honor it with my presence."

At this juncture she felt a fierce tug at her skirt and looking down met a pair of indignant protesting eyes.

"Marg'ret, you promised to pick me some roses." The small voice was perilously near to tears.

Margaret gathered up the armful that had fallen to the ground and placed them in his hands. "Run in, sweetheart, and tell mamma that Margaret has gone for a little ride," she wheedled.

Morris fixed a withering eye on the young man. "I ain't your sweetheart if you go with him!" He stamped his foot vehemently.

"Oh, don't you understand, dear," said Margaret mischievously, "I am going with the car."

"He ain't a nice man, Marg'ret, he called me a bad, bad name, an' he said 'at you——" Morris never got to finish his sentence for the young man interrupted hastily:

"See here, youngster, do you know what I've got for you in my pocket?"

"I don't want nothin' 'at you've got!"

"All right, then I'll give it to Miss Margaret. Come, Miss Alden."

The child clung to her. "Don't go, Marg'ret, please!" he pleaded.

But she laughingly brushed him aside and with an airy wave of the hand she was gone. Glancing back as she entered the car she caught a glimpse of Morris as he flung his roses to the four winds and threw himself face downward upon the ground.

Margaret did not expect to enjoy that ride. She herself could not have told just why she went. It was in line with her innate love of adventure and her usual disregard of the proprieties. The wildest burst of speed could not carry her away from the vision of a tear-stained imploring little face and the sound of a wistful childish voice, "You're my own sweetheart, ain't you Marg'ret, mine and Robert's?" She had not noticed the direction the car was taking until they suddenly halted before a pretentious building in the country club district.

"Why are we stopping here?" she asked.

"Oh, just to look around, and get a little refreshment," answered the young man lightly.

Margaret did not like the appearance of the loungers on the veranda, and she had no desire to stop anywhere.

"I do not wish any refreshments, Mr. Ford," she said coldly, "and I do not care to stop here. Please let us return."

At that moment a dissipated looking young man came swaggering out to the edge of the veranda and hailed the car.

"Hello, Ford," he grinned, "what bird of paradise have you picked up now?"

"Which do you mean?" inquired Jack Ford, shifting his eyes significantly from Margaret to the car and then back to the girl.

Margaret's eyes blazed dangerously. Her face flamed crimson and then went white.

"Oh, that's all right, girlie, just a little joke." The two men winked at each other, and Ford put out his hand to assist her in alighting. Scorning the proffered hand she sprang to the ground on the opposite side.

"What the devil!" ejaculated the man.

"Will you be kind enough to take me home immediately?" The tone was low but not to be misunderstood.

"I didn't mean any harm——"

"Will you take me home, or shall I walk?" He looked at her.

"Oh, I'll take you home," he muttered.

Margaret took her place in the rear seat. The homeward trip was made in an ominous silence except for the humming of the machine. The girl cowered in the farthest corner alternating between fierce anger and shamed chagrin. As they neared home she leaned forward to say:

"Please let me out on seventeenth street."

There was no answer save an increase of speed. As the auto whirled up to the curbing a little figure stumbled out and started to cross the street.

Margaret had only a confused sense of the happenings of the next minute. She recalled vaguely a muttered imprecation of "d—d brat!" as the car scarcely halted but sped on its way up the street. Then she found herself in the house with the still form of the child in her arms.

What a nightmare of anguish was crowded into the next few days, when the precious life hovered between earth and heaven! Margaret could only pray for mercy.

On the evening of the fourth day Margaret sat by the little bed watching. Morris clung to his idol and was quieter when he felt her presence near. All at once the big brown eyes opened and looked wonderingly into hers.

"Where's Robert?" came the faint little question.

Margaret could hardly repress a start. She had forgotten the big lover, she had forgotten everything in the world except the littlest lover. But she mustered a tender little smile.

"Robert is all right, darling. And how is my little sweetheart?"

"All wight." He lay still for a moment and then another question had to come.

"Where's Jack Ford?"

Margaret flushed distressingly, but she bent over him tenderly. "He's gone, deary, gone, gone. I never will speak to him again. I just want to be your own sweetheart. Will you let me?"

"And Robert's?"

"Yes, and Robert's."

"Ist mine and Robert's?"

"Just yours and Robert's, dear."

"Oh, goody! goody!" The little arms clasped her neck in a close embrace. And with his dimpled hand nestling in hers he dropped off into a quiet natural sleep.

"Fine!" said the doctor on his next visit. "He'll be as good as new in a day or two."

With her mind at ease concerning the child Margaret had time to grow uneasy at Robert Jordon's continued silence. Two more days passed and still not a word. The suffering of the past few days coupled with the uncertainty and suspense were telling on her terribly.

On the afternoon of the seventh day Margaret stole away to her retreat in the garden. She wanted to be alone to think things over.

In the midst of her cogitations the blood suddenly rushed to her temples and she stood up breathless. She had caught a glimpse of a tall, well-known form coming with swift strides down the street. She covered her face with her hands and waited tensely. She heard his quick step approaching, and then she was swept off her feet into the shelter of a pair of strong comforting arms.

It was too much. The flood gates burst, and Robert Jordon found himself helpless to cope with the situation.

"Margaret, child, don't!" he begged. "I'm scared, I never saw you cry like this before. I was a brute. Look up, dear, and say you forgive me!"

But she only clung to him and cried inarticulately, "Hush, Robert! Keep still, and let me cry it out! I'll be all right in a little while."

At that instant the other lover came tumbling in on the scene as though the very life of the community depended upon his getting there. But he stopped short, rooted to the ground in sheer amazement.

Surprise, bewilderment, reproach, chased each other across his chubby features. Finally he managed to blurt out:

"I—didn't s'pose you'd make her cry!"

"I didn't mean to, partner, honest I didn't!" pleaded the culprit. "I don't know what she is crying about, do you?"

At that the pendulum swung to the other extreme. Margaret began to laugh. Morris's face brightened.

"Aw, she ain't crying at all! She's ist a foolin'! Look at her!" he exclaimed gleefully, dancing about on one foot.

Margaret wiped her eyes and seated herself on a bench with a lover on each side of her. Morris snuggled up close to her.

"We've got her now, ain't we, Robert?" he said. "She can't ever get away from us, can she?"

"Sure thing, partner!" The big lover reached across and grasped the hand of the littlest lover.

"You are a brick," he said. "You stood by the guns while I ran away like a coward."

"I don't deserve the two of you," said Margaret with misty eyes.

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A. M., Minersville, Pa.—Writers to write photo-plays that will sell have to have a great deal more than a "registered coupon," or forty such. They have to have the ability and the practise. (2) If you have pictures which the papers do not have and they are such as they want they will buy them at good prices, but be sure you know what they want, or you will be disappointed. Pictures, songs, poems and stories are bought constantly but they are supplied by skilled artists. Don't try it unless you are skilled.

O. G. S., Warfordsburg, Pa.—The Gazette and The Republican, at last accounts, were the leading newspapers in Phoenix, Ariz. Our report is not the latest and there may have been changes.

T. M. T., Factoryville, Pa.—When a firm has misrepresented itself to anyone through the mails, and letters of inquiry are not answered, the final recourse is to submit the case to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. Simply state your case to the P. O. Department and the matter will be investigated. We hardly believe you will get your money back, because the company will claim that you were insured during the years you were paying and if you had died you would have been paid in full. Still, it should be made to play fair with its patrons.

S. H., Hawk Run, Pa.—The talk about the movement from the city to the farm has been increasing for several years, but thus far no definite general organization has been effected, though there are some individuals who are taking special interest and leading the way to what is sure to take place after a while, that is, as soon as people realize the advantages of the country. Of course, everybody can't live in the country, nor can everybody live in the city, though, at present the movement of the population is cityward. By and by the necessity will come for those to live in the country who can, and the movement will be in that direction until there is a just balance established. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for reliable information and such addresses as you wish. If they are to be had, you will receive them.

Mrs. L. H., Callam, Wash.—This is not the proper department to apply to for legal advice. COMFORT employs an able lawyer to answer law questions through our "Home Lawyer" department. Write to "Editor COMFORT's Home Lawyer," Augusta, Maine, for any information regarding law matters. Other readers please take notice.

G. B. G., Clio, Mich.—A man votes where he lives and pays his taxes, but if he lives—that is, makes his permanent residence—in one place and owns property elsewhere and pays taxes there, he votes where he lives. At least, that is the common practise, for every voter is not a taxpayer. Young men of age in college vote at their homes, unless they have never voted and may elect to claim their college town as home and vote there. In Michigan a voter must have lived in the state two years, and in the county, town and precinct twenty days. Voting laws vary in various states. Voters must register before voting in nearly all the states, but registry laws vary also. No matter what opinions old voters hold, the final settlement is made by the election judges wherever the voter goes to cast his vote.

M. A. G., Toone Furnace, Tenn.—We do not know where you will find the "consumption cure" you mention, but we wish to say to you positively that no plant on earth yet discovered is a cure for consumption, nor has any other cure yet been found by science though scientists are seeking it all the time. Fresh air thus far seems to be nearer a cure or a prevention, than anything else. If there is a predisposition to consumption in your family, you should move to the dry air of Colorado or Arizona or New Mexico and live in the open. The opportunities for industrious people are quite as good out there as in your state—maybe better, depending upon what your occupation is.

H. L. P., Sanborn, Ind.—The letter e is oftenest used of any letter in the alphabet. Vowels are used oftener than consonants, there being only five or six of them to go with about four times as many consonants. The letters most frequently used in ordinary writing are e, a, o, i, t, h, d, r, and s. Those least used are j, q, g, x, b, k, z. Get a job in a printing office and pull information right out of the case. Besides if you become a good printer your information will be worth money to you.

Grant, Lochgelly, W. Va.—The books of O. Henry and Rudyard Kipling are first-class, but they are hardly suitable for children, except Kipling's "Jungle Book," and "Just So" stories. The books you should choose for entertainment and at the same time instruction are those juvenile books written especially for young people. If you will write to the Robert Clark Co., Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., for list of juvenile books you will find in them the titles of the best books for juveniles. Good books for boys are the Scientific American Boy series, Munn & Co., New York. Captain Mayne Reid's stories are good for natural history, though they are not as modern as the others. Louisa Alcott's books for girls are always good. Maria Edgeworth wrote popular stories but they are not modern. The Henty books, as they are called, are historical stories, popular with boys, but not wholly reliable as history. They are highly interesting, however, and will cultivate a taste for reading. We are glad to see that you are interested in books, good books, and we hope other COMFORT parents will follow your example and get good books for their children. If you will write to H. Malkan, 42 Broadway, New York City, asking for prices of second-hand books for juveniles, you will be able to buy books very much cheaper than new, and quite as useful, though they may not be as fresh in their outside appearance. Many city boys and girls buy books and having read them, trade them in for others and thus the second-hand supply is always full, and prices are very low indeed, as compared with original prices.

M. T., Elizabethtown, Ky.—The hollow stone which you have found, filled with what you call glass, but which are quartz crystals, is known as a geode, and they are too common to be worth anything much, unless one happens to be very large with unusual crystals. This might bring a very fair price if some geological collector wanted it bad enough. Kentucky's geology is rather productive of geodes and we have seen some fine ones from there.

Mrs. S. B., Burgaw, N. C.—We advise you not to go to any trouble and expense to secure your share of any estate in England, because you will hardly get it. If you must make an effort though, write your letters to Secretary, United States Embassy, London, England, and not direct to English officials, unless you put your case in the hands of an attorney who will act as he thinks best.

M. A. N., Pearl, Ill.—You are not going about it right to get a position as railroad timekeeper. The men high in authority, whose addresses you ask for, are not the men you should try to reach, but those in immediate charge of such a position as you want. If you wrote to the others your letters would be at once referred to the department where they belonged and the men high up would know nothing about it. As you are experienced in the work you ought to know someone personally who could assist you in getting a place. Naturally, friends or acquaintances will have the call over strangers. Other COMFORT readers, who write to us for the names of high officials when they are looking for subordinate positions, please make a note of this. The big men of all these great corporations have nothing whatever to do with employing men except for the very highest official positions.

Dolly Prim and Her Dresses

HERE is the fun you have been waiting for. A neat little dolly and four beautiful dresses to cut out and put on her. The best way to do it is to paste the whole picture on a piece of cardboard and after it is dry, if you wish, you can color them all nice bright colors, with crayons or chalk. For instance you can make the hair dark or light brown, and the face pink, and the skirts blue, and the waists red, and so on to suit yourself. When this is done cut around the edge of each dress and hat with the scissors. Take care to leave the tabs on. The dresses are put on Dolly Prim by bending the little tabs back. The wedge-shaped piece is bent on the dotted line and pasted to Dolly's back so she can stand up alone. The hats are slit at the dotted line and placed over Dolly's head. In this picture we have four different gowns and three hats. Keep Dolly Prim and her dresses in a nice clean box when you are not playing with them. This is the last paper doll we shall print this season because the weather is getting warm now and it is best for you little girls to play outdoors through the summer. How have you liked the Cubby Bear stories? I wish you would write me, or get your mammas to write and let me know what you think of those stories and the paper dolls, and tell me what kind of stories you little girls like best.

UNCLE JOHN, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Story About Dolly Prim

One day Miss Alice, who is Dolly Prim's mistress, asked her where she wanted to go, and Dolly answered, "To the seashore." Alice then put on Dolly the black dress and hat, with the shovel in one hand and the pail in the other, and they went and dug in the sand and had a jolly time. After a while they got tired and wanted to go home. Miss Alice thought best to put the gray-striped suit and sunbonnet on for the return trip and this pleased Dolly very much. They got home very hungry just in time for dinner. After eating they felt tired and wanted to sit in the shade and read." "I have just the proper costume for this," said Alice gaily, and she dressed Dolly in the white suit which needs the pointed cap with the feather in it to make a complete change. For a while Alice was busy looking at the pictures and did not notice that Dolly had nodded to sleep. "Why you dear little thing," she said, when she looked around and saw what had happened, "I should have put you to bed long ago." In a minute she had Dolly dressed in her cute little pajamas, and after giving her a great big kiss tucked her cozily in bed. Was not that a pleasant day for both of them?

Cubby Bear, Peacemaker

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"BUNNY RABBIT! BUNNY RABBIT! Where are you going so fast?" called little Cubby Bear, hurrying after the gray streak that was disappearing around a thicket of cedars.

Bunny Rabbit stopped.

"You may go with me if you like," he said. "I am going after a plant. I saw it yesterday—such a beautiful plant, with a fine, red flower! I am going to plant it just beside the door of my house. Then I shall look for other pretty flowers in my walks through the forest and fields, and I hope some day to have a fine garden."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Cubby Bear. "I will help you."

They soon came to where the beautiful red flower was growing. Taking it up carefully, with plenty of dirt, so that the tender roots might not be destroyed, they hurried back to Bunny Rabbit's house. When it was planted beside the door, they called Chirpy Chipmunk, who lived near, and Wollie Woodchuck, who happened to be passing by, to admire it.

"How glad I shall be," said Bunny, "when I have a nice, large garden; I shall have ferns, and ladies' slippers, and jack-in-the-pulpits, and many pretty things growing in it!"

For three days after that, the weather was rainy, and Cubby Bear stayed at home, but the next pleasant day he went to call on Bunny Rabbit and see the red flower.

Poor Bunny was trotting back and forth, waving his paws in distress.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Cubby Bear. "Are the Bunny Babies sick again?"

"No, no!" answered Bunny. "Not so bad as that, but my flower—oh, Cubby Bear, look, look!" The beautiful plant was crushed and trampled, the red flower on the ground, half covered with mud.

"It is bad enough," cried Bunny Rabbit, "to lose my plant, but that is not the worst! For it was trampled down and spoiled by Wollie Woodchuck, and I thought him one of my best friends! I have *never* done anything unkind to him! Oh, I can never like him again!"

"I am sorry," said Cubby Bear. "I do not want trouble between my friends. Who told you Wollie spoiled your plant?"

"It was Redtop Woodpecker. But what does it matter who told me? My plant is spoiled, and Wollie did it!"

For two days little Cubby Bear watched for Redtop Woodpecker, and when he heard him tap-tapping at the bark of an old tree, he called, "Redtop Woodpecker! please come here! I want to talk to you!"

Redtop came, hopping daintily along, his gay crest glowing in the morning sunlight.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Bunny Rabbit so?"

"Because Molly Muskrat told me."

Then Cubby Bear trotted off to where Molly Muskrat sat sunning herself on a flat stone beside the Big Brook.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Redtop Woodpecker so?"

"Because Racky Coon told me, when he came to the Big Brook to wash his paws."

A long way Cubby Bear had to go to find Racky Coon. He was high up in a spruce tree, playing tag with his brother.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Then why did you tell Molly Muskrat so?"

"Because Dr. Squilly Porcupine told me."

Then little Cubby Bear went to Squilly's house. But Squilly was not at home.

"I know where he is," called Billy Blue Jay. "He has gone to see Polly Partridge, whose cold is worse."

So Cubby Bear sat down and waited until Squilly Porcupine came home.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him."

"Then why did you tell Racky Coon so?"

"Because Woozie Weasel told me."

"Ah!" cried Cubby Bear. "I was afraid Woozie had something to do with it! He is always making trouble. Oh, here comes Shinyblack Crow! We will see if he knows anything about it!"

"Yes, I know all about it," said Shinyblack Crow. "I happened to be flying by and saw Woozie Weasel and Foxy Reynard in front of Bunny Rabbit's house, so I lighted on a tree and watched them. They had trampled down and spoiled Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower, and I heard Woozie say, 'We will tell him it was Wollie Woodchuck did it! Oh, what fun!'"

"It was not good fun," said Cubby Bear, "and it has made trouble."

"I hope, Squilly Porcupine," said Shinyblack Crow, "that you will not tell anything again that bad Woozie Weasel tells you without first finding out if it is true."

Then little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow went to Bunny Rabbit's house, taking Wollie Woodchuck with them.

When Bunny Rabbit saw Woolie, he said:

"Why do you come to my house, Wollie Woodchuck? I have no pretty flowers left for you to spoil! Go away! I do not want you here!"

Then little Cubby Bear said:

"No, no, Bunny Rabbit, it was not Wollie Woodchuck who spoiled your plant, it was that bad Woozie Weasel, as good Shinyblack Crow knows. He has come here to tell you about it, and we brought Wollie Woodchuck, so that you and he may be friends once more."

So the two little animals shook paws, promising always to be friends, and kind-hearted little Cubby Bear was happy.

HEIRS WANTED

BORJESSON, Carl Frederick; born Sweden 1836. Maiden name of mother, Brandt.

CLARK, Margaret, nee Thomas. Born Massachusetts, married Frank Emerson Clark in N. Y.

DOODY, John; resided Springfield, Mass., about forty years ago.

GRANVILLIERS, Charles A.; born France about 1814; hatter; resided New York 1880.

KING, Michael; born Mitchellstown, County Cork, about 1830; son of John.

KING, Patrick; born County Waterford, Ireland, about 1863; resided Washington, D. C., 1894. JOHN J. DWYER, 7 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. —Advertisement.

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Made to measure in latest style. Not $3.75, not even $1, not even one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. **No Extra Charge** for fancy swell styles, extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Write and say "*Send Me Your Offer*" the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges.



KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 229 Chicago, Ill.

Extra! Extra! Send us a dime for 3 months' subscription to our classy magazine, and we will send you 10 beautiful post cards free. SQUIRT GUN MAGAZINE, Dept. B, Ellsworth, Iowa.

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No experience necessary. Big profits selling this wonderful self-heating *satisfaction guaranteed* iron. Easy to operate and demonstrate. Sells itself. Use Kerosene (Coal Oil) or Gasoline with same satisfactory results. Absolutely safe, no smoke or odor. Get facts in detail and let us tell you how to obtain *Free Sample* and start you in a *big paying* business. Sample case FREE to Agents.

Perfecto Sad Iron Factory, Dept. 20, 126 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Got More Pleasure Out of Uncle Charlie's Poems Than Any Other Book

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Minn., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For eight years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of rib tickling fun, and though we have given you an opportunity to secure this delightful volume that would bring joy and happiness to you and yours, only one COMFORT home in fifty contains this delightful book, a book which you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life, get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure this exquisitely bound, 160-page, lilac cloth bound volume which contains the funniest and best recitations for parlor and stage ever written. Best spring medicine in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Sang Themselves Into Her Heart

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, of Detroit, Mich., also says about Uncle Charlie's gorgeous song book which contains twenty-eight of the most delightful songs ever written. Full music for voice and piano. Songs for all occasions—love songs, coon songs, comic songs, sacred songs—all gathered into a superb volume as big as a copy of COMFORT, with an artistic cover on which appear four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs. Yours free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

PLANT FIFTY-SIX MILES OF ROSES IN ONE DAY.—Fifty-six miles of roses were recently added to the beauties of Portland, Oregon, with the planting in one day of 100,000 bushes. They were purchased as a result of the campaign started by the City Beautiful Committee of the Rose Festival Association, the purpose being to make the city more than usually attractive in preparation for the coming of visitors on their way to and from the exposition at San Francisco. Many roses worth $1 were sold by the committee through the cooperation of florists at 12½ cents each. The bushes sold are large enough to bloom in time for the Rose Festival in June.

COW CREATES NEW WORLD'S RECORD.—Tests completed by the Dairy Department of the Ohio State University establish a world's record in milk production, according to figures made public. The new dairy queen is Murne Cowan, a five-year-old Guernsey cow which in the last year produced twelve tons of milk. The cow's milk averaged five per cent in butter fat. During the year she produced 1,096 pounds of butter fat, which churned into 1,400 pounds of butter. Her home is a farm near Barberton, Ohio.

Four Wheel Chairs in April

278 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four more shut-ins provided with COMFORT wheel chairs and enabled to get out into the blessed sunshine and breathe the perfume-laden air of spring is our April record.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four April wheel chairs. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Mrs. Ersley C. Mote, Double Springs, Ala., 141; Mrs. Callie Grubbs, Batesville, Ark., 100; William E. Parris, Bryson City, N. C., 84; Mrs. Louise Fenner, Dunellen, N. J., 82.

Mrs. Mote is a widow 82 years old and lives with her granddaughter, as she has no children living She enjoyed good health and was active until she suffered a stroke of paralysis, last August, which rendered her lower limbs helpless. Since then she has been confined to her room, which is very trying to her as she had always led an outdoor life, although she bears her affliction patiently. Her neighbor, Mrs M. C. Adkins, who helped get the subscriptions for her, writes me that Mrs. Mote is very anxious for the COMFORT wheel chair and that it will be a great help and give her a world of pleasure. She is grateful to those who have helped her get this as she is not able to buy one. I am glad this chair will be the means of getting her out again in season to enjoy the spring and summer

Mrs. Grubbs is crippled by rheumatism, and is a great sufferer from that and the effects of a surgical operation. Julia Saunders, who helped get the subscriptions for her, writes that Mrs. Grubbs and her husband are highly respected but poor, and that the wheel chair will be very helpful as the doctors advise her to be out in the open air.

William E. Parris is 78 years old, and has been crippled since five years ago when his left thigh was broken and hip dislocated by a falling tree. His wife is 68 and afflicted with rheumatism. This brave woman writes me regarding her efforts to secure subscriptions for her husband's wheel chair; "I find that most people prefer to get the club premiums which you offer, rather than let the subscriptions go to help a poor shut-in get a wheel-chair. If my husband did not receive a small pension as a Confederate soldier we could not live at all. I have all the work to do in the house and out, and him to take care of besides. If I can get him the wheel chair it will be a great help to us both.' If it were not, as Mrs. Parris says, that most people who get up subscription clubs prefer to take the premiums themselves rather than help the shut-ins, COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club would be putting out 20 to 40 wheel chairs a month and soon every needy cripple in the land would be supplied. We have a lot of other shut-ins on our waiting list who, like this old soldier, need your help to provide wheel chairs for them.

Mrs. Fenner has two small children, the elder a sickly boy of six years She has been a crippled invalid and great sufferer since the birth of her youngest child four years ago. She is helpless. She cannot use her hands to sew and her eyes are becoming affected so that she cannot read. To care for her and the little ones is a difficult task for her husband and his folks. She is very desirous to have a wheel chair which she hopes will prove some relief to her and help those who have the care of her.

Have a merciful remembrance of the many poor shut-ins suffering for much needed wheel chairs to get them out into the sun and air while you are enjoying the beauties of springtime and do something, even a little, to help our Wheel-Chair Club's splendid work.

The Roll of Honor follows, but I have little space for letters of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Her Wheel Chair Is a Comfort and Help

ATLANTA, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept for Mr. Gannett and yourself my sincere thanks for the wheel chair which arrived in perfect condition a few days ago. I also wish to thank through COMFORT the many friends who helped me obtain the chair, which certainly will be a comfort and help to me. Very sincerely yours,

GOLDEN GERTIE FIPPEN.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables him to get Out and See Things he Never had an Opportunity to see Before

BRADFORD, 9 High St., MASS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived safely yesterday afternoon, and I immediately began to use it. I like it very much, and in the short time I've had it, I've been able to see things on the street and around my home that without the chair I would never have had an opportunity to see. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me get this chair. God bless you all. Your sincere friend,

GEORGE W. SPENCER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. M. C. Adkins, Ala., for Mrs. E. C. Mote, 73; Lizzie Sessoms, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 60; Mrs. G. G. Richardson, Okla., for Luther E. Silver, 52; Dr. J. A. Leeman, Tex., for Thelma Lucile Leeman, 46; Mrs. May Fortney, Okla., for Leonard Rhodus, 42; Mrs. Wm. Lawrence, Nebr., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 40; Emma Gramlich, W. Va., for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 48; Eula Herrington, Miss., for Lawrence Beech, 37; Ethel Ridgway, Ky., for Walter Ridgway, 26; Mrs. Ed Bullard, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Lucy Fuller, Wash., for own wheel chair, 20; Earl Greason, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 20; O. S. Butler, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Miss Sallie Parsons, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Miss Docia Simmons, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Mrs. Bertie Horne, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Amy L. Schoolcraft, W. Va., for Gladys Reed, 19; Mrs. E. I. Silver, Okla., for Luther E. Silver, 17; Mrs. M. V. Hartman, N. J., for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 17; Barnie Hagan, La., for Robie Springer, 16; Ada Beck, Ky., for Annie Beck, 16; Mrs. Dollie Arbaugh, Va., for own wheel chair, 14; Mrs. Denzil Burnam, Tex., for Mrs. Carrie Granger, 13; Mrs. Clyde Gustard, Wash., for Arthur Cole, 13; Hattie Lambert, N. C., for Mrs. M. E. Morton, 12; Mrs. John Combs, Okla., for Luther E. Silver, 11; West Virginia People, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 10; Mrs. Sarah Fenner, N. J., for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 10; Rev. & Mrs Anderson, N. J., for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 8; Lena Lasswell, Ill., 8; Mattie Lucas, Colo., for Georgie Roll, 7; Mrs. Tillie Wagner, N. J., for Mrs. Clifford Penner, 7; Addie Spillman, Okla., for J. W. Holte, 7; Adella Porritt, Idaho, for her own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. Frank McClure, Kans., 6; Mrs. Jacob Knauber, Wash., 6; Miss Elma Hasler, Wis., 6; Violet Crawford, Okla., 5; Mrs. Ada Baker, Tenn., for Miss Ida Campbell, 5; Mrs. John Titler, Iowa, 5; Naomi Roll, Kans., for George Roll, 5; Mrs. Julia Gargis, Okla., 5; Mrs. J. J. Emmett, Ga., for Mrs. E. C. Mote, 5; Miss L. Sperring, Mo., 5; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 5.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. M. K., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that unless otherwise stipulated, community of acquest and gains exists between husband and wife, that the husband is the head of the community and administers the property and can sell or mortgage without wife's consent, but that if community is dissolved by death or otherwise, wife or her heirs are entitled to one undivided one half of the community property; that a second wife of the husband would have no interest in such one half interest of the first wife's heirs in the community property of her husband and his first wife, and no interest unless she survives him in her husband's community property of a former marriage or his separate property. (2) We think that the children of the former wife can compel the division of their share of the community property in a reasonable time after their mother's death, such share as would go to a minor to be paid to a general guardian and an infant's share in real estate to be disposed of by a court proceeding or action. We think it may be more economical to hold the real estate until the minors come of age.

Miss C. S., West Virginia.—We very much doubt that your Board of Education would be willing to issue a teacher's certificate upon an examination through the mails; we think such a method would afford to the applicant for such certificate, too much opportunity to obtain assistance in answering the difficult questions, and would not be a proper test of such applicant's competency.

Miss M. B., Maine.—Under the laws of our state, we are of the opinion that anyone of two or more owners of real estate in common can through the proper action, compel the division or partition of such real estate, or in case the physical condition of the property is such that it cannot practically be divided in kind, can compel the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale; such an action, we think, is necessarily quite expensive, and in cases where the property involved is of small value, we think it is sometimes more economical to come to an agreement for a voluntary sale by all the parties in interest. (2) We think that if your brother-in-law refuses to pay you the money he owes you it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to enforce the collection thereof. We think a letter to his employer might have some moral effect, but would have no legal effect.

J. M.—In the absence of a will, we do not think you are entitled to any share from your stepfather's estate; we think that upon his death without a will his whole estate would go to his surviving widow and his own children; in default of these his estate would go to other of his blood relatives depending upon who was left.

Mrs. L. A. C., Missouri.—We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to allow the water from his house roof to flood your dooryard, but if your complaint is based upon a small dripping from a leak in his leader into your yard, we think you will find it difficult to convince a court or jury that you have suffered much damage.

C. D., New Hampshire.—We think that the defendant in a breach of promise action might base a defense of such action upon the fact that the plaintiff, during the engagement to marry, received attentions from other men. The success of such a defense, we think would depend upon the nature and extent of such attentions, and to what extent the plantiff in the action encouraged and reciprocated them.

Mrs. L. O. D., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children as his heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a one third interest absolutely in his personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we do not think the fact that the children were by a former wife would affect their intestate rights of inheritance from their father's estate.

Mrs. J. F. Q., Massachusetts.—We do not think the fact that you have no property would defeat the right of the company you mention to bring action against you if you refuse to carry out your contract with them, such fact, we think might ultimately defeat their collection of any claim they may have against you, but we think the right to bring action belongs to them and they can do as they see fit in regard to the matter.

Mrs. J. L., Nevada.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage by either husband or wife, except such as may be acquired by gift, devise or descent shall be common property, and upon the death of the husband, after payment of debts and expenses, shall all go to the surviving widow; we think the husband's separate property, if he leaves no will, and leaves more than one child, would go one third to the surviving widow and the remainder in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share, and children of a former marriage taking the same share as the children of his last marriage.

Mrs. L. N. H., Colorado.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, a resident of that state, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and six children, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and one third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any child who predeceased him taking their parent's share; if the daughter you mention who died survived her father, her husband would receive from her estate dower of a one third interest for life in her real estate and one third of her personal property absolutely, the balance going to her children in equal shares, and her estate would include, of course, her share of her father's estate as well as whatever other property she might own, but if she predeceased her father, the descent of her share of her father's estate would be direct from the grandfather to her children, and her husband would have no share in this property.

S. E. S., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all property acquired during the marriage, except such as may be acquired by gift, devise or descent, constitutes the community property of the husband and wife, and that upon the death of one, one half of such property goes absolutely to the survivor, the other half of such property being subject to the testamentary disposition of the one so dying; we think the wife could, by will, leave her one half of the community property and the whole of her separate property to her husband for life with the remainder over to their child or children, and that the husband could thereafter only dispose of his life estate in such property; we do not think she can dispose of by will or otherwise, his own share of the community property, or of his separate property; we think she must survive him before she acquires any intestacy right in his property.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT

50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



Fair Bather: "I'm going to leave this writing in the sand and see if that skinny pair yonder won't take the hint."

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads COMFORT. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in COMFORT if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 12-E Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 12-E Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

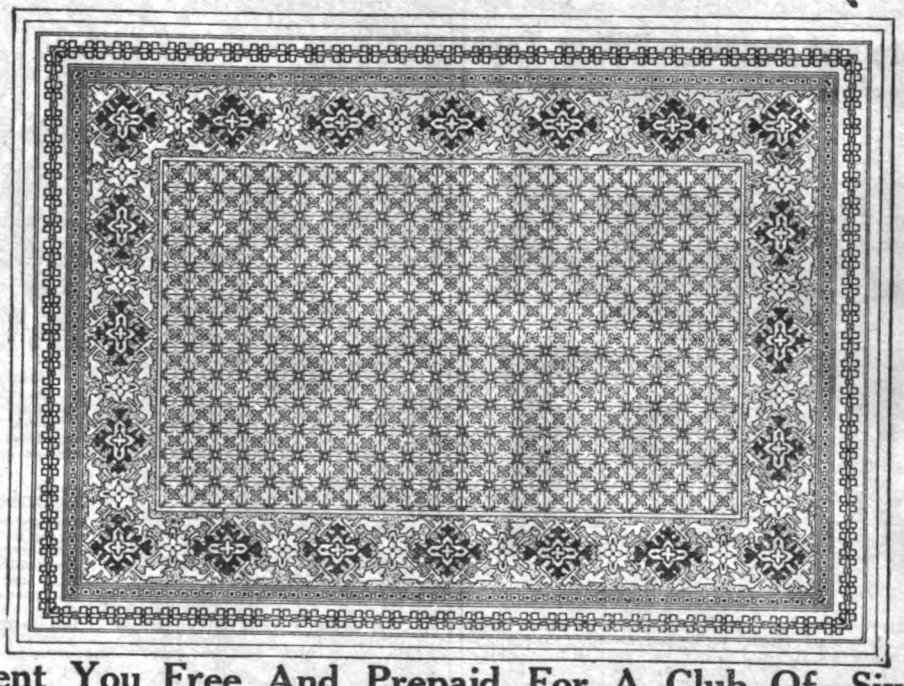
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FITS A sample of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 1373, Station N., New York

THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG



Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Six!

Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs or oil cloths. Every woman who has had experience with a single one of these old-fashioned methods of floor coverings knows how unsatisfactory they are, and expensive too, because they wear out so fast it is necessary to keep buying new ones all the time. Here, however, is a rug that will actually give **years** of constant service—a rug which is absolutely **waterproof all the way through**—which is not injured or **even affected** by heat, cold, water or changes of temperature—which **neither fades nor rots** no matter where you put it **in-doors or out.** It is not oilcloth—it is not linoleum—it is not made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other form of floor covering in the world. It is known as "Congoleum," a combination of a special wool mixture, waterproof paint and asphaltum. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it out on the porch all summer or all winter or the year round and it will not rot, fade or get that jaded look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. You can use it on the bathroom floor, the pantry floor, under the refrigerator, under the stove or as an ordinary rug in any room in the house, in fact, there is not a single requirement that this rug will not fill. It is **absolutely sanitary** because having a hard solid surface the dust, dirt and disease germs positively cannot get into it. No nails, tacks or paste are necessary to keep it down because **it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle,** thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear **ten times** as long, therefore they are the most **economical** as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7206.**

RAISE BELGIAN HARES FOR US WE FURNISH stock and pay you $1.50 each. Also skunk, mink, squabs, frogs, etc. Send dime for booklet and contract. Particulars free. The Belgian Hare, Desk I, Holmes Park, Mo. **Big Profits**

LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE

$2.50 TEST Treatment FREE



Don't suffer and be disfigured with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures.

You may try one $2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

$2.50 TREATMENT FREE

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. Bobo 715 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get $2.50 Treatment Free by mail.

Age?.....How old is goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Hands tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name .....
Address..... 715

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

SORE LEGS HEALED

Open sores, Eczema, Enlarged Veins, healed while you work. Send for book. Describe case.
A. C. LIEPE, 613 Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sweaters Free



For MEN, BOYS and small Children

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address **without money from you.** After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, $1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a **quarter century** prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors **Brown, Navy, Cardinal and Gray.**

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order.
Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

State and Birthday Pillow Tops



Premium No. 7251



Premium No. 7261

EVERY reader of COMFORT should have one of these handsome **Birthday** pillow tops showing the respective month in which you were born. Also in honor of the state in which you reside you should have at least one of these new **State** pillow tops. These two designs are the newest thing out and are becoming immensely popular because they are something a little "different." We have these pillow tops **for every month in the year and every state in the Union** so no matter when you were born or in what state you live we can give you a pillow top representing the month of your birth and another one emblematic of your own home state. These pillow tops are just as handsome as they are appropriate, the designs being tinted **in natural colors on ecru art cloth 17 x 21 inches in size.** We will send you your choice of either pillow top or both pillow tops free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 7251 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you a Birthday Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to State what month you want.**

Offer No. 7251 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 additional (35 cents in all) we will send you a Birthday Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to state what month you want. Premium No. 7251.**

Offer No. 7261 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you any State Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to mention state wanted.**

Offer No. 7261 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you any State Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to mention state wanted. Premium 7261.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. H., Montgomery, Ala.—You are like hundreds of other COMFORT patients who seem to be lacking in good hard common sense about themselves when there is any trouble with them that they cannot cure by some simple remedy. You say you have been advised by various physicians who are undecided whether you are suffering from appendicitis or not, and then when the finest physician in your city and head of a hospital asks you to come to him and be thoroughly examined you write to us: "But I do not want to go and be examined. I have such a horror of operations and am afraid if they examine me they will want to cut somewhere, so I decided I would write to you and maybe you can tell me what is the matter with me." Now why did you think that? When half-a-dozen physicians who can see you personally are unable to decide, how can you expect us to guess at it a thousand miles away? The only advice we have to offer is that you go to the hospital and be properly examined to determine what causes the trouble. Even if an operation is necessary, is it one tenth as bad as suffering for years, even if you don't die in the mean time in agony? Get your good sense into normal condition and go to the hospital, where you should have gone long ago.

J. S., Charlestown, Mass.—The nervousness which gives you the tremors all over when you go out on the street or in company and does not trouble you at home, can only be cured by the exercise of your will power. There is no organic trouble and you become nervous simply because you become so self-conscious that you are what in common parlance is called "rattled". If you will go out as often as you possibly can and meet people often, having a grim determination not to let your nerves conquer you, it will not be long until you overcome your nervousness. Medicine will do no good, unless there is some underlying cause we don't know anything about.

Wis. Girl, Walworth, Wis.—The dandruff remedies to be had in drug-stores are as good local remedies as can be prescribed. But possibly there is some disease of the scalp, or the blood is out of condition, as is often the case with dandruff excess which will not yield to the ordinary local applications. Only an examination will determine this. Curling the hair on hot curlers will injure it, and to a less extent on cold irons. You are trying to make your hair do something nature did not intend that it should do and such treatment being unnatural will result in injury.

Mrs. H. L. S., Denton, Tex.—Just what the Hookworm Commission has done in Texas, or is doing, we cannot say, or what your State Board of Health or Local Boards have done, but there has been a wide crusade against the worm all over the South and any doctor in your neighborhood can give you information on the subject, or treat your case himself. The treatment is simple and efficacious, but you should not attempt self-treatment, unless the Board of Health issues a formula for private use. Don't delay if there is any hookworm in your family or among your neighbors. The man or woman who permits the existence of hookworm, when the remedy is so simple, is an enemy of the state and should be punished by law.

E. A., New Orelans, La.—How do you know you have a weak heart? A great many people imagine they have heart trouble, when the real trouble is indigestion. You ask the physician who told you you had weak heart to prescribe the proper tonic. We are not guessing at really weak hearts; they are too vital.



To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information how they may give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women.

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT FEAR

He has proven that the pains at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, No. 8 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy, children, absolutely without fear of pain. Also how to become a mother. Do not delay, but write TO-DAY.



Write for this FREE BOOK today.

E. A. S., Douglas, N. Dak.—Bronchitis of your kind is due more to the cold, damp climate, we think, than anything else, and if you could get down into Arizona where the air is hot and dry, you would find relief if not permanent cure. The remedies you are using are about as good as can be prescribed by mail, seeing that you can't get to a doctor. Can't you go to Arizona for two or three months and try it there? Get a job for a while and see what effect that climate will have. (2) If your son who has been suffering with boils for so long will not have a doctor, he must continue suffering. Boils are not merely local skin eruptions, but come from pathological conditions which must be treated thoroughly by a physician. One boil, or even two or three, may be cured, or rather treated by simple remedies, but when they continue for months, the whole system is affected and more radical treatment is required. (2) Unless you can remove adenoids with a case-knife, there is no home remedy we know of. If you want your boy to be a normal boy and man in mind and body, you should have a physician remove the adenoids. The operation is simple enough and is performed constantly on public school children to their great improvement in mind and body.

Farmer, Pleasant Plain, O.—The red face in your case, your health, as far as you know, being good, is due to a defect, or the nature, of your circulation. Persons of light complexion are quite frequently bothered by reddening of the face, not that their faces redden more than those of dark complexion, or that there is any difference in the circulation, but it shows more plainly. Nervousness will often cause the face to flush, and people who are always self-conscious, a kind of nervousness, will redden very easily. Stop thinking about your red face or taking medicine for it. Have a talk with a doctor who may be able to give you some good advice and maybe find that you have indigestion, which will also impair the circulation.

Agnes, La Salle, Ill.—How long a draining-tube used after an operation must remain depends upon the condition of the patient. In some cases, only a very short time suffices, and in others weeks, or even months, must pass before it may be removed. If the physician who operated on you said you had no gall-stones, he should know better than anyone else, and we can hardly be expected to guess at it from this distance. The rheumatic or neuralgic pains you feel on the opposite side are very likely due to the disturbances of the operation. As long as you feel the good effects of the tube, you should by all means let it remain. Your doctor knows when to remove it, and don't you try to doctor yourself.

J. T. W., Paris, Texas.—The knot at the knuckle of your finger, which comes and goes and is very painful, is, we think, due to a rheumatic condition not severe enough yet to be more demonstrative. Rheumatism often expresses itself in small knots at the finger and other joints, and may never get worse than that, though the chances are that it will as you grow older. The next knot that appears should have a doctor's personal attention. Prevention is far better than cure, especially in rheumatism.

A. L. J., Clanton, Ala.—We believe with the doctor who pronounced your child's trouble fistula and it may trouble him all his life. Still, if it is skillfully treated now he may become sound and outgrow it. If possible you should take him to a hospital, or to a specialist in rectal diseases. It was very unwise for your husband to use a razor on the fistula and nothing should be done except under the direction of a physician who can make personal examinations. (2) Constipation often is very stubborn and when of long standing may be incurable, but a great relief may be found in taking two or three tablespoonfuls of pure olive oil before or during meals. It will not act at once, but by and by its effects will be felt. Warm water injections, two or three times a week, are also good. In addition have a care what you eat and how you eat—never swallowing a mouthful of food until it is chewed to a pulp and thoroughly insalivated, that is, made ready for the stomach and digestive organs. Diet, exercise and massage of the bowels are much more effective than medicine for the treatment of constipation. Eat whole wheat, graham, bran or corn bread, also the coarse-ground cereals in the form of mush, and plenty of fruit. Laxative drugs lose their effect if used continually.

O. S., Kingston, Tenn.—There is no remedy that we know of for superfluous hair on face and nose except the ordinary depilatories to be had at drug-stores, unless you are able to submit to the treatment and expense of a specialist who may make a good job of it or may not, though your bill will be the same,—a big one anyhow.

Mrs. A. I., Vermillion, Ont.—Lunar caustic (nitrate of silver), to be had at any drug-store, is the usual remedy for warts. In applying it be careful not to get it on the skin around the warts as it will burn and make a sore spot. A doctor will have to see the pimple on the child's abdomen to determine its cause, as it seems to be something more than a mere local eruption.

QUICK RELIEF FOR PILES. Send postal with name and address for **FREE** sample tube **Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy.** Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



Cancer Book Entirely New Book on Cancer. The most comprehensive explanation of cancer and its **successful treatment without the knife** ever published. **The Book is FREE.** Send for a copy today and **Learn the Truth** about cancer.
O. A. JOHNSON, M. D., Suite 440, 1320 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

ROSES!



6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One Subscription!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure **without money cost** a rare collection of **six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants** that will bloom and bloom **all summer** transforming your flower garden into a veritable **paradise** of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden **as soon as you receive them** and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you **at the proper time to plant** according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from **ten to fifteen days** in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you **free** on this great offer:

Crimson Crown For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.	1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mch.	1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	"	15
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.,	1
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	"	15
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States		May	1

Killarney Queen In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

Nita Weldon Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

Lady Hillingdon In this variety has been found every valuable feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember These roses are all strong healthy plants **on their own roots** and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in **wet moss** so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow **we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.**

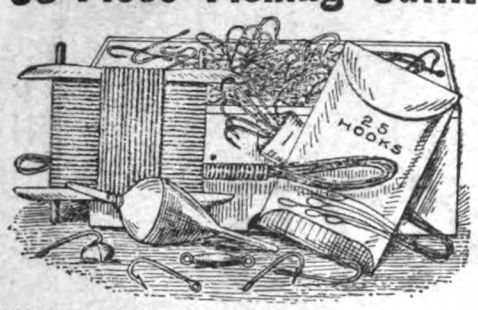
Offer 672 A. For one 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them **immediately** be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMIUM NO. 672

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the very best quality. There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinker all ready for business, and the other is a special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing. 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber", and 1 Ringed Sinker—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this Outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the 38 separate pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least one dollar. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit absolutely free, if you will accept the following offer and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, Premium No. 286, packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine,

Three Gold Collar Pins

Given For Two Subscriptions!

THESE Pins are the new style and shape that are now being worn in place of the bar pins. They come in sets of three. Each pin has a 14-K gold front, beautifully engraved and is absolutely warranted for five years. Any woman and girl will find many uses for a set of these dainty pins. They may be worn as regular collar pins but are especially attractive when used to fasten the sheer muslin and lace collars and vests that are worn so much at the present time. They are used in place of other fastenings and add a very attractive finishing touch to the costume. We will send you a set of three of these collar pins free upon the terms of the following



CLUB OFFER. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you one set of three pins free and postpaid.

Premium No. 7322.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Handsome Pillow Tops!

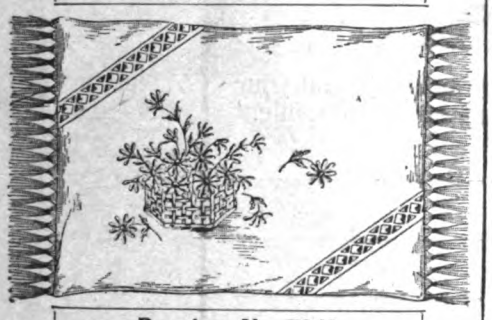
INCLUDING BACK, FRINGE and EMBROIDERY COTTON



Premium No. 7222



Premium No. 7232



Premium No. 7242

One Given For Two Subscriptions!

YOU CAN have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is 17x21 inches in size, made of good quality art cloth that will stand lots of wear and the designs are stamped and tinted in colors that are correct and true to nature. We include free the back, three-inch wide fringe and sufficient embroidery cotton to work each top, also a lesson in embroidery. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following

Club Offers. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three 15-month subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of 3-inch fringe and enough embroidery cotton to work it with. **When ordering be sure to specify number or numbers of tops wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit

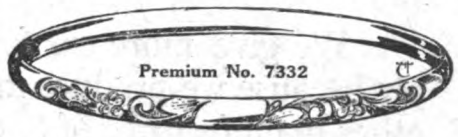


All New Popular Designs! Given For A Club Of Two!

HAND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are three large sheets of perforated patterns containing designs for linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kimonos, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet and many other popular and stylish designs, also a cake of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large tray cloth, 8 x 17 inches, and six 5 1-2 inch doilies to match all stamped on real white Irish linen, one oblong pillow top 17 x 21 inches, hand tinted on ecru art cloth, one bone stiletto for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of 10 embroidery needles and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton floss. We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7312.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Premium No. 7332

Given For Two Subscriptions!

THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine rolled gold plate and positively guaranteed for five years. It is beautifully engraved one half the way round it and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small club this is not a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



Premium No. 716

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, "six shooter" but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water 30 feet straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for ten shots (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have loads of fun with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise "shower baths" and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly harmless to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate! **Warranted For 5 Years!**



MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is always fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for two pictures. The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of heavy rolled gold plate that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted for five years. You could easily pay $5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 7213

Club Offer. For three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. (**Premium No. 7213.**)

Address COMFORT, Augusta Maine

Boys' Base Ball Outfit

A Good Ball, Glove, Catcher's Mitt, Mask And Suit Consisting Of Trousers, Shirt, Belt and Cap!



Premium No. 72012









BOYS, here is your chance! We will give every boy who accepts our offer this dandy baseball outfit and it will not cost you one cent. It consists of a splendid baseball, junior size, with extra well sewed genuine horsehide cover—a beauty of a fielder's glove made of brown Nappa leather, kid lined, strongly sewed, with web thumb, a regular big league style catcher's mitt made of Craven tan leather, well padded, a strong, durable catcher's mask made of electro blued steel wire with side pads, head and chin pieces and a handsome gray flannel suit, consisting of padded trousers, a shirt with elbow sleeves and red collar, cap with red visor and a red belt with a metal clasp. No matter how old you are—if you are not over 14 years of age—we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly as we have them in all sizes up to 14 years. The ball, glove, mask and mitt are the famous "D. & M." brand made by the Draper-Maynard Company, one of the largest and best known sporting goods manufacturers in the country. We tell you this so that you may know that we are giving you the "real thing" an outfit that you will feel proud to own and one that will stand the wear and tear of a hundred hard fought games. **When you order this outfit be sure to give your chest measure.** Don't forget that because we want to send a suit that will fit you

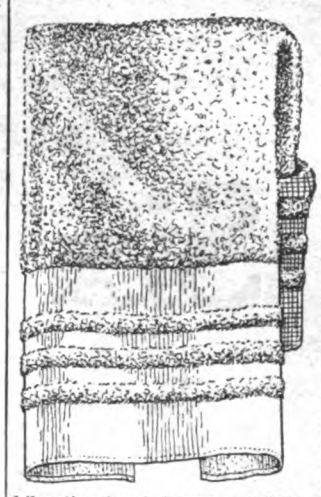
Given For A Club Of Twelve.

FOR a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free and charges prepaid this complete baseball outfit exactly as described above. When ordering be sure to give your chest measure. (**Premium No. 72012.**)

We Prepay All Charges

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels



Premium No. 7302

For Two Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also great for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 17 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished and are in every respect equal to towels that you would willingly pay $1.00 a pair for in any store. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7302.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

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September	The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October	The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November	The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December	The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

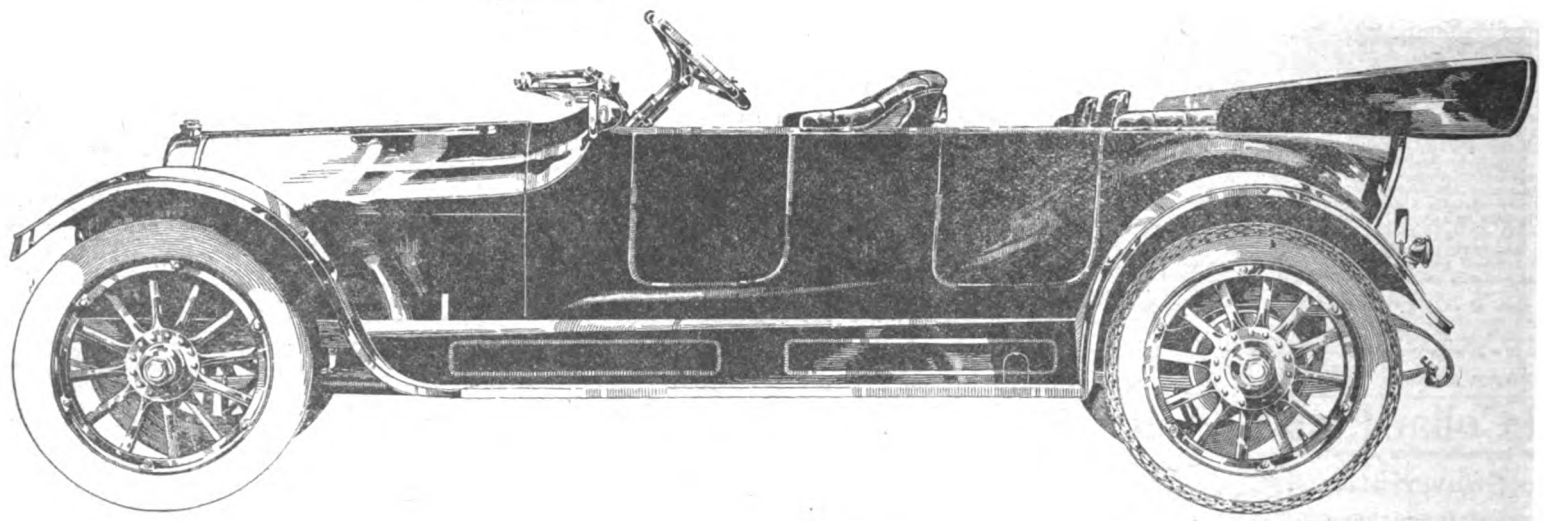
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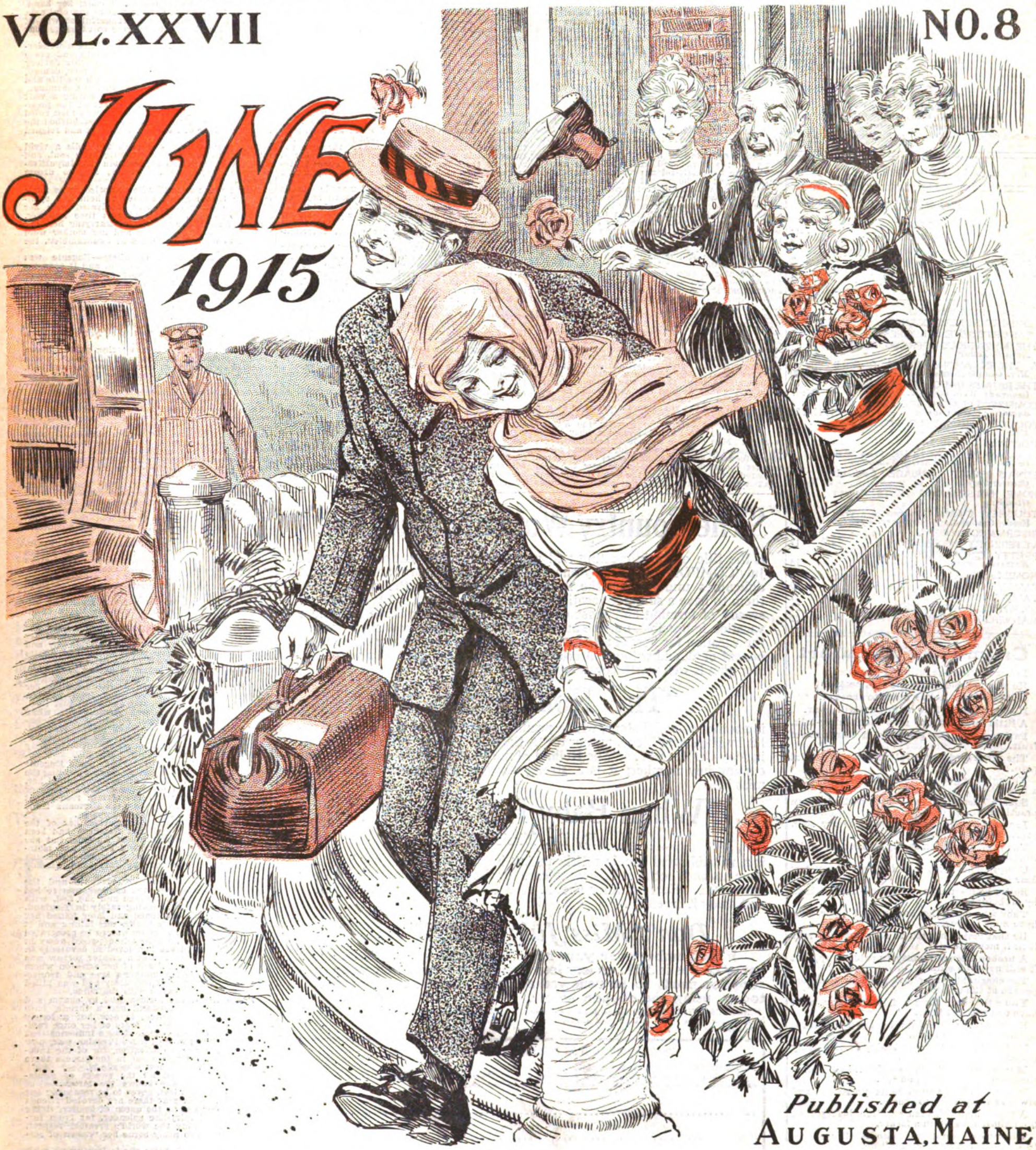
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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Labor is often the father of pleasure.

He who gambles picks his own pocket.

Malice seldom lacks a mark to shoot at.

It is a bad soil where no flowers will grow.

A little fore-talk may save much after-talk.

Patience is a bitter plant, but it bears a sweet fruit.

The reward of unlawful pleasure is lawful pain.

Enough's as good as a feast to one who is not a beast.

Square dealings is more praised than practised.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

The person who can deeply love is never quite contemptible.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dear for them.

Better be ill-spoken of by one before all, than by all before one.

They who make the best use of their time have none to spare.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

A broken friendship may be patched up, but it will never be sound.

The charitable give out at the door and God puts in at the window.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without fault.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

To think truly, to speak truly, to live truly constitutes the higher life.

More credit can be thrown down in a minute than can be built up in an age.

Wealth is often a snare to its possessors and always a temptation to others.

A father maintains ten children better than ten children maintain a father.

The man with nothing to do is always sure to do something he shouldn't do.

We may be compelled to forgive an enemy, but we are not compelled to trust him.

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men, than it is for her to defend her reputation against women.

How One City Had a Sane Fourth

True Story of a Firecrackerless Celebration

By Gertrude Hockridge

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THIS is a tale of one city, but its genesis is in a tale of two cities. These two cities are rivals in good works and progressiveness and this rivalry is a strong factor in keeping everybody up and doing in the common cause. So much for the genesis.

It was early in June that one city announced a glorious Fourth of July celebration for the children of that city. Regardless of sex, color or sicial position, all were to be taken to Raspberry island in the river right opposite the heart of the city. Here, patriotism and noise were to become rampant, firecrackers were to be free, and, in addition to being entirely surrounded by water, the island was to have a supplementary surrounding of older folk to see that casualties were kept down to a minimum. The children were used to going to the island because the public baths and playgrounds are there, and altogether the celebration seemed ideal.

Now, the other city has no island available for such an event, and for a time it appeared that in this it could not compete. But one evening the city paper published on its first page a suggestion under the head "Let's Give the Kids A Good Time." The suggestion pointed out that in a new fifty-six-acre park tract in the very heart of the city, they possessed a fine place for a good, old-fashioned celebration of the glorious Fourth. No details as to the character of the occasion were indicated, but an appeal was made for the citizens to get together on the ground of their common interest in children who deserve a good time on the great holiday. To start the things, the paper headed a subscription with one hundred dollars and called for some organization of workers to take charge of the detail of the affair.

There was a surprising response to this appeal to those strong factors in human sentiment—love of country and love of children. Not more than ten minutes after the paper had been delivered in the down-town districts, there came a hurry-up message to the editor from the head of a fraternal order known for its masculine good fellowship.

"That's our kind of a job," he said, "put us down for the work; and we'll give some money, too." There were half-a-dozen other applicants that afternoon, but the honor had been assigned.

In his formal letter of acceptance the next day, the head of the order suggested that the occasion be made a flag raising, if a flag staff and a flag could be provided. That afternoon half a score of flags had been offered. Taking its cue from the spontaneity of the responses, the paper promoting the project proceeded to ask for everything that would be needed, a halyard for the flag, candy, lemons and popcorn, labor to erect the flagstaff, cement in which to set it, the use of lumber for refreshment and amusement stands and tents for the workers. No sooner was any want made known than it was filled, while the general public was taking hold of the subscription in a way that assured success.

In the meantime, the members of the fraternal organization had organized for the detail work and had decided that there would be no firecrackers. This was partly because they did not want the responsibility of encouraging accidents by permitting explosives, and partly because the parade is in the residence district and a celebration with firecrackers might easily become a nuisance. So it was quietly decided that it was to be a "sane" Fourth. But they decided that they would not put a wet blanket upon the affair by calling it "sane." They would give the youngsters so much to do and enjoy that they wouldn't think of firecrackers.

On the night before the Fourth, the armory at one side of the Parade, housed a busy lot of workers. Men of more than local prominence sat up till dawn squeezing lemons, sorting out packets of confections and arranging every little detail against the rush. Early morning saw the field prepared for action. Around the edges of the great tract were scattered six long lemonade stands with barrels and barrels of the best lemonade it was possible to make. Through the grounds were distributed six stages for the amusements. At strategic points were stacked great bales of small flags and tri-colored caps. The fraters who weren't engaged at the stands and stages deployed as skirmishers and then—the "kids" began to arrive. From all directions came converging streams of juvenile patriots, on foot with dusty shoes and sagging hosiery, on street cars packed to suffocation, in automobiles gay with flags, and in all sorts of wheeled vehicles. Children whose names told of ancestors from Russia, Sweden, Norway or Poland touched elbows with those from families rooted in America since the Declaration was signed—and they were all joyously American. In from the orphanages came boys and girls marching in well disciplined lines which lost their identity as soon as they reached the mass of humanity which covered the grounds. Boys and girls alike upon entering the grounds received flags, and the boys received in addition the tri-color paper caps.

The celebration was scheduled to begin at nine o'clock. At eight o'clock there were not a hundred persons on the grounds aside from the workers. At nine o'clock there were at least 30,000, and the crowd kept on coming until the rain came shortly before noon.

First, there was the flag raising with a procession of national guardsmen and a flag escort of Civil War veterans. As the flag was hauled aloft, two bands and a chorus of 2,000 little girls gave the "Star Spangled Banner" in stirring fashion. Then the general program began. There was no speaking or any feature that demanded quiet, but out of the tent at the side of each stage there appeared troops of trained dogs, professional acrobats, jugglers, and the like, who proceeded with their acts and were then transferred by platform wagons to the next stage in the circuit. This kept the crowds from gathering uncomfortably at any one place. At the same time booms began to be sent up from a canvas enclosure, the projectiles bursting in mid-air to release grotesque figures of men and beasts that floated serenely away. A balloon ascension with a parachute drop was on the program as well, but the wind prevented. All this time, there were circulating through the crowd comic characters, some professional and some of them small boys who had donned grotesque make-ups in competition for a ragamuffin prize.

Everything was free. The lemonade stands were centers of attraction to the small boy naturally, but provision was made to take care of the smaller girls who hadn't the courage to fight their way through into the thirsty line. Popcorn was free, flags were free, caps were free, entertainment was free, everything was free.

After it was all over, the "kids" woke up to the fact that they had had a Fourth of July celebration without firecrackers. Not one injury had been reported and everybody had had just exactly the sort of a time that had, up to that day, seemed an iridescent dream never to be realized. Everybody was pleased, even the men who had worked themselves into a condition approximately a collapse, laying the plans. As a result, the city has put the firecracker on the list of undesirables, for youngsters and grown-ups alike have learned that there is a better way—a way which gives better expression to American patriotism and which is better calculated to impress upon the rising generation the meaning of a democracy founded upon a recognition of the fact that all men are created free and equal. And that is the best lesson of the Glorious Fourth.

WORLD'S LONGEST PIER.—New York is to build the longest pier in the world. It will cost $638,000 and will extend 1779 feet into New York Bay from the South Brooklyn shore. This great pier is designed to keep pace with the growth of shipping. Two other piers will be built. The longest will accommodate four of the largest transatlantic liners at once. The two smaller piers will cost $225,000 and $400,000 respectively.

TESTIFIED BY TELEPHONE.—One of the most unusual methods of taking testimony in the history of the courts was resorted to recently when Dr. George H. Brown, a victim of smallpox and a patient at the contagious disease hospital, testified over the telephone in a damage suit in the Circuit Court of Grand Rapids, Michigan. One attorney for each side and a court stenographer heard the testimony over separate receivers.

"The Country Woman's Vacation"

is the title of an interesting and instructive article that will appear in July COMFORT, written by one who has lived on a farm and knows the difficulties under which the farm women labor and the necessity for them to have a summer vacation with a change of scene. It is the busy season of farming and most of our readers probably think a summer vacation impossible, but the author of our article tells how she arranged the vacation for herself and the entire family to the great pleasure and benefit of all and without interfering with the work and with no expense. Her plan is well worth considering.

"The Rolling Stone"

is another splendid story, with a peculiar heart interest and inspiring uplift by Hapsburg Liebe, author of "A Sacrifice to Love" which we printed in May COMFORT. "The Rolling Stone" will appear complete in our coming July number; it is a strong story of the right kind, so don't miss it.

"When Baby Has Spasms"

By Dr. Hirshberg

is a valuable and timely article telling how to treat babies when they have fits and, better still, how to care for the little ones to prevent their having fits. Every mother should read this article in July COMFORT and study it carefully.

Don't Miss July COMFORT

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June, 1915.

The Once Beautiful Empress of France

By C. L. Chapman

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THERE is no other woman today whose life is so full of varied experience, so many instances of gaiety blended with deepest trials, as that of the Empress Eugenie.

Once the most beautiful queen of the world, she is now an exile from the land she ruled, her dearly beloved France. She is watching with eager eyes, an exultant spectator of the war, praying for her country's vengeance.

Today she is a pathetic figure.

Born in Granada in 1826, the daughter of the Count and Countess de Montijo of Spain. As a little child she lived a romantic life, believing in the fairies and what the gypsies told her, she felt that she had only to bide her time when some prince or king would come and claim her hand. Her girl friends told her she was as graceful as a lily, that her hair was a wonderful shower of gold and that her features were so exquisite that no artist could do her justice.

Once she was told, "You are to have a wonderful career, for some day your beauty and grace will adorn a throne." Yet with all this flattery she never grew vain or foolish. She rode, danced, lived much out of doors, thrilled with the life and joy about her, waiting for her Prince Charming.

That proud moment came when during a visit to Paris, with her mother, she met at the presidential reception, Louis Napoleon, who then ruled the Republic of France but later reestablished the imperial throne of Napoleon the Great and reigned as Napoleon III.

This glimpse proved enough to kindle a vivid spark of interest in her romantic little soul, and with all her Spanish superstition and impulsiveness, she began to see visions and to dream dreams.

But it was not until after Napoleon was made emperor that Eugenie seemed to hold him spellbound, he being completely captivated with her almost flawless beauty. At this time however, Napoleon had little thought of marrying her, but it was not long before she and her mother were invited to become his guests at Fountainbleu, the Elysee and the Tuileries.

At the Elysee,—as elsewhere—Eugenie was the handsomest of all the women, and it soon became apparent that the emperor was deeply smitten, but such a marriage is always a serious question and at once Napoleon's relatives urged him to give her up, in that they felt that she was not his equal in birth or fortune. Napoleon was not to be changed however, for to him love meant more than politics and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony at Notre Dame, on the 30th of January, 1853.

Dressed in white velvet, wearing all the crown jewels, including the famous "Regent," which sparkled on her breast, and the rose diamond belt, Eugenie was draped in the misty folds of a wonderful lace veil—the gift of the city of Liege—which fell from the diadem crowning her graceful head. Driving to the ceremony in the wonderful glass coach, first used for the coronation of Napolen I and Josephine, her appearance wrung prolonged and repeated murmurs of admiration from the throngs. Before the service was over, people forgot their prejudice, forgot they were in the cathedral and the cheers and cries of rejoicing drowned out the music of the great organ. "She entered Notre Dame chosen by the Emperor, she left it adopted by France."

Charmed with her beauty, grace and elegance, touched by her benevolence—the people all loved her. She being accustomed to society and adulation from babyhood, received all this homage with queenly condescension and without the least ostentation, not seeming to realize her wonderful position.

Eugenie, having been brought up in Spain, France and England, spoke all three languages with equal fluency and ease, and prolonged stays in Paris, London and Madrid enabled her to become acquainted with most of the prominent men in Europe. So she determined at once to make her court one of the most brilliant, surrounding herself with the greatest writers, musicians, artists and wits of the day, 'twas the Mecca of all the sovereigns of Europe and the Orient.

These were glorious days for Eugenie, but her greatest joy was yet to come in the birth of her son, in 1856. She was so proud of this boy and always found time from social duties and affairs of state to devote herself to his care.

Soon heavy clouds began to gather in France. The people wanted a republic again. Eugenie would have probably been spared some of her sorrows had she remained aloof from politics. The French were particularly aggrieved just then, for Germany had lately won great laurels, while France had made a dismal failure of her undertaking to establish the Austrian prince, Maximillian on the throne of Mexico. Then Louis Napoleon started his disastrous war with Germany in 1870.

When he went to war he always made Eugenie regent, but the people accused her of goading the emperor onto war. Her courage never failed her, until word began to reach her of the inefficiency of the French army and the certain result that was to come, as day by day the Germans made sure the issue of their brief campaign.

The frightful tidings that reached her of the defeat of the army and that Napoleon had been taken prisoner, almost stunned Eugenie, but she still felt it her duty to defend France and maintain the Imperial authority, which—although she was not aware of the fact—had already slipped out of her hands.

With the desertion of her servants and the angry cries of the mob, the empress was robbed of her last vestige of courage and she fled, with one loyal companion, seeking safety in England. Her husband was dethroned and later joined her in exile. Meantime his health was failing and it was not long before Eugenie was to be prostrated with a new sorrow, for Napoleon passed away in 1873; the husband she had loved so devotedly in spite of all his faults. But a greater sorrow was to come to her in the death of her son—on whom she lavished all of a mother's love and tenderness. He joined the British army and was killed in South Africa in battle with the Zulus.

And so today, the maiden who by charm and intelligence won a husband and a throne, once the most beautiful queen, is now but a lonely woman, bearing scarcely a trace of her once radiant beauty. Once a woman of such influence that she was blamed for the Franco-Prussian war, now attracting little or no attention, for of the thousands who meet or pass her in the streets there are not a score who know who she is.

Eugenie has tasted all the sweets of adulation and flattery, she knows the bitterness of power and position lost, never to be regained; but she knows as well that there are devoted friends who remember her as the queen of beauty, living amid scenes of fairy-like splendor, far from forgotten and winning the world's greatest respect, because she has so nobly borne her "crown of sorrows."

From her English home she is looking on with deepest interest, hoping each day to see her beautiful France victorious in the present war with Germany; praying for France to win back the two rich Rine provinces which she lost to Germany in the war of 1870 which dethroned Napoleon III and Eugenie.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

How to Celebrate the Fourth of July Suitably and Enjoyably

I HOPE all our readers, especially the fathers and mothers and those clothed with the authority of managing city and town affairs, will read and ponder well the interesting and instructive description, which we print on another page of this magazine. of how a certain American city devised and carried through a most enjoyable Fourth-of-July celebration without the nuisance, noise and danger of the pistols, guns firecrackers and other explosive adjuncts that usually make the anniversary of Independence Dav a terror to the sick and sensitive a source of anxiety to the thoughtful and a cause of distress, grief and mourning to many.

The money that is worse than wasted individually in the purchase of pistols and ammunition, firecrackers and other fireworks, if turned into a common fund in charge of a competent town or village committee would furnish a community celebration with features and attractions that would be really worth while and would be enjoyed by all without annoyance danger or injury to any, as was done by the city which our article tells of.

Of course if yours is a small town you can't expect to celebrate on such a grand scale as is possible for a large city, but most any village in the country, if its people will get together and all join heartily in the undertaking, appoint a good committee to take charge and everybody lend a helping hand, contributing cash, refreshments or personal service as each can best afford, can have a local celebration that will be creditable and long remembered as an enjoyable event

You can have a free picnic lunch with ice cream, lemonade fruits and cake at no more expense than your dinners would cost at home; by offering small prizes you can get up foot races, sack races, three-legged races, potato races, tub races, riding races and various other athletic contests among your own young people. Organize a home baseball nine for the occasion and challenge a neighboring village to send a nine to play yours; also invite the people of the other village to join you in your celebration and contribute toward it. You can do all this and a lot more yourselves, just with your local talent—enough to keep everybody interested and amused all day. If your committee have any money to spare they can hire professional performers from away to come and give an exhibition of some sort, but that is not necessary; every village has the making of a glorious good time right within itself if its people will start early, plan it right and all lift together with a will. Most any village can scare up enough local musicians to provide an orchestra or band for the occasion. Have games and races for the children including the little girls Have a masquerade, if you like, and make it a grand frolic for the young and old; go with your families; cut out the firecrackers and the firewater and you will not have to worry about your little ones getting hurt or your older ones getting into bad company on that day—no hands blown off or eyes put out, no first step in the path of vice.

Is it not well worth trying? Is it not well worth the effort, time and little money that it will cost?

Why so Many Farmers are Buying Automobiles

THE rapid development of the automobile or motor vehicle is the chief feature that marks the progress of the twentieth century and is bringing about a revolution in the moral and social as well as the material conditions of civilization. From its first appearance as a whimsical toy in the latter part of the last century it soon worked out of the experimental stage and became the synonym of luxury for the rich But now it has passed to its third stage and become well established as a practical convenience to men of moderate means and a necessary utility to professional and business men, in which latter class the farmers figure prominently as making profitable use of the automobile.

The automobile has been so perfected in its mechanism that it is as reliable as a trolley car or a horse and wagon which latter it far excels in efficiency and economy both for trucking and traveling; breakdowns are of rare occurrence and are preventable by proper care, while danger from accident has been practically eliminated except in cases of excessive speeding or reckless driving. No longer do the comic papers picture the millionaire's car stalled on the road while his chauffeur goes in search for a farmer and a span of horses to haul the disabled contraption back to the city; on the contrary the farmers are driving their own automobiles, and there are more of them owned by farmers than by any other class of business men in this country.

Farmers own one-half of all the automobiles in Iowa, one-third in Wisconsin and in many other States nearly as large a proportion. This has come about through the advent of the moderate-priced cars which are as strong, reliable and serviceable, and in point of practical utility for the ordinary man as good or better than the very highest priced machines on which so much expense is lavished for extravagant luxury of furnishings and adornment. Besides, the cost of upkeep and repair of the moderate-priced cars is much less.

The automobile is a paying investment to the farmer, as it is to the business and professional man, in the time it saves him in getting over the road, for "time is money" to the farmer as it is to anybody who has work to do; also it enables him to go to places, otherwise beyond his reach, to sell his products and make his purchases to better advantage in larger markets.

Besides superior power, speed and endurance the automobile has the advantage over the horse of requiring no feed except when working; it is always ready night or day, needs no rest and there is no fear of overworking it in weather so hot as to be dangerous for horses to be worked.

The social side of farm life is a problem of no small importance which the automobile is solving. Loneliness, due to isolation, and the lack of social privileges have been the chief disadvantages attendant on farming which are especially objectionable to the women and young folks. The former has been relieved by the telephone and the rural free delivery service, and now the automobile solves the latter by enabling the farmer and his family to attend church, Sunday school, Grange meetings, lectures, moving picture and other shows, parties, public functions and fairs anywhere within thirty or forty miles, for the horseless carriage easily covers twenty-five miles of ordinary road in an hour, and the headlights illuminate the way so that driving is safe at night.

As between the city man and farmer the expense of housing and upkeep is much in favor of the latter. In the crowded quarters in which city people live, unless wealthy, they have no place to store their automobiles and are obliged to hire them kept and cared for at a public garage and pay high prices for cleaning and for any little bit of tinkering required to keep them in running order; but the farmer usually has a building suitable for housing his car, or at slight cost can build one himself, and he will further save expense by washing and painting his own car, when necessary, and by personal attention to his machine keep it in serviceable condition. With decent treatment a present-day automobile will run thousands of miles without needing repair, and when in the course of time any part shows wear a duplicate part, that will fit exactly, can be had from the factory or the agent, so that in most cases the man who uses modern farm machinery is mechanic enough to keep his automobile in repair.

The automobile is largely responsible for the nation-wide movement for better roads. No one is more benefited by good roads than is the farmer whether he owns an automobile or not, for a farmer cannot afford the wear and tear on his horses, carts and wagons consequent on driving or hauling over roads unfit for automobile travel.

Very many COMFORT subscribers who live by farming write that they own an automobile and all such are enthusiastic over the benefits derived therefrom; never one expresses regret for the investment, while many others say they intend to buy one this season. I congratulate them on their good fortune and good sense and I wish that all our readers possessed the wherewithal to do likewise. It is a thing worth working and saving money for with a reasonable hope of attainment by farmers of average prospects.

Long Life and Health by Drinking Distilled Water

OLD age and most of its characteristic infirmities including apoplexy and certain forms of heart disease are due to hardening of the arteries. In fact it is a proverb with the doctors that "a man is as young as his arteries."

In youth the arteries are soft, flexible and elastic like a rubber pipe, permitting the blood to flow freely to all parts of the body and enabling the heart to do its work without excessive effort With advancing years the arteries harden in consequence of mineral deposits largely consisting of lime. This checks the circulation of the blood, putting abnormal work on the heart and causing heart strain enlargement of the heart and other permanent injuries to that vital organ; the arteries become brittle and are apt to spring a leak in the brain which causes apoplexy or paralysis. This hardening of the arteries causes many other diseased conditions of other organs besides general weakening of the vital powers.

While hardening of the arteries is common to old age it also appears in persons of middle age. or even younger, causing premature old age and attendant diseases and decrepitude.

Once the arteries have hardened there is no treatment that will restore them to their normal condition; but there are certain well-known causes that hasten the hardening process and certain treatments that tend to check it. Impure drinking water, especially that impregnated with lime or other alkali is one of the common causes of hardening of the arteries and of kidney troubles, stones in the bladder and certain forms of rheumatism.

The drinking of distilled water—that is water made absolutely pure and free from all minerals by distillation—is one of the effective means of preventing hardening of the arteries and the other diseases previously mentioned. This is proved by the medical records of the U. S Navy.

There are between 65,000 and 70,000 men in the Navy and Marine Corps, and the Surgeon General's report for 1913 shows only one death from apoplexy and places hardening of the arteries as the least common of all diseases among these men. He attributes this healthy condition to the enforced use of distilled water, for all water served on board ships of war is distilled. Every ship is equipped with a distilling plant that boils sea water, the steam from which is conducted through a pipe to a cold receptacle and condensed. The salt and all other impurities are left behind in the boiler and the water formed from the steam in the condenser is absolutely pure.

Dr. Wedekind, commander of the U S. hospital ship Solace, writes: "I urge that the rest of the world live as we do, using distilled water, and live on and on, youths at 65 We do not develop arterial degeneration, gout and rheumatism though not surrounded by home comforts, regular seasons, regular amusements and home life"

Certainly this seems worth trying as it can not do any harm Cut out drinking alcoholic liquor, also, which is a well-known cause of hardening of the arteries gout, rheumatism, liver and kidney diseases.

The Nation-Wide Prohibition Crusade

COMFORT is in the fight for nation-wide prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes under strict government regulation, and will keep fighting until Congress gives us an effective law to accomplish this result, which I believe can be brought about if all the friends of temperance will give the movement their earnest support.

So many of our readers from every State in the Union have written expressing their hearty approval of, and promising to help on the crusade which I proposed in my April editorial, that I am convinced it is worth while for COMFORT to lead the campaign and that our united efforts will be an impressive factor in influencing the action of Congress.

As this is a new movement that I propose there are many points to be considered and carefully worked out before the exact details can be formulated. It is very important to start just right; therefore I am taking time to insure against mistakes. However, I expect to have the matter in shape very soon and to print the form of the petitions and full instructions for circulating them in July COMFORT. That will give you ample time to get them signed and send them in, as Congress does not meet until December.

As I have not had time to answer individually I take this means of thanking all you who have written me and I promise that those who have thus far responded shall hear from me by mail.

We are on the right side of the most important issue before the American people and we must and will succeed.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—A Big Summer Seller—Something new—Concentrated Soft Drinks. Just add water—Delicious Soft Drinks in a jiffy—any time—anywhere. Popular for the home, picnics, parties, socials etc. Guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food Laws. Lightweight packages—by Parcel Post—no delay. Enormous demand—Agents coining money—$6 to $12 a day. 250 other fast sellers—all big repeaters 100% profit. Agent's Outfit Free—Territory going fast. Be quick—just a postal today. American Products Co. 2250 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or exp. needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Large Manufacturer wants reliable men and women to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, etc. to homes. Big profits. Send references. $10 sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

Men & Women to sell jewelry and household goods on our new premium plan. Cash commission paid, send for free catalogue. Allen & Co., Dept. 4, Woodsboro, Md.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

A Dollar A Minute Can't Be Made With our goods or anybody's. But you can make good money with our quick sellers, not sold in stores. Write and say "show me." S. Mfg. Co., 41Y Warren St., N. Y.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

We Want ambitious men and women. If $8 to $15 weekly will interest you write for our contract. No Capital required. Lydia E. Small Co., 285 Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.

Wanted—Live agents either sex, for live business. Entire or spare time. Credit if needed. Experience not required. 421 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln & Roscoe, Chicago.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk PI, Chicago, Ill.

Our Agents find our new Fountain Auto and Wagon Washer the most profitable of our extensive line. We need a large number of agents in Northern New England. Write for terms and catalogue. 100% profit. Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.

Agents—Our New Kerosene Self-Heating Flat Iron (Model 15) sells on sight. Write to Schubert Co., 3202 S. Halsted St., Chicago.

Splendid opportunity, representatives everywhere to sell trees and plants, liberal terms, outfit free, cash weekly. Parker Bros. Nursery Co., Fayetteville, Ark. Dept. C.

Agents—Sample our ball-bearing, self-sharpening shears, 35 cents. Oliver Specialty Co., 5957 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Our Raincoats sell everywhere. Newest styles, Lowest factory prices, big commissions for agents. Particulars free. G. Osgood Co., White Plains, N. Y.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I Will start you in the Mail Order Business, furnish everything if you will handle my goods. Crest Company, D, Atlantic City, N. J.

Don't Be An Agent—Own Your Own Business. We furnish complete, practical, Low Price outfits for plating in Gold, Silver, Copper, Nickel, etc. We furnish recipes, formulas, trade secrets. Work easy, profit enormous. Send today for particulars. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 725 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make $21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but two pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in three minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first eight hours. No charge for territory. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 855 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Agents—We start you with 100 steady customers; your success assured. 70 per cent profit first order; no failures; get our plan today. La Clair Toilet Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; $1,000 guarantee goes with it; make $50 to $100 weekly easy. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Telegraphs "rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 293, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.

Agents $10.00 Sample Watch Free. Write now for free sample watch and terms to Ogden Jewelry Co., Dept. 52, Chicago.

Agents—$1,000 to $3,000 yearly selling over eighty every day articles to farmers. Permanent business. Big Chance. Write quick. Dept. 40, Duoform Company, North Java, N. Y.

Agents. Sinking of Lusitania. Big book. 50% discount. Freight paid. Credit given. Retail only $1.00. Outfit free to workers. Wilmore Book Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents, Men and Women, make 100 to 150 percent clear profit selling Delbare's Naptha Washing Tablets. Wash clothes clean without rubbing; better than old way. Saves work, time and clothes. Guaranteed absolutely harmless and will not injure finest fabrics. Contains no chemicals or acids. Women go crazy over it—repeat orders from everyone. We manufacture—you save middleman's profit. Prompt shipments. Free sample and full particulars sent on request. Dept. A, Naptha Washing Tablet Company, Inc., 714 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Signal, attachment for funnels, prevents overflow when filling kegs, jugs, cans, oil stoves, metal lamps &c. patented, great seller, price ten cents by mail. Adams Novelty Company, Westmont, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Young Man, would you accept a tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept 92 Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4130 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Sell Summer Necessities Paying 100% Profit. Big demand. Repeat orders sure. Samples free. DeLyte Co., Sta. B., Baltimore, Md.

Make And Sell Your Own Goods. Formulas by Expert Chemists. Mfg. Processes and Trade Secrets. Formula Catalog for Stamp. Q. Mystic Company, Washington, D.C.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women:—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home Towns, on capital of 65c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Corsets. Ladies, large profits taking orders for Patent Reducing and other custom corsets made by old, reliable St. Louis Corset Co., (Custom Dept.) St. Louis, Mo.

Ladies—Everywhere—You can make good money in spare time, taking orders for our High Grade Calling and Business Cards. Complete Outfit Free. Formans, Printers Ct., Waterbury, Conn.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKS

"From The Ball Room To Hell" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., X, Syracuse, N. Y.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys Only—12 to 16 years. A 1-passenger automobile free if you can call on about 2000 families. Address P. O. Box 305, Pen Argyl, Pa.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2½x3¼ to 3¼x4¼ 3c.; 4x5 to 3¼x5½, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1062 Third Ave., New York City. Box S.

Films Developed 10c A Roll. Prints 3 & 4c. Expert work. Send for free offer. O. E. McLaughlin, 297 West Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Photos Enlarged 25c. 8x10 from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c per roll, all sizes. Prints 3c each, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4; 4c; 3 1-4x 4 1-4. Send negative and get prints Free. We save you money. Anti-Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 612-Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Films developed 10c, all sizes. Prints 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 3c; 2 1-2 x 4 1-4, 3 1-2 x 3 1-2, 3 1-4 x 4 1-4, 4c; Post Cards, 50c doz. Work returned 24 hours after receiving. Send negatives for samples. Girard's Photo Shop, Holyoke, Mass.

Kodak Finishing, Send Film and Dime for sample work and prices, Square Deal Photo Shop, 18 Main, West Cairo, Ohio.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Through Credit System. Send sketch for search. Booklet Free. John Louis Waters & Co., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search. Book free. Geo. P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Edward Bruce Moore. Sole Offices 158 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C. Head of United States Patent Office and Commissioner under Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson and Assistant Commissioner under President McKinley. Do not waste money for patents procured by unknown and incompetent attorneys. They are worthless and manufacturers and investors will not buy them nor do they fully protect your invention. Consult an expert known throughout the Patent World. A known attorney's name on your patents adds value. Costs no more to be safe.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 351, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Dollar 1873 S. Mint; $2.00 for 1904 Proof Dollars; $7. for 1853 Quarters no arrows, etc. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Ills'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

Virginia Farms $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send Stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

Learn Nursing At Home. Rates low. Easy terms. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2226 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Expert Developing. Quick returns. Send for free samples. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston, North Postal Sta.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Send 25c silver for wall paper cleaner receipt. Used by professional cleaners. L. McCoy Craig, Mo. Box 108.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Men Or Women: Have initiative. Be your own paymaster. Our method is a money maker. Send dime for plan and useful souvenir. Hildreth Co., E. Jaffrey, N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS

Chicks. We hatch and sell chicks at 6½c up. Good stock. 12 varieties. Circular Free. Write to Old Honesty Hatchery, New Washington, Ohio. Dept. C.

Grow Pearls from fresh water clams by putting shot in right place. Sell your old books, letters, mud turtles, butterflies, millers, bird's eggs, china, leeches, roots, Indian relics, stones, feathers, gold, silver, shells. Stamp for particulars. E. Eastling Co., R.4, Almond, Wis.

"Never Told Facts" regarding sex instruction. Three dimes. Agents Opportunity. Dr. Emma J. Covey, 418-13th St., Denver, Colo.

FARM LANDS

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Would Be Writers! Send veteran that short story or scenario. Criticism and inspiring personal letter; $2.00 cash. Lawrence McCarthy, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays: $50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Buy Plays. We tell how to write them. Details Free. C. Frye Publishing Co., 15 West 107 Str., New York City.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form; Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Big Prices paid. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Revision Co., Box 18, Smethport, Pa.

MOUING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn $35 to $50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdse. Co., 523 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key To Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

Make Money Writing Short Stories Or Articles. Free booklet. Tells how. Dept. Ct., United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

BY PARCEL POST

"Swat-the-Fly" Fly Trap. Will rid your home of flies. Large trap, $1.00, delivered. Frank Karnes, Spring Valley, Illinois.

MALE HELP WANTED

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Farmers Wanted. $60 to $125 Monthly. Age 21 to 50. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations—can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial Examination Free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet G-1450. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Railway Mail Clerks wanted. $75 month. Pull unnecessary. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Men 20 to 40 yrs. all parts U. S. for electric railway motormen and conductors. $60 to $100 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Write for application blank. Nat'l Railway Training Association, Dept. E, Kansas City, Mo.

$80 Monthly And Expenses, to travel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents, permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Investigators Work Everywhere. Be one, Earn big pay, Easy work, Travel. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wanted—Several honest industrious persons to distribute religious literature. $60 per month. Stanton Co., Law Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$35 Weekly To Men Or Women. Something new. Superba Co., D3, Baltimore, Md.

Men-Women Wanted. $75 month. Government jobs. Write for list positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Lady or Gentleman, fair education, to travel for old established firm; no canvassing; salary, $936 per year, payable weekly, pursuant to contract; expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lady Solicitors Wanted. Corporation manufacturing ladies' specialties. Big money for live solicitors. Consumers Chemical Corporation, Consumers Building, Chicago.

You Can Write A Picture Play Or Short Story. We help you sell them. School Short Story Writing, 96 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ladies; We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Earn $1.00 to $2.00 per hour, demonstrating the "Hallie Wilson" Spring-belt Work Apron. Hallie Wilson & Co., Berlin, N. H.

COMFORT'S Prize Contest Closes!

COMFORT'S Seventh Great Cash Prize Contest which opened October 1, 1914, closed promptly at midnight April 30, 1915. Commencing November 1914 we paid a separate list of Cash Prizes each month up to and including April, 1915. In addition to these regular Monthly Cash Prizes we also paid at the close of the April Contest 44 Grand Prizes ranging from $5.00 to $150.00. We have announced in COMFORT from month to month the names of all those who won the Monthly Prizes and below we print the names of those who won the April Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes. As many of the April Prize Winners also won a Grand Prize, to save repeating we print the names of those who won BOTH an April Prize and a Grand Prize in the Grand Prize List only. We also print in the April Monthly Prize List and in the Consolation Prize List only those of the April Prize Winners who did not win a Grand Prize also.

List of Grand Prize and April Prize Winners!

(Showing Also Total Amount of Money Won by Each)

Name	Grand Prizes	April Prizes	Other Monthly Prizes	Total Won in Six Months
Ada Humphrey, Ky.,	$150.00	$90.00	$122.00	$362.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	100.00	10.00	146.00	256.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.,	75.00	40.00	95.00	210.00
Henry McCord, Ga.,	50.00	——	100.00	150.00
Mrs. Ruth Crow, Ill.,	35.00	3.00	46.00	84.00
Sybil Pharis, Kans.,	25.00	15.00	60.00	100.00
E. Wagoner, Ill.,	15.00	——	52.00	67.00
Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.,	10.00	20.00	20.00	50.00
Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.,	10.00	10.00	19.00	39.00
A. B. Nutting, Mass.,	10.00	——	16.00	26.00
Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.,	10.00	1.00	15.00	26.00
Mrs. Lezim Verrier, Wash.,	5.00	6.00	13.00	24.00
C. A. Brown, Mich.,	5.00	1.00	4.00	10.00
Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.,	5.00	1.00	5.00	11.00
Mrs. J. B. Oatts, Ky.,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Miss Almena R. Hartpence, Pa.,	5.00	——	7.00	12.00
Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana,	5.00	3.00	4.00	12.00
Carl Sjunberg, Wyo.,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.,	5.00	2.00	3.00	10.00
Emma Jane Ward, Ohio,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
E. A. Buckingham, W. Va.,	5.00	——	11.00	16.00
Mrs. Will Reams, Ill.,	5.00	6.00	2.00	13.00
Mrs. Oscar Hile, Missouri,	5.00	1.00	7.00	13.00
Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.,	5.00	1.00	4.00	10.00
Mrs. A. J. Nickerson, N. Y.,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Mrs. J. A. Williams, Wash.,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
Pearl A. Young, Ohio,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Bagley, Ohio,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Byrda Evans, Missouri,	5.00	——	3.00	8.00
Mrs. Adam Scharrar, N. J.,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Ora B. Mohon, Ky.,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
D. I. Havens, Pa.,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.,	5.00	——	5.00	10.00
Mrs. Clara Brown, Pa.,	5.00	——	4.00	9.00
Rudulph Fischer, Pa.,	5.00	——	3.00	8.00
Mrs. Zora A. Hicks, Miss.,	5.00	2.00	2.00	9.00
Mrs. J. P. Smith, Kans.,	5.00	1.00	3.00	9.00
Alice Williams, Ga.,	5.00	1.00	2.00	8.00
Miss Agnes Johnson, Nebr.,	5.00	——	3.00	8.00
Miss Elsie M. Walker, N. Y.,	5.00	——	3.00	8.00
Wm. A. Grant, Ark.,	5.00	——	1.00	6.00
Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.,	5.00	1.00	3.00	9.00
Cecilia Thorn, Ohio,	5.00	——	3.00	8.00

The Following Won An April Monthly Prize Only!

Georgie Hodge, Tenn., 2.00; Mrs. M. B. Miller, Pa., 2.00; Chas. Little, N. C., (doubled) 4.00; Miss Mary Sanders, Va., 2.00; Miss Sallie I. Faust, Pa., 2.00; Miss Ruth McAllister, Mich., 2.00; Mrs. Wm. V. Schott, Ohio, 1.00; James B. Tweedale, Va., 1.00; Joseph Wishnefski, Pa., (doubled) 2.00; Mrs. G. W. Orsbon, N. C., 1.00; Olive M. Dawson, Kans., 1.00; Clarence McMurray, Ohio, 1.00; Pedro B. Araneta, Philippine Islands, 1.00; Mrs. Janie Woods, Ohio, 1.00; Mrs. T. I. Macon, Columbus, Ga., 1.00; Mrs. Mary Sleeter, Ark., 1.00; Miss Lula Belle Rathburn, Indiana, 1.00; Mrs. Anna C. Brown, S. Dak., 1.00; Bessie Wells, Iowa, (doubled) 2.00; Susan A. Rowe, Indiana, 1.00; Mrs. Annie E. Baldwin, Wash., 1.00; Amanda Kidd, Ill., 1.00; Susie A. Grim, W. Va., 1.00; Mrs. S. A. Gholson, Utah, 1.00; Mrs. Adeline Whittaker, Ky., 1.00; Mrs. Cora Hallman S. C., 1.00; Helen Jacobson, Minn., 1.00; Mrs. Werner Olson, Minn., 1.00; Mrs. Sadie Ross, Indiana, (doubled) 2.00.

The Following Won A Consolation Prize Only!

Mrs. M. E. Henry, Texas, Minnie Ostrander, Okla., Miss Hazel Saylor, Ohio, Mrs. Vassie Ervin Calif., Miss Mary V. Refford, Pa., Adline Thompson, N. C., Mrs. Vesta Ogle, Ohio, Mrs. Rosina Goodspeed, N. Y., Mrs. T. J. Linning Ohio, Mrs. R. L. Schnurrenberger, Ohio, Bessie Thomas, Missouri, Anna Schas, Ohio, Mrs. John W. Baker, Nev., Mrs. William R. Robinson, Maine, Mrs. Lewis Anderson, Minn., Mrs. A. Z. Harrison, Texas, Mrs. Geo. W. Moore, Iowa, Miss Magdaline Sauline, Ohio, Mrs. P. H. Skow, Nebr., Mrs. John J. Tron, Ohio, Miss Edna Lightfoot, Wash., Mrs. Art Davis, Okla., Miss Merle Edgerton, Kans., Mrs. Frederick Smith, N. Y., Mrs. Sam Cooksey, Ky., Mrs. J. E. Bailey, Ga., Miss Ethel Turner, N. Y., Mrs. May MaCann, Mich., Mrs. Lena Crabtree, Tenn., Bessie Bocock, Okla., Hilda Creveling, Pa., Jennie B. Williamson, Tenn., Mrs. J. W. Ellis, Calif., Mrs. J. A. Wood, N. C., Mrs. C. Chamberlin, N. J., Priscilla Woodley, Fla., Mrs. J. W. Peck, Ala., Mrs. Josephine Place, N. Y., Mrs. E. A. Knight, Mont., Miss Madeline Mesack, Mich., Daisy Reeves, Indiana, Miss Margaret Stacy, Ky., Eva Williams, Mich., Mrs. W. C. Raborn, S. C.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"HE hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished."

Shakespeare's manner of expressing his ideas was quite his own, but the same opinion exists today and the person who cares nothing for books, is, or should be, regarded with pity for one of the greatest pleasures of life is thereby lost.

In the following letter from Mrs. Schiller, a very good list of authors are given and I wish every reader of COMFORT would make an effort to devote some time each day to reading and, of equal importance, serious thought of what has been read.

Children should be taught to exercise as much care in selecting their books as in choosing their friends, for books either aid or mar the moral development almost as surely as one's associates can.

While it is not a financial possibility for every family to own a well-stocked library, now is the time to begin no matter if you possess only a few books. The homelike appearance they add to a room is but secondary to the broadening and uplifting influence on the mind, but both are worth any personal sacrifice to obtain.—Ed.

DURANGO, P. O. Box 1171, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Since I last wrote to you from Ignacio, the Episcopal church there has been completed and dedicated, naming it Saint John's. It was not consecrated until free from debt. The church building is twenty by forty feet of cement blocks with a roof of bungalow design. The building, exclusive of furnishings, cost one thousand dollars, part of which was contributed by church societies, and the minor part was raised by the untiring work of the women of the parish. In the corner stone of this church building, reposes a Bible, a prayer book and hymnal of the church, a list of contributors to the building fund, copy of the Ignacio paper, "The Chieftain," and various other papers. Numerous gifts have been received toward furnishing the church, namely, an organ, lectern, chalice and smaller articles.

During the fair last fall, a booth was conducted for the benefit of St. John's church fund, and a good amount cleared for that purpose, notwithstanding an assault on the booth by enemies, of which "The Chieftain" wrote:

"The heathens who played the unspeakably dirty trick to the lunch stand of the St. John's Guild Wednesday night, if apprehended, should be chased out of town and invited to stay away on pain of more severe punishment. Such beasts should not be allowed even the company of a lousy Ute dog."

I have never forgotten the advice of one of my school teachers many years ago, that to cultivate a taste for good reading and, if possible, accumulate a library, would afford undreamed of pleasure through life. I like "Sesame" and "Lilies" and the other works of John Ruskin for the beautiful thoughts, sound philosophy and fine language therein.

Charles Dickens should be read by everyone, for his wonderful insight into human nature has helped me, among hundreds of mortals striving to gain knowledge of mankind.

Some have called Edward Bulwer Lytton a writer of mystic weird tales. I especially admire his beautiful thoughts, purity of diction and his philosophy.

Even the blase will find something new in "Kenelm Chillingly" and his adventures, which might happen to any of us in the United States or in England, and Riccabocca in "My Novel" is a character worthy of emulation.

Sir Walter Scott's writings seem odd and dry, though in one novel I read a most extraordinary account of an execution; and with this writer I class Alexander Dumas.

Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" should be read to study that grand character the Bishop, alias Jean Valjean.

The diary of George Eliot's life shows those records frequently kept by folks in days less strenuous than the present ones, and her novels are classics.

An entirely different woman is Margaret E. Sangster, to whom one should refer for good advice on subjects interesting to all who have at heart that blessed trinity, man, woman and offspring, and their dwelling place, the home.

E. P. Roe and Louise Alcott's novels point good morals while being intensely interesting reading matter.

Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales depict a phase of Indian life and the style of living of our ancestors in one section of this country.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Letitia M. Burwell's "A Girl's Life in Old Virginia Before The War" show two sides of the life of the whites among the negroes before the Civil War.

Anna Katharine Green and Conan Doyle are good detective writers and show to what lengths a vivid imagination can go.

For humor, read Marietta Holly (Josiah Allen's wife) and Mark Twain.

When your time is limited, read Henry's short tales, with theater in various parts of the United States.

E. A. Poe always reminds me of the honor given to mortals,—after death, the same as to the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

For essays, read Bacon's and Emerson's, not omitting those of W. C. Brann, who strips off the veneer and tells the truth, whether it please or not.

Among the poets, Tennyson, Longfellow, the Brownings, James Whitcomb Riley and Ella W. Wilcox should be studied.

I feel sorry for those who do not care for poetry—they miss so much. Those who do not care for it, would be well repaid if they cultivated a fondness for the best poets.

Shakespeare's tales show that human nature in its main characteristics doubtless was the same in that age as at the present time, even if people did dress differently, and lived in somewhat more commodious dwellings and did not have aluminum or even enamelled

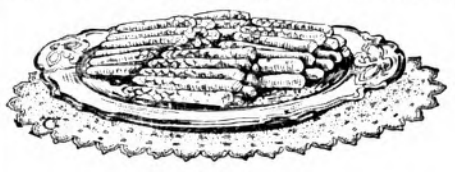
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes

CHICKEN BROTH.—Take the water the fowl has been boiled in, set it on to boil with half cup of rice and boil one hour, add pint of chicken cut in cubes, add onion to the stock when first put on to boil. Season with salt, pepper and celery salt and serve.

NOODLES.—Two eggs, one half teaspoon salt, one half egg shell of milk, work in as much flour as possible. Roll very thin, dry an hour or so, roll up and slice very fine. Put in soup fifteen minutes before serving.
MRS. ANDREW DABOVICH, Virginia, Nev.

BOILED ASPARAGUS.—Cut off lower parts of stocks as far as they will snap; wash, remove scales and tie into bundles. Cook in boiling salted water until soft, leav-



BOILED ASPARAGUS.

ing tips out of water part of the time. Drain, remove strings and season with salt, pepper and butter.—Ed.

GRAHAM MUSH.—Mix one and one half cups graham flour with one cup cold water; then add three and one half cups boiling water into which has been dissolved two teaspoons suet. Boil five minutes, set in a larger pan of boiling water and cook one hour.—Ed.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—Lay in a buttered baking dish half a pound of sausages that have been cut in short pieces. Turn into a mixing bowl one teacup of flour and add a pinch each of sugar, pepper and salt, one scant teaspoon of baking powder, two well-beaten eggs, one large cup tomato sauce and very little grated onion. Beat batter until very smooth, pour over sausages and bake in a hot oven until firm and brown.
LILLIAN CARSTENS, Deep River, Conn.

HOMINY. (Requested.)—To one quart of white corn add one tablespoon of soda. Cover with water and cook till hulls get loose, drain off water, put in a large vessel of cold water and rub with the hands. Change water two or three times, till all hulls are removed. Cook till tender, drain off water, salt to taste and fry in hot fat.
LILA MCALISTER, Stephenville, Texas.

FRIED HOMINY.—Pour one part hominy into four parts boiling, salted water, stir till it thickens and then cook slowly in a double boiler for three and one half hours. Pour into a deep, greased pan till about four inches in depth. When perfectly cool, turn the mixture out of the pan, slice in one half inch slices and fry both sides in hot fat.—Ed.

HOMINY AND CHEESE.—Put alternate layers of boiled hominy and grated cheese in baking dish. Add enough milk to moisten. Cover with bread or cracker crumbs, and place small pieces of butter on top. Bake till hot through and crumbs are browned.—Ed.

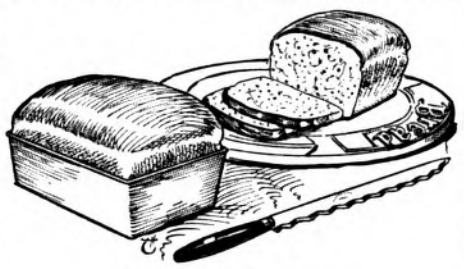
PICKLED PIGS' FEET. (Requested.)—Boil the feet until they fall to pieces. Season while cooking with salt and pepper (and if liked use allspice or a few cloves or a small piece of bay leaf.) When cool remove bones. If too much liquid, boil down to at least one pint. Put meat into crock, add one cup good vinegar and the liquid from meat. Stir all together, set away to cool. It should be jellied when cold. Cut in slices and garnish platter with parsley.
MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weiser, Idaho.

LUNCHEON HAM.—Put fair-sized slice of ham in baking pan and cover with milk. Bake in a slow oven until milk has soaked into ham and ham is light brown; add milk enough to make a gravy and thicken.

FISH SAUCE.—To be used with any baked fish. One half cup of butter creamed well; add, one at a time, two egg yolks and beat well; add juice of one half lemon, one half teaspoon of salt and one quarter teaspoon of cayenne pepper. When ready to serve, add one half cup boiling water, heat rapidly over hot water and stir until it thickens. This is said to be delicious.
MRS. BULAH ZIEGLER, Arnold, Kans.

BAKED EGGS.—Make a cream sauce of two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk. Fill six ramekin dishes one third full with the sauce and drop into each, one raw egg; sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with cream sauce and stand the ramekins in a pan of hot water. Bake five minutes in a moderate oven.—Ed.

POTATO AND FLOUR BREAD.—By the courtesy of the "Rural New Yorker," we print the following recipe for Potato and Flour Bread, which is worth trying. Not only is this pleasing to the taste, but it is economical as well as nutritious and keeps soft longer than bread made from ordinary white flour. Peel some potatoes and let them stand in cold water for a time. Drop into boiling water and when done put through a potato ricer. Place three cups of this mashed potato into the bread



POTATO AND FLOUR BREAD.

mixer. Add one heaping teaspoon of salt and one cup of new milk. Beat with a spoon till white and light. Put in a second cup of new milk, in which is dissolved one half cake of compressed yeast. About nine cups of white bread flour will be required to make it stiff enough. Let the dough rise till light, cut it down, let rise again. Place on the molding board and shape into two loaves, let rise again and bake one hour.
MRS. J. W. SMITH, Massachusetts.

TASTY POLISH POT ROAST.—Procure a good pot roast the night before you wish to cook it: place in an enameled pan with one sliced garlic, placed under and over the roast. Stick a few cloves into the meat. Then half cover with good cider vinegar. Turn a few times and cover tightly. Next day allow fresh cold water to run over meat fifteen minutes. Dry with a clean cloth, dredge with flour and brown thoroughly in smoking hot fat. Put in pot, adding one quart boiling water and cook over good fire; add little hot water at times to keep one quart in pot. When tender add one minced onion, salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. When onion is cooked, lift meat to platter. Thicken gravy with one tablespoon flour in a little cool water. When thickened pour little over meat and rest in gravy boat. Delicious hot with gravy or sliced cold.
MRS. GRIFFITH RYAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHILI-CON-CARNE. (Requested.)—To make the original chili, you must use the real Mexican Chili peppers, not the ground pepper, as that contains curry powder, which gives a peculiar and not pleasant flavor. Two pounds ground beef, commonly called Hamburger, one whole garlic, and for this amount of meat, use from ten to twelve peppers. Place meat in hot lard together with garlic chopped fine, one heaping tablespoon flour, brown together to nice brown, pour enough water to cover meat, not too much (depending on how much gravy you wish) and place back to cook slowly. Wash peppers, open and remove seeds, place on stove to boil about ten minutes, remove pulp, placing same in pot with meat. If desired very highly seasoned, you may add some of the water in which the peppers were cooked; let all this boil slowly for about two hours. Season with salt to taste. Do not use seeds nor outer skin of peppers. If you follow these directions, you will find a most excellent Chili-Con-Carne, and eaten with plain boiled red beans, is a very palatable dish. I will also state, that it may be possible that you would use these numbers of peppers and then not find the Chili very hot, and then again you may find in using only two or three it would be very hot, as sometimes the peppers are not hot. Hope this will be of some service to your subscribers.
MRS. M. E. WHITNEY, 1017 Third St., New Orleans, La.

KOHL RABI. (Requested.)—Take young Kohl Rabi, peel and wash; then put it in some cold water with a little salt; dice it and boil until soft. Make a cream sauce of two tablespoons of butter, one half tablespoon of flour or corn-starch, one cup of milk or cream, salt and pepper. Melt butter, add the flour mixed with seasonings, and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour on milk, one third at a time, stirring until well-mixed, cook until smooth. When done, pour over Kohl Rabi and serve while hot.
MRS. T. SCHARPF, Sparkill, N. Y.

SALAD DRESSING.—One egg, one teaspoon mustard, two teaspoons sugar, two tablespoons vinegar; pepper and salt to taste. Cook in double boiler, when thick take off, add one third cup cream or milk and a small piece of butter.

OATMEAL BREAD.—Dissolve one compressed yeast cake in one half cupful of lukewarm water. Add to two cups of rolled Quaker oats, two cups of boiling water. Let stand one hour. Then add one half cup molasses, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon butter, the yeast cake and five cups sifted flour. Let rise until double in bulk, then beat well, and turn into greased bread tins. Let rise once more and bake. Sufficient for two loaves.
NORMA NELSON, Huntington Sta., L. I., N. Y.

ROLLED OATS BREAD.—Two cups boiling water, one half cup molasses, pinch of salt, one tablespoon butter, one half yeast cake dissolved in one half cup warm water, one heaping cup rolled oats, four cups flour. Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour; add the rest of the ingredients and let rise, beat thoroughly, turn into buttered bread tins, let rise again and bake.

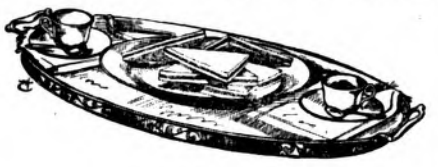
DELICIOUS MUFFINS.—Beat the yolks of two eggs. Into this stir one pint of flour in which two heaping teaspoons of baking powder have been mixed; then stir in gradually one pint of sweet milk or water, and add lastly the well-beaten whites of the eggs; salt. Add two tablespoons of sugar mixed with the flour if muffins are liked sweet. Have the pans well greased, and hot. Put in a hot oven and bake quickly twenty minutes.
MISS HELEN S. NAGG, Allison, Pa.

CREAM WAFFLES.—One pint of sour cream, two eggs, one pint of flour, one tablespoon of corn-meal, one teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon of salt. Beat the eggs separately, mix the cream with the beaten yolks, stir in the flour, corn-meal and salt; add the soda dissolved in a little sweet milk, and, lastly, the whites beaten to stiff froth.
MRS. I. T. DEGROFF, Roubaix, S. Dak.

JAPANESE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, four cups flour, one cup butter, four eggs, one teaspoon lemon extract, one teaspoon baking powder and enough milk to make a medium batter; bake in layers.

FILLING.—Juice of two lemons and rind of one, one grated cocoanut, one and half cups sugar, one half cup water, and three teaspoons corn-starch; cook until thick and spread between layers and on top.
MRS. W. S. GRAHAM, Athens, Ala.

SANDWICHES.—Cut the bread very thin and in triangular shape and remove crusts. Butter the bread, with melted butter, and spread with a mixture made of equal parts of cream cheese and chopped dates, and finely



SANDWICHES.

chopped walnuts if desired. Serve with tea. Other fillings, equally as good, are made of the following combinations: Cucumbers, sliced thin, with salad dressing and chopped nuts. Cottage cheese and juice of onion. Stuffed olives, ground, and salad dressing. Bananas, sliced thin and sprinkled with lemon juice, salad dressing and chopped nuts.

GENUINE PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Three tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, one half cup lukewarm water, one yeast cake, two cups fresh milk, one tablespoon sugar, whites of two eggs, six cups flour. Scald the milk and add to it the sugar, salt and butter. Let it stand until lukewarm, then add three cups flour and beat for five minutes. Add the dissolved yeast cake and let it stand until very light and frothy, then add the remaining flour. Let it rise again until it is twice its original bulk, place on your molding board, knead lightly and roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Take a large biscuit cutter and cut the dough into rounds, brush with melted butter, fold over and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart. Let them rise until very light and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.
MRS. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrew St., San Francisco, Cal.

DROP MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups brown sugar, one half cup melted lard, two eggs, one cup cold water, one half cup molasses, one cup raisins, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cloves, two teaspoons cinnamon, two teaspoons soda dissolved in a little water. Six cups sifted flour or enough to make the dough stiff, and drop from a teaspoon one and one half inch apart on greased tins.
MRS. O. W. BOLFING, Osage City, Mo.

PLAIN CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, two cups flour and two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor with any kind of extract.

SUMMER MINCE MEAT.—One cup raisins, eight rolled crackers, two cups sugar, one quarter cup vinegar, one tablespoon butter, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice if liked. Cook these ingredients together while preparing the crust.
MRS. IDA SOUTHERLAND, Garrison, R. R. 1, Kans.

SNOW CAKE.—Whites of six eggs, one and one half cups milk, two and one half cups sugar, one and one half cups lard, pinch salt, flavor, and enough flour to make soft dough; bake. This recipe makes excellent layer cakes.
MAE SMITH, Kiblah, Ark.

DARK LAYER CAKE.—Four eggs (leave out two whites), two cups dark brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup sour milk, one level teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cinnamon, one half teaspoon cloves, two cups flour, one quarter teaspoon salt. Add soda last in one tablespoon boiling water. Use white boiled icing between layers.

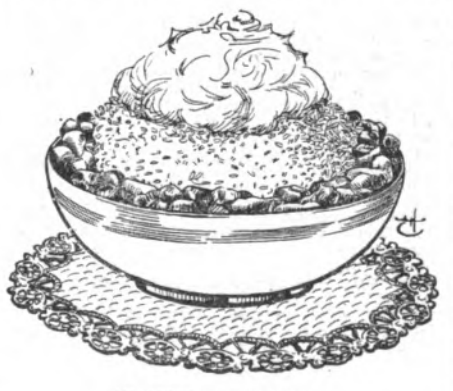
NEAPOLITAN COFFEE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, two eggs, one cup molasses, one half cup strong coffee, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon lemon extract, two and one half cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one quarter pound citron, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon nutmeg. Dissolve soda in coffee. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven.
MRS. LAURA HALE, Johnsonville, Ill.

PLAIN CAKE.—Three eggs, well-beaten; one cup sugar and one third cup butter, creamed together, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and desired flavoring. A cup of chopped nuts improves it.

COMMON FRUIT CAKE.—One half cup sugar, one half cup melted lard, one half cup syrup, one cup water, one cup raisins and currants, one egg, four cups flour, one tablespoon vanilla, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg and cloves, a pinch of salt. Bake in deep breadpan.

DROP CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three quarters cup water, one half teaspoon soda, four and one half or five cups of flour, two eggs. Drop by large spoonfuls in a buttered tin.
MRS. GEORGE G. TUBBS, Montevideo, Minn.

RICE WITH DATES.—Cook a cup of rice with a pint of milk and a pint of water, till soft. Sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla. Use enough dates to make a



AN APPETIZING DESSERT.

cupful and stew till tender with a quarter cup of sugar and one cup of water. Set aside until cold; then turn the rice in a dish and pour the dates around it. Serve with whipped cream.

COLD CHOCOLATE SAUCE.—One cup milk, one egg, one tablespoon butter, one half cup of sugar, one square unsweetened chocolate, one half teaspoon vanilla, and one eighth teaspoon salt.
MRS. EMMA STANTON, Connersville, Ind.



Tang

That Masculine Zest in the Van Camp Sauce

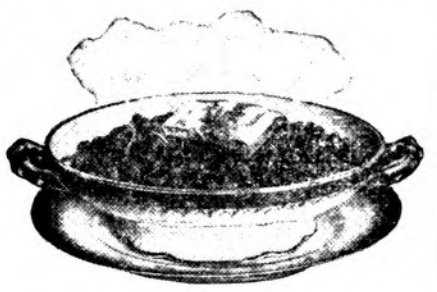
Ask the man at your table what he finds so appealing in Van Camp's Pork and Beans. He is likely to say, "The Sauce."

Do you realize what it means to make it?

Tomatoes are grown on certain soils and from special seed. They are picked in their ruddy ripeness.

Then the sauce is seasoned and spiced as per recipes developed by our chefs. It is made to please men, and it does that.

But it never would seem one-half so delightful did we not bake it into the Beans.



VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

But that's only one of the Van Camp attractions.

Another is the beans, which are mealy and whole, fragrant with oven flavor.

Another is ease of digestion. One is never sorry that he ate Van Camp's.

These things are due to modern steam ovens, to hours of baking in a fearful heat. They are impossible at home.

Baked Beans is a man's dish, hearty and nutritious. It is always welcome when you serve it right. And it's very convenient.

Let our chefs help you make this dish attractive. They are baking it now for thousands of places where men eat Beans downtown.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(373)

The Mysterious Soprano

By Nora E. Young

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TO an onlooker, the varying expressions on the faces of Dr. Meredith's good people that Sunday morning would have been interesting as they sat and listened to the earnest expostulations of the young minister as he criticized the divorce evil of our country so severely. Some of the older and wiser shook their heads and nodded and slightly agreed; some of the happily married looked at their wives or husbands and fervently thanked their maker for their happy lot; but, the hen-pecked husbands, and the neglected and unhappy wives looked defiant or amused, wondering if he himself were married, and if not,—wait.

The little church was crowded. A new minister was a treat, and this young man had made a place for himself in the front ranks of his calling at the early age of thirty-two, and his fame as a speaker had reached even Harrisville.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." He ended his discourse with the quotation, and stood for half a minute looking over the congregation, letting his exhortations sink deeper into their souls. Then, before he had time to add the accustomed words, "Let us pray," clear, and sweet as a silver bell rose the wonderful voice:

"Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,"

and so on, verse after verse until the hymn was ended.

The people sat spellbound, gazing at the choir loft. Never had such a voice been heard in their little church. Presently a deep indrawn breath seemed to break the silence; a soft rustle followed, and eyes met eyes full of silent questioning.

The minister too stood enthralled, wondering. The prayer that followed would never have been accorded to him, if heard by any of his own congregation.

The benediction over, the people reached the church steps before they gave vent to the curiosity that was consuming them, each one waiting and lagging behind, trying to get a glimpse of the singer who failed, however, to appear.

"Who is she?"

"How did she happen to sing at such an opportune time?"

"Do you suppose she came to help out the new minister?" asked one.

"Oh, no," cried another, "I'm sure not. Did you notice his face?"

This last remark was speedily confirmed by the minister himself, for after he was introduced to, and had shaken hands with the people, he remarked with great earnestness: "You have been fortunate in securing for your choir such a wonderful soprano. It is one of the purest and sweetest I have ever heard. Is she a resident among you?"

"No," cried several, "she doesn't live here, and we don't know who she is."

"She didn't stand up when she sang," explained one, "and the curtains of the choir loft are so high we can only see the tops of the heads of those who are sitting behind them. I wonder who she can be, and—why, where is she anyway?"

"Let us ask Miss Manning, the organist. Here she comes."

The young minister was almost deserted while the little organist, her eyes shining with excitement, became the center of attraction.

"Why, I don't know," she replied breathlessly to their questions. "Just after Mr. Graham began the sermon, someone laid a hand on my shoulder and asked me to keep my seat, and to play when she told me, as she was to sing. I was so surprised; I hadn't heard her come in. She just seemed to get there. As soon as he, Mr. Graham, said, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' she whispered 'now.' It was a second or so before I could begin, and she seemed impatient and said 'play.' As soon as I touched the keys she began to sing. I tell you, I don't know how I played; she was so wonderful. Then, as soon as the hymn was over, and everyone knelt, she stepped down back of the organ and was gone, out the door I suppose."

"Don't you know who she is?" they chorused.

"No, I never saw her before."

"But, what did she look like? What had she on?" Truly these good people were excited, and the minister, too, stood on the outskirts of the group, an interested, if silent listener.

"I don't know what she had on, something white and soft, and lacy, and no hat. Nice looking? Well, I can't describe her, except to say that her hair was brown with big waves in it, and done low on the back of her neck. Her eyes were either black or dark gray. She kept her face turned from me as much as she could. I guess the choir was surprised—some," she added with an excited laugh.

The good people of Dr. Meredith's church had food for gossip for many a day. For once the young minister, whose coming had been looked forward to with so much pleasure, sank somewhat into oblivion, and the mysterious singer was given first place in their thoughts and talk.

The words of that beautiful hymn brought back to many, the obligations of their marriage vows, more forcibly than the words of the minister had done.

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Lawrence Graham reached home, a puzzled man. The words of the hymn seemed to cling to him, and he would find himself repeating over and over again the first two lines:

"Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to earth come down."

Try as he might he could not forget them. Deep down in his heart they stirred to life a faint elusive memory of something, but what?

Search as he might, the annals of his past, he could find no one who had ever touched him, except, perhaps, Margaret—and Margaret had scorned him after their quarrel. He smiled ruefully as he remembered it. But then,—it was not Margaret. Many an hour he spent idly wondering who the singer might be.

One Sunday evening about six weeks later, just before the service began in his own church, the organist came to him in despair. He had worked so hard on the anthem for the evening, and now the soprano was sick with a cold. What was he to do? The music was to be special, as everyone knew.

"Have the tenor sing a solo, and I'll announce the facts. Miss Kane can't help being ill, you know. I'm sorry however, but, never mind," the minister consoled.

It was a disappointed congregation when the notice was given out just before the expected anthem was to begin, but, when the organist began the prelude to "O promise me," the expressions of disappointment changed to amazement, for sweet and pure, and true, rang the soprano, but, what a soprano, and whose? Only the minister had an inkling.

With the first few notes he had started forward, but, his long practise of self-control served him well, and he sat there drinking in each word as the voice rose and fell.

As soon as the service was over he hurried to the organist. It required all his self control to keep the eagerness out of his voice, as he asked where the singer had been obtained at the last minute.

"Where?" almost shouted the organist, "Where? She came while you were giving out the notice and handed me copies of the music, and said she was requested to take Miss Kane's place; she left me no choice; it was a command. I just handed the other three their copies and played. Heavens, such a voice. She left as soon as it was finished. I thought you sent her."

Such was the gist of the information he obtained from the organist. Miss Kane knew nothing of her.

Lawrence Graham was piqued. His keen mind searched eagerly for a clue, but, in vain. It seemed as if the earth had swallowed her.

To the members of his flock, he could only shake his head and refer them to the organist or Miss Kane, and as neither of these could give a satisfactory explanation, the matter soon lost its interest. But, for a few Sundays after the occurrence, the Rev. Graham could not flatter himself for the appearance of many of those who were non-members, who came to his church. Well he knew the fame, without the name, of the singer had gone the rounds, and equally well he knew that the strongest trait of many of these good people was curiosity.

As for himself, he could not believe that the appearance and disappearance of the singer in Harrisville, and again in his own church, was a mere coincidence. But what could the object be? The words of that first hymn he had heard her sing, were still coursing through his brain. Love divine, all love excelling," etc.

He made up his mind, irrevocably, to find her. But where and how to begin? All winter he sought her, quietly, but, persistently, but, with no result.

One morning in April, as he was opening his mail he encountered a large square envelope. He clipped it open with little interest and drew out a folding card, decorated with hand-painted blue bells and maple leaves. "An ad.," he said to himself, "but, how cleverly done."

He opened it, and on the inside printed in gilt letters was the last verse of "Loch Lomond."

"The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin'
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring again,
Tho' the wae'ful may cease frae their greetin',"

and underneath in parenthesis:

"Oh, how could ye gane laddie, how could you gane,
Oh, how could ye gane sae to greet me."

"What the——," well might he be excused the exclamation.

By some intuition he immediately connected the sender of the card with the singer. Hastily he scanned the card and envelope for some mark of identification, but, the postmark was indistinct, and the address typewritten.

The old song was familiar, everyone had heard "Loch Lomond," of course, but, the lines in parenthesis,—had he heard them? He could not remember, and yet there was that same elusive something that held his attention, and still hovered just beyond his reach.

He carried the card to the window, looked at it carefully, turned it at every angle, and finally, with an exclamation, threw it into the waste basket.

"All right, young woman, you seek to attract the wrong man. Impertinence." He settled himself firmly in his chair, fully determined to forget the whole affair; picked up a book on theology and began to read, but, presently he found himself staring at the waste basket and repeating "Loch Lomond." In disgust he threw aside his book, picked the card out of his basket, and propped it open on his desk.

"Well, I admit you've got me guessing young lady, but, I give you clearly to understand, if I have in any way 'greeted' you, it was purely your own imaginative self, and if you expect me to take any interest in you whatever, you will have to change your tactics. But, by George," bowing to the card, "you have a most wonderful voice, and—brown wavy hair, and big gray or brown eyes. That much I do know, but, I promise faithfully to know more about you."

On his desk the card remained. Much of his spare time was spent on it; the whole affair was never far from his mind.

The last day of April marked another epoch for the singer. He had gone down to officiate at the Colby-White wedding. Perhaps his "Mysterious Lady" as he called her, was farther from his thoughts that day than at any time since the arrival of the card.

The bride was one of the most popular girls in the town, and the groom, a well-known professional man. It seemed as if the whole of Kingsbury were present.

The house was beautifully decorated; the musicians were seated on a little gallery entirely hidden by palms.

The bride was charming, her dress a wonderful creation of art; and the bridesmaids looked very sweet with their baskets of flowers.

During the short service, the musicians played softly, the music seemingly coming from afar. The minister's words rang clear and distinct, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The bride and groom knelt to receive their blessing, and the guests stood with bowed heads until the minister had ended the prayer.

"Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to earth come down."

Everyone except the bride and groom and minister looked up, but, the singer was hidden with the musicians behind the palms.

Presently it was all over, and the bride and groom were receiving the congratulations of their friends; the interest in the singer was temporarily forgotten, except by one, and it was not until the bridal party had disappeared that he found an opportunity to question anyone. The bride's mother did not know anything about the singer, as Miss Kane was to have sung, but, she remembered just before the wedding march began, Alice, her daughter, had said something about Miss Kane's sore throat, and she had been too excited at the time to remember who it was would replace her, but, she was wonderful, yes, wonderful.

He could hardly conceal his disappointment when Mr. White was unable to tell him who she was.

Harold, the bride's brother, had gone back to New York with the bridal party, and the bride herself was off to Europe, to be gone until nearly the Christmas holidays.

"Well," he said to himself rather bitterly, "I can wait, if wait I must; but my vow holds good, I will know you yet."

Gradually he made inquiries, but, the answer was always the same, and so the mystery still remained a mystery.

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Spring days lengthened into summer; summer days waned and the autumn leaves had fallen, but, the mystery was still unsolved.

People sometimes wondered why the far-away look appeared so frequently in their young minister's eyes, and why he so often sat listening for the anthem to begin, on a Sunday morning, as if he expected something; then after the singing began, he would sink back in his chair, and the look of expectancy die out of his face.

On the eve of December fifteenth, the town hall was crowded; the local talent was giving a benefit concert in aid of the Orphans' Home. Everyone was expected to take as many tickets as possible, and bring their friends. The secret as to what the program was to consist, had been well kept, and curiosity helped to swell the receipts; hence the crowd.

It was a merry, good-natured, crowd who appreciated and applauded every number. The program was well selected; songs, instrumental solos and duets, recitations, etc., all old-fashioned and mostly rich in humor, but, no one was allowed an encore as the program was too long.

The numbers had been nearly all rendered, when the chairman announced that "As the last number has taken you to the Sunny South, the next one will take you to Bonnie Scotland;" then the singer stepped lightly to the front of the stage, dressed in Highland costume. Gracefully lifting her little cap from her dark hair, and saluting the audience, she began to sing "Auld Robin Gray."

People seemed to hold their breath, and the house grew painfully still as the voice rose and fell. Toward the end of the last verse, she gradually stepped to one side of the stage, and as the last word was sung, raised her cap, bowed, and disappeared.

The thunder of applause almost shook the building; cries of "more, more," came from every part of the hall. The chairman tried to speak, but, more and more insistent came the cries, and the louder grew the applause. In comical despair he motioned, and the girl came forward, hesitated an instant, then spoke to the accompanist who began without prelude.

"Oh, how could ye gane laddie, how could ye gane,
Oh, how could ye gane sae to greet me,
Wi' your winnin' ways and art, ye hae broken my puir heart,
Oh, how could ye gane sae to leave me."

and with hardly a break the music changed to,

"But, will ye no come back again,
Will ye no come back again,
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again."

That was all, but the pathetic appeal in the voice touched nearly every heart. There was silence for perhaps half a minute, then men clapped and stamped—perhaps to hide their emotion; women, with tears running down their faces, rapped on the backs of seats with their fans; the boys in the back of the hall whistled and stamped, "More, more, more;" the cry kept up.

The singer was brought back; there was a lull in the uproar. Their disappointment showed plainly when she only bowed and then disappeared. "More, more," "Bring her back," "Bring her back." The audience seemed to have gone mad.

The chairman came forward and held up his hand for silence, but, no one noticed him. "Bring her back," they shouted. Then back she came. When the noise had quieted, she sang, "Has anybody here seen Kelly." The effect of the rollicking song was marvelous; everyone was smiling, and equilibrium restored. She was allowed to go after a round of hearty applause, but, when a little tot came forward immediately and sang in his little piping voice, "For she's a jolly good fellow," the whole crowd stood up and sang with him.

Then it was over. The chairman thanked the audience for their presence and attention; announced the receipts of the evening, and all started for home.

When Lawrence Graham left the hall, he did not go home; instead, he walked to the park and stood looking with unseeing eyes over the moonlit lake.

The Highland girl and "his singer" were one. Memories of the past rose quickly before him. As soon as she had stood before him, that faint elusive something had become a reality, had become just Margaret. But that voice.

Suddenly he realized why he had never cared especially for any other girl; why he had never married. She had stood between him and all others; an ideal, although he had tried to shut her out of his heart, and had made himself believe he had forgotten her, all because of his indomitable pride of a hurt that still rankled, even after eight years,—and eight years is a long time.

He remembered the last time he had seen her. It was at home—for their homes were in the same town and their parents friends. He had taken her driving, and during their drive she mentioned a dance. He was a student then, full of theory, but of little else—and tact! it was missing altogether.

"Dance," he had said harshly, "Why do you care for dancing. It is not right."

"No? Really Larry, really? Now why?" He could see the tilt of her chin as she straightened up against the buggy seat, and her careless voice might have warned him.

"Why? It is positively indecent for a girl to allow any old Tom, Dick or Harry who happens along to put his arms around her," he had answered hotly.

"But my dear Larry, I do not dance with any old Tom, Dick or Harry. They are all nice boys."

"I can't see that it matters who they are. Nice girls don't allow it."

"But Jack is going, and so is Betty. I'm going with them." The information had been very sweetly given. Jack and Betty were his own brother and sister.

"I can't help that," he had retorted, as her answer stung him. "I can't keep them away, but, I still maintain that dancing is indecent and vulgar."

"Nice girls really don't do it, Larry?" so softly had the answer been given that he was entirely misled.

"No. Don't do it Margaret, will you? Be guided by me and don't go. Perhaps we can persuade Betty and Jack also not to go."

"Then what would you suggest for the evening? Checkers, dominoes, or what?"

He detested checkers as much as he did dominoes; they both were abominable games, but, he had eagerly agreed, "Oh, all right anything."

He could still hear the ringing laugh that had followed, and even now his face burnt painfully at the remembrance of it.

"Larry, take me home," she had commanded softly, "you, a would-be minister driving with an immoral and vulgar girl like me? What will the people say? Take me home."

He had not answered, but drove steadily on, too furious with her and with himself to reply.

"You heard what I said? Take me home at once." The voice had changed and was harsh and stern, for hers.

"Don't be a fool altogether Margaret," he had retorted, but made no effort to turn the horse.

She had immediately stood up in the carriage and put her foot on the side of it as if ready to spring out. "Must I jump?" was all she had said. He had drawn her down beside him and held her firmly around the waist. "Are you crazy, someone will see you."

Then he received the answer that cut like a lash.

"I told you I allowed no old Tom, Dick or Harry to put his arm around me. Remove your arm at once."

Then he turned the horse and silently they drove home. When they reached the house, she sprang out, not waiting for assistance, and without bidding him good night, entered the house.

He smiled now, as he remembered how hurt and sore he had felt when his sister had persisted in telling about the dance; how Margaret had been the acknowledged "belle," and how she had been so eagerly sought out. He had vowed to punish her by being cold and distant when he next met her, but, he might have spared himself the trouble, for when he did meet her he had bowed, raised his hat with as much dignity as he could assume, but, she—she looked him over from head to foot, said something to her companion, laughed and passed on.

Since then he had never seen her. Twice within the year following he had written and apologized and asked for news of her, but, his letters had not been answered. During his occasional visits home, his sister at first used to mention her, but, for sometime now he had heard nothing of her.

He could have shouted when she came on the stage. He recognized her at once, and the old liking leaped into flame and burned a hundredfold.

"That was a boy-and-girl affair. I wonder if she has forgiven me," he murmured as he looked over the cold moonlit sheet of water. "I wonder—By George," the thought came with sickening dismay. "I wonder if she is married. That 'Auld Robin Gray' song, what did she mean?" He remembered the bright laughing face, and the quick witty answer that had always drawn admirers to her.

"Where is she staying now? I wonder if she will see me? She must," drawing out his watch he saw with surprise the late hour and hastened home.

Morning was long coming, for when one does not sleep the hours drag.

At nine A. M. sharp he picked up the telephone receiver, and called up Harold White who had been chairman the evening before.

"Hello, Mr. White?"

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"Oh, good morning, congratulations on your success last night."

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"Receipts above expectation, did you say? Fine, fine. I hear nothing but praise for the participants."

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"Yes, yes. Say can you tell me where Margaret Elkins is staying? I knew her when she was only a girl."

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"Well, I suppose not, for it is almost eight years since I saw her. Her home and mine were in the same town you know."

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"Staying at your home? She sang at your sister's wedding last April?"

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"Yes, I'll come over this morning, if they are going out later. At eleven you say?"

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"Oh, all right, thanks. Good by."

At ten forty-five he rang the bell of the White residence and was shown into the library. Presently he heard voices in the hall; someone went out banging the door. He was standing by the window, but did not turn, although he knew someone had entered and was coming towards him, until she stood within a few feet of him. Then he faced her.

She stood looking at him, her head tilted slightly to one side, her hands clasped behind her. She did not offer to shake hands with him, but, regarded him with a look of demure amusement as he came close and stopped directly in front of her.

"I—I"—he began, but, as of old, the head tilted to a more dangerous angle, and instead of offering the congratulations he had intended, he blurted out, "Margaret, Margaret, have you never forgiven that idiotic boy in all these years? Tell me Margaret, haven't you?"

The girl was completely taken by surprise. The amusement died out of her face and left her white. She tried to back away from him, but, firmly he laid a hand on each shoulder and gently, but firmly, held her.

"Tell me," he insisted, "am I forgiven after eight years?"

"You—you," she stammered. The mischief danced back in her eyes. "That depends, your reverence. Have you retained for eight years your high opinion of me? Am I still the——?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XX.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

"DRIVE on faster, Buxton," Mr. Fletcher ordered, and the carriage went rolling swiftly over the road toward Beechcote. Roland Fletcher could scarcely control his impatience. He was torn with a hundred emotions, hopes and fears, doubts and conjectures, and was almost wild to have them either corroborated or denied.

Could it be possible that he had been deceived during all the past twenty years? he asked himself; that, after all, the child of someone else had been palmed off upon him and his own darling thrust upon the care of strangers?

But who could have done the deed? How had it been executed? What had been the motive?

He knew that he had never experienced for Olive the tenderness, the close feeling of kinship, of fond, proud possession, which a loving father should experience, since that never-to-be-forgotten day when she had struck him the blow in the face and refused to go to him. He had tried to forget, to overlook it; had tried to take her into his heart and assure himself that she was all in all to him; but, down in the depths of his soul, he had always been conscious that there was an unacknowledged sense of repulsion; a feeling of something lost or gone out of his life—a void which she could never fill. On the contrary, from the moment of their first meeting, he had been strangely attracted to Alice, and he recalled now how he had experienced a feeling of almost personal insult and resentment when Imogen and Olive had deliberately slighted her at the lawn party at Castleview four years ago.

He sat absorbed in thought and revolving these things in his mind, until the carriage drew up before the cottage, nestling so cozily beneath the shade of the kingly beech for which it was named.

Will and Mr. Fletcher very tenderly lifted the suffering girl from the vehicle and, bearing her into the house, laid her upon a couch in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Weston was at first quite alarmed to have her daughter brought home to her in such a helpless condition, but after examining and showing the injured foot and ankle, she cheerily declared it would soon be better—it wasn't such a bad sprain, after all.

She soon had it nicely bandaged and supported on a pillow, and, after serving her with a fragrant cup of tea and a light lunch, Alice said she felt much refreshed and really very comfortable.

When Mrs. Weston was at liberty, Mr. Fletcher inquired if he might have a few moments' private conversation with her. She appeared somewhat surprised at the request, but courteously assented and invited him into another room, when Mr. Fletcher, too eager to be ceremonious, put the question that was burning upon his lips point-blank:

"Mrs. Weston, I wish to ask you if Alice is your own child?"

"Why!" panted the widow, flushing and paling by turns, "why!—of course. I—what do you mean? You—I——"

She could not frame a coherent reply, but stopped, literally out of breath, and gazed at her companion with wide, terrified eyes.

"Pray do not be distressed, Mrs. Weston," Mr. Fletcher continued, with kindly courtesy, and beginning to realize that he had been very abrupt. "I should not have taken you so unawares. Let us sit down, for I have something of great importance to say to you."

He placed a chair for her, and she gladly sank into it, for a nervous trembling had seized her.

He seated himself near her and began:

"More than twenty years ago, and shortly after my marriage, I was called to Italy, where we resided for some time. While there a dear little girl was born to us, and, shortly after that event, my wife became hopelessly ill. Following close upon this there came orders to me to change my base of operations to a far distant country. There was but one thing for me to do, and that was to obey, or forfeit my position, which I could not honorably do. My wife I put under the care of an eminent physician, and my child I decided to send to her grandfather in America, in the care of the captain and head stewardess of a certain steamer. My orders were so imperative that I could not even remain long enough to deliver my babe to them personally, and assure myself that she would have every comfort and attention during the voyage. I was obliged to solicit the United States Consul and his wife to attend to the matter for me. But, just before giving her into their care, and about a week before she was to sail, some unaccountable impulse prompted me to tattoo upon the inside of both ankles a small cross in India ink."

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Weston, at this point, and then she averted her face and covered her eyes with one hand.

"My child was only about three months old at that time," Mr. Fletcher resumed, "and it was a terrible trial to me to part with her and trust her to strangers while crossing the ocean; but word came to me later that she had arrived safely, and after that I heard regularly from her, every letter telling me that she was thriving beautifully. Two and a half years slipped by, when I was allowed leave of absence and returned to America to visit my child and friends. A strange thing happened when the little one was first brought into my presence; she appeared to be repelled by me—refused to come to me, and struck me a passionate blow in the face. That blow was like a dagger plunged into my heart, and something seemed to tell me that the hand which struck it could not be my own flesh and blood. Remembering the marks I had pricked into her flesh, I removed her shoes and stockings and examined her ankles. To my horror, I found them without a blemish. The discovery appalled me. I declared that the child was not mine. Everyone laughed at me—thought me mad. I sought the consul and his wife, telling them my discovery. They assured me that the child was mine—there had been no possible opportunity for any exchange while she had been with them; they remembered the tattooing on her ankles, but said they were not quite healed when they took her on board the steamer. The consul's wife assured me that she herself had given the babe into the care of the stewardess not more than half an hour before the vessel sailed. Even this did not reassure me. I sought the captain of the steamer, saw both him and the stewardess, and they both confirmed the story of the consul's wife. The child was sound asleep, the woman said, when she came aboard, and did not awake until the vessel was far out at sea, and both claimed that there had been no possible chance for any exchange. Of course, I was forced to be content, after all these assurances, and to accept the theory that the marks in India ink had not been pricked in deep enough, and had been obliterated in the process of healing. I have never questioned these conclusions, from that time to this, until today, when Mr. Marchmont insisted upon cutting open Miss Weston's hose, and I was startled to observe, on the inside of her ankle joint, a cross, in India ink, identical with that which I had tattooed on my babe so many years ago; she told me, also that she bore its counterpart on her other ankle. Now, Mrs. Weston, I have told you this long story to explain why I questioned you as I did. I am sure you will not wonder that I was startled, and that all my former doubts were revived, and I beseech you to explain to me how those marks came upon your daughter. I beg that you will tell me truly—is she your own child?"

There was a full minute of silence after Mr. Fletcher concluded; then Mrs. Weston's hand dropped from her face, which was very pale and lined with pain, although there was a tender light in her eyes, which were also full of tears.

"No, Mr. Fletcher," she tremulously replied, "truth compels me to tell you that Alice is not my child."

"Ah!" breathed the man, with a ring of joy in his tones, "I felt sure of it. I have wondered, throughout the trial just over, what there was about her to thrill me so, every time she spoke, every time our eyes chanced to meet, and now, since the discovery of the tattooing, as I have studied her features critically, I have seemed to trace some of my own characteristics and lineaments in her."

"This revelation will cost me much," Mrs. Weston resumed, huskily, "for I can truthfully say that I love the dear girl just as fondly as if she were indeed my very own. I also have observed her resemblance to you; I have trembled at it, too, and wondered that others did not remark upon it."

"Then you have had your suspicions that she might belong to me?" said Mr. Fletcher, inquiringly.

"No, I cannot quite say that," his companion thoughtfully responded, "for I could see no reason why a child of yours should have been lost or—abandoned; but——"

"Ah! then Alice was abandoned! She fell into your hands in that way!" Mr. Fletcher interposed, eagerly, and with a great heart throb.

"Yes. I suppose I must tell you the whole story, although I have hoped that, after so many years, it need never be known, and I might always claim her as my own," replied Mrs. Weston, with a sigh. "During the first two years of our married life our home was in Dover, about a mile from the place where the channel steamers land. My husband rented a small but thrifty farm there. May was born there, and when she was about five months old she had a very severe illness, and we thought that we must lose her. One evening—we feared it would be her last—just after the lamps were lighted, my husband returned from town, where he had been to deliver some fresh vegetables at one of the hotels, and as he stepped upon the porch he found a gray linen packing case or extension standing there. Wondering how it came there, but thinking it unsafe to leave it outside, he brought it in, and wondered still more to find that its top was thickly perforated with holes. On opening it we found a sleeping babe within—a beautiful little girl, a trifle younger than our own. The child had evidently been drugged to keep her quiet. In spite of my anxiety for my own little one, and the constant care she demanded, my heart at once went out to the dear young stranger, and I told John that I could not let her be taken to the county house. I said that we would keep her, for a few days at least, until May's fate was decided, and we could know whether she would be spared or taken. The mother love in me prompted this, for I knew that, if the worst came, I could never bear a silent house and empty arms. But she seemed to bring us good luck, for almost from that very hour May began to improve, and by the time she was out of danger I had become so fond of my other charge, I told Mr. Weston that I would never part with her. 'It is almost as if God had given us twins,' I told him, 'for both are fair and have blue eyes and golden hair.' The idea pleased him; he consented without a demur, and said the little one should be called Alice, after his mother."

"That was the name of my dear wife, and it seems a remarkable coincidence," Mr. Fletcher gravely observed.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Weston, in a tone of surprise. Then she resumed: "It was only a short time afterward that my husband was called to supply the place of his father, who had died, with Col. Hamblin. About six months later the colonel was ordered abroad, his place was sold, and Mr. Weston secured the position of steward with Lord Ellerton, at Castleview, where he remained until his lordship died. We were very glad to leave Dover and come to this part of England, because we felt that in a strange place no questions would be asked about the children; they were so near of an age and of the same complexion that they would easily pass for twins, and would not be likely to be told that they were not own sisters. They never have been told the fact, and it will be a great shock to them," the woman concluded, with a regretful sigh.

"But did you never try to ascertain to whom the abandoned child belonged?" Mr. Fletcher inquired.

"Yes, though in an indirect way, for, as we had made up our minds to keep her, we did not want too much gossip over the matter. Besides, Mr. Weston was pretty well satisfied in his own mind that the abandonment had been deliberately planned, and there would be little use in trying to trace the parties. That very evening, on his return from town, he had met a woman, just on the outskirts, walking very rapidly. He could not see her very distinctly, for it was quite dark and she was closely veiled; but he felt sure that she must have been the party most interested in the child, and he reasoned that, even if he succeeded in tracing her and compelled her to take it back, she would be likely to repeat the offense, when the little one might fall into worse hands."

"Can you give me the exact date when this occurred?" Mr. Fletcher eagerly questioned.

"Yes. It was the twenty-seventh of April, 18—."

"That was exactly five weeks after my child was given to the United States Consul at Rome!" said Mr. Fletcher, with pale lips. "But it is the greatest mystery I ever heard of! Who could have been that woman who stole my little one? for I am now convinced that she was stolen; what could have been her object? Whose child was substituted for mine, and why? and when could that person have found the opportunity to make the exchange? It all seems inexplicable," he concluded, with an air of perplexity.

"'Exchange!'" repeated Mrs. Weston, in astonishment; "then Miss Olive is not your child?"

"I never had but one," the gentleman gravely returned; "thus it follows, if Alice is mine, and my heart assures me that she is—that Olive is not."

"It is very, very strange! And you have no idea who committed the deed? Can you think of no enemy who would wish to injure you or yours in that way?" Mrs. Weston inquired.

"I cannot seem to think of anyone, and yet—good heavens!"

The man sat suddenly erect in his chair, his face white and rigid almost as marble, a look of mingled horror and conviction growing in his eyes as, like a flash, he seemed to comprehend the whole plot.

His thought flashed back over the last twenty-three or twenty-four years, and a thousand events, as in panoramic procession passed before his mind's eye.

He recalled Imogen's hopeless love for him before his marriage to Alice; the despair and pique that followed and impelled her to marry Robert Ingraham; her widowhood, which occurred just about the time of his own child's birth, and Alice's illness in Rome; her return to the home of Judge Ashburton in Philadelphia a few months later; her remarkable fondness for Olive and the child's strong affection for her; the little one's impulsive repudiation of him as her father and his own consequent repulsion toward her, and the absence of all signs of tattooing upon her person.

He remembered Imogen's manifestations and confessions of love for him during recent years; her visit to him in jail, only the night before his trial; her peculiar tone and manner upon that occasion in referring to her affection for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER

or Perils of Love Near a Throne

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By W. S. Birge, M. D.

HECTOR GRAHAM was only a lieutenant in the Fifth Bengal Fusiliers, when, in April, 1857, he was transferred to the Thirteenth Native Infantry, at Amritsur, with the rank of Captain. He was also appointed Regimental Adjutant; and Colonel Cowan, the only other European officer of the Thirteenth, having gone to Sabbathi on sick-leave, Hector Graham, at the age of twenty-four, found himself in command of the Amritsur Fort.

The garrison of the fort consisted of six companies of the Thirteenth, half a battery of the Sixth Brigade of Artillery, white, and a small detachment of engineers, also white. Thus, on the eve of the great Sepoy rebellion, one of the youngest officers in the British army had charge of an important fortress, garrisoned by thirty-five Europeans he could depend upon, and about four hundred natives merely awaiting orders from Nana Sahib to enact the terrible scenes of Cawnpore and Delhi.

At this period Hector Graham possessed the kind of physique men would look after in the streets to envy and women to admire. He was tall, straight, broad-chested, and of the blond type of Scottish beauty, if such an expression is in order when speaking of one of the male sex.

It was a May morning. The air was pregnant with perfumes of the mango groves so numerous in that section of the Punjaub, and the young soldier, taking advantage of its comparative coolness, sauntered leisurely along the magnificent road that wound round the palace of the Rajah, Dowlah Sing, a mile or so outside the fort. He had not been long in Amritsur, and having heard much of this palace, described by the poets as an exquisite dream in marble rising fairy-like in the midst of tropical vegetation and sparkling fountains, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to obtain a complete view and make a sketch of it for a friend in Kurrachee. The palace grounds, laid out on the pattern of the ever-famous "Taj," near Agra, were surrounded by a low marble wall, pierced with twenty gates, all of them jasper or onyx, the whole presenting a piece of artificial scenery only to be found in India.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hector Graham, "it is grand! But—great heavens!"

This exclamation was drawn from him, near what was called the Lahore Gate, by a spectacle that almost froze the blood in his veins. On turning a curve of the wall, he had come suddenly upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty. It was not, however, the rare beauty of this apparition that struck him just then, though he took in that, too, at a glance, but the mortal terror displayed on her face. Her eyes were distended to their utmost capacity, her lips, even her white teeth, were drawn apart, and her hands worked convulsively at the silken girdle round her waist. In fact, the young woman was paralyzed with terror, and she stood there in all her sinuous grace of form as immovable as a statue.

Advancing a few paces and glancing over the girl's shoulder, the heart of Hector Graham gave a great bound and then stood still, for twenty feet in front of him, between two clumps of cypress trees, crouched the largest and grandest Bengal tiger he had ever seen, his tail lashing the greensward, his eyes blazing like yellow diamonds, and his huge body balanced as if for a spring. To glide between the great beast and his intended victim and at the same time to draw a pistol from its sheath, occupied the soldier only a moment of time. His movements caused the tiger to hesitate, perhaps in astonishment, while his fury grew deeper, his eyeballs flamed with more ferocity, and the black stripes on his back assumed a more somber hue.

"The chance of my escape from death," communed Graham with himself, "is about one as against a thousand; but if I let him spring upon me I will be reduced to one against a million. I shall, therefore, take the offensive, and—I commend my soul to God."

This reasoning may seem a little too philosophical at such a time and place; but whether or no, Captain Hector Graham of the East India Company's service advanced toward the Royal Bengal tiger as coolly as if moving toward a target, keeping his eye fixed, meanwhile, on the blazing orbs of his majesty of the Asiatic jungle.

He had taken only two paces forward when his vision was obscured, he felt the fetid breath of the great cat on his face, and as the muzzle of his pistol almost touched its head, he fired into the brute's left eye. Then he lost consciousness.

How long he remained unconscious neither he nor his paralyzed companion could ever tell. When his senses came back, only that he felt an unpleasant sensation in his left arm, he might easily have imagined himself in heaven and gazing into the glorious eyes of one of its angels. But this was only for a moment, for he soon realized that they belonged to the lady of the Gate. The features were the same, but what a change in the countenance! The look of fascinated terror in the eyes had given way to one of melting tenderness; the statue, in fact, had assumed life and warmth. The young man closed his eyes for a few seconds to give himself time to think, and immediately inhaled a perfumed breath, and—did he dream?—the touch of warm lips on his forehead.

"Oh, do not die, sahib! Preserver of my life, do not yield now!"

Hector smiled and opened his eyes once more to assure this young girl who had evidently become deeply interested in his welfare, that he was alive.

"Die!" he said, sitting up. "Well, I should say not. Why, it is nothing. But where is the tiger?"

"There, sahib," replied the lady of the Gate, stepping aside that he might behold stretched out at his feet the victim of his prowess. "He is dead, and it was you killed him, invincible warrior that you are."

The lady spoke excellent English, with a sweet Hindoostanee accent and in a diction all her own. Hector could not help smiling at her oriental eulogy, and he thought "invincible warrior" good enough on which to base a camp-fire story.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so helpless I wish my attendants would come. Your poor arm!"

Hector saw that his left arm was saturated with blood, and he felt an ugly sensation in that limb from the shoulder down to the wrist. He then realized, although the tiger carried a bullet in his brain, that while on the spring he had strength enough left to stun his antagonist with a stroke of his huge paw, while his claw made the ugly longitudinal cut from which the blood flowed so freely.

With a supreme effort—he was weak from loss of blood—Hector Graham managed to stand up.

"Will you think me rude if I ask your name?" he said.

"Rude! You have the right to ask it. My name is— Call me Ajmour."

"It is a pretty name," he said, "and you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But, pardon me, I know not what I am saying. I hope—I trust I am not foolish enough to allow myself to—to faint."

But he was. The trees danced around him, and he would have fallen prone upon the earth had not Ajmour thrown her arms around him and, by exerting all her strength, placed him sitting on the grass, with his back against a cypress tree. Then taking a white silk handkerchief, she wrapped it round the wounded arm, having accomplished which, she looked anxiously around as if for assistance. Fortunately her ayah—who in India stands for the duenna of southern Europe, and who is never far from her mistress—presently arrived on the scene, and uttered an exclamation of terror and amazement.

"Yooka! Yooka!" cried Ajmour, "this is no time to be hysterical. Run at once to the palace. Or, stay; my palanquin bearers cannot be far off. Seek them, for the love of Heaven, and bring them here."

Hardly had the ayah disappeared, when Hector Graham once more opened his eyes.

"I am afraid, lady," he said, "that I am giving you a good deal of trouble. If I had only a messenger to send to the cantonments."

"Trouble, my brave rescuer!" rejoined Ajmour. "As if I would not go through fire for you; but I am helpless—unless."

"Well," said Hector, with a smile he meant to be reassuring, "you can do something for me."

"What is it?"

"You can kiss me."

Just then the lovely Hindoo maiden did not give herself time to notice the audacity of this request, and taking the pale face of the wounded soldier between her hands and tossing back the silken masses of her ebon hair, she imprinted a kiss on his forehead.

"Ah, here comes the palanquin," she said, rising to her feet; "may Allah be praised forever!"

Four stalwart bearers conveyed Hector Graham to the Rajah's palace, and ten minutes later he was reclining on a couch in Dowlah Sing's own bedroom, pending the arrival of Doctor Donovan, the garrison surgeon, for whom a courier had been dispatched, mounted on the fleetest horse in the Rajah's stables.

"I would not trust you to our native physicians," said Ajmour; "they are good at herbs and drugs, but don't know much about surgery."

"Hello, Hector, old man!" said Doctor Donovan, when that gentleman entered the room half an hour later. "And so you have killed a man-eater, eh, and rescued the Rajah's daughter? Lucky dog!"

"The Rajah's daughter, Larry?"

"To be sure. She is reckoned the most beautiful woman in all India, and if that was she I just saw going out, report does her only mere justice. But let me see that arm of yours. Phew! What an ugly scratch!"

While Doctor Donovan was stitching the injured limb, Hector Graham had time to think, and this is what he thought:

"Surely there is not in all Asia a more impudent beggar than you, Hector Graham. Just fancy a poor devil of a captain in John Company's service asking a princess of royal blood to kiss him. Why, her father is one of the richest of India's rajahs. There comes His Highness now."

The Rajah was a tall, slender man of middle age, with the face of a diplomat, cold, calm and inscrutable.

"Captain Graham," he said, "permit me to thank you with all my heart for the service you have this day rendered my house, also to congratulate Her Majesty, the Queen, in having in her service so gallant an officer."

"It is kind of your Highness to say so," rejoined Hector, modestly. "But say nothing about gratitude. I did only what any gentleman should do under the circumstances."

"How is your patient, Doctor?" said the Rajah, turning to Fort Surgeon Donovan.

"The wound is not necessarily dangerous, your Highness, but he has lost too much blood to have him removed with safety for a few days."

"It is not to be thought of. He must remain until he is strong enough to ride to his bungalow. The palace is his home as long as he pleases, and all its occupants are his to command."

And so it was arranged. Doctor Donovan came daily to see his patient, always bringing with him from the fort a non-commissioned officer to receive orders. His companion the day before Hector's sick-leave expired, however, was the Rev. Dr. Jessup, the garrison chaplain, on which day the Rajah Dowlah Sing was on a visit to his principal palace at Secundra, twenty-five miles distant.

As for the Princess Ajmour, it will be seen later on whether Hector had seen much of her during his sojourn. We shall content ourselves for the present by saying that she took cordial leave of him in the presence of her royal father the morning of his departure, and that when the convalescent reached his quarters in Amritsur Fort, he found in his stables four Arabian horses, a gift from the Rajah worthy the acceptance of an emperor.



CHAPTER II.

It was the custom of Dowlah Sing, Rajah of Burrapore, to move with his daughter and the few ladies of his harem who happened to be with him at Amritsur to the Sabbathi Hills in the beginning of every May, which is also the beginning of the hot season in the Punjaub. Ajmour, strange to say, having reference to an Indian rajah, was his only child. Her mother was a Mingrelian Princess; which accounted for the whiteness of her skin and the extreme purity of her complexion. He was proud of his daughter, and the ambition of his life was to marry her to a son of the Great Mogul, whose throne, though eclipsed by the power of England, was still the most splendid in India. This season, however, much to the surprise of his entourage, he lingered in his palace at Amritsur for the, to him, good, secret and sufficient reason that he was expecting a visit from Sir James Luders, Acting Resident of the Punjaub. Early one bright morning, toward the middle of the month, in fact, that powerful and haughty official alighted from his palanquin in front of the Rajah's palace, and sent one of his retinue to crave audience, which really meant to command it.

"Your Excellency is always welcome," said the Rajah. "You are just in time for breakfast."

"I thank your Highness," said the Resident, as he followed Dowlah Sing into the audience chamber; "I shall avail myself of that honor on a future occasion. I am come just now upon important affairs of state."

The Rajah winced, knowing full well that state affairs meant a more generous exhibition of the British lion's paw.

"You have, no doubt, heard," began the Resident, when they were seated, "that the Sepoys have mutinied in Delhi, Cawnpore and other cities, and murdered the Europeans?"

As Sir James said this he eyed the Rajah keenly.

"I have heard of it," was the rejoinder, "and, of course, I am inexpressibly shocked."

"The purport of my visit this morning is to ask your Highness for an explanation regarding this correspondence. It was found on the person of Prince Akbar, the Mogul's eldest son, by Major Hodson, who, I may state incidentally, shot the prince and his two brothers a few days ago."

The Rajah took the letters handed him, and read them through without any emotion that was visible.

"I see here," he said, coolly, "nothing but two letters relating to a proposed alliance between my daughter and the Great Mogul's eldest son."

"It appears," said the Resident, with a rising inflection of voice, "that it was you who began the negotiations?"

"I believe," was the firm reply, "that I had the right to do so."

"But you promised her to me."

"Yes, were she willing; but she is not, and I cannot force her inclinations."

"Is this also," asked the Resident, "in relation to your daughter's marriage?"

This time the Rajah's face assumed an ashen hue as he read the paper, and his hand trembled as he returned ot.

"The Mogul," he said, after a pause, "asked me what forces I could place in the field in case of a Russian invasion, and, as you see, I furnished him with the information."

The official representative of Britain smiled, and his smile was sardonic.

"Your Highness," he said, as he stood up and faced the Rajah, with flashing eyes, "is doubtless aware that with this paper in my possession I could kill you where you sit, as Hodson killed the Mogul's spawn. You are guilty of treason, and this is a time when punishment is swift and summary."

It was a bold assertion, but literally correct. Sir Henry Lawrence, Resident of the Punjaub, had gone to Delhi to direct military operations, leaving Sir James in absolute control. India was under martial law, and Sir Henry's successor was empowered to deal with Dowlah Sing as he would with a simple Sepoy mutineer.

"I shall spare you on one condition," said the Resident.

"What is the condition?"

"That this very day you give me your daughter, the Princess Ajmour, in marriage, right here in this palace. The fort chaplain will perform the ceremony."

"I accept," said Dowlah Sing, in a choking voice.

"Send for the Princess, then."

The Rajah rang a bell, and in a minute or two Ajmour entered the chamber, bestowing, as she did so, a glance of quiet scorn on the all-powerful official.

"Ajmour," said the Rajah, "circumstances, reasons of state, demand your immediate marriage to His Excellency, Sir James Luders."

"It is impossible, my father."

"Impossible. And why?"

"Because I am already married."

At this announcement, made with the utmost nonchalance, the Rajah sprang to his feet and the Resident gave utterance to an oath.

"Girl," exclaimed the unhappy father, whose face was now livid, "you lie! You know not what you say."

"To whom are you married?" demanded Sir James, in a menacing tone.

"You have no right to ask such a question, sir," answered Ajmour, "but to my father I will state that yesterday morning the fort chaplain united me in marriage to Captain Hector Graham."

Had a bombshell exploded in the audience chamber the two men could not have been more confounded. They stared at each other in amazement.

"Retire for the present, wretched girl," commanded the Rajah, "to your room, where you will consider yourself a prisoner."

The Princess bowed and withdrew.

"She cannot have told the truth," said the Resident, when he had recovered his power of speech.

"I am afraid she has. She never told a lie in her life, and I know for a fact that the chaplain was here yesterday."

Saying this, Dowlah Sing let his head fall on his chest, like one utterly crushed, and Sir James paced up and down the chamber.

"Will you then sacrifice your life and dominions for a girl's whim?" asked Sir James, breaking the silence.

"What can I do?"

"Do! I have heard that there is in your service a man of the name of Roree Dhak."

The Rajah nodded.

"I believe that he was a Thug and is so still, for a Thug is always a Thug. Well, he can render himself useful in a professional capacity. Does your Highness understand?"

"I do. If your Excellency will pay me a visit this time tomorrow I may have news for you."

The Resident, approaching closer to the Rajah, said, in a low tone:

"It may not be necessary to put Roree Dhak's skill with the cord to the test. The native troops, as perhaps you know, will rise tomorrow morning and kill their white officers. But if they fail you comprehend?"

"That the cord may be necessary."

"Now, as your future son-in-law, I advise you to keep quiet. I can do nothing to prevent the mutiny myself, but am going to Lahore for reinforcements, which though they may be too late

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap, and take notice, you young folks especially you girls for I want to tell you all over again a few things that simply don't seem to penetrate your noddles. It is the old story about leaving the country and going to the city. This migration to the cities is the most menacing problem of our times, and it is largely the result of ignorance and stupidity. It is one of the ingrained follies of human nature to decry the place you are at and paint rosy pictures of some hole in the wall several hundred or several thousand miles away. People leave home in the East where they are close to markets and where thrift, energy and good sense would make them a living, and hike off to some rainless wilderness in the West where only a prairie dog or rattlesknake can live and where there isn't a market within a couple of hundred miles. Then they spend the rest of their lives pining for their happy old New England homes. I get this thing dinned into my ears every day and many a girl has knocked at my door after getting all the heart and health slammed out of her here in the city and begged for shelter and carfare to get home. The man who can stem this human current and force its foolish waves back to the land from whence it came, is a human benefactor. I'm going to start out on the benefacting business by letting you girls know all over again what's in store for you if you hit New York and cities of that ilk. If the girls will stay home, so will the boys. If the girls clear out the boys will go too, and if boys and girls both clear out, we may as well close up shop and prepare to starve to death. We are producing greater crops, because our farmers are getting more scientific, but *there is today less land under cultivation than there was some years ago.* If the people who have trooped into the cities had only stayed at home and built up the countryside and used as much brains in the country as they have to use in the cities, countryside isolation and loneliness would be a thing of the past. There ought to be a telephone in every country home and if there was a demand for the phones they would soon be supplied. Many already have these phones but all ought to have them. It would pay the government to install them and charge a moderate price for their use, rather than let that lonely feeling drive our food producers into the consuming ranks of the city hordes. Families should get together and own automobiles collectively when they can't own them individually. Good second-hand cars can be got for very little money. The five-cent gasoline jitney automobile bus is solving the transportation problem in the cities. Some wise gazook will make it a ten cent bus and tap the countryside and make a fortune. You who own cars, gather your neighbors up and take them them to the city at so much a head. Have a lecture or entertainment once or twice a week at the local schoolhouse. Let the young folks have a dance at the conclusion of the entertainment and you parents go along as chaperones. If the young folks don't dance in the country they are going to dance in the cities. Youth is going to have enjoyment. Animal spirits have to be worked off—have to find a vent or there's going to be an explosion. There are plenty of wholesome dances. Ban the suggestive ones. North Dakota has taken the loneliness problem in hand. That state has a very large percentage of insane, due it is believed to the loneliness of the country districts. In the state are five hundred towns each with a population of less than two hundred and fifty souls. Professor Alvord of the State Agricultural College of Fargo, with the assistance of Percy McKaye the poet and lecturer are going to attempt to establish community theaters throughout the state. Mr. McKaye says: "It is believed that these community theaters in which the farmers are the actors, stage directors and playwrights will become social centers and bring the people in closer touch with one another." A recent state census of public opinion as to the course most desired in the Fargo school brought the following astonishing results: 1564 requests for a course in the drama, and the second largest agriculture, received only 154 votes.

Now that ought to put a jolt in the heads of some of the bigoted goops who think that everything that smacks of pleasure and enjoyment, everything that suggests life, gaiety and happiness, is sinful. Girls who see their mothers slaving on the farm say: "Nix on that kind of life for me. Me for the city." Mother however, can always be assured of plenty of wholesome food while if daughter goes to the city she'll be having one side of her stomach trying to bite a hole in the other, for she won't even have the price of a cracker to keep them apart. If you boys want the girls to stay on the farm and become your wives, make life at least as easy for them as you do for your horses and mules. Here's a little bit from the Boston Transcript that throws a lot of light on a tremendously important subject: "The betterment movement for farmers' wives, which has been started by the department of agriculture, is said to be unpopular with the farmers themselves. In some of the newer sections may be seen fine barns but very indifferent houses as their companions. The latest machinery must be had and the best labor-saving devices employed, while the housewife must still go to the pump for her water supply, to the woodpile for heating arrangements, and in other ways follow the primitive methods of a hundred years ago. The farmer pleads that he cannot afford to equip his house with modern knickknacks. It would weaken his resources for keeping his outdoor activities up to the highest standard. But invention has been as busy in providing for indoor comfort as for outside expansion. When farmers consider their wives to the same extent as themselves there will be more young women than at present willing to accept these positions."

Here's another hint by which the farmers can make life easier for the women. A group of farmers experimented with a cooperative creamery. It was a big success and they made money at it, then they built an addition and put in a first-class steam laundry plant which does all the family washings at an average cost of ninety-five cents each. The housewives meanwhile have forgotten all about blue Monday. There are unfortunately men who would not pay ninety-five cents a year to relieve their wives of exhausting tasks which if they are not as strong as an ox, prematurely age them and start them on the road to invalidism. This kind of men should marry horses. Keep an eye on this type, girls and let them stay single.

Now for the letter which suggested this discourse, I get thousands of such.

TROOPSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

There are six children in our family, four girls and two boys. Two of the girls are married, and gone to homes of their own. They do not live far away so we see them quite often. We live on a farm of two hundred and fifty acres. We have lived here eleven years next April. We have a phonograph also an organ. We milk from eighteen to twenty cows and have four horses. One of the horses is thirty-two years old this spring. We have a horse that my sister and I drive when we feel inclined. Uncle we have your books and they are fine. Uncle Charlie what would you advise me to do, stay on the farm or go to town? I like the farm but sometimes think I would prefer it in the city. Please give me your advice. I know it will be good, and I thank you for it. Your niece, ETHEL BURNSIDE.

Ethel doesn't know much about conditions in town or she wouldn't want to go there. Anyone who would willingly and willfully leave a good home in the country, situated on two hundred and fifty big broad acres of God Almighty's good old earth where the cows sing in the tree tops and the birds give milk twice a day, and the trees whisper choice bits of scandal to each other and the streams tango over their pebby beds, and the grasshoppers gather in the crops and the worms shake dice to see who will get on the fisherman's hook, anyone I say who would exchange a rural paradise for a hall bedroom and starvation in a cold, cruel wilderness of bricks, ought to be locked up in the Willie house until his or her senses have returned. I have warned you girls time and again to keep away from the cities, unless you have some friends who can give you a home and find you a good job. If you think a business education will help you to get a job in New York you are mightily mistaken. There are ten thousand stenographers out of work in this city. Hundreds have turned to housework to keep them from starvation, and now there is no more housework and hundreds have been pushed onto the streets. One of my friends, one of the cleverest and most cultured women I have ever known, a woman who knew every capital in Europe, a woman who had held some of the most prominent positions, having done secretary work for some of our most prominent men, men of national fame, took her life only a few days ago. She came of a fine, old New England family, was an expert stenographer and could handle the most intricate business problem as well as any man that ever lived. I'll admit she was within five years of the forty year danger line, but she didn't look thirty-three and was nimble as a kitten. Of course an inexperienced kid with soulful eyes and a baby stare, with as much character and intelligence as a cod fish cake, would have got a job in the average business man's office where my friend would have starved. So many business men do like to have a fluffy thing around, one they can take out to lunch and tell their troubles to, tell them how unsympathetic wifie is, how she ignores all the attentions he lavishes on her (of course he does not tell her that wifie has to go down on her knees every time she wants to get a two spot for Oxford ties to cover her hoofs—he's too foxy for that) how she never did understand him, never tried to, never sewed a button on, never had a meal on time and was always flirting with the iceman. The empty-headed little goose falls for it all and then when he tires of her she is pushed out and some other fluffy fish comes in and gets the same line of talk and like the other girl gets it in the neck at the finish. Youth and good looks are a great asset, but in a few years the bloom has gone and the struggle gets harder and harder until finally as my poor martyred friend found, death was better than humiliation and slow starvation. This friend of mine had gone from door to door peddling toilet articles but she couldn't make fifty cents a day at it for scores are doing that and only one in twenty will answer the door bell. Every advertisement for female help you see in the paper begins "Wanted an experienced girl." If you haven't experience they don't want you.

A state commission has been investigating the conditions under which women have to struggle for a living in the State of New York. The investigations were conducted in department stores, candy, paper box, and shirt making industries. It included 5,800 establishments employing over four hundred thousand people. This commission originally only investigated the safety of workers as regards fire. "But," said Professor Wollston, professor of sociology at the College of the City of New York, "we soon learned that workers were exposed to other equally serious hazards. It is possible not only to kill workers outright but to wear them out. This may be done, not only by unsanitary conditions but by insufficient wages. It is not sufficient to guarantee a young girl a model factory to work in, if her work does not pay her enough to live decently." When you girls in the country hear about girls getting six dollars a week in department stores you must remember those are the theoretical and not the actual earnings. Many girls are laid off during the slack summer months, and it's a lucky girl indeed who gets from seven to nine months' work a year. That brings the wonderful six dollars down to four. Then there are fines for being late, breakages and mistakes. Employes are too often forced to belong to mutual benefit associations and that makes another hole in their pitiful purses. In the great collar making district of Troy, N. Y. it is customary in the shirt factories for the employers to charge the sewing women for the use of machines and thread. Some concerns even charge them for water. It is well for you to bear in mind that if any of you boys go into the candy making industries in the State of New York, it will take you thirty years before you can earn fifteen dollars a week. If any of you girls want to enter a candy factory it will take you just twenty years before you can earn ten dollars a week. It's a long way to Tipperary—I mean to independence isn't it? The worst part of this whole wretched business is that there is no certainty about employment. A number of New York department stores employ fifty-six thousand people in the busy months, but in the slack summer season they only employ thirty thousand. That means that twenty-six thousand people every year are turned onto the streets by a few stores, the majority of them without a cent in their pockets, to hunt work and face starvation. "In eleven department stores," says Professor Wollston, "we found that forty-three thousand people had been hired and fired in the same year." I know it will take more than I can do to convince young people who have the city craze, to stay at home, but perhaps if I let some of these girls tell you of the wretched, hard, drab lives they lead it may impress you more deeply than anything I could say. Listen to this one: "I sleep three in a bed with the landlady's children, then too I help her with the housework. I never spend more than twenty cents for dinner. How can I when I haven't the price? I'm covered that's about all you can say for my clothes. I do without break-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



The First Breakfast

"This is how I like it"

You can have your husband say this not only at your first breakfast together, but morning after morning.

If you should discover that every woman in your town used the same coffee, you would never rest until you had tried it.

A great many more women than live in your town are using Arbuckles' Coffee. In millions of homes throughout the country, it is considered necessary to make breakfast complete. So rapidly has its sale increased, so popular has it become, that today more of it is sold than any other packaged coffee.

Big value and how it is possible

You will find Arbuckles' Coffee an honest coffee at an honest price. It's big value—bigger than any coffee value you have ever before been able to secure—is made possible by the buying power of the greatest coffee merchants in the world. It is because of their big resources, their equipment, and their economical methods of importation, roasting and handling coffees that you are able to get such a good coffee at such a small price.

This low price would be impossible if Arbuckles' Coffee were bought and sold in a small way instead of in millions of pounds.

In its low price, ***you*** get the benefit of this tremendous demand.

Don't let another day go by until you try Arbuckles'. Get a package from your grocer today—either the whole bean or the ground. Notice the smiles of satisfaction at the breakfast table. Give your family the enjoyment of drinking the coffee that is, by far, the most popular in America.

Make your coffee earn lovely gifts for you

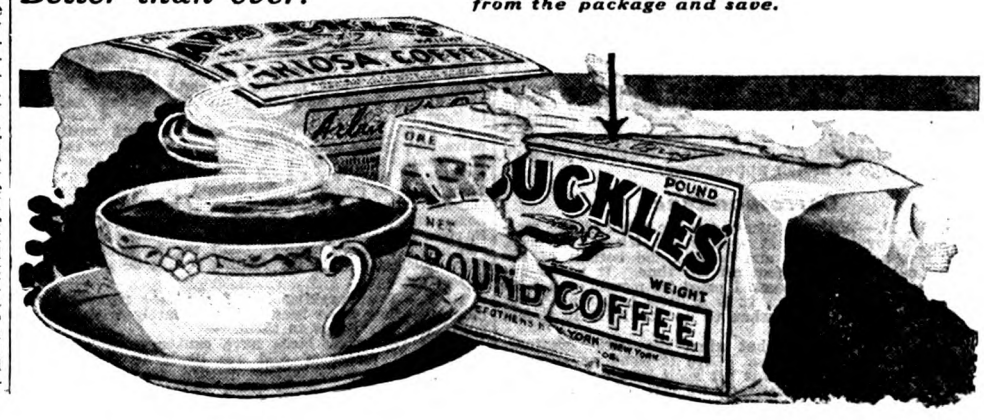
Save the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted.

Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave over a million of ***one*** premium alone!

Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Brothers, 71 B3 Water Street, New York.

Better than ever.

This is the signature you cut from the package and save.





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Foundation of the First American Breed of Fowls

WE all like to see what we call beauty and symmetry in our fowls and other farm animals, but the practical breeder should learn to understand what form of symmetry is best adapted to and associated with the purpose which he has in view. A study of the characters of different distinct breeds of farm animals shows us that different forms and characteristics depend upon varied qualities and powers, and that certain forms colors and proportions become so well fixed that a bird that does not strongly resemble the true type of its breed is rejected from the breeder's list or breeding stock. The breeder having ascertained as much as possible by the study of his animal's ancestry through pedigrees and records, next seeks to understand further qualities by the study of individual conformations and characteristics; and finally, as opportunity offers, studies his breeding animals by their own records and by their offspring, thus coming in due time to know his animals most completely.

The beginner is usually convinced that two perfect-looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have almost more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the side of reverted heredity can be recognized at once, and intelligently combated by the next season's mating.

Plymouth Rocks were the first American creation in poultry to achieve any public recognition. Years and years ago there was in New England a common fowl, often referred to in the early poultry literature as "the hawk-colored hen."

The birds are gray, with rather red wings and many black feathers. It is said that they were even faintly, but indistinctly, barred on neck and saddle. They had single combs and clear shanks, and often weighed from five to six pounds. A few progressive farmers, wishing to improve the laying quality of their hens, following the old-time theory of like begetting like, selected the best birds at their disposal and mated them, and in time their descendants became known as the "Dominick fowls," an improvement on the old hawk-colored birds but still not satisfactory to this group of utilitarians. Brahmas, Cochins and Langshans, which were at that time being imported to a limited extent, were too slow and heavy to fill their ideal; Leghorns and Minorcas too light, excitable and difficult to control within a limited space. Besides, the cold New England winters were not conducive to the Mediterranean bird's productiveness. So a Mr. Clark, who had some Black Cochins, which had been imported by Mr. Giles, and a Mr. Spalding who kept the hawk-colored fowls, tried the effect of mating Cochin pullets with a hawk rooster. The results were cockerels resembling their sire, but with more visible black markings. Pullets were principally black, only a few resembling the male bird, and even these were much darker in color than the sire. This mating was (on the authority of veteran poultrymen like D. A. Upham of Winsonville, Conn., and the Rev. D. D. Bishop) the foundation of the first American breed of fowls. Mr. Upham procured two of the lighter pullets and a cockerel, and for two or three years he strove to improve the markings and general type; then in 1869, showed them at Worcester, Mass., under the name of Plymouth Rocks—a name which Dr. Bennett of Plymouth, Mass. had given to some birds which he had manufactured prior to 1850, by crossing Cochin Chinas, Dorkings, Malays, and Wild Indian. According to report, these birds were not at all like the present Rocks, and were in 1869 extinct, so Mr. Upham was at liberty to adopt the name without trenching upon any one's prerogative. The birds shown by Mr. Upham created quite a sensation, not only from their appropriate size for table use and laying qualities, but for being the first real American creation they aroused and gratified national pride, and every fancier tried to buy birds or eggs. Some wiseacres, guessing how the new breed had been created, set about developing strains of their own. Some used Brahmas, others Cochins, to gain size. Even now one occasionally hears of the Ramsdell, Gilman, Essex, and May strains of Barred Plymouth Rocks. The amateur who tried to breed Plymouth Rocks twenty years ago, had to fight the legacies bestowed by the original mixed ancestry. Sometimes it would be the feathered legs of the Cochin; sometimes the black coloring or red feathers and poor breeding of the old-time hawk bird. Years of careful breeding have almost entirely eliminated such troubles in up-to-date stock. But allow a flock of originally good birds to mate indiscriminately for three or four seasons, and they will gradually lose their special Rock individuality, and reproduce in blurred form, many traits of the birds from which they sprung. To militate such tendencies and keep up the standard, the amateur must be thoroughly familiar with the form and color of the ideal Barred Plymouth Rock type. The body should be deep, yet well-rounded, the neck and tail curving upward from the back, which is broad and of medium length. Body deep, broad and full; thighs, large and of medium length; shanks, stout and smooth, well-shaped, and of medium length. Head, medium, carried high. Adult males should weigh nine and one half pounds; cockerels, eight pounds; hens, seven and one half; pullets, six and one half. Color; beak, shanks and feet yellow. Females sometimes have a few slight dark stripes at the base of bill, which are not essential, but are not counted as blemishes. Eyes, deep bay; face, comb, wattles and ear-lobes, bright red. General carriage should be alert, trig and businesslike.

Now for the most exacting and difficult item—plumage. The standard of perfection described it up to 1903 as bluish-gray with narrow parallel lines of dark blue, just stopping short of positive black. In the later issues it has been changed to grayish-white, each feather crossed by regular, narrow, parallel, sharply-defined dark bars, that stop short of positive black, free from shafting of brownish tinge or metallic sheen.

The light and dark bars to be nearly equal width, and to extend throughout the length of the feathers in all sections of the fowl. (On females, feathers having narrow, dark tips are preferred). The combination of overlapping feathers to give the plumage a bluish appearance.

Correspondence

R. F. D.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my canary. It was taken sick all at once, and just acted stupid and laid in the bottom of the cage, and kicked one foot all the time. It would not eat, and for a whole week I pried its mouth open with a toothpick and fed it. It is a little better now, but I would like to know what to do for it if it should happen again.

A.—I can't think what ailed the little creature, unless it had rheumatism. Give it some green vegetable every day, and omit all such luxuries as sugar and cake. Put one drop of tincture of iron in the drinking water for a week.

W. M. W.—Will you please tell me what ails little chicks when their droppings dry on their rectum, and they bloat and soon die. Would appreciate any advice. I gave some Castor oil, which seemed to help.

A.—Probably the little chicks had bowel trouble. Read answer to G. A. A. in May number about feeding, and be careful that the chicks don't get chilled.

E. S.—How many mating pairs of pigeons could be kept in a pen made of wire, 12x18x10? (2) Are pigeons profitable if kept in runs? (3) Have been told that the manure is not ill-smelling and foul. Is this true? (4) Are homers the best pigeons to raise? (5) How much do squabs generally weigh, a pound?

A.—Please refer to the first part of the department in May number for answer to your questions one and two. (3) I don't think the manure is as objectionable as that of hens. (4) Yes, homers are the best pigeons to keep when the purpose is to raise squabs for market. (5) Good homer squab weigh from twelve to twenty ounces when four weeks old.

E. J.—I am young and just starting in to raise chickens, but in reading about your incubator instructions I have never found these questions and I would like to know, do you keep your chicks in incubator all the time day and night, or do you let them out to get fresh air while eating? I have a hot air brooder (a nice one), and when they get out they seem to get chilled and soon go to dying. Is it necessary to have a hygrometer and what should the moisture register while the eggs are hatching? In hatching I find several dead in the shells but still I am satisfied but in about three days they go to dying with the white diarrohea and every morning I will find from six to ten matted together and sometimes it goes through the entire flock of little chicks. I have almost all full blooded barred rock chickens and roosters not akin, all in healthy condition.

A.—You ask if I keep my chicks in the incubator all the time. No, about the end of the twenty-second day, all the eggs that have not hatched and all the broken shells are removed and the chicks left in the machine until the following morning when they are transferred to the brooder which has been heated up to 95 under the Hover. For twenty-four hours they are kept in the Hover compartment and fed in that until they are forty-eight hours old. If your brooder is of the box type with only one compartment it should be placed in a warm room during the cold weather to prevent the chicks getting chilled when they get out from under the Hover to exercise and eat. The hygrometer is quite an assistance to the amateur but not absolutely necessary. For the last twelve hours of incubation the moisture should register sixty degrees. I think the trouble with your chicks comes from want of sufficient heat and possibly indiscreet feeding. Bowel trouble and pasting up at the vent is not always white diarrohea.

F. A. H.—I have a pet hen. Last fall she seemed to be afflicted with indigestion and a lameness in one foot which seemed to be internal. She had been hurt in no way. All winter I have kept her in a box in the house, putting her out of doors in pleasant weather in some sunny spot for exercise. I feed her alternately, cracked corn and wheat and a feed mash and bread and milk. She has very clean water, food and surroundings. She has had an occasional dose of Castor oil. Her lameness seems slightly improved. What can be the cause of it?

A.—The lameness was probably caused by liver trouble. Having only one bird it is almost impossible not to overfeed her, especially as you keep her confined in a box most of the time. No doubt the Castor oil helped her. You had better give her the freedom of a yard or garden and don't give her more than a tablespoonful of wheat or oats at night. She will find enough insects and green food during the day.

B. F.—I am thinking about raising pigeons. Will you kindly tell me which breed is best and also send the addresses of a few houses that buy pigeon squabs? I would prefer the houses would be in Pittsburg.

A.—Homers are the best pigeons to keep for raising market squab. Write to two or three of the commission merchants of Pittsburgh and ask them to send you their weekly list of prices.

M. G. G.—I have read the correspondence of the poultry farming in your paper, that alone is worth the price of the paper. This spring I am going to go in business keeping turkeys. Will you advise me if the young ones will live shut up in a pen and how is the best way to raise them, to let them run loose or shut them up? The neighbors say that I cannot raise them because they die if they get wet or they will have the diarrhea if I feed them meat. Also tell me where I can get a book telling about the care of turkeys.

A.—Poultry farming in March COMFORT will give you the information you desire.

D. H.—I ordered some S. C. Brown Leghorns about six weeks ago. They seemed to do well until two weeks ago, I noticed one hen drooping around and the scallops of her comb were dark. I began to give her poultry powders, Castor oil and turpentine in her food. I had to put this down her throat as she would not eat. Her craw seemed full and in a week she died. We cut into her craw and it was full of corn and stuff that I knew she did not eat in the few days she was sick. Her comb was of a dark color when she died. In a day or two, two more got sick in the same way; one of them died and the other is almost dead. It seems that this last one's throat might be sore as she makes a gargling noise when I give her water. I have noticed water running out of her mouth and it smells sour. Will you please tell me what you think is wrong with my chicken and send me a remedy as soon as possible?

A.—Did you give the birds green vegetable food? The change in the color of the comb and the sour water running from the beak of the second hen suggests acute indigestion but you have not told me how you feed so I cannot suggest a remedy. When you buy new stock it is advisable to ask how they have been fed as a sudden change of food is likely to cause trouble, or if you cannot make such inquiry, give them very little to eat for the first few days and then gradually build up on a good laying ration.

M. H.—Will you please tell me where I can get some Homer Pigeons. How many must I start with? How large a house must I have for eight pigeons? Where can I get hemp seed to plant this spring and buy to feed the pigeons?

A.—You could of course make a start with four pairs of pigeons and by keeping the squab for the first six months and buying a few fresh birds you would be able to work up a good flock. You can always tell how large a pigeon house should be by counting up the nest boxes. Each pair of birds must have two nest boxes one foot square and the boxes can be arranged in rows one above the other or around the side walls of the house. Hemp seed to plant can be bought at any large seed store and for feeding it can be got at most feed stores.

D. L.—I am asking you for advice regarding our chickens, they have been dying so lately with swollen eyes; and pus forms in them.

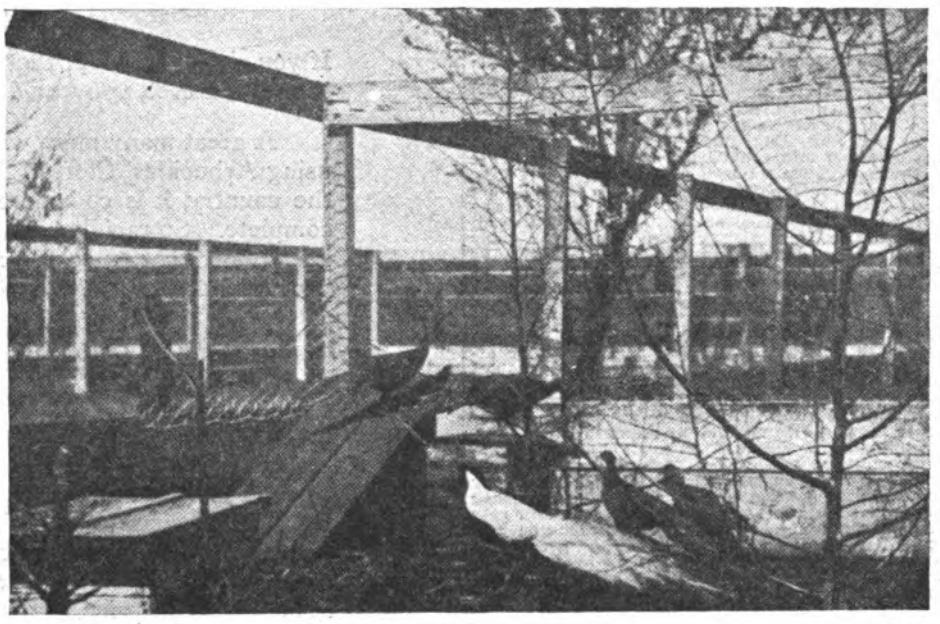
A.—I fear your birds have canker or a roup cold and as all forms of cold are likely to develop into roup which is a contagious disease, it is advisable to remove all ailing birds from the chicken-house and place them in coops which can be placed in some protective situation at a distance from other poultry. Give the sick birds a tablespoonful of Castor oil or sweet oil and then spray their eyes, nostrils and throats with some good antiseptic, peroxide of hydrogen, about a teaspoonful to about a pint of water is good. I always use permanganate of potassium in preference to anything else, ten cents' worth goes such a long way. Dissolve one teaspoonful in one quart of water ready for use, then dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with three of water, spray night and morning for a week and if the birds show no sign of recovery, don't waste any more time, have them killed and the bodies burned.

K. J.—I am interested in Indian Runner Ducks. Mine are about ten months old and have laid but very little. Do they lay at night, and where do they usually lay? Do they have a nest and what should I feed them? Should they have straw in their house? When they get sick what must I give them and how can I tell the drake from the duck?

A.—Ducks usually lay in the very early morning. Some ducks will make a nest, others will drop their eggs anywhere. The floor of the sleeping place should be kept covered with clean straw, leaves or meadow hay. When they make a nest it is usually in the corner or near the walls of a house and in the bedding on the floor. They are apt to cover their eggs with straw or leaves so it is advisable to be careful when going into the house or you may trample on them. If your ducks are properly housed and fed they won't get sick. The drakes always have two or three feathers which curl up in the tail so they are easily distinguished from the ducks.

E. S.—I have a bronze gobbler turkey ten months old and a hen turkey three years old. Will you kindly inform me if I can mate them for breeding successfully?

A.—Yes, they will mate and the eggs will be fertile and strong from such mating.



PHEASANT YARD SHOWING NESTS WHICH ARE ALSO USED AS SETTING AND BROOD COOPS.

J. M. W.—Being a subscriber to COMFORT I am requesting you to send me a recipe for an egg-preserver preparation which will keep eggs perfectly fresh for eight or ten months.

A.—Water glass is the best egg preserver; the eggs keep perfect. You can get it from any drug-store.

F. B.—I would like to know what is the matter with my hens. I have about seventy-five pure bred Plymouth Rocks. The first I noticed was little lumps on the side of the head around the eyes, then they looked like cold sores. One hen has them nearer the eyes; she was blind; the lids seemed to be closed with a thin scab. I greased them and they opened but the eyes looked dim. Their nose is dirty and they breathe hard. I found one with it near the mouth and there was a place in the corner inside that was hard and yellow. On the outside it was swollen a little and felt feverish. I greased it with carbolated vaseline. They have free range, the roosting place and laying places are separate. The henhouse is warm, I keep grit, oyster shells and sand for them and fresh water. Their combs are red, but they are not laying good. I cleaned the henhouse and painted the roosts with Lice Dip for they are lousy.

A.—The hens have canker. Read answer to D. L. You should treat the hens as well as the house, to banish the lice. Go into the chicken-house after dark at night, take the birds one by one from the perches and thoroughly dust them with a good insect powder, a flour dredger or an empty baking powder can with holes punched in the bottom of it is a good way to use the powder. Give them plenty of it, especially in the wings and in the fluffy feathers on the thighs and on the body, then place them carefully back on the roost, steadying the bird until it settles down so that it won't flutter or tumble about and shake the powder out of the feathers. Repeat every third night for two weeks, paint the roosts and nest boxes every day and you will soon get rid of the lice.

A. H.—Please advise me about the chicken business. Do you think there is any money in raising chickens for market? I live twelve miles from the city of Tulsa, have seventy white rock hens, but have been line breeding and they don't seem as large as they ought to be. Would some good roosters remedy this fault? Is there more in raising for market or selling eggs for setting, or selling day old chicks? People don't seem much interested in blooded chickens here. How could a person get people interested? I like your talks on poultry very much.

A.—There most certainly is money in chicks and eggs for market. Unless line breeding is very carefully managed it soon starts inbreeding and stock will run down in size and vigor. By all means get some new male birds. Unless you send birds to shows and win prizes and so gain reputation for your stock there is not very much chance of selling eggs at special prices for hatching, besides eggs for hatching are only in demand for a few weeks and a good market trade lasts the year round. The only way to interest people in thoroughbred stock is to show them and to advertise.

NOTE.—Correspondence has been so very heavy this month that it is impossible for me to answer all the letters in this issue.

The most imperative ones I will try to answer by mail and the others you will find in next month's COMFORT without fail.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

fast and lunch, too, when I can. Food is the only thing I can cut down on. My teeth hurt me all the time but I haven't got the money to have them fixed, so I just let them keep on hurting. When I buy a pair of shoes I can't eat meat for weeks at a time. If I were to break down and be sick I guess it would be the poorhouse for me. I've been working twenty-five years and nineteen of them with the same firm. I was on the charities last year when I had typhoid. I hated that. Five dollars a week doesn't seem like much when I'm feeding thirty-nine thousand boxes to a machine a day, but when I don't get it at all it seems like a fortune. Gee! I don't even get to a moving picture show without lying awake nights planning how to make up that nickel. I do my washing nights, and I always walk to work. I'm so tired sometimes I'd love to ride, but I can't afford to waste the five cents. Sometimes I feel sick, but I just grit my teeth and go on. I can't afford to stop for anything. Five dollars a week won't get you much anywhere. Gee! but I feel sorry for the girls that haven't a 'steady.' If I had to buy all my own meals I'd never get along. I've been working since I was thirteen. I've never been anywhere or had any fun. Sure those were bum stockings I bought for ten cents. It doesn't pay really to buy cheap stuff, but when you've only got ten cents in your pocket what are you going to do if you need a pair of stockings? I drop in at my friend's just before dinner sometimes and then I get asked. I hate to do it and I feel awfully cheeky, but if I didn't I'd have to go on charity." Now there's the story of one girl, as told to the New York Factory Commission in her own words. It's shoes or food, one or the other, but never both. Another worker, a six-dollar-a-week clerk, stayed away from her work a week on account of sickness. General anæmia was the diagnosis the doctor made. No wonder she was bloodless, for it seems this girl never ate any breakfast, for she found this was the easiest meal for her to miss. She stated the situation thus: "You see I figured it all out. I paid two dollars for my room. That has to be met every week; then once a month twenty-five cents is taken out of my pay envelope for the store benefit fund. Then I've got to dress decently to keep my job. If my expenditure on clothes didn't average $1.25 a week they'd fire me sure, so what else can I economize on but food? I get so tired of the fifteen and twenty cent dinners that often I think I'd rather not eat at all, but what can I do when I haven't the price?"

Now if you think that the cities outside New York afford you country girls any better chance of making a living, you are mightily mistaken. There are sixty thousand women and girls, and this doesn't include houseworkers, employed in the cities of Missouri, and most of these are not earning enough to feed and clothe themselves. Numbers contract tuberculosis while at their work. Many girls who go to work when they are fourteen are wrecked physically at twenty-eight. Girls in candy factories start at four dollars a week and less. Even an envelope machine operator, alert and skilled, can only earn from six to seven dollars a week. A state legislative commission rooted out these facts and reported that: "Conditions in contract shops are deplorable, old buildings are used and sanitation is poor. Workers show the result of disease-breeding conditions." The commission found the average six dollar a week wage was utterly insufficient for the support of girl or woman. In Missouri, as in New York, eight dollars and a half was set as the lowest possible rate at which a woman could subsist and remain decent, healthy and efficient.

Now Ethel, I have given you an idea of what you and other girls will have to contend with if you come to the cities, and if I haven't told you enough I will add this little bit of information to clinch the matter, and if this does not make you cling to the old homestead nothing will. The Mayor of one of our very greatest Eastern cities recently gave out this statement to the press: "More than a year ago a manufacturer imported from other cities three hundred working girls. He promised them six dollars a week. When the girls arrived and began to work they found that for thirty weeks a dollar a week was held back to pay for their transportation. It cost each girl five dollars a week for board and lodging and that unable to live on the wages they received, one hundred and fifty took the 'easiest way,' while fifteen of the girls went insane." The easiest way means going into a white slave den or onto the street. I'm painting things just as they are and I'm not piling on the agony, and I don't want to use any words that will leave you in doubt as to my meaning. No one can be happy anywhere unless he has a full stomach. No one can long stand the torture of hunger without becoming a physical, mental or moral wreck. The city working girl has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Bicycle Tires $2.48 Each Smooth Tread
of Goodyear Quality $2.75 for Non-Skid

$2.75 Each for Non-Skid

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

The Newly Planted Trees

GREAT care will have to be taken or some of the trees set out early in spring will die when the drought strikes them. This the tree planter is somewhat liable to forget. It is impossible to find time to carry water to all of the trees, unless a wheel slop barrel or tank is used, but mulching can easily be done and it is necessary and effective. Give the trees a thorough soaking first and then put on a mulch of straw, or strawy manure, and wet the mulch. This should have been done at the time of setting out the trees, but it may not be too late to save the trees if done now. It is most necessary as regards evergreens, but they need the mulch from the first. As to these beautiful trees, which should be far more common than they are about every farmhouse, we have learned a new "trick" which saves loss. The evergreen catches the wind with its heavy green boughs and when trying to get rooted is joggled or swayed about so that the roots tear away from the soil and a hollow space is left about the thick part of the root, underground. This is quite enough to prevent the tree from taking root and it has to be obviated by putting in a stake and tying the trunk of the tree thereto. This of course relates to evergreens four to six or more feet high. It is not necessary with little evergreens and these are the safer ones to set out, but they grow slowly and so one is tempted to set out a tree that is somewhat too large and therefore difficult to establish in its new place. There is little difficulty in getting small spruce to grow if they are set out early in spring and then cultivated like corn, on rich, moist, mellow soil. It is surprising to see how quickly they will form a hedge when so treated.

Surface Mulching

The other day we were talking with a farmer about corn cultivation and the drouth experienced in many districts last summer. He told us that he had always followed the old-fashioned, deep shoveling method of corn culture, having learned it from his father and he from his father until it had become a family tradition. When the drouth struck his district and the big green corn leaves started to droop and wilt and it became evident that the crop was in grave danger of death he happened to read about a new surface cultivating corn implement and at once went to town to look it over. The agent spoke of it so enthusiastically, quoting the success of neighbors who had given it a trial, that our friend bought one, took it home with him and got busy with it the next day. It stirred up a big dust in the field. Passing neighbors were puzzled to know what he was doing in the field raising that cloud of dust. The soil seemed devoid of a single drop of moisture and the job of cultivating under the circumstances was unpleasant and wearisome. Next day he got at it again and right along, whenever time could be spared, that surface mulch making tool was kept at work. Soon dust became much less annoying in the field and after a time the soil was actually found to be moist and mellow early in the morning and the corn stopped wilting at noon and by fall had made a real good growth and turned out to be a fine average crop, little if any the worse for the drouth. He told us that he simply would not have believed such a thing possible and that he never again would insult and abuse his corn crop by delving and destroying its roots, but would try to provide a deep, fine rich bed at seeding time and then keep the soil stirred to dust at the surface and the ground free from weeds satisfied that if this were done the crop would be insured. Discard that old-fashioned deep cultivating corn cultivator next season after it has been through the field once or twice, where such cutivation is found necessary, and then keep the surface cultivator busy long after ordinary "laying-by" time has passed.

The Best Time to Cut Timothy

Timothy, like clover, should be cut when in full bloom. Many farmers say cut when coming into the "second blossom," but since no plant blossoms twice in the same season this rule is a mistake. What they mean is, as we have stated above, when coming into full bloom. Some plants are earlier than the average of the field. These come into blossom first, and this is known by the farmers as the first blossom. A few days after this the rest of the field comes into blossom and this is known as the "second blossom." This is the time to cut timothy because the plants have their highest amount of protein and least amount of indigestible matter.

Some farmers object to cutting timothy for horses at this time because the pollen of the blossom makes the hay dusty. If they wait a few days the pollen will be shed and no dust appear in the cured hay. It is much better to cut earlier than later, as soon as the first blossoms appear and before the pollen has ripened. Though the plant does not then contain its largest amount of protein, a much larger portion of it is digestible than after the seeds have ripened. Timothy hay should be cured quickly and if possible put in the mow the same day as cut. Dew and rain destroy its fine flavor and quality and reduce its digestibility very much.

Making Clover Hay

The time to cut clover for hay is when the clover is in full bloom. Don't wait for the blossoms to turn but cut while they are a rich, beautiful red; then the plant is at its best. It contains a maximum amount of protein and is in its most digestible stage.

Clover hay should be cut, allowed to wilt—not dry—and then cocked up. If allowed to dry, the leaves and blossoms, which are the valuable part, will be broken off and lost. Clover hay will cure best in the cock and no part will be lost. The cocks should stand in the field to cure for two or three days. If there is danger of rain hay caps should be used. These are made of duck about four feet square with a wire hook in each corner to attach them to the hay.

The morning the hay is to be hauled in, the cap should be removed and the cocks turned bottom side up to the sun to dry out for an hour or two before hauling in.

Clover hay made in this way will not be dusty, but will come out of the mow green and sweet and a ton of it is is actually worth, in feeding value, two tons of Timothy hay. In the writer's own experience horses fed on clean clover hay are able to get along and do as well on half the grain as when fed on Timothy mixed or prairie hay.

Stacking Hay

Hay ought not to be stacked out but it often happens that there is either no room in the barn or the farm does not have a good place on it in which to store hay. It is then necessary to stack it out. Care should be taken to keep the center of the stack full and well tramped down; then, when the hay settles, the fibers will all slant downward. This will prevent the rain from running into the stack. A low center always lets the water in and spoils the hay.

Another precaution which should be taken is to rake the outside of the stack. This helps to make the stack rain proof. In order to hold the top on many farmers use heavy hangers to weight it down. This is a poor plan as the hangers settle the hay under them which makes holes that let water into the stack.

If the stack topples over to one side it should be shaped up without delay. No matter how careful the farmer may be, he will lose a considerable quantity of hay by stacking it out. A cheap hay shed can be built for a few dollars and will save its cost the first year.

Protecting Plants from Insects

The time of year is at hand when our plants are threatened by insects. Fortunately there are means of protecting them against these numerous enemies. For insects that actually eat the plant or any part of it poison can be effectively used. For insects that do not eat the plant but suck its sap a contact spray is the best means, but it is necessary for the spray to touch the body of every insect thus to be destroyed.

POISONS.—The usual poisons are Paris Green and arsenate of lead. These are sprayed or sprinkled over the plant in such a way as to cover it so that the chewing insects, such as beetles, bugs, caterpillars and leaf-eating worms will get it in their food as they eat the plant.

CONTACT SPRAYS.—Scale insects and lice are sap-suckers and must be treated with contact sprays. The best contact spray is kerosene emulsion made by dissolving one half pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water and mixing this thoroughly with two gallons of kerosene. Both should be churned together until a frothy mass is formed. This should then be diluted from ten to twenty-five times before applying. For all scale insects dilute only four times. For all lice with soft bodies a weaker solution should be used. Contact spraying must be very thoroughly done to prove effective. Strong kerosene emulsion may injure delicate plants.

INSECT SCREENS.—Against such insects as the cucumber beetle a screen will prove the best means of protection. Take a box about a foot square and knock the bottom and the cover out, then tack ordinary window screen on to cover the open top. The box should be about six inches high and may be made of six-inch fence boards. This screened box is then placed over the hill of cucumbers or squash and pressed down into the soil so that there is no room for the beetles to crawl under. As soon as the rough leaves get a good growth the screen may be removed since the beetles seldom eat the rough leaves. Some use a poison spray instead of the screened boxes and claim it is equally effective to protect the young plants.

Another method of protecting plants against cut worms is to melt the solder off old tin cans so that the seam will open and the bottom drop off. Then spread the can open at the seam and place it around the stem of the plant closing the seam and if necessary tying the opening shut with a string around the can so that the cut worms cannot crawl through. Heavy glazed paper may be used for this purpose in exactly the same way. This method will do for a small garden patch but is too expensive for a large field.

Climbing worms are prevented from crawling up young trees by winding the stems with a roll of cotton or burlap and tying it at the top so that it flares out at the bottom. The worms cannot get over this obstruction.

TRAP CROPS.—For large fields it is better to plant "trap crops." These are planted a few days earlier than the regular crop, between the rows or scattered over the field in such a way as not to interfere with the planting of the regular crop. Since these are first to appear the insects attack the trap crop first either by eating the crop or laying their eggs thereon. If the trap crop is covered with eggs the entire crop should be destroyed. If attacked by beetles it should be thoroughly poisoned which will have the effect of greatly reducing the number of insects before the regular crop appears.

Garden Suggestions for June

THE ONION BED.—The onion bed should be kept well cultivated throughout the month of June. The ground should be stirred after every rain. Onions make their best growth early in the season while the weather is cool and the ground full of moisture. The plants should be kept growing vigorously at this time so as to get their full size if possible before the dry hot season sets in.

LETTUCE.—For summer use a second sowing of lettuce should be made early in June. If left until late in the month or until July the weather will be too dry and hot for good growth. Lettuce needs cool, damp weather for producing best quality. Get the summer lettuce bed started this month if you want good lettuce.

THE ASPARAGUS BED.—The asparagus bed should not be cut after the end of the month. The weeds should be kept down, the ground fertilized, the plants cultivated and allowed to grow for the remainder of the season if good crops are expected next year. Late cutting is injurious to future crops.

THE STRAWBERRY BED.—As soon as the plants have ceased bearing the old bed should be plowed up if it has been bearing for two years. The new bed should have the best of care and cultivation and the runners should not be allowed to mass the row. Their ends should be nipped off and the runners turned around so that they lie parallel with the row, not across it. All weeds should be kept down. A new bed can be set from the young plants some time during the month of July. However, such setting requires the best of care and frequent watering during the dry hot weather if good results are to be expected.

CELERY.—June is the month in which to set out celery plants for winter use. The usual practise is to follow level cultivation methods in the growing of celery rather than to plant it in trenches as was formerly done. If self-blanching varieties are used and the ground is very rich and can be kept well-watered, good results are to be had by setting plants six to eight inches apart each way in a bed. The plants shade each other and the blanching takes care of itself. In level cultivation the plants are set in rows about four feet apart and the usual distance apart in the row. When blanching time comes the blanching is done either by using boards along the row held in place by stakes or dirt or by simply drawing the dirt up around the growing plants using care not to get any of it into the crown.

June the time for Renovating Old Strawberry Beds

It is not always necessary to reset a strawberry bed in order to renew it. As soon as the plants quit bearing the bed may be renovated as follows:

If the bed is small spade up strips through it about two and one half feet wide leaving strips of six or eight inches of the old plants. Then with a hoe thin out these old plants, cutting out all diseased ones and leaving only nice green healthy plants. All weeds and grass should be pulled out and the remaining plants given a chance. They will immediately put out runners and in a short time will cover over the space where the old plants were turned under with the spade. It is usually desirable to keep the spaces open between the rows. The runners should be trained in to lie parallel to the rows. Since weeds come on rapidly at this time careful cultivation is necessary throughout the remainder of the season. This, however, is also the case with a newly set bed.

In the case of a large patch a quick way is to plow under the plants between the rows that you wish to leave. This can best be done with an old-fashioned single or double shovel cultivator. It takes far less time to renovate an old strawberry bed than it does to set a new one. The renovated bed will bear the next season and give a good crop while the newly set bed must be left for one season before it comes into active bearing. As a rule it is a better practise to set out new beds than to renovate old ones because this insures a rotation of crops with all its attendant advantages. It is often desirable, however, on small plots, to keep the old strawberry bed in the same place as long as it can be made to produce a crop. Renovation by the methods described above will enable one to do this.

Tainted Milk

A man wrote us the other day that his cow was giving strong tasting milk that also had an unpleasant odor and he wanted to know what was wrong with the cow and what should be done for her. Investigation showed that the cow was innocent, and the man guilty. Fresh, warm milk very readily absorbs bad smells and so may also become strong tasting on that account. It is the fat in the milk that has the absorptive powers. This may be better understood when it is stated that perfumes, by the old manufacturing process, are absorbed from the petals of flowers by placing them between sheets of fat-covered glass and setting them in the sun. The fat afterward is dissolved by ether and the perfume preserved. Knowing this about fat in milk it is necessary to keep the stable free from bad smells at milking time and also to keep the cow from eating any strong tasting feed, such as old cabbage or old roots. It was bad smells in a poorly ventilated, dirty stable that caused the strong tasting milk in the case we have referred to and to further illustrate the matter we can state that we know of a case where the owner of a large herd of dairy cows supplying new milk to city customers painted the inside of the stable, in front of the cows with a carbolic paint, thinking it would protect them against disease prevalent at the time. Next day the customers put in a unanimous complaint that the milk had a bad taste. It had absorbed the smell of carbolic acid from the paint. This should be remembered in using strong smelling disinfectants. It is better to use those that have no smell, such as corrosive sublimate, followed by free use of fresh made lime wash, when a strong disinfectant is needed after an outbreak of contagious disease. When absorption of smells is out of the question a sample of the milk of each cow should be saved in a separate bottle to determine which cow, from disease of the udder, is contaminating the milk. One cow may do this and the sooner she is isolated the better.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

BARREN APPLE TREES.—Can you tell me why my two apple trees do not bear? They were planted in my back yard five years ago. MRS. J. F. O., Chicago, Ill.

A.—The apple trees may be worthless seedlings, but if not they should bear if you remove sod from around the trunks for a space of six feet, dig the surface of the soil, manure it well and see that the trees have water in dry times. They should have sun and plenty of air. If that is impossible in the location bearing may not occur. It would be well to have the trees properly pruned by an expert some time next season, before sap starts to run. Do your trees blossom? And do the bees visit the blooms? If they blossom and then blight the trouble may be lack of bees to distribute the pollen. Bees perform an important function in fertilizing the blossoms and where there are no bees fruit trees are likely not to fruit well.

SUDAN GRASS.—Can you give me any information as to how to sow Sudan grass seed? At what time of year? Does it live over winter or does it have to be sown each year? H. R. P., Young Harris, Ga.

A.—Write to the United States Department of Agriculture for Bureau of Plant Industry Circular No. 125, Sudan grass, by C. V. Piper, the only publication on this subject of which the writer has knowledge. Should get bulletin free. It is a comparatively new plant but one of great promise for the South.

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES AND GRAPE VINES.—Can you tell me what causes mildew on my gooseberry bushes and grape vines? What can I do to prevent it? MRS. J. F. R., Licking, Mo.

A.—Grape and gooseberry mildews are caused by a fungous growth from spores too small to be seen with the naked eye. Sprinkle with powdered sulphur or spray with Bordeaux mixture to control this pest.

BUGS DESTROY CUCUMBERS AND PUMPKINS.—All my pumpkin and cucumber vines were destroyed last year by oblong, flat, silver colored bugs that eat the pumpkins and cucumbers when they are small, and the vines also. I found them sitting in large bunches. They would kill a full-grown vine in three days. About here they are known by various names, oil bugs, carrion bugs, stinging bugs and turpentine bugs, and they have a very bad smell. I would like to know what to do to save my vines this season.

M. M. P., Gage, Okla.

A.—No, from your description it is impossible for us to tell the kind of bug. You describe the tarnished plant bug, a brassy brown insect, but this bug does not eat the plant but rather sucks its juices. For all chewing insects use a poison as described in another place in this paper. If these bugs eat the vines use a poison spray, but if they only suck the sap from the vines or leaves use the contact spray.

TO GET RID OF WIRE GRASS.—What is the best way to rid my land of wire grass? Also what kind of fertilizer is good for sweet and Irish potatoes?

MRS. M. P., Beeming, D. C.

A.—Deep plowing and thorough and frequent cultivation are the best remedies. A heavy growth of hemp or any quick growing crop which produces dense shade wil help to kill out grass and other weeds. A fertilizer rich in potash and containing considerable phosphoric acid is good for both sweet and Irish potatoes. Potash fertilizer is exceedingly difficult to get this year on account of the European War. See article on Potash Fertilizers in a former number of COMFORT.

POTATOES THAT RUN ALL TO VINES.—My potatoes produce plenty of vines but no potatoes. I would like to know the cause and the remedy.

MRS. F. M., Burlington, Iowa.

A.—It is probable that your soil is too rich in nitrogen which has a tendency to produce a heavy growth of vines. Try planting an early variety,—like Early Rose or Early Ohio, and fertilize with wood ashes or some other potash fertilizer, which will help to develop the tubers. Since the European war, however, it is almost impossible to buy potash, which comes from Germany. Wood ashes contain the potash.

WHERE TO GET INSTRUCTION IN GRAFTING.—Can you give me any information on grafting cherry, apple and plum trees, also about top grafting.

C. B., Zieglerville, Pa.

A.—For various methods of grafting and top working trees see any good text book on this subject, such as Bailey's Nursery Book, by Macmillan Book Co., New York City.

CALVES KILLED BY WRONG FEED.—In March I lost two beautiful calves, one two and one half months old and the other seven weeks old. When the first calf was one month old I began feeding him cottonseed meal, a little at first and increased it until I fed him nearly half a pint in a half gallon of milk. As my husband thought that was too much I cut down on the cottonseed meal about three weeks before the calf died. The younger calf I never fed so much cottonseed meal. All the while both calves were running in the wheat field. On Saturday morning (March 20) I fed the two calves as usual. The older one did not eat well and seemed not to be hungry, and that evening we found him dead. I stopped feeding cottonseed meal to the other and at feeding time, Monday night he seemed all right, but was dead Tuesday morning. Monday was a bleak day and it snowed some, and the calf was out in the wheat field most of the day. Was it the cottonseed meal or the wheat, or what that killed these calves? My husband thinks it was the meal but I believe it was the wheat. MRS. P. H., Bedford City, Va.

A.—Young calves should not go on green wheat, nor should cottonseed meal be fed in quantity. The combination killed the calves. You probably fed too much milk at too long intervals. The calves would do well

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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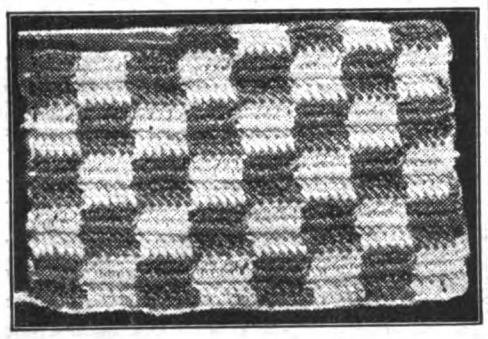
Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Handmade Accessories

Girdles, Ribbons and Necklace for the Summer Girl.

Crocheted Girdles of Two Colors.

TO work in alternate colors is easy after you learn to keep your threads from twisting around each other, by placing a spool on each side of you and watching carefully you can easily learn to do it. When you have made the number of stitches in one color and wish to take up the next color, you simply use this second color in making the last loop of stitch in first color and work over the thread that you do not use. This makes the first stitch all of one color and not mixed. At the ends when turning take both threads through the last loop of the stitch and then drop one color and work over it.



PINK AND WHITE GIRDLE. FIG. 1.

These girdles should be made to fit the waist and fastened with snaps and a slash of the crochet made to pass under and over the fastening and this pinned down with a fancy pin or a crochet pin and the ends worked to a point, left square, or gathered up, and then a tassel added. Or such an ornament as is illustrated in Fig 5 made of the two colors used in the girdle makes a pretty and appropriate finish.

These pretty and popular belts of various colors should be made of rather coarse crochet cotton of a soft mercerized finish. A steel crochet hook of suitable size will be preferable and in doing the work, one should take up both loops of each stitch so as not to form a ribbed appearance, as the color design shows up much better in this way.

Handsome Striped Girdles

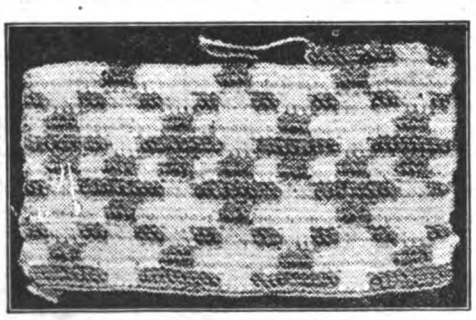
As brilliant and unusual color combinations are still worn these bright girdles are seen on both light and dark dresses.

This color scheme is particularly attractive, if care is used in selecting good shades of the color given.

Crimson, yellow, bright or pencil blue, grass green, black and white.

In making this girdle it will be most effective to take up the back loop only so as to form a rib. 2 rows on 1 rib of crimson, 1 row of green, 1 row of yellow, this makes 1 rib; all ends and knots made by the joining of the colors should be pulled through to the wrong side as the work proceeds.

Remember that 2 rows will be given as 1 rib, while 1 row of course only forms half a rib.



YELLOW AND WHITE. FIG 2.

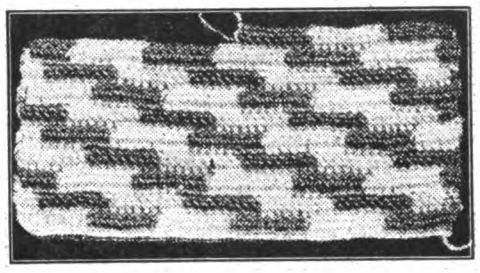
4 ribs of crimson, 1 rib of blue, 1 row of crimson, 2 rows of yellow, 1 row of green, 1 rib of green, 1 rib of blue, 3 ribs of green, one rib of yellow, 1 row of green, 1 rib of green, 1 rib of blue, 3 ribs of green, 1 rib of yellow, 1 rib of blue, 1 row white, 2 rows of crimson, 1 row of yellow, 1 row of blue, 1 rib of yellow, 1 row of green, 2 ribs of yellow, 1 row of blue, 1 row of yellow, 1 rib of crimson, 2 ribs of white, 1 row of crimson, 1 row of yellow, 1 row of green, 1 row of blue, 7 ribs of crimson, 1 rib of yellow, 3 ribs of crimson, 1 row of black, 1 row of white, 1 rib of crimson 3 rows of yellow, 1 rib of blue, 1 row of crimson, 1 rib of yellow, 3 rows of green, 1 row of yellow, 6 rows of blue, 1 row of yellow, 1 rib of green, 1 row of yellow, 3 rows of blue, 1 row of yellow, 2 ribs of crimson, 1 rib white, 1 rib black, 7 ribs white. Repeat the order of colors from the beginning.

The first or checkerboard design here shown is made of white and pink luster cotton and is about three and one half inches wide.

Directions for Girdle. Fig 1.

With pink make chain 51 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in the 4th ch. from needle, 1 d. c. in each of the next 4 chs. This makes group of 6 d. c., counting the turning ch. as 1 double. Though the last loop of the 6th d. c., draw a loop of white and make 6 white d. c. in



GREEN AND WHITE. FIG. 3

next 6 sts., working over the pink thread, which should be held just above the original row of chain sts. Transfer after finishing the white group as directed and again make 6 pink d. c. Continue in this way until 8 groups of the alternating colors have been started.

2nd row.—Draw the two colors through the last loop of the last double, ch. 3, using the color of the last group, make 1 d. c. on each d. c. transfer to color of the next block and make 1 d. c. on each d. c. Work across the row in this way making 6 d. c. on 6 d. c., using the same colors as in first row.

Repeat this row, simply alternating the blocks, as shown.

Girdle Design. Fig. 2.

This is very pretty of yellow and white.

With yellow make ch. 55 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 4th ch., 9 d. c. in next 9 sts., transfer and make 4 d. c. in next 4 sts., then 10 yellow d. c., 4 white d. c., 10 yellow d. c., 4 white d. c., 10 yellow d. c.

Always turn at the end of each row with a ch. 3 and count this as 1 double, then make the first double into the second double of previous row, and at the end of each row always work the last double into the top of the ch. 3, this makes an even edge. All rows begin and end in this way, so hereafter only the number of doubles in their color and order will be given.

2nd row.—3 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., 10 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., 10 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., 10 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., 3 white.

3rd row.—3 yellow d. c., * 4 white d. c., 3 yellow d. c., repeat from * to * 6 times, and this row will contain 8 groups of 3 yellow and 7 of 4 white.

4th row.—10 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., repeat twice and finish with 10 white d. c.

5th row.—3 yellow d. c., 4 white d. c., 10 yellow d. c., repeat from * to * twice, 4 white d. c., 3 yellow d. c.

6th row.—3 white d. c., 4 yellow d. c., repeat 6 times, 3 white d. c.

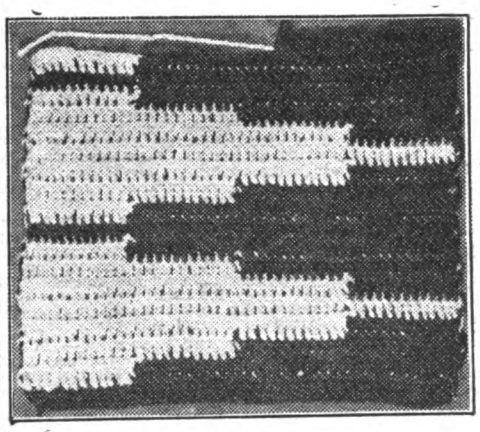
7th row.—10 yellow d. c., 4 white d. c., 10 yellow d. c., * repeat from * to * twice.

Repeat whole from the 2nd row until desired length.

Girdle Design. Fig. 3.

Green and white.

White, ch. 57 sts. This is made in the same



SHADES OF BLUE. FIG. 4.

manner, beginning on the 4th ch. from needle as before.

1st row.—9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c.

2nd row.—6 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 3 white d. c.

3rd row.—6 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 9 green d. c., 9 white d. c., 3 green d. c. Repeat from 1st row only transpose the colors, green for white and white for green thus, the 4th row would be same as 1st row only beginning with 9 green, then 9 white, etc.

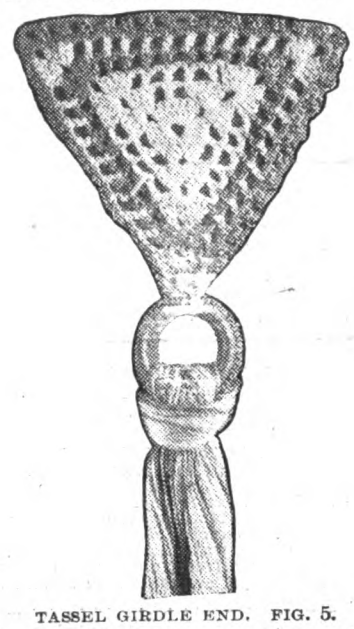
5th row.—Begin with 6 white and then 9 green. It is very easy as one is working the colors in a stair like pattern across the width.

Girdle Design. Fig. 4

In this the colors are massed together so as to make a somewhat bolder pattern which was effectively worked out in this example in two shades of blue. Two shades of other colors or black and white would be equally as pretty; of the darker make ch. 51 sts. Turn and beginning in 4th ch. make

1st row.—48 dark d. c.

2nd row.—12 light d. c., 36 dark d. c.



TASSEL GIRDLE END. FIG. 5.

3rd row.—24 dark d. c., 24 light. d. c.

4th row.—36 light d. c., 12 dark d. c.

5th row.—48 light d. c.

Repeat from 2nd row, using light for dark and dark for light.

Tassel for Girdle End

Begin with ch. 6, joined in a ring.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 6 d. c. in ring, ch. 2, 7 d. c., in ring., ch. 2, 7 d. c. in ring, ch. 2, join on top of ch. 3.

2nd round.—Ch. 5 (double in center of 7 doubles, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in last of seven doubles 8 d. c., in corner space with ch. 3, in center of shell; 1 d. c. in first d. c. of 7 doubles, ch. 2) repeat this around and join the shell to the 3rd st. of ch. 5.

3rd round.—Ch. 5, d. c., in d. c., * (ch. 2 and double) * repeat from * to * twice, shell in corner as before. Two chain spaces between and shell on shell all around.

4th and 5th rounds are made in the same way the fourth being a different color.

For the tassel use both colors and wind over a 5-inch cardboard 40 or 50 times; knot this en a crochet covered ring as shown and fasten to the triangle.

A row of picots and singles may be added to triangle for a finish if desired

Tango Necklace

By Mrs. A. O. L. Wertman.

This handsome design is made of roll stitch or relief crochet full directions of which will be found in the explanation of stitches in the first column.

As the cord can be adjusted and held in place by the slide this necklace makes a very pretty finish for a V-shaped dress or waist.



TANGO NECKLACE.

No. 5 D. M. C. cordonette and steel crochet hook which slants to a good hook and will carry the thread easily are the only materials required.

Begin with the fringe of a tassel; ch. 3, a roll st. o. 5 in the first ch. st; (again ch. 3 and a r. st., o. 5, in the first of this ch. 3) repeat this until 14 rolls in length, then make a slip stitch into the very first chain st. made, this is one fringe. Repeat from the beginning until you have 5 fringes made, then cut thread leaving a little end.

Now make the ball, ch. 6, join in a ring. In this tiny ring work 6 singles then fasten the fringe by bringing up a loop through the top where the thread is cut, make a single through the ring, pull the thread from the fringe through the ring and work it in with the next 5 singles which fills the ring. Now work 2 singles in each st. 12 times; then 80 singles without increase. Stuff with cotton and draw up by skipping singles until closed. For the chain of rolls begin at closing of ball and ch. 5, now 3 r. sts., o. 10, in closing of ball, * take out needle and slide under the 5th chain and draw last loop through; this bunches the rolls. Chain 5 and again 3 rolls made down where the first and last rolls are joined. Repeat from * until the chain is a yard long. Fasten off neatly. Next make the slide and run the chain through before making the tassel for other end.

For the slide take a lead pencil and wind thread around it 5 times, work in 4 d. c., wind for a ring again with the last loop on needle and needle on pencil also, work 4 d. c. in this ring; again make the same. You have a triangle of rings. Now fill the outside of these rings with d. c. At the last joining turn on wrong side and make ch. 12 and sl. st., in the joining again ch. 12 and sl. st. in same place. This is for the two large petals. Turn on right side and make graduated stitches under the ch. 12, begin with 1 s. c., 1 h. d. c., 1 d. c., 1 tr. c., 2 d. tr. c., then graduated roll sts., 2 roll, o. 10, 3 o. 15, 6 o. 20, 3 o. 15, 2 o. 10, 2 d. tr. c., 1 tr. c., 1 d. c., 1 h. d. c., and 1 s. c. Do the same on the next ch. 12. Now work s. c. all around the 3 rings and around the petals to the place where they lap over each other, pass over and work s. c. on next petal to the rings. There begin again with s. c. and make a ch. 3, picot at every 3rd s. c.

Bring the chain through a small ring from the wrong side up, then down through petal, and up through next petal and down through next ring. Finish this end with a tassel, to match the other.

Crocheted Corset Cover Ribbons

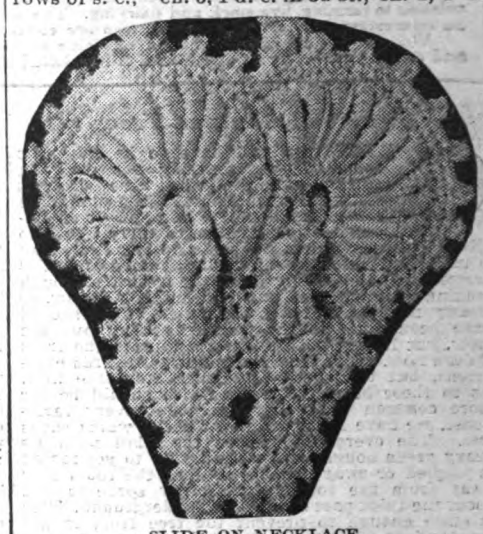
These pretty little handmade ribbons have much to commend them as they are easily made, very inexpensive and wash well besides adding an extra touch of daintiness to lingerie. For materials select either silk or any soft finish mercerized crochet cotton and suitable hook.

The simplest ribbon which can be crocheted, one can make very rapidly in this way.

Make a ch. 3, join by sl. st., into the first ch., now draw out loop on the needle until it is about one-quarter inch long, thread over, insert hook in ring formed by ch. 3, draw out loop, repeat until there are 5 loops on needle, thread over, draw loop through all, make ch. 3, join in ring and repeat until the length required.

Another very effective pattern consists of solid blocks with crossed open spaces between. Such a ribbon takes more time, but if made well will give good wear.

For this use fine cotton and hook. Begin with ch. 6, turn, 5 s. c. in 5 sts. of ch. (first allowing for the turning) ch. 1, turn and make 4 rows of s. c., * ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 3d st., ch. 2, 1 d.



SLIDE ON NECKLACE.

c. in 5th st. Repeat from * ch. 1, turn, 5 rows s. c., (making ch. 1 at end of each row before turning.) Repeat from * until cord is desired length, ending with a plain space as at the beginning.

Another pattern which is made in the length is also open and pretty. For this make a ch. of 45 inches, turn and make 1 s. c. in each ch., ch. 3, turn, 11 d. c. in first 11 stitches, * ch. 2, 1 d. c. in the third st. Repeat from * until last 12 stitches are reached; then make 12 d. c., ch. 1, turn, 1 d. c. on each d. c., 2 d c. in each space.

Roses for Ribbon Ends

Ch. 7, join by sl. st. to first ch., 12 s. c. in ring, ch. 6, 1 d. in 2 d. st., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 2 d.



RELIEF CROCHET RIBBON.

st.* repeat between stars until there are 6 holes. Over each ch. 3 make 1 s. c. and 7 d. c. Make a row of loops, catching between petals just made, at the back with a ch. 4 in each loop. Fill these loops with 1 s. c., 9 d. c., 1 s. c.

Turn rose and make a row of loops at back of inner row of petals, ch. of 3 in each loop, fill with 1 s. c., 7 d. c., 1 s. c. Attach roses to the ends by means of a small cord made of a chain one inch long, s. c. up one side and down the other.

The ribbons here illustrated are a little more work, but are new and especially attractive.

The first one shown is made of shells composed of roll stitches, and is made in the width. Each ribbon should be about one and one half yards long.

Relief Crochet Ribbon

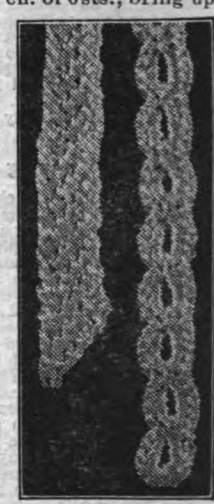
Begin with ch. 5, a shell of roll sts. o. 10 into the first ch. (Detail of r. st., o. 10. Wind the silk 10 times over the needle, bring up a loop through first ch. st., thread over and draw through the coil on needle, thread over and draw through the one loop on needle. Repeat this 5 times for a shell.)

2nd row.—Ch. 5, now an open shell of a d. c., ch. 2, a d. c., ch. 2, a d. c., ch. 2, and a d. c. made in the center of roll shell. A tr. c., under the ch. 5 on edge.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, a roll shell made as before in the center space of the open shell, a tr. c., under ch. 5, on edge. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd row until as long as desired. Finish the ends with crochet rings made by winding the silk 10 times over forefinger, slip off and fill full of s. c. Sew one on the end, and run the ribbon through the beading and then sew on the other ring.

Ribbon Designs. Fig. 6 and 7.

For this design Fig. 6, which is a closely made ribbon begin with a ch. of 6 sts., bring up a loop on the needle from each stitch so you have 6 loops on the needle, * (thread over needle and draw through two loops *) repeat from * to * to the end.



RIBBON DESIGNS. FIG. 6 AND 7.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, take up 5 loops on the needle through the stitches standing vertical, leaving the last one. Adding a ch. st. and leaving one makes the ribbon a little bias. Repeat for the length desired and finish with rings as before described.

For the open work ribbon No. 7 begin by making ch. 7 and join to the first with a sl. st., * 5 s. c. in the ring; this fills it half full; ch. 7, take out needle and insert it in the last s. c. draw the loop through here to make a ring. Repeat from * for a yard and a half or longer, then make 5 more s. c. in last ring, and 5 more in every unfinished ring. Fasten off and finish the ends.

Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die, Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

CHAPTER XI.

READING THE WILL.

YES, most certainly Mr. Burdon was surprised. This was not at all what he had expected—so much did it differ, indeed, from his preconceived idea of the persons and situation, that he, the man of the law and the word, was slightly embarrassed.

He had been fully prepared to meet, and, if need be, cope with persons expectant of and grasping after "something to their advantage," but he was quite unprepared for the quiet, timid, elderly lady, and this equally quiet but modestly dignified girl.

But he was aware that Edward More's cynical gaze was dwelling on him, and made haste to recover his usual urbane self-possession.

He ensconced Mrs. Weston in the easiest of the easy-chairs, and placed the next best, with an air of profound respect and old-fashioned gallantry, for Edna, and then suggested refreshments, which were quietly declined.

"Pray let me urge a glass of sherry—dry sherry and a biscuit," he said, putting the decanter and its accompaniments on the table as he spoke, and making a little joke as he filled the glasses. "Dry sherry!—the proper beverage for such a dry place as a lawyer's office, my dear madam. Indeed, my dear young lady, you must allow me to insist upon your taking at least half a glass."

And he drew a small table to Edna's elbow, and placed the glass upon it. All this having given him and them time to compose themselves, Mr. Burdon relapsed from the man of gallantry into the man of law and business, and, resuming his seat, rustled his papers, glanced across at Edward More—who had watched his friend's efforts at hospitality with an unpleasantly sarcastic smile—and commenced his task.

"I need scarcely ask whether you arrived this morning?" he said, by way of prelude.

Aunt Martha, who was in an inward tremor, assented.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Burdon, "in accordance with my dear friend's—your brother's—wish. Exactly. Yes, this is the first of September, and we are met here by the appointment of one whose wishes and instructions I trust, I sincerely trust, we may all be able to carry out."

As he spoke, he glanced with mingled curiosity and admiration at the pale face opposite him.

Edna's eyes, which had been fixed on him, dropped a little under his glance; she raised them again a moment afterward with an expression of wistful but patient attention. If Mr. Burdon had expected to hear her speak, he was disappointed.

"As you are aware, Mrs. Weston, we have met today to consider a deed, which, to all intents and purposes, is the will of this young lady's uncle, John Weston."

Aunt Martha looked up and nodded nervously.

"Yes, I think I knew that; but Edna knows nothing."

"Just so; that, I think, is exactly in accordance with her father's and her uncle's wish," said Mr. Burdon. "It is not for us to question the wisdom of that wish; it is our duty to respect it—in this case I think we have all done our duty," and he bowed slightly to Edna. "I may say for myself, that, until today, I was as ignorant of the motive that actuated your brothers in their desire for concealment—ignorant also of the purport of this deed—as you yourselves were."

Aunt Martha inclined her head again, and stroked Edna's hand, which she had, somehow or other, managed to smuggle into hers, nervously.

"My first duty," continued Mr. Burdon, "is to read, from beginning to end, this rather long document; but"—and he raised the deed from the table and turned the leaves over with a smile—"I am afraid if I do that without explaining its purport first, that it would not enlighten you much. The language of the law is not, I deeply regret to say, as plain and simple as we lawyers could wish it to be——"

Here Edward More, who had been nibbling and fidgeting at his nails, barked out a low, sharp laugh of sarcastic incredulity, which brought Edna's large, expressive eyes upon him with a look of startled surprise.

Mr. Burdon, not a whit put out by his friend's little commentary, smiled urbanely.

"Mr. More thinks that if there was nothing to explain in the law, there would be no need for lawyers, and considers me guilty of a little humbug. Well, well, perhaps I am. However, shall I explain it to you?"

He looked so directly at Edna that for the first time she spoke, but it was only a simple:

"Thank you."

Mr. Burdon turned round in his chair and took his leg upon his knee.

"I ought to begin, as they do on the stage, I think," he said, "with 'It was twenty years ago'—for it is quite like a romance; but I shall confine myself to a very meager outline of the matter, and your aunt"—and he smiled toward Mrs. Weston—"will furnish all the details from her own knowledge. It is just this, then: Your uncle, John Weston, my dear young lady, was an extremely wealthy man; he was also a very eccentric one, as the uncommon and extraordinary nature of this deed sufficiently proves. Some portion of this wealth he inherited, but the greater part of it he amassed during many years of hard toil. He was a merchant, a mine owner, a ship owner, and what is called a financier; he was, in fact, what is called a merchant prince—a man of extraordinary talent and acuteness, a man universally respected, and a man of vast—yes, vast influence. I don't suppose any man of his day had a greater number of friends, or more powerful ones. Nothing was too great for the scope of his mind, nothing too intricate for his extraordinarily acute business intellect. Persons of all grades, high and low, trusted him to an extent which nowadays seems incredible. It is not too much to say that for many years of his life he held the fortunes of a score of families in his hands, for he was a banker as well as a merchant, and traded with other people's capital as well as his own. You see, my dear young lady, that I have been tempted into a panegyric of your uncle; well, he was worthy of a higher tribute than any humble man like myself can pay. But to proceed—at a certain period of his career—when things were generally black and unpromising—when we had wars and rumors of wars, a great decline of trade, there came a general panic. Houses failed, fortunes were lost, everybody suspected everybody else, and John Weston even did not escape the general distrust and want of confidence. Nearly all the people who had hitherto reposed with the most absolute faith upon his honor and ability, suddenly grew cautious and distrustful, and—I am putting it into unbusiness-like and simple words—came upon him and demanded their money. Had they come one at a time, and gave him time, he could have met them with an easy mind and a full cash box, but unfortunately they came all at once—just as if your uncle had kept all their money in a strong box and could give it to them at any moment they wanted it—and he was unprepared. What happened, or what would have happened on any ordinary or anything but a most extraordinary case? The great, influential millionaire would have been ruined. It was a dreadful time! I remember it—I remember it!"

And Mr. Burdon rose under the excitement of the reminiscences, and walked to the fireplace, though there was no fire.

"I think I can see your uncle as he stood in his office—just as it might be here—tall and thin. He was very much like your father, Miss Weston—pale, but as cool and composed as—as—I am!" and Mr. Burdon rather inconsistently wiped the perspiration from his brow. "There was a crowd outside—a crowd of people clamoring for their money, and threatening to pull the house down; ah, and worse, if he didn't give it to them. The clerks were standing behind their desks white and trembling, expecting the great doors to give way every moment and let the gasping, anxious crowd in, to wreck the place. And there stood your uncle, as calm and composed as Napoleon himself might have been. I think I see him now!"

And Edna, listening with pale face and intent eyes, fancied that she also could see him.

"He had sent for me," continued Mr. Burdon, wiping his eyeglass mechanically, "but, of course, I could do nothing. 'Richard,' he said, 'you hear that crowd. Those are the voices of men and women who have trusted me with their money—some of them have confided their all to me. Up to this time I have dealt honestly with them, as they would testify if they were not frightened out of their sense of justice. If they would give me time I could pay them back—deposit and interest, to the uttermost farthing. They will not do so. I have sent for all the available money—I have realized all it is possible to do. I shall wait one hour longer, and then I shall declare the bank broken, and blow out my brains."

A low cry of pity and horror escaped Edna's lips.

Mr. Burdon made a gesture of sympathy, and hastened on.

"He looked at his watch as he spoke, and laid a pistol on the table before him, and then he sat down and waited, while the crowd got noisier and angrier. They were calling for him now, and threatening—well, well, half an hour passed, and I was about to call for assistance—for I was young to such scenes, and quite unable to cope singlehanded with such a calm, desperate man—when the door opened, and a tall, handsome-looking man came in. It was your uncle's old schoolfellow and best friend—Sir Charles More."

Edna looked up quickly at the certainly not noblelooking face of Mr. More in the room, and wondered breathlessly what was coming.

"I see him now," said Mr. Burdon, "straight as a dart, handsome as—as—all—almost as a woman, with golden hair and bright blue eyes, that were laughing—actually laughing, though the roar of the crowd was in his ears—a black bag was in one hand and his hat in the other; he tossed the hat on one side and hurried across the room. 'Hello, Jack!' he said. 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Why, anybody would think you were giving sovereigns away by the crowd of hungry fools outside. You didn't expect me! No! I'm just in time—landed at Southampton last night, and ran up to town posthaste.' All this, my dear young lady, in a breath. Your uncle could not get a word in, but at last he managed to stammer out—it was the first time his voice lost its firmness:

"'Charlie, the panic has touched me, and I'm ruined!'

"Sir Charles laughed outright; with a flushed face and a flashing eye: 'Ruined! Not you, Jack, while you've a friend left! "Ruined!" that word will never be tacked on to John Weston's name. Here, Mr. Burdon,' turning to me, 'have the goodness to call in some of the white-chokered clerks in the office—never could make out why you make the poor devils wear white chokers, as if they were parsons, Jack!—and tell 'em to count this out and give it to the hungry dogs outside, and by the time that's gone the people from the Bank of England will have sent some more for 'em,' and he took the bag and turned out a heap of Bank of England notes and rouleaus of gold."

Edna's face flushed, and her little hand tightened upon her aunt's.

"Your uncle gave a gasp as if he had been shot, then sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. All his pluck went out of him in a moment, and he sobbed like a child."

And Mr. Burdon took out his large silk handkerchief, and blew his nose two or three times with a most suspicious vehemence, as the tears rolled slowly down Edna's cheek.

"He was as good as his word, Miss Edna; the cashiers paid out the money as fast as they could, and before it had gone a second lot came in, and a third after that; there was more than enough, for the idiots, when they found the bank was saved, paid the money back into it as fast as they drew it out, and instead of howling and cursing, clustered round the house cheering and hurrahing to such an extent, that your uncle had to go out and show himself, dragging Sir Charles by the hand, and calling to the people to look on the man who had saved their money and his honor."

Mr. Burdon drew a long breath, wiped his forehead, and looked round with an apologetic smile.

"I've allowed myself to be tempted into a long story," he said; "but I trust you will admit the temptation was strong. I won't do it again. Of course after this your uncle and Sir Charles became greater friends than ever. Your uncle was not a man to forget such a service, and was not at all satisfied with simply paying back to Sir Charles the money he had lent. He did more than that, he solemnly vowed that all his money should go to Sir Charles or his descendants. But this Sir Charles would not hear of. Your uncle had a younger brother to whom he was deeply attached, that younger brother had a daughter, a sweet-faced little girl—pardon me, Miss Weston—that little girl was yourself. Sir Charles very properly would not consent that he or his should gain by your loss, and your uncle, who was a determined man, was compelled to give up his generous intention in part. Only in part, for here comes the pith and substance of this remarkable deed."

Mr. Burton tapped the parchment impressively.

"Determined not to be wholly balked, your uncle hit upon a scheme by which he hoped to provide for you and enrich Sir Charles' descendant; that descendant was a nephew, a favorite of both Sir Charles and your uncle—a young man strikingly like Sir Charles in appearance—and—and"—here Mr. Burdon paused, and looked across at Edward More's face, which had assumed an angry scowl—"well, resembled him in the matter of a generous, careless, reckless disposition. This nephew is now Sir Cyril More——"

Edna started, and a sudden flush suffused her face; it was gone in a moment, but both the men had noticed it, and Edward More fell to biting his nails suspiciously.

To Edna the name had brought back, with a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



GUIMPE dresses are such a boon and comfort to the busy mother, and those in suspender style are so easy to develop, so neat and attractive in appearance, and so practical because they launder easily.

The styles for grown-ups are reproduced in children's dresses. One sees skirts with two and three flounces, little smart apron effects in overskirt portions, over blouse styles, bolero waists, and girdle effects.

Tailored styles for women are strikingly smart this season, both in cloth, taffeta and wash materials.

Dainty lingerie frocks are made of fine embroidered voile, and combined with taffeta or satin.

Shirred effects on skirts, waists and sleeves are much in vogue. Very picturesque is the effect of a skirt with corded shirrings, puff sleeve and a dainty bolero waist.

Waists in guimpe style, combining taffeta in Pompadour or striped effects, and lace or net are most pleasing and effective.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1297—Girls' Dress with Suspender Belt, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is very attractive for combinations of material, and will make a delightfully cool and simple dress for warm weather. For embroidered crepe or voile, challie, lawn, dimity, or batiste, cashmere or taffeta, the design is very appropriate. The waist may be of crepe, crepe de chine, ratine, lawn, or batiste.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and one eighth yards for the guimpe and two and three eighths yards for the dress of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

1283—A Practical Kitchen Apron. Every woman whether she has to do the work about the house or not, will find use for a simple, practical work apron, such as the one here pictured. The usual apron materials are suitable for reproduction, such as linen, gingham, holland and percale.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

1287—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Dotted black-and-white percale is here shown, with trimming of white pique. This model will make a very desirable morning dress, and is equally attractive for business or "porch" wear.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1095—Ladies' Dressing Sack or Kimono. The model is cut with body and sleeve in one. It is comfortable and pleasing. The style is good for batiste, cashmere, voile, crepe, organdie or silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1278—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in either of two lengths (with regulation or reversible closing) and normal or raised waistline. Percale, seersucker, gingham, chambrey, lawn, flannelette, cashmere, linen and linene, galatea and kindergarten cloth, are good for this style. The diagonal closing may be made from right to left in regulation style, or both fronts may be cut alike, and the closing reversed.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1040—Ladies' Apron. One of the most practical features of an apron is the protection it affords. The design here shown has this good point and some others. It has deep arm openings, and is cut with sufficient fullness.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1300—Ladies' Waist. This model shows exceptional style features and lends itself readily to combinations of lace and silk, embroidery and batiste, or to any of the trimmings now in vogue.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1293—A Charming Group of Bonnets. For "little" girls there is nothing more attractive and becoming than a "love of a bonnet" and in the three styles here shown one will find new and attractive features. The models are all easy to develop, and will look equally well in lawn, mull, chiffon, batiste, crepe, silk, velvet, corduroy, poplin, repp or cloth.

Cut in three sizes; six months, one and two years. A one year size will require five eighths yard for No. one, of 30-inch material, one and one eighth yards for No. two of 20-inch material, and five eighths yard of 20-inch material for No. three.

1281—A New and Stylish Waist. This design is suitable for the new satins and crepes, for madras, linen, silk, poplin, batiste, crossbar muslin, and embroidered voile. The neck edge may have the new smart high collar, or the neat broad rolled one, that will be lovely with the short sleeves for warm days.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1289—Ladies' Skirt in raised or normal waistline. Grenadine, in the new sand shades or in green or brown would be nice for this model. It is equally good for gabardine, serge, poplin, or voile, or for taffeta, linen or gingham.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require three and seven eighths yards of 52-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1229—Ladies' Yoke Shirt in Raised or Normal Waistline. Gored skirts are among the newest designs, and are shown in flare and plaited styles. The model is suitable for silk, cloth or wash fabrics. It is lovely for linen, for ratine or gingham, and lends itself equally well to soft crepe, voile or poplin, as well as to broadcloth or serge.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1001—Boys' Suit with Knickerbockers. This model has raglan sleeve portions that form a yoke over the fronts. The blouse is made with coat closing, and sailor collar. Suits of this fashion are fine for little boys, and are appropriate for Devonshire cloth, linen, drill, liene, pique, galatea, seersucker, percale, serge or gingham.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a five-year size.

1282—Girls' "Junior" Dress. This model is good for linen, poplin, repp, crepe, serge and cashmere. The blouse has straight semi-fitted lines, and may be made with sleeves in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a three-piece model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1296—Dress with or without Bolero for Misses and Small Women (with sleeve in either of two lengths.) This attractive model is lovely for embroidered voile or crepe, for lawn and dimity, for grenadine, challie, batiste, and other soft fabrics. The bolero, a new style feature, may be of contrasting material, and may be omitted, the collar being so arranged that it may be joined to waist or bolero.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1302—Ladies' Four Gore Skirt, in raised or normal waistline. The lines of this model are becoming and graceful. It is cut with fashionable fullness, and will be easy to develop.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1263—Costume for Misses and Small Women. Grenadine in a new mauve shade is here shown with brocaded silk for sleeve and trimming. The style is unique in its lines and shows several new and pleasing features. Challie, poplin, voile, taffeta, crepe, batiste or lawn can be used for this model.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size.

1288—Girls' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid gingham in pretty brown, tan and green tones with facings of brown, was used to make this attractive dress. Percale, chambrey, linene, poplin, ratine or crepe are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year-size.

9921—Girls' Dress with Surplice Front and three-piece skirt. This model is simple in outline and easy to make. The design is suitable for poplin, crepe, seersucker, gingham, lawn, chambrey, voile, challie or cashmere.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1032—A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl. This design will certainly appeal to the home dressmaker. It is so easy to develop, and looks equally well in either style illustrated. The model is good for challie, lawn, voile, for silk, taffeta, messaline, and for the light weight woolen fabrics.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1280—Ladies' Kimono with Raglan sleeve. This design is nice for crepe, lawn, cashmere, challie, and albatross and will be likewise pleasing in flannelette, flannel or blanketings. The fullness at the waist may be unconfined, or gathered as illustrated.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

1290—Ladies' Waist with or without Yoke Facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. White butcher's linen was used for this design. It is splendid for all wash fabrics, for taffeta, poplin, albatross, serge or charmeuse.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require three yards of 44-inch material.

1295—A Simple Set of Drawers, Petticoat and Under Waist. Cambric, muslin, nainsook, long cloth, lawn or crepe may be used for the drawers and petticoat. If a strong, durable underwaist is wanted, drill or jean is best. The pattern includes all styles illustrated.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. The drawers require one and one half yard of 36-inch material, the petticoat requires two yards, and the underwaist one and one eighth yard for a 10-year size.

1286—A Stylish Youthful Model. Among the many and varied styles of this season, there seems none more comfortable and simple, than the blouse style here shown. It has the new full skirt, and new long sleeve. The neck may be finished with or without the "dickey."

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

1275—Girls' Apron. This style is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric or sateen. It will serve as well for a cool and comfortable play dress as for an apron.

Cut in six sizes; four, six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1303—Pattern for Refooting Stockings. This pattern gives two different soles, both equally good and shaped so that the seams will not cause any discomfort to the wearer, as darned stockings sometimes do. Expensive silk stockings may be made to do duty twice as long when refooted in this way.

Cut in three sizes; eight, nine and 10 inches.

1016—Girls' Dress with short or long sleeve. The model is good for voile, ratine, rice cloth, chambrey, galatea, serge or silk. The skirt is a three-piece model with plaits in front and at the sides.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1276—A Comfortable Nightgown and boudoir cap. Cambric, lawn, dimity, crepe, cross-bar muslin, and silk are very appropriate for this style of gown, and the same materials, also net and lace could be used for the cap. Both styles are easy to develop.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the gown, and one yard for the cap for a medium size.

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TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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CHAPTER IX.

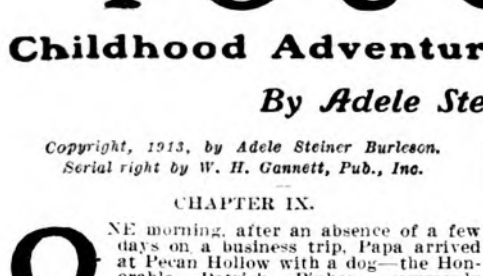
ONE morning, after an absence of a few days on a business trip, Papa arrived at Pecan Hollow with a dog—the Honorable Patrick Pinkey, commonly called Pat.

As Toughey and the children ran out to the farm-wagon, in which the final stage of the journey had been made, ready with an effusive greeting for the newcomer, Papa stopped them with the explantion that Pat was no ordinary dog and that his acquaintance must be made with more form and caution. He then invited Pat to come down from the wagon, which was done with a cheerful alacrity more suggestive of extreme god nature than of crossness. Notwithstanding this encouraging sign, his introduction to the family, which followed, was in every respect cold though polite. They, all, were instructed to treat him with civility while avoiding any approach to familiarity. His history and peculiarities were fully gone into and everyone cautioned to keep them well in mind.

It seems that Pat's former master had, for sometime past, been leading a double life! He passed the morning sympathizing with his neighbors because of the mysterious disappearance of their pet cats and dogs, and at night he dug surrepitious graves in his own garden for these same pets. It may have been fear of a similar fate for Pat, at the hands of a long suffering neighborhood, or fear that suspicion would fasten upon himself as Pat's confederate, or it may even have been the misery of an awakened conscience that determined Pat's master to part with him, but at all events that determination was finally reached.

Pat himself was not only aware of his master's unlawful practises, but was the principal party to them. In every dog and cat, Pat saw a mortal foe and he could not rest until his enemy had bitten the dust. Thus it was that his instinct for blood, carefully cultivated in generations of his ancestors, became his undoing and lost him, early in his career, a comfortable home. On the parting day Pat's master fastened a collar around his neck and leading him by a chain walked down to the principal street in the town.

Pat's future was uncertain. No provision had been made for him, because his departure had wisely been made a hasty one. But fortune had not deserted him! Fate brought in his direction a man, whose wife and children, located in the country for the summer, wanted a dog. This man was Papa, and in a few minutes Pat's chain was in his hand. While the dog's gentleness towards children had been guaranteed, it was evident from the outset that the tale of Pat's midnight as-



PAT, THE KING OF DOGS.

sassinations had made an impression on his new master. There was respect, even deference, in his attitude towards the dog, and during the trip to the Plantation, where Pat was to act as watchdog, it cannot be truthfully recorded that his new master congratulated himself upon his acquisition. In fact, there were times when he seriously questioned his own discretion in having accepted the gift, and only excused himself upon the ground that the transaction had been hurried and—on his part if not on his friend's—totally unconsidered.

These facts impressed upon the family, Pat, under Papa's supervision, was now carefully fed, gently patted by each child, and then tied to the corner post of the front gallery. For it was believed that Pat's watch dog qualities would best be developed by keeping him chained. Such a course was to imbue him with a sense of responsibility for the safety of the family and enable him to distinguish between friends and those midnight prowlers and daylight tramps who ever haunted Mamma's imagination.

During the progress of this experiment, Pat had no occasion to complain of loneliness or neglect. All that favor could accomplish to mitigate the dullness of his confinement was done. Attentions were heaped upon him until it seemed that he must exhaust himself in his desire to acknowledge them. For whenever Pat wagged his tail it shook his whole body.

At the creak of an approaching wagon or the sound of a horse's hoofs the family would quickly collect about Pat to watch the effect upon him of the intrusion. Upon such occasions he would look questioningly from one to the other, as if unwilling to pursue the line of action expected of him, could he but understand it. It gradually became clear, however, that nothing could overcome Pat's extreme amiability towards all humankind. Even when afforded opportunity to exercise the savage prerogatives of a watch dog, he would accept the caress of a distinctly disreputable stranger as graciously as he did that of Mamma herself. It was only when a dog accompanied the visitor or passerby that Pat's conduct became individual and independent of all command, threat, or cajolery. Trembling violently, with alternate growls and cries, he would struggle fiercely, dragging at his chain and all but choking himself in the endeavor to get at his enemy.

After two weeks, it was agreed that, as a watch-dog, Pat was a miserable failure. The six shooter was again hung prominently over the mantelpiece, a warning to such stragglers, who, having discovered Pat's deficiencies as a protector might still, in Papa's absence, wish to impose on the household.

Freed from the restraint of the chain, Pat proved himself a delightful companion for the children. He played hide and seek with them in the cotton field, routed every chaparral cock that ventured within the enclosure, and early and late stalked the wary old crows without ever getting near one. He chased rabbits and squirrels on the hillside and even rusty-back lizards when no larger game offered. By sight alone was Pat able to follow the chase, for he was neither quick of ear nor of scent.

Given his liberty, however, Pat rapidly became a great responsibility. With every member of the family constituted a special policeman for both his protection and restraint, he was frequently able to elude the entire corps and depredate so horribly, that a day without its panic rarely passed. His chain, supposed to be kept in its especial place, ready for emergencies, seemed to vanish at the crucial moment. At such times, Pat, with the swift, stealthy movement of a panther, without a sound, and deaf to all entreaty, would creep upon the dog of either friend or stranger, passing through the Plantation, and dispatch him with a deadly, albeit discreditable skill. It was plain that some proper field must be discovered for the exercise of Pat's energies. After some deliberation it was agreed that he be permitted to accompany the family to the pastures, be instructed in the art of driving cattle and thus afforded a legitimate occupation.

Every precaution was taken to make the trial a success. On the way he was carefully guarded, the children on horseback acting as scouts while Mamma and Toughey in the surrey served as bodyguard to prevent any encounter with the enemy. The enemy was, of course, in every instance, a dog whose life in each case was saved only by unceremoniously bundling Pat into the surrey where he was kept blind and deaf until the danger was past. But Pat's projected association with the cattle could not be brought about. Disappointment again waited on the anxious family. From the beginning it was plain that no fraternal feeling could ever be established between Pat and a cow. After a few skirmishes it was impossible to make him quit his position just behind the horse's heels under the surrey, where the horn of an angry cow could not reach him.

Despondency began to settle down over the household. To keep Pat forever chained was, for many reasons, out of the question, and yet even a restricted freedom brought in its train such troubles, such uneasy relations with the people at the Camp, such expensive settlements with strangers, that it was only granted with fear and trembling. As the result of a serious family council it was determined to give Pat one more opportunity to establish for himself a useful position in the country.

To this end, Tom and Jerry, the famous "cat" hunters, were secured, with the understanding that they be returned to the Carters whole and undamaged.

On a beautiful September night, when the earth was moist from recent rains, the plan by which Pat was to be made into a respectable dog-citizen was put into execution. In company with the hounds, but with a safe distance between them, and at the end of his chain, Pat went forth on his first hunt. A good trail was quickly struck, the hounds gave tongue, and it was not long before they had run down their quarry in a little thicket of live oak. Pat watched the proceedings with every indication of intense interest, scanning the faces about him as though for a sign to take his turn at the game. The critical moment for testing Pat's understanding of the chase and its attendant duties, pleasures and honors had arrived! With a soft "sic him," and a gentle motion towards the struggling polecat, the chain was detached and Pat was left to the guidance of his instincts. These led him, swiftly, unerringly, not to the cat but to the throat of old Tom, which he seized in a grip that bespoke an iron jaw backed by an iron resolution. With a fence rail they finally succeeded in prying the animals apart and loaded with the scorn and obliquy of the indignant children Pat was led home, a dejected prisoner. His case appeared a hopeless one. The outlook was indeed gloomy. His sole accomplishment appeared to be that he could commit murder, unmitigated by discretion.

With the summer drawing to a close, Pat's disposition became a problem. The Manager stiffened at the bare mention of his name. It was impossible to give him away. To take him to the city meant continual attendance at the Police Court for the master or the Lethal Chamber for Pat.

The morning of their departure came and found the problem still unsolved. Unconscious of the worry he occasioned his only friends, Pat, invested with collar and chain, arrived at the railway station, and along with the trunks was placed in the baggage car. Chance was again to control his fate.

The Boy went with them to the train. He must go to Washington to college when he got older, they all said, and they promised to come often to the Plantation for the summer.

"Good by, Kids," was his parting with the children.

When he wrung Toughey's hand he put his boyish young heart into it and said quite steadily and soberly:

"I'll see you again, Toughey." And the girl felt suddenly sorry that she must part with her young companion who had helped more than anyone else to make her summer a happy one.

Old Isum grumbled a little when they left, and told Len confidentially that "dey sho was his kine o' white fokes."

Then the train came and there was noise and confusion, and when it steamed ahead again, Toughey and the children found themselves looking through blurred windows at an indistinct landscape, and Mamma was discovered sighing and wondering if such another summer was ever to be theirs again.

Even Nurse admitted that it might have been worse.

* * * * * * * * * *

At the first long stop made by the train, Papa went forward to look after Pat. He was met halfway by an embarrased but indignant baggage man. Pat had killed a fine Irish setter taken on at the last station. Mechanically Pat's master put his hand in his pocket, an action that instantly mollified the baggage man and made him turn hopefully to the setter's owner who at that moment approached. Possessed of the high color and loud clothes, universally supposed to characterize the sporting man, this individual's red face turned to purple when the situation was explained to him. Sputtering with rage, he strode towards the car as if to promptly avenge himself for the loss of his fine dog, when Pat presented himself at the open door.

There he stood, a perfect speciman of an English Terrier, his fine blood showing in every line and feature. The man stopped abruptly and gazed, as though fascinated, at the picture before him. He made his livelihood by the purchase and sale of dogs Pat was a gem of his kind. Already in his heart the sport adored him. Turning to Mr. Deering he said with a kind of hurried bashfulness that, a fair exchange being no robbery, he would take Pat to idemnify himself for the loss of his own dog. That is, he added slowly, with his eyes on the ground and fear in his heart, if the gentleman preferred to settle that way. Mr. Deering seized his hand and wrung it. "Thank you," he said simply. The man stared. "Promise me to treat him kindly!" added Pat's recent owner, stopped in his hasty retreat to his coach by a momentary twinge of remorse for having parted so lightly with an old friend.

"Kindly," echoed the man in amazement, "Sure," he said, and then added under his breath, "Sure, for he's the King of dogs."

THE END.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

cooking utensils, cameras, typewriters, automobiles and many of our too little appreciated luxuries of this day.

Every one should read Milton's "Paradise Lost," Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written In a Churchyard," Alfred Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Maurine" and her "This, too, Shall Pass Away," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh."

Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son contain sound business advice tersely and wittily told.

And some of the novels of G. B. McCutcheon show a good phase of fashionable society.

There are a great many books that not to know is such ignorance to the reader and the conversationalist as well, that all of us should become acquainted with them. In this class are "Gulliver's Travels," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe," "Wandering Jew," "Tom Brown," "Vanity Fair" and "Mr. Dooley."

"The Deemster," by Hall Caine, vividly portrays what an uncontrolled temper can lead to; a gem is "The Wife" in Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

"Vanity Fair" is a masterpiece of Wm. M. Thackeray's brain and A. J. Evan's shows us the possibility of the conversion of a worldly man by a good woman.

I have heard of persons that know too much, but think it impossible to corner information, and believe there is a love of knowledge for itself alone, though we all meet folks who, having learned a little, seem to think by airing that modicum, they are impressing their hearers by their wisdom.

If you, dear reader, will cultivate the acquaintance of many of the foregoing literary folks, and others unknown to me, and have for help, a dictionary, an encyclopedia and an atlas of the world, or at least, a map of the United States (which can often be obtained at slight cost from some railroad), if you can crowd some of this into even the busiest life, you need not have the blues, you can avoid the company of those uncongenial to you, for, you know, if you do not like a book, you can shut it up, and you will be astonished at your own improvement and development. Also, I advocate keeping a book for jotting down sentences or thoughts that you want to make your own. There is some helpful thought lurking in most unexpected places for the discerning eye, and a little wisdom is good for you and me. MRS. ABIGAIL G. SCHILLER.

CENTER, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Oftentimes I have read the interesting letters of the sisters, and been tempted to write, but I always supposed the letters to Mrs. Wilkinson were so numerous, that perhaps mine would be in the way.

I will take for my subject, "A Beautiful Life." A beautiful life, is a life of truthfulness, of nobility of the soul and a life of devotion to our loved ones here, and to the God who created us. Life indeed, is but a river running with rapidity onward, onward, ever on. It runs, alas! too swiftly. We have not one moment in which to hesitate, or to spend in idleness. We should place a guard on our every-day actions, as we travel along Life's journey. Just one unkind word can never be recalled. How much better if it had never been spoken. Kind words! How little they cost, and yet how dear! Soft words soften the soul. Words harsh and angry, kindle the fire of wrath and vengeance; cold words chill while hot ones create ire and discord. There are vain words, idle words, silly words, spiteful words and a multitude of others to guard against. By trying daily to imitate Him who had not where to lay His head can we live a beautiful life.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a log cabin and perfect love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be dark or shining. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eyes rest on a potato or a flower garden; the heart makes home precious, it is the only thing that can. Home is where the heart is.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid, and for deeds left undone. "She never knew that I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me," and "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arrows that cruel death shoots from the door of the sepulchre.

The woman who laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma, her face in a sick room does more good than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. Sick hands go instinctively out to meet her grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the touch of the one who speaks in a groaning key. She laughs you out of your faults while you never dream of being offended with her, and you never know what a pleasant world you live in until she points out the sunny streaks on her pathway.

I am twenty-five years old, five feet and six inches tall.

I would be glad to receive cards or letters as I get very lonesome sometimes, but can't promise to answer all, unless stamps are enclosed.

With love and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and the COMFORT sisters, Your friend,

MISS MAUDE BLACK.

Miss Black. Unquestionably "home is where the heart is" and love is the ruling factor, but don't you think that the love of the average person of today lasts longer if fed with something more substantial than bread and water?

To be sure,

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

sounds lovely in theory, but I fear I am too practical to thoroughly appreciate it in everyday life. Do not misunderstand me and think that I am condemning love alone, and that I haven't a soul above things of the "earth earthy," for, in common with women of all time, I have my ideals and were I to advise anyone as to a choice between Mammon and Love, I'd say the latter for real happiness, though I still maintain that the happiness will be more lasting with a moderate amount of this world's goods.

The ideas or experience of anyone along this line will be gladly considered.—Ed.

DUNN, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been silent for several years but, of course, have been gleaning all that was interesting and beneficial from the many good letters that appear in our Sisters' Corner. Perhaps some of you still remember me but I know many of you have been numbered in our corner since I first appeared in your midst.

I would like to have a chat with "Grandma" of Ind. She voiced my opinion in regard to controlling children. Sisters, please tell me why is it that children are so disobedient at this period. It seems impossible to rule and control them. Why is it that parents are so inclined to try to grant the wishes and desires of their children, regardless of whether they are for their benefit or not. When I was a child, my childish wishes were not taken into consideration by my parents unless these were right out needful and in accordance with their will. I am sure it does not make a child any happier to grant every whim and notion.

Miss Caleo C. Cochrane. I can give you a sure remedy for that feeling of loneliness that appears now and then to blot out the sunshine of contentment. Just so long as you keep your hands busily employed, your thoughts will very well follow. Take up some employment that will interest you. I always see many branches of industry that I would like to engage in. Being endowed with much will power and energy I strive to gain success in all I undertake. This causes me to be interested in all employments I engage in. I will relate some of my experiences through times past and present, then you will know why I can give a reason for the remedy I recommended to all those who are physically able to toil. This is not to the many invalids who are suffering, to whom my deepest sympathy goes out, for by experience of years past I know their lonely feelings. To those who are blessed with strength I am speaking. I have experienced parting with father, mother, sisters, and brothers. Father, mother and one brother by the cold, icy hand of death. The others through matrimony went from under the old, parental roof into homes of their own, except one sister and she and I live alone. Therefore out of a family consisting of twelve why should I not know what loneliness means. Since we have been living alone, my sister has been away from home for a few days at times on a visit and I remained at home with not a neighbor's house in sight of our plantation. Perhaps I would not see anybody during day or night while she was gone. People sometimes ask me if I do not get lonesome. My reply is, "I am always busy, and those who are busy seldom get lonely." Busily engaged with home duties or some employment during daylight; at night busy reading or writing until I retire. Then I don't get nearly all the spare time for reading I would like to have. I have always found that when busily engaged, loneliness and discontent do not find room to creep in. Yet I find a change is always needful. We would not have all sunshine. The clouds and rain are necessary to promote life and growth. So we need a change occasionally to break the monotony of existence. If we will visit the sick and render unto them some assistance; visit our relatives and friends, and go to church or to some place of entertainment it will keep us busy, and these changes will help drive away the blues and melancholy feeling that will creep in if we continue through the same old routine of business, day after day. Therefore I advise all who feel lonely and discontented to try the method I have suggested and watch results.

With much love and best wishes for all COMFORT readers, a Southern bachelor maid, MISS AZUBAH LEE.

NORMANNA, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you move over a tiny bit please and make room for a little girl from southwest Texas?

I will take for my subject "Idleness." If we only stop to think, "idle" is a broad word, and can mean different things. What I have reference to, however, is a person who does nothing for others. Many an idle person fancies himself industrious. But is it really fruitful? Fruitful effort always contains elements of service to others. Effort need not be definitely useful and active to be fruitful. The person who, in unselfish aspiration to spend a fruitful life, is hunting a place where they may be of service to others. Why not begin near home? How many poor souls are there around our very doors whom we could help in some way. For instance, how many of us, stop to give a few minutes of sympathy and cheerful words to some disheartened person, or an hour employed in taking an invalid out driving, etc. Or even to write a hopeful letter to one who is depressed in spirit. All of these are fruitful, and would it not make us happier, knowing that we had done something to make someone else happy? Some of us are so selfish we are not willing to sacrifice the merest trifle for the happiness of others. Kind words do not cost much, yet how much they may accomplish!

Now can you not all see how true this is?

Selfish people aren't really happy. How a bright smiling face will brighten a dreary day! Cheerfulness and gaiety are by nature contagious, so let us not be the cause of others being weak, but give them our energy, to revive them and lift them up.

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for several years, and like it better all the time. Each issue shows a finer selection of reading matter than the last. I feel as if I owe it something in return for all the pleasure it gives me. I take a keen interest in the Sisters' Corner. There are so many things in it which I find helpful, as I'm the housekeeper most of the time. Mother's health has not been good for sometime, and I have had nearly all of the housework to do.

I am eighteen years old. Weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and am five feet and eight inches tall. Have dark brown, wavy hair, dark eyes and a fair complexion. Both father and mother are living, also two brothers, and four sisters, all are married but two sisters and myself. One of my sisters teaches school, and the other one isn't at home much so you can imagine how lonely I get. I read lots, however, crochet and do embroidery and pass the time away very well.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For **two** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription) not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. A. H., Milville, Cal.—President McKinley was shot while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music, at the Buffalo Exposition, Sept. 6, 1901, and died in Buffalo on the 14th. He was shot twice by Leon Czolgosz who was immediately arrested. The assassin was placed on trial Sept. 23, and the next day was found guilty of murder in the first degree. On the 28th he was sentenced and Oct. 29 he was put to death. It appears that Czolgosz had no confederates and simply killed the President in pursuance of the anarchistic teaching that all men in authority should be killed.

Mrs. J. F. M., Washington, Pa.—We are not acquainted with the name of the first white baby born in Baltimore; perhaps the Mayor of that city could tell you. Write to him. He always strives to please and will inform you (2) Mrs. Hetty Green, the "richest woman in the world" is not related to Gen. Nathaniel Green of Revolution fame so far as we know. We have never heard that her husband was.

E. E. S., Franklinton, La.—If you wish to assist the United States to become a great sea-faring nation why don't you enlist in the navy where your knowledge of Spanish as well as your other capacities will have full development? Good men are needed in the navy and the job is a sure one as long as you want it and behave yourself. It also provides for you when you are old enough to quit work. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. about getting on a ship. Your knowledge of Spanish may be worth a whole lot to you if our ships go into Mexican waters as they may have to before things become settled in that country.

Mrs. Emily Johnson, Texas, writes that amole, the soap vegetable, is chiefly valuable as a hair tonic and dandruff remover, but she also finds it satisfactory in washing delicate fabrics, though not good for the usual laundry purposes.

Honesty, New Castle, Pa.—You cannot copyright formulas for compounding remedies, but you can have them protected as other patent medicines are. Write to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. for detailed information.

Mrs. J. J. C., Farmington, Ark.—If you want the nice opossum and raccoon skins your husband has, to be tanned so they will be worth anything after the tanning, don't trust it to a green hand, any more than you would trust the making of your best dress to someone who didn't know how to fit or sew. Tanning, except the ordinary, rough, home work, can only be done by experts, and if the skins are nice ones, they should not be spoiled by a green hand who would like to do it right, but doesn't know how. Any hunter in your neighborhood can tell your husband how to tan them in the usual rough style and if you want them that way, all right, let the green hand do it. We are thus particular in telling you this, because so many COMFORT readers have the idea that if they are told how to do a thing they can do it, notwithstanding those who do such things right can only do so after years of practise, with all knowledge possible and the necessary materials and machinery. Even then, most of them don't do the best work. You know we are a nation of inefficients.

Pearl, Milano, Texas.—The larger part of the fresh water pearls produced in this country come from the Mississippi river, or its tributaries, though pearls are found in all the fresh waters of the U. S. We may suggest to you that if you think of trying pearl fishing, not to do it, as it is hard work and the pay is very small, pearls being scarce and the chief value of the mussels being the shells used by button factories. For detailed information write to U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. L., Golconda, Nev.—Children born in the United States and coming of age here are citizens, whatever their parents may be. A foreign woman marrying an American becomes an American citizen.

Nina, Richland, Kans.—You can get a book on how to raise and care for canaries from any bookseller, and if you have none in your town, write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill., or to Wm. Bartels, 160 Greenwich St., New York City. Parrots cost anywhere from five dollars up, a good talking bird being worth from twenty-five dollars up. Ask Bartels about parrots. (2) The only objection to General Delivery letters by P. O. officials is that such letters are often of a character not such as the writers would like to have come in their regular mail. Many scandals have grown out of Gen. Del. letters.

F. J. G., Runge, Texas.—The address of the American Red Cross is 1624 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Secretary, Charles L. Magee.

Pet, Waco, Texas.—Any kind of stationery will do to write stories on if they are such stories as editors are striving for. Otherwise don't write them, because the market for ordinary stories is completely overstocked. We don't believe you can write a first-class story, judging from your letter, and we advise as a friend that you do not attempt story writing yet.

E. D. B., Sedgwick, Kans.—The U. S. has never issued a coin or paper currency of the value of twelve and a half cents with the standard name of shilling. The terms, shilling and bit, come to us from the English and Spanish coins in use before we had a coinage of our own—the bit being always twelve and a half cents, or Spanish real, while the shilling varied from that amount to twenty-three and one half cents. The use of the terms now are purely local and chiefly rural.

Miss R. M., Red Springs, N. C.—For any information concerning railway mail clerk or other government civil service positions write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Other COMFORT inquirers take notice.

B. W. H., Millport, Ala.—We haven't space to give you a list of U. S. Senators. Get a World Almanac, New York City. Price thirty cents, mailed. It is full of the kind of information you want and a great deal you need. (2) In all the states the U. S. senators are elected by popular vote now, since the recent change in the U. S. Constitution. (3) There are no U. S. senatorial districts. Each state has two senators at large.

C. C., Casey, Ill.—The madstone is a stone of a greenish color and porous substance, circular or egg-shaped, and while discredited by scientists is believed by many less learned people to be a specific for the bites of mad-dogs or snakes. They are rare and are found chiefly in the South. One method of application is to soak the stone in milk and apply it to the bite. If there is poison it is expected to adhere to the spot until the poison is absorbed when it is supposed to drop off. It really has no power though, but many cures are claimed for it. It has no particular locality and is found separate from other formations as a large-sized pebble is found. Owners of madstones hold them in a sort of superstitious awe and while they will often make no charge for their use, they will not sell them at any price.

T. N., Hoseland, Nebr.—If you pass the Civil Service examination for postal clerk you will stand as good a chance as any other applicant for appointment if you are a person of good character and of the proper age. For blanks and all necessary information write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., stating what branch of the service you wish to enter.

L., Stockwell, Ind.—The president and cashier of the national bank issuing bills are the only persons who may legally sign them. Anyone else doing so would be guilty of forgery. This would not be possible, however, unless the bills were stolen from the bank before the proper officers could sign them, so that both larceny and forgery would stand against the offenders.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

painful vividness, that afternoon in the arbor, when she had sat with the man whom she would never see more, and listened to Mr. Howley Jones' idle boasting.

How the name had impressed her then, awaking a strange kind of infinite memory; she remembered how she had asked about this Sir Cyril, and now she was to hear that this same man was in some way linked with her past, and possibly with her future.

The flush passed away, and she listened more intently, if that were possible than before.

"Sir Cyril, at the time of your uncle's death, was a promising lad some few years older than you. He was often at More Park, and though he has no doubt forgotten your uncle and all connected with him, used as a boy to be very fond of him. I have seen your uncle nursing him on one knee while you, my dear Miss Weston, were on the other."

Edna's eyes dropped, and a little thrill, whether of pain or pleasure she could not say, ran through her. For the first time the lawyer seemed long-winded. Why did he not go on? What was he leading up to?

"Your uncle then hit upon a scheme which should conduce to the good of both families. He left a certain sum of money to your father, another set sum to your aunt"—and he bowed to Mrs. Weston—"and the remainder of his fortune he placed in the hands of trustees to take care of, and increase by the accumulation of interest, until you should have reached the age of twenty. You are twenty today, if I am not mistaken?"

Edna, open-eyed, pale again but calm, though rather perplexed and troubled, inclines her head in assent.

"Just so," said Mr. Burdon, rubbing his eyeglass, and warming to his theme. "The trustees have taken care of the money; it has bred—if I may use the term—and increased, and is now a fortune, almost princely in its extent, and it now remains to be seen to whom it belongs."

Edna drew a sigh that almost seemed one of relief; Aunt Martha, pale and agitated, murmured the words, "Fortune—princely!" and nervously clasped and unclasped her hands.

Edward More got up from his chair and took two or three impatient turns across the room, then sank, with something between a groan and a snort, into his seat again.

"That immense fortune—every penny of it—will belong to either you or Sir Cyril More, or perhaps to both of you. It will belong to both of you, in equal shares, on one condition.

"On one condition," repeated Mr. Burdon, emphasizing the words by tapping the deed with his forefinger after each; "and that is, that you become man and wife."

Edna stared with startled eyes for a moment, then went deadly pale.

"Man and wife!" she murmured, her head drooping, until her face was hidden.

Mr. Burdon nodded emphatically.

"It was your uncle's dearest wish; it was Sir Charles' dearest wish, that you and his nephew should marry, and so make the houses of More and Weston—united for so many years by so firm a bond of friendship—one in fact and law. With that wish in his heart and on his lips your uncle lived and died."

There was a moment's pause after these words, almost solemnly delivered, and it was in a still slower and more emphatic manner that the lawyer resumed:

"But we know that your uncle was too just and acute a man to attempt to wrest fate to his own inclination; he only tried to guide it. He has proved his wisdom and justice by a stipulation which stamps him at once as a man of no common mind. He has left, so to speak, each of you free to decline or accept his fortune without depriving the other of his, or her, chance of it. To Sir Cyril the first word is given. It is for him to say, when the whole matter has been laid before him, whether he will follow the course set out in the deed, and propose for your hand. Should he do so, and you accept, well and good, the money is secure to you both. Should you reject him, the fortune goes to him—lands, houses, gold. So much for your part in the matter; now comes his. Should he be mad enough to throw away such a chance of securing a beautiful and charming bride—forgive me if I am plain-speaking, my dear Miss Weston—and an immense, a princely fortune, should he do this, then the whole of the money, lands, houses and gold comes to you; to do with as you will—yours wholly and unconditionally; unfettered by a single claim or drawback.

"Such is the story which the deed sets forth, and such are its commands and requirements."

Mr. Burdon having paused, impressively looked at Edna. She was surprised and agitated—one moment pale, the next a vivid crimson. Aunt Martha, still holding her hand, crushed that hand one moment and patted and soothed it the next. Edward More sat and glanced at one and the other, dissatisfied with everything, and quite prepared to break out into lamentable complainings whichever way the matter should be settled.

Neither of the three spoke a word. Mr. Burdon, having waited to see if anyone felt inclined to speak, rose again, and stood with his back to the empty fireplace, and addressing Edna, said:

"Practically, my dear young lady, the matter rests in your hands."

Edna started from a painful reverie, and looked up with vague alarm.

Mr. Burdon, answering that look, added:

"Yes; for I am not indulging in a perhaps pardonable flattery when I assert that Sir Cyril, not being insane, is not likely to refuse either you or this immense fortune—certainly not both together. Therefore it rests with you whether you accept a husband, young, handsome, and a general favorite——"

Edward More grunted audibly.

"A general favorite," repeated Mr. Burdon, emphatically, as if he would not be contradicted on that point.

"Of course any conjecture is at present premature, but I think I may answer for Sir Cyril; I think I am sufficiently in his confidence to promise that he will throw no obstacle in the way of the fulfillment of your uncle's wishes."

There was another pause.

"As I have said, the choice if choice it can be called, rests with Sir Cyril, as it should do, very properly giving you two choices, if I may call them so; and I have dispatched a clerk, a special messenger, for Sir Cyril, that the preliminaries may be got through without any loss of time. I trust, I do trust, that we may succeed in finding Sir Cyril; his movements are just at present very uncertain."

"Very uncertain!" echoed Edward More, sardonically.

"May I ask if you have ever seen Sir Cyril?" asked Mr. Burdon.

Edna raised her eyes, half frightened, wholly troubled, and shook her head.

"No, I have not seen him," she said, in a low voice.

"No doubt you have heard of him?"

"Oh, no doubt!" echoed Edward More, again, with increased bitterness.

Edna looked from one to the other.

"Yes, I have heard of him," she said, and her face grew crimson.

"And heard no good of him?" grunted Edward.

"We can't say that," broke in Mr. Burdon, quickly.

"As I have said, Sir Cyril is a general favorite and—and—well, he has no worse enemy than himself."

"And that is enough to ruin him," added Edward, spitefully.

Edna looked with pained surprise at the malignant face of the speaker, and for the first time a gleam of pity for this Sir Cyril crossed her heart.

"Well, well," said Mr. Burdon, with a touch of impatience. "Brothers are inclined, too often, to judge each other too harshly. It is a pity Sir Cyril is not here to speak for himself. Meanwhile, my dear madam," he said—"that is, until he arrives—I think we had better suspend all decisions and even discussions. Where are you staying?"

"We are staying at Moffat's Hotel," answered Aunt Martha, nervously.

Mr. Burdon bowed and glanced at Edward.

"Is there anything else that we ought to say Mr. More?"

Edward More shook his head.

"Except to hope that that precious brother of mine will be persuaded to put in an appearance. I don't suppose Miss Weston will be sorry to have the matter cleared up."

Edna looked up quickly, and her bright eyes flashed upon him with sweet indignation.

"I think," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, 'that it could be settled now at this moment——"

Mr. Burdon stopped her with upraised hands.

"Softly, softly, my dear young lady! I cannot permit you to say—what I think you were going to say. The choice, remember, rests in the first instance with Sir Cyril. Do not be hasty! I implore you to remember that the fate of an immense estate rests upon the issue of this question. Come, you will forgive me," he said, bending toward her with infinite respect; "indeed, I should never forgive myself if I allowed you to put yourself at a disadvantage, and, believe me, you would be doing so if you expressed an opinion at this time."

Then as Edna hung her head and closed her lips, he ejaculated, irritably:

"I would give a hundred pounds if Sir Cyril were here now!"

As he spoke, almost before the words were out of his lips, there came a knock at the door, and the discreet clerk appeared in answer to the impatient "Come in!" and handed a card to Mr. Burdon.

No sooner had he glanced at it than he turned with a short laugh of surprise and satisfaction.

"See how rash it is to make monetary vows—or vows of any sort! Sir Cyril is here!"

"What!" exclaimed Edward More, starting to his feet with a surprised scowl of repugnance; do you mean to say he is here, in this house?"

"Yes," said Mr. Burdon, "and wishes to see me alone!"

Edna, pale and trembling, rose.

"Let us go, aunt!" she said, in a hurried whisper.

"Not yet," pleaded Mr. Burdon. "If you can be persuaded to stay until I return, I promise not to be long. Please let me persuade you. Come, my dear young lady, this is a matter of business as well as sentiment. I can understand and appreciate your feelings in the matter, but while I respect them, pray let me beg you to reflect on the lamentable results that would attend any mistake or misunderstanding. Give me five—ten—minutes!"

Edna sank back into her chair trembling visibly, but otherwise calm and self-possessed, and the lawyer hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR CYRIL'S CHOICE.

"My dear Sir Cyril!" exclaimed Mr. Burdon, entering his chief clerk's room, into which Sir Cyril had been shown, "this is the luckiest coincidence in the world," and he laughed a legal laugh of satisfaction, which died away rather suddenly as he came near enough to take his client's proffered hand and see his face.

"I—I hope nothing has happened," he said, with an air of concern, "and that you are quite well."

"Nothing has happened, and I am quite well, thanks!" replied Cyril, with most unusual impatience.

"I am glad to hear it, Sir Cyril," responded Mr. Burdon, still eying with a covert scrutiny the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

SICK HOGS.—About a year ago I bought four pigs between three and four months old. They had a fine range, eating dry Alfalfa leaves, or whatever they found. One died in May, another the last part of July, after being sick for nearly three weeks. He wouldn't eat and couldn't stand on his hind legs. The third one died four weeks after; he was sick about eighteen hours. I never feed anything except dish-water and milk.

The foregoing inquiry was not signed and therefore is not entitled to any attention, according to our rule printed in the heading of this department. We print the following answer, however, because the information may be useful to our readers. Remember that all communications addressed to any department of COMFORT must be signed and give the writer's P. O. address.—Editor.

A.—A post-mortem examination should have been made in each case to determine the cause of death. The symptoms suggest poisoning from ptomanies in soured or fermented slop, or possibly from excess of soap or soap powder in the slop. Possibly, however, a chronic form of hog cholera has been present. Allow your hogs free range on Alfalfa and stop the slopping and especially the soapy water. Feed corn to balance the Alfalfa feed. If the drinking water is soft in your country add lime freely to the drinking water.

IMPACTION.—I have a cow that has been sick for three weeks. At first she began foaming at the mouth and shaking her head, and later in the day she began to stagger with her head slightly forward. Then she began to pitch and fall and striking herself with her feet. She is now quiet but has a severe cough and is constantly grunting. She chews her cud but very little. She hasn't any appetite, and drinks but little water. She was giving one and a half gallons of milk per day but is now dry. M. C. S.

A.—It is practically certain that this cow is suffering from impaction of the third stomach or "leaves," but it may happen to be an impaction of the paunch. In the latter event it would, at this stage, probably be necessary to have a veterinarian open the paunch (rumen) and remove the feed. If it is the third stomach we fear that the cow will have died before this answer arrives. At the outset of the attack a pound or more of Castor oil should have been given, shaken up in milk and followed by copious drinks of warm flaxseed tea containing alcoholic stimulants and dram doses of fluid extract of nux vomica.

RABIES.—Two of my cows died in an unusual manner. The trouble started with the animals refusing to eat and bellowing every few minutes, day and night. They also frothed slightly at the mouth and showed a tendency to chase chickens, hogs and less frequently other cattle. In a few days they were too weak to stand up and died a few days later. I could find nothing wrong with the internal organs except a very offensive odor. H. F. F.

A.—These are the symptoms of rabies from the bite of some rabid (mad) animal. If you remember that a stray dog chased the animals that will be the explanation and if anyone has been bitten in your district at that time the Pasteur treatment against rabies should be applied at once. If you have other animals that were bitten they should be isolated and watched carefully. Be especially careful of any dog that may possibly have been bitten.

WORMS.—I have a mare with foal; she is seven years old and troubled with worms. They are of a whitish gray color and some are about three inches long. The largest part of them is not more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. D. W.

A.—These small pin worms inhabit the rectum and may cause some irritation or tail rubbing, but otherwise are practically harmless. As the mare is in foal internal remedies should not be given, but if you wish to do so inject into the rectum two or three quarts of soapy warm water two or three times, at intervals of twenty-four hours. It is usual to mix a cupful of tobacco decoction with each injection solution, or salt may be used. It would be best, in our opinion, not to give any treatment if the mare is near foaling.

THRUSH.—We have a mare that limps in her right forefoot, and we do not know what causes it; she seemed to have a little thrush in both forefeet, we removed the shoes and burned her feet with turpentine; that helped the thrush some but hasn't stopped the limping. Her right shoulder seems to get very stiff after working, but not sore; we have been bathing it with liniment. The foot she limps in she often holds out from her and stands on the other. What do you think is the trouble? C. L. H.

A.—The lameness evidently is in the foot, but thrush rarely causes lameness. Thursh is due to standing in wet and filth in the stable. Remove the cause, cleanse the cleft of the frog and on each side of it, then pack with calomel and force oakum on top of the calomel to keep it in place. Renew the dressing daily. Should lameness persist after the thrush is cured, clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister two or three times, at intervals of two or three weeks, using a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard for the work.

SADDLE SORES.—I would like to ask you for a cure for my horse. His back breaks with boils under the saddle. MRS. M. B.

A.—Have the saddle fit properly and then use a saddle pad or cloth. Bathe the skin under the saddle with strong alum water or white oak bark tea, or a solution of half an ounce of tannic or gallic acid to half a gallon of cold water before and after riding the horse. In chronic cases it sometimes is necessary to cut out dead, horny patches of skin, called "sitfasts," before healing will take place.

BLOAT.—I am raising eight lambs, feeding them from a bottle on cow's milk. At first I fed them seven times a day. I feed four times a day now, letting them out to eat grass. I skim the cream off the milk and add water to it. They bloat badly and can hardly walk. I feed about one quart of milk at a time. The oldest lamb is two months old and the youngest is three weeks. MRS. J. A. C.

A.—Add an ounce of limewater to each pint of milk and feed not more than a pint at a meal. Feed less if the milk does not then agree. Keep the feeding bottles scalded and perfectly clean. Add a little sugar to the milk. Feed oatmeal and bran in addition to milk.

PROLAPSE OF RECTUM.—Please tell me what to do for my pigs. The rectum protrudes and is bloody? A. B.

A.—Cleanse the protruded part, then dust with freshly powdered ergot and return to place. Repeat the treatment as often as found necessary. Do not feed irritating feed such as corn and cob meal, or ground unscreened oats, or boiled feed.

FISTULA.—I have a four-year-old mule that has a wart under his left ear which discharges all the time. Will you advise me how to remove it? B. B.

A.—An operation by an expert surgeon will be necessary as the discharge either indicates a fistula of the bursa mucosa, or is due to the presence of a supernumerary molar tooth. Such cases are comparatively common and always are difficult to remedy.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mare nine years old in good flesh. She has fife for an hour's or so, work, and then appears weak and doesn't want to go, especially when driven. J. D. R.

A.—Have the mare clipped, if her coat is long and rough. Cut her grain ration in half. Feed whole oats and wheat bran, without corn, and allow not over one and one fifth pounds of hay per hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration. Never let her stand idle for a single day. Make her take abundant exercise if there's no work for her to do.

WARTS.—Our cattle have warts on their necks. They start about the size of a pea and in a few months the entire neck is covered. There is a disagreeable odor from them. It is only the young stock that have it. They eat grass in summer, hay and straw in winter. MRS. D. V.

A.—When warts are starting to grow rub the affected parts once daily with Castor oil or fresh goose grease and they will disappear after a time. A coating of pine tar is good treatment for warts that have grown for some time. Twist off large warts and stop the bleeding by applying a hot iron.

COUGH.—I have a milk cow that will freshen in July. She has a dry cough, yet eats heartily, and is in poor condition. I feed her millet, pea hay and mixed mill feed. W. R. B.

A.—Cough is merely a symptom of irritation from any one of a large number of different causes. As tuberculosis is a very common and serious cause and also suggested by thin condition you should have the cow tested with tuberculin. Until this is done isolate the cow and do not use her milk. Tuberculosis is incurable.

PARALYSIS.—I have a mare six years old, fed her in the A. M. She ate heartily, at noon refused all food, took her out of the stall, found she trembled, lay down full length just a few minutes, arose and stood still. Soon noticed she was losing the use of left hind leg, in a very short time lost the use of both and fell, lay prostrate for a few hours, would at intervals look up, and eat heartily, on the 6th day could stand for some time, was awfully drawn and stiff, now the 22nd day since taken she still has good appetite, bowels regular and healthy, kidneys not acting so well, she seems to be losing the use of the hind legs or the parts are weak, won't stand only a few minutes, what is the trouble? The cause and what to do for it? MISS L. E. B.

A.—If the mare has been standing idle and has been well fed on oats or other rich feed and the urine was dark brown in color at the time of attack the disease is azoturia. That ailment is caused by lack of work or exercise for one or more days in the stable while still fed the usual ration of grain. If there is no such history to the case the trouble probably comes from molds in hay or grain. Remove such a cause. The mare should be supported with slings or a tarpaulin or stack cover folded and passed under the body, from one side of the stall partition to the other. Give her a physic. Rub the muscles of the loins and hips and above stifle with a liniment composed of an ounce each of turpentine and aqua ammonia shaken up, in a pint of raw linseed oil or cottonseed oil.

NAIL PRICK.—My three-year-old mare got a rusty wire nail in her foot, about four months ago. It went up in the frog about one inch. I pulled the nail out and put turpentine on. Pus formed and ridge appeared above the top of her hoof and is now down on the hoof about one half inch. When she steps flat it seems to hurt her. MRS. J. G.

A.—Clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister twice a month with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury in two ounces of a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard. We fear that pus will break out at the hoof-head and if it does you should employ a qualified veterinarian.

MULE HOOFS.—Can you give me a remedy for a colt, a year old this month? Instead of the hoofs growing out straight as they should they are drawn in. MRS. M. P.

A.—Have the hoofs levelled by rasping. Keep the colt off board floors. Let him run daily on moist pasture and if that does not suffice soak the feet in cold water for an hour or so twice daily and then smear with any simple greasy hoof-dressing. The hoofs have become hard and contracted from confinement on a dry floor. Lack of succulent feed may also have such an effect.

PARALYSIS.—What is the matter and what can I do for my sow? She has a good appetite but she can't get up on her feet and squeals as though in pain when you assist her. She had little pigs last December. I have taken them away from her. The first I noticed she appeared lame in one hind leg and then she could not get up on any of them. MRS. J. F. R.

A.—This condition attacks a pampered sow when she is weakened by the strain and drain of nursing pigs. It is induced by overfeeding and lack of exercise. Stuffing on corn is most likely to bring it on. As the sow is in good condition she should be killed for meat. Treatment might not succeed and the medicines used would make the meat unfit for use.

BLINDNESS.—My young rabbits are getting blind and run around in circles. They are six weeks old. J. S.

A.—The rabbits are too closely confined and you may not be keeping the hutches clean and dry. Provide new, clean, roomy quarters for abundant exercise. Wash the eyes twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid.

SORES ON UDDER.—Our cows' udders break out in sores; when the scab comes off it leaves raw-looking places. They get well for a few days then break out again; sometimes the milk looks as though there were drops of grease or oil of some kind on top as soon as milked. Cows all have calves; they don't break out till after they are fresh a few days. We feed bran and cottonseed meal. All seem to be in good health and give lots of milk. MRS. C. E.

A.—This may be cowpox which is spread from cow to cow by the milkers' hands, or it may be the contagious form of mammites (garget). Isolate a cow the moment anything is seen to be wrong with her udder and keep her separate until perfectly well. If it is cowpox you will find a mixture of equal parts of bay rum and glycerine an excellent lotion for use on the udder. Obstinate sores should be painted with tincture of iodine every other day and once daily coated with glycerite of tannin. If it is not cowpox use camphor phenique upon the affected parts once daily.

ABSCESSES.—My hogs and calves have a large lump on their jaw. They are full of pus when cut open. (2) I have a cow eight years old. Every two months she has a swelling on her udder and the milk is stringy and thick. MRS. A. M. P.

A.—Abscesses on the jaws of hogs and calves suggest the possibility of tuberculosis in the herd and you should have the cows tested with tuberculin, as the young animals take the disease from milk. It may be, however, that the young animals have abscesses from puncture or presence of foreign bodies such as needle grass, or they may have actionomycosis (lump jaw). Unfortunately we cannot determine the matter without making an examination. You should therefore have a graduate veterinarian make an examination of all of the animals, as soon as possible. Meanwhile swab the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day and continue using the tincture when the abscesses burst or are opened. (2) It will not pay to keep the cow as she has chronic garget. Rub the udder once daily with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lard or soft soap.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule lame in right hind leg. He has wind knots on his ankle. W. A. T.

A.—Wind puffs are synovial distensions and come from hard work, but rarely if ever cause lameness. We think you must look for some other cause. If the mule starts out lame and gets over the lameness when he walks or trots a short distance bone spavin is the cause of lameness and would require firing and blistering by a veterinarian, to be followed by a six weeks' rest. If spavin is not present look for ringbone, which would need puncture-firing and blistering.

The Rajah's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

to save the Europeans, will be in time to avenge them and crush the mutineers."

The Resident went to the door to order his bearers, and the Rajah walked down a few yards of the avenue with him. Their backs had hardly been turned when a Hindoo youth threw the arras which concealed an ante-room of the audience-chamber aside, and, with frightened face and hasty steps, vanished through a side door.

An hour later this same Hindoo youth appeared before Hector Graham's bungalow and handed him a note containing the following:

THE PALACE, 6 P. M., May 23, 1857.

My Beloved: My father knows all, and I am a prisoner. The Resident was here to-day, and Mahond, whom you may trust, heard by accident a conspiracy to destroy you and marry me to Sir James. The native troops in Cawnpore and other military posts have risen in revolt and massacred the Europeans. They intend doing the same in Amritsur on parade tomorrow morning. This is startling, but it is true. So in the name of Allah take care of yourself for my sake.

"Your wife, AJMOUR.

While reading these lines the blood in Hector Graham's veins ran cold. Here was a fearful responsibility placed on his shoulders. But was not the thing impossible? And yet he and the other Europeans of the garrison had for some time felt that vague sort of uneasiness sailors in the Mediterranean experience immediately before the advent of a white squall, while the sky is still blue and cloudless.

Dismissing Mahond, with a caution to keep his lips sealed, Hector sent for the telegraph operator.

"Mr. Caldwell," he said, when that person reported half an hour subsequently, "I wish to send this dispatch to Lahore."

"Impossible, sir; the wires are all cut. I can't understand it, but it is as I say."

"You can ride?"

"Yes. Captain, I can ride well. I have been in the cavalry."

"Good. Go at once to my stables and saddle one of the Arabians you will find there. Ride to Philour, thirty-seven miles from here, you know, and tell Major Hardy in command there that the Sepoys in Cawnpore and Delhi have risen; that I expect to have a revolt here in the morning, and that I want reinforcements. Cavalry, of course. To be of use, they must be here before seven o'clock."

The operator mounted on the swift Arabian, cantered slowly through the cantonments, but once outside of them, covered the ground as if many lives depended upon his speed.

Upon making further investigations Hector Graham discovered another indication of the coming trouble in the fact that the rifles of the native soldiers doing sentinel duty were loaded. He then gently made arrangements by which the white soldiers of the fort were warned of the coming danger, and the women of the garrison placed in as secure a position as possible, after which the young commander sat down and wrote out the subjoined garrison order:

Amritsur, May 23, 1857.

As tomorrow will be the Queen's Birthday, the troops of the garrison will parade at 7 o'clock instead of 5.30 as usual. The artillery and infantry will fire a feu de joie on the occasion, and blank ammunition will be served out to them for the purpose. By order,

HECTOR GRAHAM,
Captain Commanding the Fort.

"Why have you delayed the parade, Hector?" asked Doctor Donovan, when, after doing all that could be done under the conditions, the two officers, with the Reverend Doctor Jessup, met in Graham's bungalow after the trials and tribulations of the day.

"To gain more time for the arrival of reinforcements, Larry; also, that we may have fair daylight in which to die, if necessary. I hope all our fellows will be on the alert to prevent a surprise during the night."

"You may be sure they will," said the chaplain. "I shall take my turn in visiting the sentries."

"And I also," said Doctor Donovan.

Then all three lapsed into silence and speculated upon portentous coming events. One of them dwelt sadly on the fact that he had just married the most beautiful woman in India, only, in all probability, to leave her a widowed maid in a few hours. For thirty-eight against four hundred! The odds were, indeed, desperate.

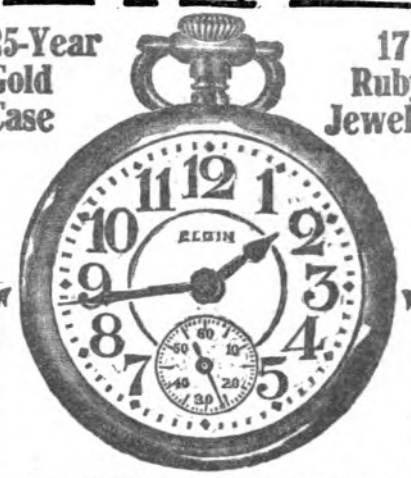
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Those Disturbing Blackheads

"Oh, Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,
With silver bells and cockle shells
And *blackheads* all in a row?"

I WONDER! Yet I shouldn't be surprised if contrary Mistress Mary would have to admit to the possession of a blackhead or two—even three or four! For so many of my Pretty Girls are just a wee bit careless about their complexions.

I wonder will they continue to admit to blackheads when I whisper the confidence that blackheads are nothing more nor less than dirt which has lodged in a very lazy pore which is constantly gaping; or that they are the excretions of the skin, which is not active enough to throw them off, so that they stay right in the pores, clogging them up and distending them, and presently along comes a flying speck of dirt, settles down on an open pore—and, behold, a blackhead!

It is easy to see, at once—isn't it?—that the two things needful to avoid or cure blackheads are constant attention to cleanliness, and some method of stimulating the skin to eliminative action.

You know, of course, that I attach immense importance to the use of a complexion brush, because I am constantly saying to one or another of you "Get a complexion brush!" and that is just the way I must begin our little talk on blackheads—"Get a complexion brush!"

It must be of camel's hair, because that is soft and will not irritate a sensitive skin; you can buy one at the druggist's for twenty-five or fifty cents. Then you need a comedone extractor, which will probably cost another twenty-five cents and is a little instrument almost like an ear-spoon or tweezers, except that it has a tiny hole on the end of it just big enough to put over a blackhead. You do this, press down hard, and out pops Mr. Blackhead!

Just as soon as you have bought the camel's-hair brush, and the comedone extractor, and a bar of Castile soap, we are ready to begin our campaign.

We will start at night, by scrubbing face and neck thoroughly with quantities of hot soapy water—and our newly acquired brush. When we have scrubbed until the skin tingles—showing it is shaking off some of its laziness—the face must be rinsed and rinsed and rinsed, several times in hot water, several times in warm water. Now, rub in cold cream and use the comedone extractor on any prominent blackheads. If they do not come out easily, massage the spot, then apply cold cream and massage again the next night; and the third night, after the cold cream application, bring the extractor into service again.

Every time you remove a blackhead, touch the open pore with alcohol or some astringent lotion to close it. When the pore is very large, it is sometimes not objectionable to insert the point of a needle and break down its walls, then bathe with an astringent. When it heals, it will close itself up. Don't try this plan except on an occasional unusual pore, or you may succeed in scarring yourself.

Massaging a sluggish facial skin daily will aid in the elimination of blackheads. Examine your skin by the aid of a hand-mirror, in a strong light. Where do your blackheads congregate? On your nose? In the crease of the nose where it sets on the cheeks? On the chin? Or—yes, it sometimes happens!—in the ears! The latter cannot be cured by massage, but you can get rid of a large percentage of the crop on nose and chin by daily frictioning with the flat of the fingers dipped in cold cream. Do this in the morning, but at night use the complexion brush, which itself acts as a stimulant.

If you have some tiny blackheads in the ear, you will never be able to discover them for yourself. Get some good friend to investigate for you, and if the cup of the ear shows some ugly black spots which give an appearance of uncleanliness, get a little eyebrow brush for ten cents—it is a brush about two inches long, and looks like a fairy toothbrush. Dip this in soapy water and carefully scrub the lining of the ear, being careful, of course, not to insert the brush in the little passage.

If you have a very serious case of blackheads, you may need more strenuous treatment than this I have just outlined. In such case, after scrubbing your face at night, rub in a little boracic powder. If this smarts the skin—as it very likely will—massage with a little cold cream. Keep this treatment up for a week; then, at night, after the usual scrubbing, steam the face over a basin of boiling water. To do this, throw a Turkish towel over the head, enveloping head and bowl. After a few moments of the steaming, rinse the face in hot water and spread over it a handful of Soap Jelly. Let this remain on ten minutes, then wash off and massage for several minutes



A NIGHTLY SCRUBBING WITH A COMPLEXION BRUSH KEEPS BLACKHEADS AT BAY.

with a good cold cream. Do not use any boracic powder this night.

This treatment may be continued two or three weeks, if needed, and if the skin does not become irritated. Do not, of course, forget to use the cold cream as the skin demands it.

Soap Jelly For Blackheads

Three cups of water, one small cake of Castile soap.

Pare the soap into the water, and add one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until thoroughly dissolved and slightly reduced in quantity. Set aside until cold, when it should have jellied. Fill into covered jar. It will keep for some time.

Blackheads which are the result of secretions which have remained to clog the pores, rather than dirt which has filled enlarged pores, are the result of imperfect digestion, imperfect elimination, and sometimes of too infrequent body baths. The entire surface of the body should be washed daily, whether in a stand-up sponge bath or in a more leisurely and luxurious tub bath; the essential thing is that the surface excretions of the body must be removed.

Not only this, but the bowels must act freely at least once a day. If they are sluggish and obstinate, be careful as to food, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, and each morning on rising eat six prunes which have been soaked in a



USING THE COMEDONE EXTRACTOR.

tumbler of water all night, drinking this water as well.

Avoid potatoes temporarily, and eat plenty of fresh fruits and green vegetables. Don't eat ordinary white bread, but whole wheat bread, and Johnny-cake or corn bread, and bran biscuit. In eating fruit do not remove the skin; the coarser your food, the better for a time, as it will stimulate intestinal action. Eat an apple with its skin, every night on retiring.

And practise sensible exercises every night and morning in your room! If you will look back through the last few issues of COMFORT, you find directions for several exercises which will help you put bowels and stomach in perfect condition—and that will mean one less reason for blackheads!

Answers to Questions

Anxious One.—You can't remove liver spots by external applications. You must get your liver in good condition. Stop eating sweet things—pies, cakes, much sugar, etc., fat meats and gravies for a time. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and green vegetables; drink eight to ten glasses of water a day. And practise this exercise daily:

For a Torpid Liver

Standing with heels together, head up, body erect, stretch the right arm up as far as you can, at the same time reaching downward as far as possible with the left hand. You will unconsciously sway toward the left. Now raise the left arm and reach down with the right. Alternate the arms rapidly, using them like a windmill. Lemon juice is good to bleach the skin, but here is a face bleach:

Egyptian Face Bleach

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream, and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal, and add enough hot water to make a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you can breathe freely. Now, dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute, and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Lay on two medium-sized, hot wet Turkish towels; and as soon as they cool, replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white and soft.

Mrs. A. M.—See answer to "Anxious One" for face bleach. To whiten the hands, use this lotion:

Disappearing Hand Bleach

Orange-flower water, four ounces; rose-water, four ounces; borate of soda (borax), one half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram; bruised almonds, one ounce.

Take first two ingredients and almonds and mix; let stand for twenty-four hours, filter, add the soda, shake or stir until dissolved, then put the benzoin in drop by drop while constantly shaking the mixture. Before applying this lotion, give the hands a thorough bath in hot water, then apply the lotion undiluted to the hands in connection with strained honey, massaging it into the skin with a gentle rotary movement. If the hands do not become irritated, make several applications of this beautifier in one night, then coat the hands with lanoline, draw on a pair of rubber or loose cotton gloves and hie you off to bed. I am sorry I cannot express an opinion as to a proprietary face cream; but any cream you see advertised extensively in reliable magazines will be safe to use. Sage tea will not rid the scalp of dandruff. Shampoo once in two weeks, brush out the dandruff painstakingly every night, and cleanse the scalp with a tiny sponge dipped in alcohol, parting the hair in many places and passing sponge along part. The alcohol will not be desirable for one with dry hair, but you say yours is very oily. "Eyes that fascinate?" My dear, eyes that fascinate do so because they express beautiful thoughts, tender sympathy, an interest in others or a bright happy outlook upon life. To keep the eyes bright, keep liver, stomach and bowels in perfect condition.

M. T. F.—The arms that are pimply between elbows and shoulders need only to be scrubbed thoroughly every night. Use a bath brush or a camel's-hair complexion brush and hot soapy water—rinse thoroughly. For the first two or three nights after washing, you may rub in the lotion recommended to "Mrs. A. M." For the fat hips, practise this exercise:

To Reduce Fat Hips

Stand with your feet a little apart, arms extended above your head. Then sweep forward with the body, throwing the hands in which you may hold balls or dumb-bells as far back as possible between the legs. Resume standing position and repeat. Practise this exercise rapidly.

Mrs. R. C.—A change in diet is what you need to reduce your flesh and prevent your gaining. Cut out all pies, cakes, sweet things, fats and gravies, also potatoes, rice, cereals, and white bread. And cut the amount in two. Crisp toast, an orange or small dish of fresh fruit and a soft boiled egg are enough for breakfast. For dinner, eat a small amount of lean, broiled or roasted meat (no fat and no gravy) with one or two green vegetables, peas, asparagus, greens, onions, string beans, etc., and a simple dessert, fresh fruit preferably, or a custard, or a baked apple, or stewed prunes, etc. For supper, you can have some cold meat or some escalloped tomatoes or some fish, with a green vegetable or salad. Epsom salts help to reduce, but you need more strenuous measure. Practise the exercise I gave to "M. T. F."

Sweet Sixteen.—Your writing is very good and clear, my dear. For a fleshy protuberant mole or wart, tie a thread around base. After a few days it will turn black, wither up and drop off. For the smooth moles apply a freckle lotion, though your diet probably needs attention.

Hope.—See answer to "Sweet Sixteen." Use a cut lemon on the offending spots, and drink a glass of cool water half an hour before breakfast to which the juice of half a lemon, without sugar, has been added. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day and see that the bowels move freely every day. The exercise given to "Anxious One" is also good for constipation.

A. A.—Sorry you can't get that ingredient for the Wrinkle Cream. Use this formula instead:

Wrinkle Lotion

Alum, thirty grains; rose-water, three ounces; almond milk (thick), three quarters of an ounce.

Massaging the wrinkles with a cold cream will help to drive them away.

J. P. K.—Anoint the edges of your little daughter's eyelids nightly with melted vaseline or sweet almond oil. It helps the growth of the lashes and I trust it will make new lashes for your little girl.

An Old Subscriber.—A scar can be helped by massaging nightly with cold cream; but it is unlikely it can be removed. Only the most skilled surgeon could advise you about grafting a fresh piece of skin on, and it would be a most expensive operation. I do not know whether it could be successfully done. I'm so sorry!

Maxine.—Don't cut the hair in bangs, as they are not worn now.

Daisy.—See answer to "Mrs. A. M." for a good treatment for your dandruff. Shampoo frequently—once in two weeks, at the very least—and be careful of diet and bowels. If dandruff persists after a week of the alcohol treatment, try using sixty grams of sulphur to an ounce of vaseline and rubbing it into the scalp (not onto the hair) with the finger-tips every three days.

Olivia.—For tan, use the face bleach given to "Anxious One." For fat hips, see answer to "M. T. F." After using the face bleach, always rub in cold cream before going outdoors, wipe off firmly with a soft towel, dust on a very little good powder, and wipe off again.

A. B. C.—The thread tied on a fleshy mole should be very tight and let remain until the mole withers up and drops off. This treatment can, of course, only be used on a protuberant mole.

Elsa.—Your diet needs attention. Too many sweets and fats, too many fried foods, will make pimples. Follow directions given "Hope." In addition, scrub the face every night with a camel's-hair complexion brush (buy it at your drug-store for twenty-five or fifty cents) and plenty of hot soapy water, rinsing afterward many, many times. Pay particular attention to your bowels if you want to have a good complexion. At nineteen, don't bother about developing your bust, as a very slender girlish bust is the proper thing and much the most beautiful at that age. Practising exercise given below, however, will increase the bust.

To Develop the Bust

Stand with heels together, head up, body erect. With arms outstretched at sides on a level with the shoulders, try to have every muscle in the body tense. Then force the hands together in front of the body at full length, holding the arms rigid. Throw the arms back as far as possible; then to the front again. Keep the hands at the shoulder level throughout. Inhale as the arms are brought back and exhale as they come together.

Mrs. G. L.—Massaging the scalp nightly will help to restore health to the hair, and affects the color. I do not approve of dyes, homedyed hair is seldom satisfactory. Try using the resorcin hair tonic on the scalp:

Resorcin Hair Tonic

Resorcin, forty grains; water, one half ounce; one ounce each of witchhazel and alcohol. Apply to scalp every night.

Lillian.—The place which looks chapped on your neck near the ear may be caused by having worn high or tight collars, if it is below the ear. If it is on the cheek, then I do not know the cause. Use a complexion brush nightly, as per answer to "Elsa," and afterward always rub in a good cold cream.

Helen.—Massage the scalp for ten minutes nightly, using a little vaseline on the finger-tips. Stop tonics temporarily. Brush the dandruff out of the hair every night.

Texas Cow-girl.—The black spots on your nose are dirt which has settled in the little clogged-up pores. See answer to "Elsa." To make the hair grow, massage the scalp nightly.

Miserable, Thin, Sister Flossie, and Others.—The Milk Diet is what you need. Take a good cathartic the first night. The next morning drink a glass of hot water on rising; then half an hour later, drink a glass and a half of cool milk, "chewing" each mouthful before swallowing. Thereafter take a glass and a half every hour until four o'clock in the afternoon. Eat a meal at six-thirty, drinking a glass of water an hour before and an hour after. At night, put to soak half a dozen prunes in a tumbler of water. The next morning, fifteen minutes after drinking a glass of water, drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, masticating them thoroughly before swallowing. Continue the diet in this manner for a week, at the end of which time take your water night and morning, and your prunes, and drink two glasses of milk each hour of the day from 7.30 A. M. to and including 6.30 P. M. Do not take an evening meal. Weigh yourself on the afternoon of the last day in each week in the same clothes each time and on the same scales, and you will find a weekly gain of one to three pounds—provided, always, you take the full amount of milk prescribed. If you become constipated, take a lacpactic pill at night that you can buy at your druggist's.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Mysterious Soprano

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He laid is finger over her lips. "Hush, hush, I have suffered enough for being such an insufferable cad. You know Margaret," with a faint smile, "you always had your revenge, even in the old days."

"Yes," she nodded, "and in the new, too. But tell me," hastily backing away from him, "Tell me Larry, do you still think the same of——"

"I love you yet, yes, a hundredfold," he interrupted, "as for dancing," very gravely, "it is an innocent pastime, providing it is entered into with the proper spirit, but, it is one of the pleasures that this," touching his coat, "prevents me from sharing, although it does not prevent me from enjoying others' enjoyment of it."

For once the girl was at a loss for words. She stood before him with scarlet cheeks and downcast eyes.

"Margaret, tell me, am I forgiven, or what must I do?"

"Larry, I—I—I forgave you long ago, but—but——" she stammered, and stopped.

"But what, little girl? I wrote twice that year after that silly quarrel, but, you did not answer, and my foolish pride prevented me from writing again, and then I lost track of you."

"I received your letters, but they came while I was still smarting and sore, and to punish you I ignored them."

"Will you come Margaret?" holding out his arms. "No," as she hesitated. "There is someone else then?"

His face grew very white as he remembered "Auld Robin Gray."

"No, no, no one else, but I must tell you a little story first. Sit there." They seated themselves, her face in the shadow, as she nervously began.

"That day in Harrisville—I knew you were to take charge of the service that morning, and wondered whether you had changed and how. Curiosity led me to the church door. I did not care enough to go in and sit down, mischief prompted me to surprise everyone, and as no one knew me, I felt safe. I was staying with the Whites—they have a country home there—a sort of camp—that's how I knew you would be there. Then when I sang so unexpectedly in your church here, Harold planned that for me. He found out Miss Kane was ill and promised to get me in the choir loft and out again without anyone finding out who I was. I think he suspected something before that, for each time while I was here, he suggested asking you here. I managed to upset his plans. Well, he managed it, and we both enjoyed the result. Everyone asked because no one could answer. Then because you kept making guarded inquiries, we wished to stimulate your curiosity farther, so after I had returned to the city, he helped me with the card, and mailed it to you. Harold kept me posted—and—and even then I would not let myself forgive. Girls are queer creatures Larry. Then at Alice's wedding, he managed that for me also. But somehow when I began to sing behind those palms, the expression on your face robbed me of all the pleasure I took in mystifying you. I—I had tried to rouse your interest, but—but, when I got back to town I found I had played with fire and burnt my own fingers. No—no—wait," as he started eagerly towards her. "I must tell you. I fought and fought against it, and thought all the bitter things of you I could, all summer, and fall, but, it was stronger than I. It was to you—just to you, I sang last night. Didn't you know? Oh, Larry, Larry." The story was haltingly told. As she finished he took her, unresisting, in his arms.

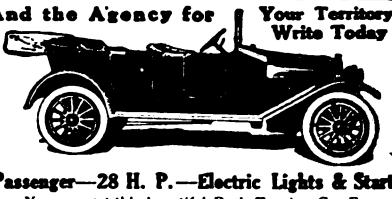
"Margaret, sweetheart."

An hour later as he was leaving, she tilted her head to one side and demurely said, "Larry, I shall lead you one continuous dance from now on; so which shall it be, a waltz or a two-step?"

"Well," he laughingly answered, "it first must be to the tune of 'Come Haste to the Wedding'—after—well."

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. L., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman can bind, dispose of by deed, will or otherwise all of her separate real or personal property, without her husband's consent, and without leaving any share of same to him, unless such power is withheld in the insrument under which she holds title; we do not think there is any legal way to prevent your wife from leaving her separate property to her adopted daughter and excluding you from any share, if she desires to do so.

W. T., Alabama.—We do not think the fact that you are suffering from broken or fractured limbs would legally excuse you from the payment of road tax legally assessed against you, but we think you can be excused from working out this tax upon the payment of same in money.

Mrs. J. S., Texas.—We think you have practically no chance of recovering any portion of property abandoned by you forty years ago. (2) We think your husband's liability for the death of the horse he hired or kept under some agreement would depend upon the nature of such agreement and upon the cause of the horse's death. we think if the horse died from overwork or mistreatment your husband would be liable.

Mrs. C. W. N., Oklahoma.—We do not think there is any legal objection to the use for recitations at entertainments of any of Longfellow's poems; we think you are probably confused as to your rights by the fact that you would have no legal rights to the use of copyrighted plays and works, upon which the copyright had not yet expired.

W. A., South Dakota.—We do not think the laws of your state provide that a domestic employee shall have one day off each week.

Mrs. W. S. B.—We think the court records of the county in the state where the litigation you mention took place, should show just what took place in such litigation, and just how the estate you mention was settled; we are of the opinion that a general guardian of an infant can be compelled to account for such funds belonging to the infant as may come into his hands.

Mrs. S. A. S., Oklahoma.—We do not think that the marriage of the young man you mention would be invalidated or affected in any way by reason of his use of the name of his foster parents even though his adoption was not a legal one under the judgment or decree of some proper court, but we think he would have no rights of inheritance from such foster parents' estate unless such adoption was a legal one, or unless some provision was made for him by will; we think the judgment decree or order of some proper court on the presentation of the proper papers is necessary to constitute a legal adoption, and that the taking of a child from a foundling asylum to raise or bring up would not alone constitute a legal adoption, even though such child was thereafter always known by the name of the person or persons who brought him up.

M. McD., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, in the absence of a will, we think a widow is entitled to dower of one third of all lands of which the husband was seized of an estate of inheritance during marriage, not relinquished by her in legal form, during her life, and also absolutely to one third part of the personal estate of all kinds of her husband; and that if the husband died leaving no child or descendant his widow is entitled to dower of one half of the lands and to one half of the personalty in his own right if the estate be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs, but as against creditors, to one third; and that if the estate be ancestral to one third of the personalty absolutely and a one third life estate in lands.

Mrs. A. B. P., Texas.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of Arkansas, a widower can convey and give good title to the real estate standing in his name without the signature of any of his children to the deed.

D. E. C., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the delivery of the deed to real estate is essential to prove good title to the same, but the possession of such deed, we think would be prima facie evidence of the delivery of the same to the possession of the grantee, and if such deed was procured in an illegal way, we think the burden of proof of showing such fact would be upon the person disputing the delivery of same. Under the laws of your state, we think that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will his widow would always receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and in cases where he leaves no issue a larger share.

Mrs. A. S., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband, and that it is not necessary that her husband join in the deed of conveyance of her separate real estate, except homesteads, in which case if both husband and wife are residents of the state, both must convey; we think the general custom in your state is for both husband and wife to join in the conveyance of the real estate of the other in order to avoid the necessity of proving that the real estate conveyed is not a homestead as would be necessary in order to prove good title on the conveyance by the one alone; we think, in your state, upon the death of the wife, leaving no will, her husband would receive a share of her separate property, if he survives her, this share depends in amount upon who else is left.

Mrs. L. E., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive dower of a life estate of one third of his real estate and one third of his personal estate absolutely, the remainder going to the child, regardless of the fact that such child may be by a former wife.

Mrs. N. K., Oklahoma.—We are of the opinion that one member of a partnership has no legal right to sign the partnership name to a note or other evidence of indebtedness for the purpose of raising money for his own individual use, unless the other members of the partnership consent to such act.

R. V. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, except by devise, descent or gift is considered the common or community property and upon the death of either party, and in the absence of a will, goes one half to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased; (2) we think that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children the widow receives a life estate of one third of his separate real estate, and one third of his separate personal property absolutely.

Mrs. J. K. G., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the dower of a wife and curtesy of the husband in the real estate of the other, where the same exists, cannot be affected by will unless the provisions of the will in that respect are accepted by the non-rejection of such provisions within a specified time and in a certain formal way.

Miss M. S., Colorado.—You are misinformed, the laws of no state in the United States allows trial marriages with a privilege to the parties to the marriage to have the same annulled after a stated period, where a decree annulling a marriage is granted it is for some much better reason; we think you should not contemplate marriage harboring such ideas.

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS TO START AT $30 A WEEK

Experience unnecessary—we'll teach you the business—and how to make more a week than most men make a month—assign you exclusive territory and give you a big start. Mauler made $58 clear profit first 10 hours. Fitter sold 24 in 3 days. Brandt sold 36 first week. Brewer sold 25 in one day.

YOU SHOULD MAKE $1500 a Year

This new Improved "Easy" self-heating flat-iron is right—nothing like it invented—nothing so simple—price low—sells quick—profit big—possibilities unlimited—guaranteed. Every woman buys—can't help it—saves her steps, time, trouble and fuel—pays for itself in a little while. This marvelous new invention—this wonderful flat-iron has a seamless tank—joints brazed—burns without odor—flat bottom burner, throws heat downward—no generating tube to clog—simple—easily cleaned. It's a business that makes you independent—gives you a local prestige and plenty of ready money. Write Quick for FREE Sample Offer. FOOTE MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 912, Dayton, Ohio



Send For Yours Quick

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

I would greatly appreciate a card and letter shower the eighth of June, as that is my birthday.
Best wishes to all, I am your new friend,
CLAOMA TAYLOR.

Miss Taylor. Your discourse on "Idleness" brings to mind a poem which teaches us the need of doing the little deed of kindness today, and the folly of wasting valuable time in dreaming of the great things we mean to do sometime in the far distant future.—Ed.

"What Have We Done Today"

"We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

"We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

"We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
'What have we done today?'"

NIXON WATERMAN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To Improve Starch. To each bowl of starch add one teaspoon of Epsom salts and dissolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this will be stiffer.

MRS. JOHN BRYANT. 302 3rd St., Bluefield, W. Va.

Use old felt nats for inner soles of shoes, and tack a piece of felt on door jam and that screen door won't annoy you so.

Here are a number of uses for lemons:

Lemon juice will bring out the flavor of fresh fruit cakes, especially those with molasses.

Chew a tiny bit of lemon rind and sweeten the breath.

Remove tartar from teeth and warts from the hands.

Sometimes rubbing a slice of lemon on forehead will cure an ordinary headache.

Juice of one half lemon in a cup of tea or coffee will often relieve a sick headache.

Chilblains will respond quickly if a slice of lemon is bound on when retiring.

Lemon juice, sugar and white of eggs will relieve a racking cough.

Lemon juice will remove fruit, mildew and ink stains from white fabrics, and iron or rust from marble or any household article.

MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weiser, Idaho.

Remedies

TETTER.—To one half cup of pure apple vinegar add two tablespoons of salt; apply hot as possible.

MISS MYRTLE EMERY. Portland, Tenn.

COLDS.—For colds in chest and head. Dissolve a small amount of gum camphor in a small bottle of olive oil and rub well into throat, lungs and temples.

MRS. CHARLES DUVALL, Woodbine, Md.

QUINZY.—Make a poultice of corn-meal mush, add about one tablespoon mustard and half as much cayenne pepper. Apply to affected parts as hot as one can bear and repeat. This is a tried remedy.

MRS. WM. K. D. REYNOLDS, Upper Mattole, Cal.

Requests

Mrs. L. Baertsch, Salesville, Montana, wants to know how to make vinegar from apple peelings and cold tea.

To hear from some reader who raises mushrooms.

To hear from anyone possessing copies of "True's Illustrated Magazine and Home Companion" for year 1884.

How to make unleavened bread.

Miss Ollie Lumbus, Waterloo, Iowa, wants poems "Deacon Lamb's Donation," and "Cherokee Roses."

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

John W. Murphy, 407 Main St., Barnhill, Ohio. Colored scenery and buildings only. Miss Xenia Young, Hartville, Missouri. Harry G. Johnson, Box 274, Meriden, Conn. Mr. Ralph Ross, Richfield, R. R. 1, N. C.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of Samuel Messer, or children, left Iowa in 1878 for parts unknown. Write his daughter, Mrs. Lorena A. Draper, Hinsdale, Box 264, Montana.

Wanted to hear from John Howard, 45 years of age. He was in Navira county, Texas, ten years ago. R. E. Howard, Duncanville, Ala.

Information of Virgie Carey, lived last June near Corning, Ark. Write Mrs. Lucy Melling, Vanzant, Ky.

Information of my sister, Carolina Hovorka, who was adopted at Moon, near Mosinee, Wis. Age fifteen years. Write to Mary Hovorka, Hinton, Okla.

Wanted the address of Miss Ethel Earl, last heard of in Dee, Okla., in 1911, intending to go to Texas on a homestead. Mrs. Carrie Capper, Mason City, R. R. 5, Box 33, Iowa.

How To Play The Piano Or Organ In One Hour.

A Detroit musician has invented a new method by which any little child or grown person can learn to play in one hour in their own home. Three sheets will be sent absolutely free to any person addressing a postal card to A. S. Keller, 111-H Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. —Advertisement.

$3.75 SUIT NO EXTRA CHARGES

Made to measure in latest style. Not $3.75, not even $1, not even one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. **No Extra Charge** for fancy swell styles, extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Write and say "*Send Me Your Offer*" the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges. KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO. Dept. 255 Chicago, Ill.



25 YEAR Guaranteed $25 GOLD WATCH $2.98



$2.98

Here is that watch you always wanted, sent you at our risk. **Send no money** not even a deposit; just write if you prefer Ladies' or Gents' watch, gold sunburst or fancy dial, open face, plain polished or beautifully engraved hunting case with white enameled dial and we will send this **elegant 25 year guaranteed 1915 thin model watch**, C.O.D. to your Post Office, or for Free Examination and test at your Express Office. If pleased with it and sure it equals a 17 Jewel $25 Gold Watch, pay our Special Sale Price only $2.98 and watch is yours. Write NOW. Light Watch Co. Dept. N22, Chicago

Gold Dial

FREE CHARACTER READING YOUR DESTINY, character and life are influenced by invisible vibrations. Send 10 cents—stamps (no silver) for Prof. Postel's booklet **"The Mystery of Life."** Advice on all affairs of life, new system. "The Kingsway Studios." King's Chambers, Suite 41, Portugal Street, London, W. C., England.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HERB DOCTOR RECIPE BOOK and Herb Catalogue, 10c, worth $$. Teaches how to make medicines from herbs for all diseases. Over 250 receipts and herb secrets. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5X, Hammond, Ind.

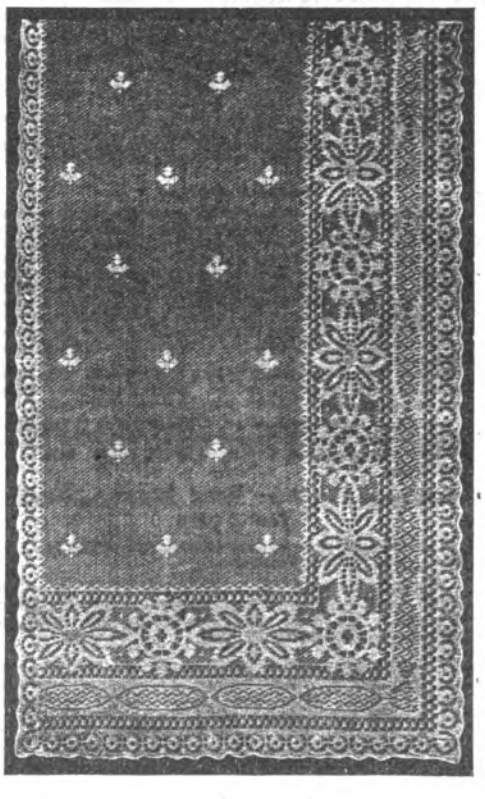
C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I sell are not Reprints of Confederate Money. Write for details. Frank W. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.

GROW GINSENG! 1 Acre worth $10,000. Package seeds $1. Mich. Ginseng Co., St. Joseph, Mich.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamps. Send 10c. For Price List Pack. A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.



Free For 4 Subscriptions!

Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

Premium No. 409.

This is a brand new offer and **much more liberal** than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are **full width and three yards long** which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven one-year subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. L., Hanford, Wash.—You say your doctor is a "poor excuse" and expensive. Perhaps he may not be the best, but he is on the ground and can see the patient, which makes him better than the best who can only guess at the trouble from a long distance. These lumps in your breast may be the beginning of serious trouble and should be examined and treated by skilled physicians, for their cause cannot be guessed at. You are listening to all sorts of people who are as ignorant as you are of the cause and presently you will be in a condition where nobody can help you. Consult a first-class doctor regardless of cost.

F. B. S., Richmond, Va.—If you find the wheat bran is effective in your case of constipation go on using it and don't be studying up ways by which it may harm you in some other direction. There is no danger of it producing appendicitis. Neither will your sleeping position affect your appendix. The best position to lie in is the one you can sleep most comfortably in. (2) We believe the ladies of the Anti-Cigarette League advocate the use of nitrate of silver as a mouth-wash to prevent smoking, but we advise you not to use it. It is a dangerous caustic, very powerful, and should never be applied to the mouth except by a skilled physician. If used carelessly it is likely to skin the mouth and cause death.

Mrs. J. A. M., Madison, N. C.—Having no disease that you know of and having nothing the matter with you except that tired feeling which comes to everybody in the spring, why go about trying to find something wrong that you think should be drugged? Thank the Lord that you have as good health as you have and stop thinking about doctors and medicine and don't take blood purifiers or other stuff that kind friends prescribe for you. Leave yourself in the hands of nature and don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. We wish all COMFORT readers were as well off physically as you are.

J. C. B., Kemp, Texas.—Let the mole alone unless you want something worse on your jaw. Won't your whiskers hide it? Moles may be removed, that is some moles, but it can be done only by an expert, and even then not always so as to have the skin show no scar.

H. C., Winthrop, Minn.—The small dark spots you have noticed on the iris of your eyes are due probably to some veinous defect and mean nothing to worry about. Your sight is good and your general health is good and these spots are no more than small specks that might occur on any other part of your body. Only a doctor who can examine them can tell definitely, and some day when you are talking casually to a doctor friend, ask him to look at them and say what he thinks about them. Don't try any self-curing on them and if you can't help but worry about them, go to a doctor and get reliable information and proper treatment, if treatment is really needed, which I doubt.

Troubled, Santa Rosa, Cal.—A swollen great toe with pain and the same condition of finger joints usually indicates a gouty condition, gout being akin to rheumatism and while said to be the result of high living, it is not always so. As you are not given to rich food and alcoholic drinks, perhaps your trouble is not gouty, and we suggest that you have a physician make an examination and learn what is to be treated before there is any treatment.

H. B., Dayton, Ohio.—There is no safe way to reduce a large nose, we suppose, or the late J. P. Morgan of New York, with millions of dollars at his command, would have done as much for his which was noticeably prominent. If a nose becomes large from disease there is some chance to reduce it if taken in time, but if nature made it that way, the safest plan is to leave it as it was made.

Black Eyes, Glennville, Ga.—The hurting you complain of behind the eyes is probably due to strain on them. You may need glasses. Do you wear glasses? Perhaps they do not fit your eyes. You should have your eyes examined and fitted with the proper glasses. Don't go to a shop where glasses are sold and try to fit them yourself. You cannot do it properly. Possibly the measles may have something to do with it, but only a physician making an examination could say definitely.

R. C. A., Faunsdale, Ala.—Pellagra is no easy disease to cure, and when it has become firmly established and is aggravated by other conditions, it is practically incurable. We think your physician is doing about as well as could be expected and you must not be discouraged beeause improvement is slow, but stick to it and keep your spirits up, helping the doctor all you can by your resolution to get well and by your patience under distressing circumstances. Are you careful about what you eat and does your doctor attend carefully to that? Your occupation as carpenter has nothing to do with it.

Mrs. F. M., Wasco, Cal.—The doctor who was inclined to make fun of the red spots on your face and told you you thought too much of your beauty is not a very careful physician, or you are magnifying your symptoms to us. But he is not the only physician who makes fun of such spots and a so-called "Beauty Doctor" takes the case and through ignorance of causes makes a bad matter much worse. Not every COMFORT woman or girl who has red spots on her face requires the attention of a physician instead of a Beauty Doctor, or self-applied cosmetics, but where the spots continue for a year or more, the wise woman will stop her home treatment and get proper medical advice. The cause of these red spots very often lies much deeper than the skin and that should be discovered and removed. Ordinary care of the skin and thorough cleanliness, with some attention to diet and digestion will usually effect proper results, but when they do not, a physician should be consulted and he should be a physician who knows better than to try to laugh the spots away.

Puzzled, Crowell, Texas.—The only indication of insanity in the symptoms you report as shown by your sister is that she thinks it is a sin to joke. A truly sane person considers humor, even of a poor sort, as most healthful to the spirit. Seriously, the trouble with you and your sister is that you don't like each other and you are willing to say or think most anything of each other. It is a common failing in thousands of families and the only cure for it is to get the true Christian spirit into your hearts and forgive and forget. She is no crazier than you are and both of you would be good women and loving sisters if you looked to the Lord for cure, instead of looking for it in lunatic asylums.

Miss L. P., Osage City, Kans.—The usual symptom of a tumor is a swelling. There are internal tumors, however, which make no sign until they are past cure. At the same time there are more swellings on various parts of the body which are not tumors, than are, though many people imagine any swelling which they cannot account for to be a tumor. Go to a doctor with it and let him make an examination.

A. J. H., Thompsonville, Mich.—The simplest and best remedy for bleeding gums is to go to a dentist and get his advice and treatment. Most people have defective teeth and one reason for it is that most people think that the teeth can take care of themselves and they will not go to a dentist until necessity drives them to him. Then it hurts and it costs money. Both of which may be avoided by going to him in time.

M. G. S., Beech Creek, Ky.—The only advice to be given by us in the treatment of consumption is to give the patient plenty of nourishing and digestible food and fresh air to breathe, day and night, hot weather and cold. Sleep in the open, or with the window open, and in a room alone to prevent contagion. Live outdoors as much as possible and if possible in a climate which is dry, as in Arizona, New Mexico or the high lands of North Carolina. The Great White Plague, however, cannot be mastered by mere advice in print. You must get advice and treatment from a physician who realizes what tuberculosis means, and will do his best with it which is not a great deal.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Olive, and her passionate appeal and efforts to compel him to make her his wife. All this came to him like a revelation, and pointed to her as the possible author of this diabolical plot and irreparable wrong.

And yet, no one had ever dreamed that she had ever given birth to a child; if she had, and his suspicions were correct, she certainly had been very cunning in concealing the fact and in executing her schemes.

Olive did not look like her, but, ah! and now more light was thrown upon the mystery—she did resemble her father, Robert Ingraham, and that explained how they had been able to trace a faint likeness to Alice, who had also resembled her mother's family—the Ingrahams.

All this flashed through the man's mind with the rapidity of lightning, and he began to understand how they had all been duped; how ingeniously Imogen had plotted and carried out her stratagem to foist her child upon him and Judge Ashburton, and thus establish her as the heiress of Castleview and the old gentleman's fortune besides; while she had also secured a luxurious home for herself during all these years, and the privilege of living with and rearing her own daughter. Oh, it was indeed a clever but a most devilish plot, and the man grew stern and bitter, as it became clearer to him, and he thought of his own darling thrust upon the care of strangers and deprived of the luxuries and privileges of her rightful position and the love which belonged to her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A Girl in a Thousand" and "A Thorn Among Roses"

BOTH BOOKS FREE!



The story "A Girl in a Thousand" does not complete the narrative. In order to get the climax you should read its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" now running in COMFORT. If, however, you missed one or more installments of "A Girl in a Thousand" we will be glad to send you the story in book form just as it appeared in COMFORT. If you desire, we can also supply you with its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" in book form. Large installments will appear each month in COMFORT but if you do not want to wait in order to complete the story, we will send you the book thereby giving you the opportunity to finish the story as soon as you like. Send us only one 25-cent one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you **either** book—your choice of "A Girl in a Thousand" or "A Thorn Among Roses"—or for two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you **both** books free and postpaid

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

absolutely no future. Her one hope is marriage, and as the man in the city earns but little more than he needs to support himself, and as he can get all the female society he wants for the asking, he steers clear of matrimony. We are hoping when women get a vote that the lot of the female worker, the lot of all workers for that matter, will be improved. God knows there is room for improvement, and until the improvement comes, unless you can dispense with stomach, health, friends, happiness, comfort and I might also add, decency and virtue, stay in the country where you were born. There at least you will be among friends and won't have to go without breakfast, nor depend on charity when you are sick. Now after this warning remember, if you come, you come at your peril.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Cornelia McLendon, Wadesville, N. C. Helpless and paralyzed. Has never walked, twenty-one years of age. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Duress Belcher (23), Douglasville, R. R. 4, Ga. Afflicted with stone in bladder. Unable to work. Needs operation, which would probably cure him, but has no money. Who will help him? C. C. Williamson, Henrietta, Ky. Had to have right arm amputated at shoulder joint. Left leg is five inches shorter than the other. Has wife and four small children dependent on him. Give them a boost. Mrs. H. S. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Widow. Unable to work and no means of support. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Anna Carpenter, Klondike, Tenn. Shut-in. Very needy. Send her some cheer. Mrs. V. D. Joyce, Spencer, R. R. 1, Va., Great sufferer from rheumatism. Needy and worthy. Send her some help. Mrs. M. A. Lilly, 725 Chocraw St., Alva, Okla. Shut-in. Widow with four little children. No means of support. Send them some cheer. Miss Ollie Teague, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Invalid from rheumatism for ten years. Aged, feeble mother her only support. Highly recommended. Send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Miss Willie Collier, Como, Miss. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Send her some help. Lillian M. Moore, Hibordsville, Ga. Invalid. Would like postal cards and cheery letters. Lizzie Brooks (54), Berryville, Ark. Invalid for twenty-five years. Very poor, helpless and needy. Do something for her. Mrs. Geo. T. Rousseau, Fairfield, Mo. Sufferer from rheumatism. Husband partially paralyzed. Send them some cheer. L. Orion Brumfield (16), Smithland, Ky. Shut-in. Would appreciate postal cards and cheery letters. Ida Norris, Clarksville, Box 85, Tenn. Invalid. Would like cheery letters.

Millions of people who never gave a cent for any worthy cause in their lives and who have wads of money stowed away that would choke a cow, have gazed monthly at these lists, hardened their hearts, and passed by. Ask yourself whether you are one of these tight wads. If you are here's your chance to put yourself right with God and your conscience. You are your brother's keeper and some day you're going to be judged on that basis. Heaven be merciful to the tight wads in that day. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Funniest She Ever Read

So says Miss Fanny Rice, 3E. 124th St., New York, and she thinks "So Did I" which nightly makes hundreds of people explode with laughter, the funniest of all Uncle Charlie's funny poems. You can secure a copy of this lovely volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in ribbed lilac silk cloth, with gold leaf top and beautiful autumn leaf inside lining, containing within its covers the best of Uncle Charlie's life work (a touching sketch of his life and several pictures of himself before and after his invalidism) for only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty five cents each. Here is the ideal present for both young and old. Don't deprive the young folks of a volume that will keep them and all the rest of the family happy for the rest of their lives. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Are Just the Thing for a Summer Night

When you sit on the veranda after a hard day's work, Uncle Charlie's songs, soft, dreamy and melodious, or cute, funny and catchy, will bring joy to the heart and rest to weary limbs. Why deprive yourselves of these melodic gems, songs for every and all occasions, full music for voice and piano, a handsome music folio with splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, when two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each will secure these songs, the very things you have been looking for. Poems and song book both free for a club of six. Work for them today.

A DOG BEGGAR.—For the license of Bubbles, a dog owned by E. W. Burns, former proprietor of Hotel Ramsdell, Warren, Mass., 200 cents were paid to the town clerk. Bubbles collected the cents himself from traveling salesmen and other guests in the hotel. He is a Boston bull terrier, six years old. Bubbles will not be satisfied unless he is given a cent. At all times he will refuse silver. When a cent is thrown to him, he grabs it in his teeth and runs to a corner of a room, and then returns for more. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Burns' son began to save the cents received by Bubbles.

SALMON CHEAPER THAN MEAT.—Canned Salmon is cheaper than meats, according to the U. S. bureau of fisheries. This bureau has issued a bulletin telling why and giving a number of good tested recipes. Copies of the bulletin may be obtained on application to the Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

ECZEMA NEW REMEDY for Eczema, Itch, Fever and Leg Sores. BOX A. RONES, Box 93, MILWAUKEE, WIS. **FREE**

MOTHERS Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. BOX FREE. Zemeto Co. D 11 Milwaukee, Wis.

FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE. LEPSO, Island Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Anybody Send 10c. postage for $1.75 pkg. Rose Dewdrop Perfume for present. Union Perfume Co., Dept 14, Palatine, Ill.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does it. DR. CHASE. 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa

CANCERS We Guarantee to remove CANCERS or no pay. Health Herald FREE. Address, Dr. S. A. Boynton, & Co., Lawrence, Mass.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free Short breathing relieved in a few hours—swelling, water and uric acid removed in a few days—regulates liver, kidneys and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO. DEPT. 20. ATLANTA, GA.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC. are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 116 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

Ladies! Mrs. Mary Bateman, a trained nurse sends you her $5.00 treatment of Medicated Supporters for cleansing, healing and curing all forms female trouble for $1.00 as trial offer. Money back if not satisfactory. MARY BATEMAN CO., COVINGTON, KY.

MEN WANTED We positively teach you at home by mail to earn $25 to $50 weekly as Chauffeur or Repairman. Students assisted to positions. Best system, lowest price. MODELS FURNISHED. Write for Free Book. PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 70-F Beaver Street, New York.



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Special money back guarantee if you write today for Booklet R 1015. IT IS FREE. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

1916 NEW MODEL ENGINEER SPECIAL To introduce our catalogue of Elegant watch bargains we will send this regulation R. R. size watch post paid for Only 98 cents. Timed tested and regulated ready to wear, very accurate timekeeper, nickel-silver or gold finished dust proof case. **98 CENTS**



Post Paid FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE sent with watch. Send 98 CENTS at once and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 648, CHICAGO, ILL.

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BOYS You can have $50. worth of fun with this **20-Shot Pistol 25c** Just out and selling like hot cakes. The Star Automatic Repeating Pistol shoots 20 times without reloading. Uses ordinary BB shot. Fine blue steel finish, perfectly made. For indoor or outdoor target practice. Postpaid 25 cents each. Address STAR CO., 36 Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.



MAKE $25 A DAY with the "Diamond Post Card Gun" Takes, Finishes Five Different Sizes Photo Post Cards and Buttons. Ready to be Delivered "ON THE SPOT." Big Money Maker at picnics, bathing beaches, fairs, carnivals. No experience necessary—no dark room, plates nor films. Small investment! Large Profits! *Write for illus. circular.* FREE. $7.50 UP So Profit on Every Dime! International Metal & Ferro Co., Dept. A 18 Chicago

BE A DETECTIVE Earn $25 to $75 dollars weekly; chance to see the world with all expenses paid. Write for particulars. Detective System, Incorporated, Dept. 316, Boston, Mass. **Loraine**

SORE LEGS HEALED Open sores, Eczema, Enlarged Veins, healed while you work. Send for book. Describe case. A. C. LIEPE, 613 Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

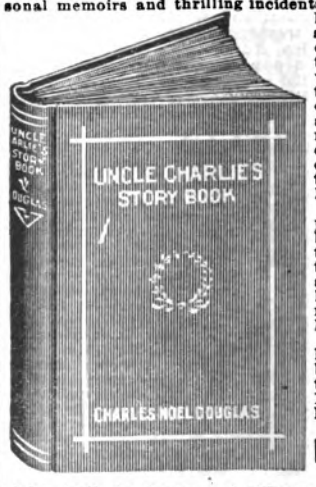
FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day

NEW EDITION Uncle Charlie's Story Book

51st Birthday Souvenir

A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 25th. This splendid book of 157 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie regardless of trouble and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.

Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.



The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this handsome new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it.

This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to obtain a copy. Every home should have one.

FREE Premium Offer

It is bound in two styles, both handsome and either good enough. One in **heavy, fancy opal blue paper covers** known as "cloth of gold paper," will be sent post-paid as a **free premium** for a club of **two new subscription** to **COMFORT at 25 cents** each, 50 cents in all, or for your own one-year subscription renewal at 25 cents and one other 25-cent subscription,—send 50 cents in all.

The other, **beautifully bound in lilac silk** with **stiff covers,** will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of **four subscriptions at 25 cents** each, one dollar in all, or for your own one-year subscription or renewal at 25 cents and three other 25-cent subscriptions, —send **one dollar** in all.

This offer holds good while the supply of books holds out.

Probably this is the last edition that will ever be printed.

BE QUICK and secure a copy while they last.

These are the best and most costly premiums that we give for such size clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Wheel Chairs in May

284 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Here we are again sending out six wheel chairs in the month of May to let six more poor, unfortunate cripples out into the glorious spring air and sunshine. That makes 26 wheel chairs that we have sent out in the first five months of the present year, and it beats our record for any consecutive five months of any previous year. It is a splendid showing, but even that does not satisfy me while I know that there are so many other shut-ins suffering for want of a COMFORT wheel chair. So let us all boost together and try our very best to make the June record beat that of May. We can do it if we will, and therefore we ought to.

Following are the names of the recipients of the six May wheel chairs. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Carl Willis Bair, Lipscomb, Texas, 212; Mrs. Nannie Craig, Milton, Ky., 125; Leonard Rhodus, Sumner, Okla., 112; Mrs. Martha E. Willyard, Hartford, Kans., 108; Jessie Johns, R. R. 2, Calhoun, Ga., 90; Mrs. Suda Catnam, Salt Springs, Ark., 88.

Carl Willis Bair is fourteen years old and has been a cripple from birth. As he can use his hands and arms he will be able to wheel himself about in his new chair which he expects to enjoy very much. Mrs. Geo. P. Weaver sent 185 subscriptions for him, her sister Miss Mittie Hill sent 15 and Miss Alice Cowardin sent 12, all since the middle of January.

Alice Craig sent the 125 subscriptions all in one bunch for Mrs. Nannie Craig's chair, but has not yet sent me a description of this lady for whom she has earned the chair.

Leonard Rhodus is fourteen years old and has never walked. His legs have been crippled since he had infantile paralysis when a baby. He lives with, and is dependent on his widowed mother who has three other children to support, which she accomplishes by keeping a little lunch room. She writes that her crippled boy is intelligent, has a very fine voice and sings well for one who has had no training, and she laments her inability to have his voice cultivated under a good teacher. Here is a chance for some wealthy person to help this brave woman to educate her crippled boy so that he may become self-supporting. The wheel chair will be a great help to the boy and to his mother who has to care for him.

Mrs. Willyard is 63 years old, and for 20 years has suffered severely from rheumatism which has stiffened her arms at the elbows and drawn her legs up into a sitting posture so that she is completely crippled and has not walked for ten years. She hopes to find some little relief in her weeel chair.

Jessie Johns is a five-year-old child crippled from birth by spinal trouble.

Mrs. Catnam is forty years of age, and hopelessly crippled in her left leg which is drawn up in a sitting posture and is shrunken to mere skin and bone. Her daughter Lizzie gives me the information.

It is coming hot weather very soon when the shut-ins who have no wheel chair will suffer more intensely from their enforced confinement. Bear this in mind and get at least a few subscriptions to help our Wheel-Chair Club to send out a goodly number of chairs in June for their relief.

The month's Roll of honor and a few letters of thanks follows.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Just Delighted with Her Wheel Chair

BUFFALO, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The chair arrived in fine condition. It is certainly a fine chair, much nicer than I ever hoped it would be. I am just delighted with it, and wish to thank you and Mr. Gannett very heartily, also Miss Pharis, who procured the subscriptions for me. I hope a great many more unfortunate people may receive one of these fine chairs. Very respectfully and gratefully yours,

MRS. MATTIE PEMBERTON.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Is Great Help to Crippled Boy and His Mother also.

OWENSBORO, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The wheel chair for my boy, Fitzhugh, arrived in good condition, and we are more than pleased with it. My dear boy enjoys it very much and it is such a help to me, as now I can wheel him around instead of having to carry him. I want to thank you and all kind friends who helped us get this chair. My boy has been a cripple since birth and was seventeen years old on the 29th of last March, and never has walked a step.

Very gratefully yours, MRS. K. K. JOHNSTON.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. George P. Weaver, Tex., for Carl Willis Bair, 182; Alice Craig, Ky., for Mrs. Nannie Craig, 125; Mrs. Denzil Burman, Tex., for Mrs. Carrie Granger, 72; Ada Beck, Ky., for Annie Beck, 45; Mrs. S. L. Rhodus, Okla., for Leonard Rhodus, 40; Mrs. Olive Grob, Ill., for Harold T. Grob, 39; K. S. Hotz, N. Y., for Albert C. Filiatreault, 38; Mrs. C. M. Snyder, N. Dak., for John Boren, 25; Mrs. M. A. Bishop, Wash., for Mrs. Bittick, 23; Alice Taylor, Ky., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Okla., for Leonard Rhodus, 20; Doomie, or Mrs. G. C. Gorman, Okla., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Budd Gorman, Ark., for Doomie Gorman, 20; Mrs. Rilda Scott, Ark., for own wheel chair, 20; Callie Grubbs, Ark., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. George Legg, La., for Robie Springer, 20; Mary E. Horne, N. C., for own wheel chair, 20; Etta McFarland, N. C., for Owana Hudson, 20; Rena A. Horne, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; J. L. Wrench, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Albert C. Filiatreault, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 19; Dr. J. A. Leeman, Tex., for Thelma L. Leeman, 15; Mrs. Isaac Detha, Pa., 14; Mrs. Almira Winans, Ill., for Maude Elizabeth Holmes, 13; Mrs. John Lawrence, Nebr., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 13; Mrs. May Fortney, Okla., for Leonard Rhodus, 13; Mrs. Alice Cowardin, Okla., for Carl W. Blair, 12; Etta Melton, N. C., for Owana Hudson, 11; M. M. Weger, Wash., for Elizabeth Leenhouts, 10; Miss Sulvia Vaughn, Mo., for Leonard Rhodus, 10; Lillie Willyard, Colo., for Mrs. M. C. Willyard, 9; Mary Chadwick, Ark., for Suda Catnam, 8; Mary Berry, Ga., for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. Bessie Fortney, Okla., for Leonard Rhodus, 7; Mrs. C. A. Purtle, W Va., for Frank Hamilton, 7; Ethel Ridgway, Ky., for Walter Ridgway, 7; Mrs. J. F. Hindsley, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 7; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Elwin Hale Jr., 7; Minnie Ostrander, Okla., for most needy, 6; Lizzie Catnam, Ark., for Suda Catnam, 6; Mary Grothers, Ill., 6; J. M. Daily, Ala., for Mrs. E. C. Mote, 6; Miss Edith Moeller, Mich., for General, 6; Mrs. M. C. Adkins, Ala., for Mrs. E. C. Mote, 6; J. F. Woolwine, Va., for Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, 5; Mrs. E. M. Garnes, Ohio, 5; Addie Spillman, Okla., 5; Bettie E. Stanley, N. C., for Rheuben Rouse, 5; Naomi Roll, Kans., for George M. Roll, 5; Katie Bier, Pa., 5; Mrs. Lydia Bailey, Pa., for General, 5; Mrs. E. P. Docken, Minn., 5; Mrs. Edith Kirkpatrick Minn., 5; Mrs. A. R. Walker, Minn., 5; Mrs. Suda Catnam, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5; Anna Boswell, Mo., 5; Amy L. Schoolcraft, W Va., for Gladys Reed, 5; Mrs. John Howard, Wash., for Elizabeth Leenhouts, 5.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

NOW comes the rosy month of June, my dears, and all the world's a-bloom and nothing but ourselves, my dears, can shadow it in gloom, which is not only poetry, but is the truth as well, and it is for each of us to say whether we will have our June a month of roses or a month of thorns. As for me, I prefer roses and hope you are all the same as I, but I am almost sure some of you will insist on having thorns. Anyway, this is June and June is the merry month and let us be merry who can. I'm going to do my merry act by getting to work. Now what do you think of that?

The first letter is from Worried of Hastings, Pa., and no wonder she is worried for she has had five proposals all of which she has declined, and now the one she wants wants her and she is only eighteen and under promise to herself not to marry until she is nineteen. Isn't that dreadful, girls? Still, I think it will be better for her to wait and if she takes my advice she will wait.

Bunnie, Holtville, Cal.—The young man had a right to lose his temper when he had asked you to go out with him and you kept him waiting till your girl friend joined you, whom he had not asked. You owe him an apology much more than he owes you one.

Brown Eyes, Oto, Ia.—Having made the widower wait a year without answering his letter, it would hardly be proper to do do so now that he has returned. If he is somewhat shy, you should tell him some kind of a story to restore his courage. But why bring him back, if you don't want him? P. S. You should spell better when you use a typewriter, and please don't call me "Aunt" Marion. I'm not aunt, yet.

Somebody's Girl, Grove City, Pa.—You should be glad you didn't send him your picture, now that he has quit writing and apparently forgotten you. They do that way very often and you should not want to get him back, or he will treat you the same way again. Do you like that kind of treatment so well you want to have more of it? Forget him.

O. C. T., Prairie City, Ill.—Go right ahead being Cinderella to your older sisters and being a nice girl to everybody else, and some day the prince will come out of the schoolhouse and claim you as his own. You are just seventeen now and Princes, who teach school in disguise, don't let everybody know who is their choice, and besides they choose a girl who is old enough to marry.

R. C. G., Indiana Villa, Pa.—Your "fair face and stately figure" will be "a curse" to you by and by, if they are not now, unless you stop thinking about them and devote your thoughts to the happiness of other people. That will make for your own happiness as well and you will be as popular as you are now beautiful. Don't you think you are just a little bit conceited for a farmer's daughter who must toil for her daily bread, as you say you do?

Dimples, Shiner, Texas.—You say you pay no attention to the gossips, yet you write me a letter to tell me how it worries you. Now is that consistent? It isn't, and you should really pay no attention to it. Gossip always is epidemic in small towns and you should be immune against it by not thinking about it and particularly not recognizing its existence by talking about it to your friends. As to the stranger you have been writing to, do you know whether he has a wife or not, or has never been in jail, or on the way there? If you meet him at all, you should meet him at your own house, or with friends who know him and will introduce him properly and vouch for him.

Lonesome, Altus, Okla.—As you have said you would not marry until you are twenty-one, the wise course is to keep your word to yourself. By that time the young man, who has nothing now except the promise of a situation, will have proved if he is able to support a wife, and your parents will look more kindly upon your marrying. Why look for trouble when it is so sure to look for you?

Cross-eyed, Paducah, Ky.—Of course, marry the one you don't love because he swears he loves you so that he will give up the two sweethearts he now has, if you will take him. The other one is too steady and reliable for a mettlesome girl like you.

Despondent, Lundy, Cal.—If he is worth anything you might sue him for breach of promise and get a money balm for your wounded heart. But as you want him back, notwithstanding the heartless and cruel way he has treated you and would treat you again, I suppose you would not care to have him punished as he deserves. My dear, for cases like yours, there is no help. You must suffer for your own weakness and lack of self-respect.

Sad Heart, Dorchester, Nebr.—As you can never be happy without him, and though he is a nice young man your parents don't want him, suppose you cheer up and wait until you are of age and can do as you please. Girls do that quite often and sometimes very happily, but not always. Still, accidents happen even in the best regulated marriages.

L. L., Bidwell, O.—I suppose you had a right to object to your fiance going with another girl, but you should not have gone at him in the hammer-and-tongs style. There's time enough for that after you are married. Now you have driven him away and really I don't know how you can get him back. You should have thought of getting him back before you drove him off. If he doesn't ask to be restored to your esteem, you may conclude he is congratulating himself on having been let go so easily. Maybe he went with the other girl just to produce this result.

Jane, Fairmouth, W. Va.—One of the queer things in a young man's make-up, my dear, is the silly notion that he must kiss every girl he meets, no matter whether she wants him to or not. Some of them have it worse than others, and I don't believe there is any cure for it. My advice to you is to tell this one very positively that you are not to be kissed by him, and if he insists that you are, then you will decline to see him except in the company of others.

Three Beauties, Oak Mills, Kans.—If you are so pestered by beaus in Kansas that your condition is distressing, suppose you migrate to Massachusetts where you can't catch a beau unless you have a net and all the nets are spoken for months ahead.

Tiyu, Thorp, Wis.—No wonder you don't have any attentive young men and not many friends of any kind. You hold yourself to be so much better than everybody else that nobody wants to come around for fear of contaminating you. Some young men are undesirable as acquaintances and some girls are the same, but the majority of people are quite as correct in their sentiments and actions as you are and when you believe that and make an effort to assist the good in making the rest and yourself better and happier, you will never again feel like writing such a letter to me as calls for this answer. Try it for a year or two and see what the results are.

Blue Eyes, Spurger, Texas.—Don't have any sweetheart at all if you can't have one that is not always fussing with you, and of all things don't take for a husband the one you fuss with as your sweetheart. And still you want to win this fusser back! My, my!

Danish Blue, Kenmare, N. Dak.—As your letters have gone astray before and you do not know but that another has, you might write again to find out. At the same time, if he has not heard from you, don't you think if he cared very much he would write to you to know what was the matter? Why do so many of you girls insist on thinking that nobody is to blame except yourselves?

There, my dears, your questions are all answered, even some that you sent to the Etiquette Edtior instead of Cousin Marion, though why you should have sent them to him instead of to me, I don't know, seeing that etiquet'e has nothing whatever to do with the heart. Anyway, your questions are answered, except the very silly ones and all you have to do now is to take my advice. The good Lord watch over us all, heart, soul and body. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

THIN FOR YEARS—"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.



"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

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When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

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Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

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Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

if you kept them in a clean, airy, light box stall and fed them small quantities of milk often at first and gradually increased the amount and lengthened the intervals between feeds. Instead of feeding cottonseed meal feed a mixture of oatmeal (screened), bran, cornmeal and flaxseed meal. If calves show any signs of indigestion lessen the feed and add an ounce of lime-water to each pint of milk fed daily.

MILO MAIZE.—Would milo maize be a profitable crop to raise in Tennessee? What is the usual yield per acre? What effect has it on the soil? When and how should it be planted to mature the grain? What is its feeding and what its market value? Does it withstand wet and dry weather? G. L. C., Friendship, Tenn.

A.—See article on Milo Maize in February COMFORT. It would not likely be a profitable crop for Tennessee since it is better adapted to regions of light rainfall. Corn is a better paying crop in your state. Milo does not improve the soil. See article above referred to for answers to the rest of your questions.

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and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Many Thanks, Garner, Ia.—The best form is to say: "The Smyths send their kindest regards," and "Give my kindest regards to——." It is correct in introducing to say: "Miss S., this is my cousin, Harry B." It is not correct to say to a gentleman who thanks you for a dance: "You are welcome." If anyone offers you anything at table on a dish, you may take the dish and ask the person to take some first or ask the person to help himself first. It is better, however, when a dish is going around the table for each person to help himself and then pass it on without saying anything. One may miss his share by being foolishly polite, and passing things regardless. A gentleman meeting two ladies who may not be acquainted with each other, or may, without his knowledge, may ask if they are acquainted when he sees they do not greet each other. In asking he should say: "Miss A., do you know Miss B.," or words to that effect, no set rule of language being followed for informal introductions.

E. M. B., Clinton, Wis.—If the young man can give you a good reason for asking you to town to the show and then leaving you with others while he went with his sister and her friend, you should accept his apology and continue your friendship. He went home with you all right and did all he could to make it pleasant for you. You may count pretty safely on the young man who will not neglect his sister. It is proper to say to your escort after bringing you home from a show or other entertainment to which he has taken you: "Thank you very much. I enjoyed a very pleasant evening." But don't say it as though you were reading it out of a book.

Blue Bell, Coulee, N. Dak.—You introduce a minister, or your sister-in-law, just as you would introduce anyone else, except you should say: "The Reverend So-and-so," and "My sister-in-law, Mrs. or Miss ——." Some brief explanation as to who the persons are whom you are introducing always helps strangers in starting their acquaintance.

Dolly, Hosford, Fla.—It is scarcely good form for a lady to wave her hand at a gentleman walking on the street with his best girl, but it may be done if she wants to embarrass the gentleman and make the other girl jealous, which no lady ever does.

Brown Eyes, Roanoke, Va.—Your letter was answered. Still, we will reply again in order to rub in a great truth, which is that a young man's vanity as a lady-killer is one of his most sensitive points and when a girl slights him and snubs him it hurts worse than running him through a threshing-machine. But it is excellent treatment for him and we earnestly urge it upon young ladies to treat every young man of this kind in the threshing-machine manner.

Miss M. W., Adrian, Minn.—Courtesy is never wasted, no matter how small the occasion. It is good to thank the clerk in the store for the change, or for his attention in serving you, if there is no change to hand back. The thoughtfulness of others implied in these small courtesies counts for more than when it would be actually impolite not to extend them on greater occasions.

B. C. L.—Portsmouth, Ohio.—Though the accepted rule is that two years should elapse after the death of husband or wife before the survivor marries again, there are circumstances when this rule may be disregarded. This is particularly true in cases where small children are left who need a woman's care and they must be separated from the father in order to receive it. Of course, a man should not marry again simply to have a woman to look after his children, but if in a decent time he finds a good woman whom he loves and who will be his wife, it is better for all concerned that he should not wait two years, which is only a customary, not a legal, period.

Ruth, Tyler, Ala.—It is proper for a lady to ask to have a gentleman introduced to her whom she wishes to meet. It is not proper for a gentleman to press his shoulder against the lady's when he is standing near her and she may use any measures she wishes to prevent it. If he is really a gentleman he will not persist after she has told him she does not like it. Show him this answer if he offends again.

N. M. Girl, Oscuro, N. M.—It is not proper for the gentleman to hold the lady too tight while dancing with her, and the sure cure for it is to decline to dance with a man of that kind—there are plenty of them—and let everybody know why you decline.

Nineteen, Belt, Mont.—When a father drinks and imposes on a daughter, as some fathers do, utterly regardless of the duty of parents to children, we believe she is fully justified in leaving home and making her own living. She would not have to work as hard, as you do, and would not only be paid for it, but would receive the respect and consideration a good and industrious girl should have. As you are not risking the temptations of the city, but propose to work in the country at what you are capable of doing, we do not hesitate to advise you to go out for yourself. And don't marry until you are very sure you will better your condition in every way.

Dorothy, Auburn, Maine.—Beware of the attentions of the elderly man, particularly as he is married. That kind of men never mean girls any good and we are almost inclined to say that girls who permit their attentions are really inviting any trouble that may come to them, and deserve whatever they may get. As to the young man, as he has told you that he loves you and you think as much of him, you may tell him so and settle the matter. But don't fall desperately in love wth him and spoil everything as silly girls often do, though you do not write like one of the silly kind.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

pale, handsome face, with its strange, wan and weary look, so very strange upon the face of careless, light-hearted Sir Cyril.

Then he drew a chair to the table and seated himself.

"I'm glad to hear you are quite well, Sir Cyril. Candidly, you are not looking at all yourself——"

"And who the devil would?" said Cyril, with a mingled haughtiness and impatience so strange and uncommon to him that Mr. Burdon could not help staring. "You forget that your confounded clerk has been at my heels for the last three days, badgering me to get on, get on, and reach here. What on earth do you want with me? I thought, when I was here last, that I'd done with lawyers—that I had nothing left for the law to trouble itself about."

"So did I, Sir Cyril," replied Mr. Burdon, dryly, but still respectfully, "but it seems we were mistaken. Will you not take a seat?—and let me offer you——"

"Nothing," said Cyril, dropping into a chair; then he leaned his head upon his hand for a moment, and Mr. Burdon sat too astonished to proceed to business.

"See here, Burdon," said Cyril, looking up suddenly, and frowning across the table, "I have come over to England very much against my will, and to this place, which I would have avoided, if I could have fought against a strange kind of impulse and attraction, and I am anxious to leave it again as quickly as possible. I don't wish to offend, but, there—there," and with a movement of his hand he swept away whatever explanation he was about to give. "Your time is too valuable to waste on me; you have wasted quite enough already, Heaven knows! Now, what is this business?"

As he spoke he made a palpable attempt to give his attention, and succeeded in doing so—after a fashion.

Mr. Burdon bit his lip, puzzled and curious, but he knew the More peculiarities and idiosyncracies too well to trifle with them, and proceeded to obey his client's direct injunctions.

"Well, Sir Cyril, I am quite ready; I hope I have never been dilatory where your interests are concerned. It was your interest that forced me to send my man for you, and I think you will be more ready to pardon me for the liberty after you have found my reasons for so doing than you appear to be now!"

Cyril, whose good humor no amount of ill luck and trouble could altogether destroy, looked up without the frown, and with a smile which was, however, very different from his old, light-hearted one.

"Forgive me, Burdon," he said; as you see, I am rather knocked up—a good deal of traveling, and—that sort of thing; I am a little out of sorts, too; in fact, as you said, not quite myself. I know you mean well, you always have meant well to me and mine. Don't think I am ungrateful—don't think anything about me today; in fact, try, after I am gone, to forget that you have seen me. I shall leave England again tonight," he added, gloomily.

Mr. Burdon smiled with complacent satisfaction.

"I think not, Sir Cyril; I think not!" he said. "I've news that is good enough to keep most men at home, and I don't think even you will turn your back on it."

"Good news!" said Cyril, abstractedly, and with a grim smile.

"Judge for yourself," said Mr. Burdon, and he took up from the table the deed which he had brought with him.

Cyril put up his hand wearily.

"For Heaven's sake, Burdon, spare me! Tell me what you have to tell in plain English."

Mr. Burdon laughed.

"You are like my other client—the other party to the deed. Well, Sir Cyril, what do you say to a large fortune—another fortune?" he added, with a slight emphasis.

Cyril looked up with a faint expression of interest.

"Is that it?" he said, nodding his head absently. "Then, why on earth didn't you write and tell me, or let your man tell me, instead of dragging me from one corner of the earth to the other?"

Mr. Burdon certainly bore his burden well, for though he leaned back in his chair and gave vent to one or two ejaculations, they were not profane.

"Come, come!" he said, "is this fair, Sir Cyril? How was I to know that you had suddenly grown indifferent to money and all its advantages? Besides, there are conditions to be complied with before you can claim——"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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OIL GUSHER EXPECTED WHEN DRILL PIERCES BIG ANTI-CLINE

Oklahoma Oil Sage Makes Lucky Find In Surface Formations Almost Invariably Overlaying Vast Oil Pools

FATE SEEMS TO FAVOR CONWAY—HAS NEVER FAILED—3000 ACRES LEASED

Millions Being Made In Oklahoma Oil Fields—Stampede For Leases Sure To Follow If Big Strike Is Made—Small Investors Profit Big.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., June 1st.—After promoting two highly successful oil companies in the Oklahoma fields, R. M. Conway, the man whose remarkable success has attracted attention throughout the State, is now organizing a new Company to drill on 3,000 Acres of leases, he has located on and around a Monster Anti-Cline in Stephens County, Oklahoma.

A little more than six months ago, Conway sold out the Conway-Russell Oil Company, after it had been operating only eighteen months, during which time he had paid 40 per cent dividends. Every dollar invested in its stock brought six dollars in return. The Alert Oil Company, another of Conway's projects, was so successful in sixty days, that its stock brought $2 for $1.

Immediately upon the culmination of his first two successful operations, Conway began casting about for new fields to conquer. That was just after the new Healdton field had been opened and roaring gushers were pouring out as high as 5,000 barrels a day from single wells. Conway searched every portion of the state for the right sort of territory and in company with an expert geologist, was looking over the lay of the land in Stephens County, when they discovered "The Big Anti-Cline."

To the average inexperienced eye it would appear to be nothing more than a long ridge, with a pronounced dome, but to the experienced knowledge of Conway and his geologist, it meant that a vast oil pool was almost certain to underlie it. The Anti-Cline was a huge one, being two miles wide and six miles long and the formation had the ear marks which experienced oil men know to be almost certain indication of oil.

TWO PROBABLE BIG OIL LINES CROSS ANTI-CLINE.

The fact that the Anti-Cline was such a perfect specimen would have been enough, but after carefully tracing out its formations, it was found to be almost exactly of the crossing of two apparent oil lines. A straight line from the Petrolia fields of Texas passes directly through the Anti-Cline and through the Wann Pool, the Osage Pool, the Cushing, Bartlesville and Hope Pools and terminates in the rich fields around Coffeyville, Kansas. Another line beginning at Ardmore, Okla., passes through the Healdton and Loco fields through this big Anti-Cline, the Lawton field, terminating at Willow, Oklahoma.

Nearly all geological indications—the crossing of these big supposed oil lines—and oil seepage traces in springs, wells and streams, all pointed so strongly to the probability of a big new oil strike, that Conway immediately contracted for 3,000 Acres of leases on and around the Big Anti-Cline and at once took steps to organize a new development Company.

The prospects for opening another sensational oil field are very bright and regarding it Mr. Conway says; "Anyone with the slightest conception of what the oil business in Oklahoma pays, when a big strike is made must realize it offers the greatest opportunity for moderate speculation existing in the United States today."

LEASES BRING FABULOUS PRICES.

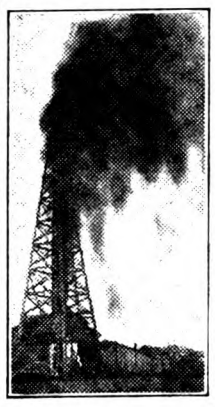
We have only to recount the remarkable prices paid for leases in some of the newer Oklahoma fields to realize this. In the Paden-Prague field, where the first wildcat well was brought in only a few months ago, leases sold from $50 to $250 per acre. At Healdton leases brought from $100.00 to $1000 per acre. $50 to $1,000 was paid in the Cushing field and $1000 per acre was paid just recently when the new Robinson pool was opened near Muskogee.

"We have most the geological indications, existing in any of the fields already developed. I propose to organize this new Company on a scale sufficiently large, to make a thorough test of our holdings, and yet not so large as to reduce the proportion of each investor's profit in case we strike it rich. The Company has a capital stock of $25,000 fully paid and non-assessable.

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT SAFEST.

It is my plan to place the stock among as many people as possible. If we strike it big, even a $10 to $50 block of stock may make its owner big money. If we get only a dry hole, no one will suffer from the loss of so trifling a sum.

"I have never been and never will be associated with any questionable proposition. There will be no stories of men and women losing the savings of a lifetime in any Company of mine. The co-operative plan of developing good prospective oil leases has been tried out and proven the most feasible. It is simply a matter of a number of people, each pooling a small sum in chance to make handsome profits for all. Anyone coming into this company does so with his eyes wide open, knowing that if we strike it rich we all make big money, and that if we get a dry hole we all lose a few dollars apiece. Surely there can be nothing that savors of a blue-sky or stock-jobbing scheme about that."



"We have every reason to believe we are sure to strike it rich, yet no man can say it for a certainty. It's just a fair, square, honest business proposition for a limited number of people who have the courage to risk a few dollars on a very probable opportunity to reap immeuse wealth. Everybody shares and shares alike, according to the amount of stock he holds."

MILLIONS FROM LEASES POSSIBLE.

One big well will insure us a tremendous return, for this Company, unlike most Companies, has 3,000 acres of leases to sell at big prices as soon as oil is struck. The real value of this investment lies in our great acreage. There hasn't been an instance in Oklahoma during the last two years, where leases in a new field of any importance near a wild cat well, have sold for less than $100 per acre; generally they bring from $100 to $1,000 and some even up to $5,000 per acre.

"Suppose we were to sell our acreage for only $20.00 per acre—that would mean $60,000 to say nothing of our profits from Oil. At $50 per acre we could sell for $150,000; and if we were to get $100 per acre (the most conservative estimate for really good proven acreage) we would get $300,000. There is practically no limit to the possibilities for profit if we should strike a gusher."

84 PER CENT. OKLAHOMA WELLS SUCCESSFUL.

Out of all Oil Wells drilled in Oklahoma last year, better than 84 per cent. have been producers and this average include the rankest wild-cat drillings in the State. Our chance for striking oil are not only better than 84 out of 100, but the chances are, strike it big. The history of Oklahoma's oil development, proves that the men who have made the big fortunes are the ones who pioneered in unproven fields and took a chance. Those who wait till someone else takes the risk and brings in the gushing wells which send the price of leases skyward, never get very far.

INDIVIDUAL RISK IS SMALL.

However it takes great nerve and unnecessary risk for one individual to attempt such undertakings alone, but in company like this no one can lose much and everyone has a chance for phenomenal profits. Even a moderate success will mean great profits for even the smallest investor. I have already made two remarkable successes in the oil business. Every investor who banked on my judgment before, made big profits. I firmly believe that every investor who goes into this Company with me, will reap handsomely for I expect this Company to overshadow my other undertakings from fifty to a hundred per cent. With such overwhelming odds in our favor—with such tremendous profits possible if we win—with the percentage of failures so low—and my past record so remarkable—it is hardly reasonable to believe we will not strike it rich. How any man or woman with a spark of ambition in his veins can hesitate to invest so little as $10 or $50 in a proposition of such gigantic possibilities is beyond me."



Mr. Conway urges every one who wants shares to send in their subscriptions on the very first mail. If you have any questions to ask, send your money with them, if you want to be sure of your stock. Your money will be held for ten days until all your questions have been answered satisfactorily. If any investor isn't thoroughly satisfied and glad he got in, then the money will be returned within 10 days. Idle funds are worthless unless you put them to work. Savings bank interest is trifling. Every man or woman who can possibly spare $10 to $50 or more should get hold of some of this stock before the allotment is oversold. The first mail is none too quick to get your subscription in to Mr. Conway, 1412 Colcord Bldg., Oklahoma City. It will be best to decide what you want right now and get it into the mail at the earliest hour today.

CLIP IT—SIGN IT —MAIL IT TODAY

BIG ANTI-CLINE OIL CO.,
1412 Colcord Bldg., Oklahoma City, Ok.

----------19..

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I subscribe for this stock with the understanding that this money will be spent in developing the Company's 3,000 acres of leases and to defray such other expenses as may be necessary in the operations of the Company.

Name ----------

Address ----------

10 Shares	$10	30 Shares	$30
20 Shares	$20	50 Shares	$50

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Trifling Events That Have Caused Great Wars

By C. L. Chapman

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OPINIONS differ as to whether the dispute which led to the present terrible war in Europe were sufficient to justify the loss of blood and treasure, but so many great wars have been caused by such trivial incidents.

There are many historical facts to prove how slight a cause may throw great nations into a state of most terrific warfare.

Louis VII of France visited the royal barber and plunged two nations—France and England—into intermittent warfare which lasted three hundred years. According to the story, the archbishop of Rouen persuaded the King to remove his beard, in common with his subjects. The act led to so much friction with the queen that at last Louis divorced her, to become a few months later the wife of Henry VII of England. From this marriage centuries of bloodshed may be said to have followed.

In an iron case in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, Italy, a bucket may be seen today, that was the cause of a terrible war nine hundred years ago. Some soldiers of Modena, in a mischievous mood stole a bucket from a public well in Bologna and refused to return it. The states were rivals and very jealous of each other and the soldiers at once engaged in a desperate fight. This spark kindled a fire of war which devastated a large part of Europe and led to the imprisonment for life of the King of Sardinia, son of the German emperor.

A broken teapot started a war in China over two hundred and fifty years ago which cost over a million lives. The teapot was the cherished possession of a high dignitary who was in great favor with the emperor. When traveling through a lawless province in the northeast of China, some of his retinue were intercepted by a band of robbers, and among the spoils the teapot was found and contemptuously thrown on the ground and broken. The loss was at once reported to the emperor, a force of soldiers was sent out and a long and terrible war was the result.

Only three men are said to have ever known the exact nature of the troubles which led to two great wars in Schleswig-Holstein. Two of them died before the wars broke out and the third had quite forgotten what the trouble was all about.

The manipulation of a telegram by Count Bismarck, sent France and Prussia flying at each other in 1870. The French ambassador went to Ems, where Emperor William I was at the time to ask him not to approve the ambition of Prince Leopold to become the king of Spain.

The King refused to give a definite answer, but the prince's candidacy was withdrawn. A report of this conference was submitted by telegram to Count Bismarck, then Prussia's foreign minister, with authority to publish it. Bismarck altered the text, making the report unfavorable to France and at once the international war followed with all its horrors.

Bismarck is said to have confessed this alteration many years later.

The war of the Spanish succession, in which the great Duke of Marlborough played a brilliant part, was said to be the outcome of a glass of water at the Tuileries in Paris.

One of the court ladies had expressed a wish for a glass of water in the hearing of the British and Spanish ambassadors, each hastening to get it for her. They both returned to find the fair lady gone and dancing with a French statesman. The English diplomat accidentally, it is thought, ran against the Spaniard and upset the glass he was carrying. This ridiculous incident inflamed the jealousies of the nations and war was the outcome.

According to his own confession, the Seven Years War was largely due to the vanity of Frederick the Great in wanting to see his name figure largely in the gazettes.

The Sepoys believed that cartridges served out to them were greased with fat of animals unclean alike both to the Hindu and Mohammedan, thus causing the Indian mutiny.

The Turko-Russian war was said to have started by the hammer with which a Herzegovian blacksmith killed a tax collector who had insulted his daughter.

The stealing of a lace petticoat, belonging to a Castilian lady by a Moor led to many years of the most terrible fighting between the Spaniards and the Moors.

Borrowing a tobacco pipe and failing to return it led to a civil war which lasted for many years between the rival races in Pamirs and Afghanistan.

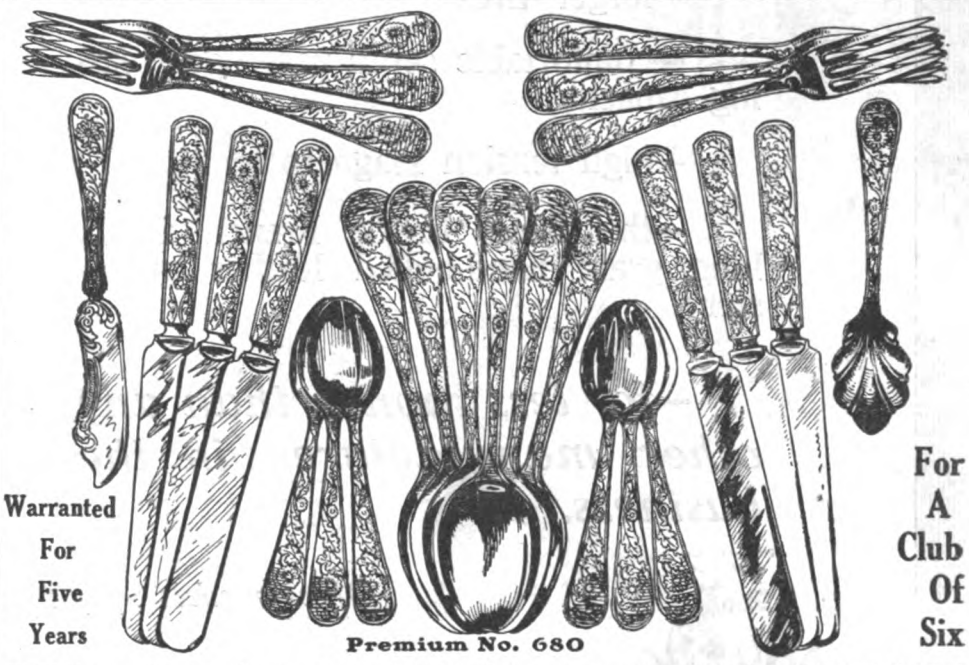
Over a dispute as to the relative attractions of snails and vipers as food, fifty years of fighting was started between Pisa and Milan.

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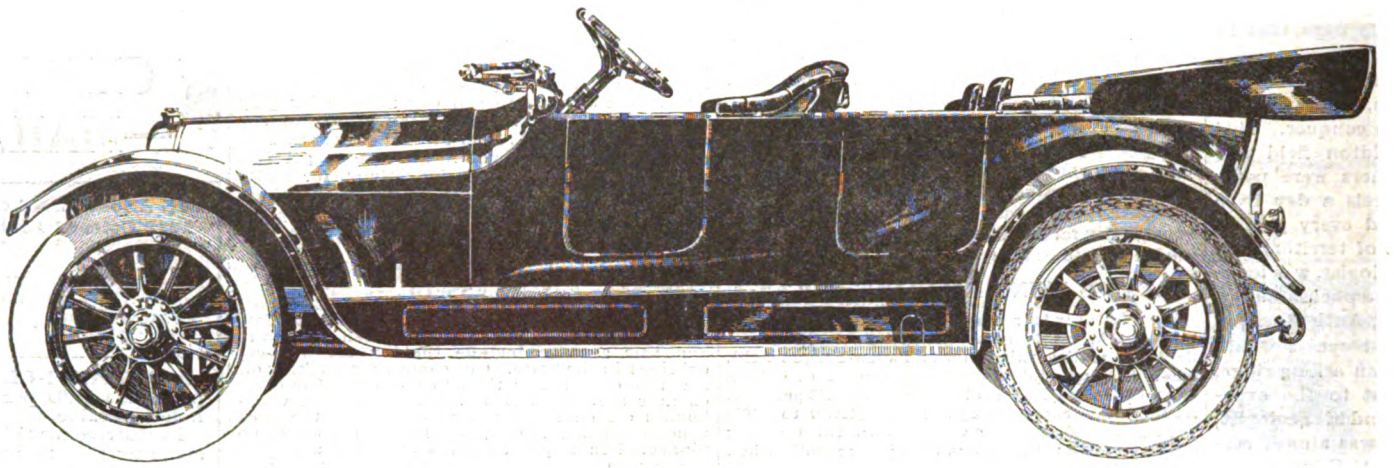
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VOL. XXVII NO. 9

JULY 1915



UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY

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Crumbs of Comfort

He that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.

Praise makes good men better and bad men worse.

Travel makes a wise man better and a fool worse.

The great and the small have need of one another.

In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

Better fare hard with the good than feast with the bad.

God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers.

He has but sorry food that feeds upon the faults of others.

An envious person waxes lean on the fatness of his neighbor.

The hog never looks up to him who threshes down the acorns.

The sky is not less blue because the blind man cannot see it.

The disposition to do a bad deed is worse than the bad deed.

The past gives us regret, the present sorrow, and the future fear.

An idle man in a community is more dangerous to it than a thief.

Politeness is as natural to refined natures as perfume is to flowers.

A baby is an angel whose wings grow shorter as its legs grow longer.

What we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.

Contentment is the philosopher's stone which turns all it touches into gold.

It is easier to make money like a knave than to spend it like a gentleman.

War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.

The Turn of the Wheel

By Anna S. Ells

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SUDDENLY the music ceased for her. She sat very erect, gazing over the sea of heads at the opposite box. Could it be her husband who was sitting there with an unknown woman of surpassing beauty beside him? Only as the queenly head moved could she catch a glimpse of the handsome face of the man beyond.

Forgetting her own prominence, she leaned forward, every nerve tense. The woman moved and she saw him distinctly. The blood rushed blindingly to her eyes; she caught her breath, and leaned back. It was not her husband.

Again she heard the call of the violin, the sob of the 'cello, but thought was intent on the past.

"Another turn of the wheel." That was what Tracy had said that evening when she came down to dinner dressed for the theater, and his face had looked sad and far away as he said it. She had wondered what he meant.

Again the music thrilled her, and remembrance slipped aside; but when, during the next intermission, she again caught a glimpse of the unknown man, it returned. She wondered what Tracy was really doing. What did he do so many evenings when he absented himself from her gay gatherings?

"I am going to run down to the office for a little while."

It was always the same explanation. Now what did "office" stand for? Business was all right; even Tracy owned that. She was of this world, and knew that "office" and "business" could cover many things, but Tracy—dear old dignified, honest Tracy—she could not believe that he had followed the light footsteps of the many. Still——

The play was good. She watched the honest man turn into a rogue, the happy bride grow sad and watchful, the giddy lovers with their amusing courtship—and through it all ran the persistent query, "What is Tracy really doing tonight?"

Not realizing that she had formed any resolution, she rose, whispered a word to her sister who shared the box, and slipped out into the deserted foyer, got her wrap and, still half dazed, left the theater. Out in the sweet night air, her mind cleared. She knew what she intended doing. No, she did not want her car; when the play was over, send it home. She hailed a taxicab and gave a down-town address. This reached, she dismissed the taxi, and looked around. How strange it all looked in the brilliant, artificial light. For a moment she was puzzled, then turned to the left. She remembered now, although many months had passed since she had been there. Around that corner, five doors to the right, and she entered the huge office building. How well she remembered going through the small side door and up the back elevators one evening with Tracy when they were going somewhere together. He had forgotten something, and she had thought it such fun to go with him to his office en route. Going together! Ah yes, but that was long ago. She was going alone now to see if Tracy really spent long, lonely evenings in his office, and if so why.

She thought the elevator boy looked at her oddly as she asked for Tracy's floor. Suddenly she remembered her rich evening gown, and drew her cloak closer.

The boy looked at her and actually grinned in a friendly, "I understand" way. She stiffened, and asked with considerable emphasis, correctly placed.

"Is my *husband* in his office tonight?"

"Sure thing," replied the knowing one. "He pegs away there most nights, but you're the first 'wife' ever asked for *him*."

Flushing hotly at the insinuation, she stepped into the hall and cast furtive glances up and down its well-lighted lengths. Then she turned to the left and silently reached his door. There was a dim light in the outer offices, a slightly brighter one in Tracy's private office, and a brilliant one in a little room beyond where she had never been. Odd that her heart should beat so furiously! She was only calling on her own husband, but the episode flavored of adventure. She was a very beautiful woman as she stood hesitating. What secret lay hidden behind the intervening glass of that nearly closed door? There was no sound of voices. She knew he was smoking, but no sound broke the stillness.

"Another turn of the wheel!" What could he have meant?

She laid her gloved hand against the door; silently it swung open to her touch.

At an old-fashioned, spindle-legged table sat her husband in a worn Morris chair. On the table was an old style, big bowled lamp with a green shade, although the electrics overhead lighted the room. He wore a shabby house coat, and frayed slippers; he smoked a well-colored pipe. A geranium and a heliotrope blossomed at the window; an old pointer dog lay curled on the gay rug at his feet. On the walls were old-time pictures, and on the table beside him was a picture of their one child, the boy who had died five years ago. How well she remembered scoffing at the shabby ensemble of what had been his mother's room, and declaring the house too small to store them longer. She had sold them to a dealer in old furniture; how did they come to be here?

The dog raised an inquiring nose. Quickly she closed the door and retreated through the dim offices, down the long hall, home.

She knew now where Tracy spent his evenings, but "Another turn of the wheel?" In a flash came the answer: "That separates your life and mine."

For long hours she sought the solution to the problem. How she detested the old, worn-out furniture that meant so much to him; how he detested the pomp and glitter she loved.

She shivered at the thought of long evenings spent in silent contemplation of each other and a book; he loathed the gay parties and theaters, the dinners and dances that made life worth living for her. Worth living! Was life worth living if Tracy's life were separated from hers. "The turn of the wheel!" He realized then that they were drifting apart. Why, drifting apart—she and Tracy? Losing Tracy! It would be like losing the rudder of her life boat. Society was fun, great fun, but Tracy was everything. She could look out at the world *with* Tracy, but *without* him? A feeling of fear stole over her. Oh, it must not be; Tracy must not drift away from her. "The turn of the wheel?" Well, usually a wheel could turn both ways.

Two weeks later Tracy Dent returned to the city from a business trip into the far West. He missed the thrill of expectation as he neared home. He had not wired the hour of his arrival; what was the use? Probably Marcia was receiving or being received. Involuntarily he sighed.

He did not hasten home. He went to his office first, and, business attended to, started to enter the room beyond. But no; he would come back in the evening. He would tell old John to bring the dog over as usual. This was the only real home he had; his warmest welcome would be from his old pointer dog. He had little aside from the bills to remind him that he was not still a bachelor. Still, there was the picture of the boy, and his memory. He wondered if the boy had lived——

"I have been doing a little refurnishing while you were away, Tracy. Come and see the result."

Tracy looked up questioningly. There was an odd little catch in Marcia's voice, a—why it almost seemed as though she was embarrassed. Perhaps the bills were unusually high. Never mind. Let her have her gewgaws. It was only another turn of the wheel. Still, he tried to be bright and interested as he followed her down the long hall.

It was one of those good, old-fashioned houses, built when there was still room for living, and rich in its old mahogany doors and casements. Modern art had done its best to smother the grand old lines of plenty; hand carving smiled grimly at brocade and delicate satins and generously lent a dignified richness to their daintiness.

Back of the great drawing-room in front, were double parlors, separated by sliding mahogany doors. When these were opened the two rooms were almost one; each communicated with the hall. Through the first, where her desk and books, her favorite chair and sewing table were, the long, low couch on which she rested, all the intimate, loved things of a woman's living-room, she led him to the room beyond.

There was an old-fashioned, spindle-legged table, and a worn Morris chair. On the table stood an old style, big-bowled lamp with a green shade. Against the wall was a gay, tapestry couch; at the window bloomed a geranium and a heliotrope. Over the chairback lay a shabby house coat. An old pointer dog lay curled on the gay rug, his nose resting on his master's frayed slippers. From the mantel the face of their boy looked down.

Tracy looked, and gave a long, low, pleased whistle. It was his dear, old-time way of greeting her surprises. The dog rose slowly, and rubbed against his knee.

"It is the last turn of the wheel, Tracy, the very last turn. I couldn't stand it—to— I——"

Tracy's arms opened wide.

"There, there, little girl. Don't you mind, dearie. It's all right. I didn't stand it very well myself."

"It seemed like running away from everything I had to hold on to, Tracy, when I found how much you cared."

Both hands had a firm hold on his coat lapels, and a very sweet, earnest face looked into his.

He stooped to kiss it before he replied, holding her close to his heart:

"But you have run back to me, Marcia, dear wife. You ran back so hard that you have bumped right into my heart to stay."

Oh, the comfort of his strong arms!

"To think Tracy, that I nearly gave up the very best thing life ever gave me for such trivial amusement. I know now that I was not happy, only excited. But, darling, I am excited now. I've got you back! Oh, Tracy, I've got my husband back!"

He gathered her up in his strong, loving arms, and together they sat in the worn Morris chair. Her arm lay around his neck against the shabby house coat. The old dog lay content at their feet. The face of their boy looked happily down from its silver frame.

The last turn of the wheel had brought them home and love—the supreme good.

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The Useful Eucalyptus

By C. B. Irvine

ALTHOUGH there are approximately 2000 varieties of eucalyptus trees, the endeavor to grow them with profit on a commercial scale has not proven a very great success in California. The trees do well there and adapt themselves to various altitudes and all manner of climate, from sea level to altitudes that experience frost during every month of the year. For purposes of fuel it pays to raise them on cheap land that is unsuited to other crops, but the failure of the eucalyptus boom which was so vigorously promoted three or four years ago is read in the rapidity with which one eucalyptus colony crowds another over the wall of financial difficulty. In a comprehensive bulletin the State Agricultural college of California sounded a warning note when the promoting corporations first became busy and promised immense profits. This note gave assurance that growing eucalyptus on a commercial scale had passed the experimental stage and would yield a satisfactory revenue, but it was insisted that the profits to be derived from eucalyptus in the future would be found in hard wood lumber for wagon work, farm and other implements, railroad, coach and house finishings, furniture, ties, telephone poles and bridge timbers.

Trees of this variety were planted in California as early as 1860, being first set out as a curiosity, but by reason of their rapid growth and as ornamental trees and for windbreaks the planting soon became general. The cost of cutting the trees into wood for use as fuel being about 50 per cent of the value of the fuel, it will be seen that the profit from this source is small, even though five-year-old trees may be relied upon to yield anywhere from 50 to 80 cords per acre.

The leaves and twigs of the tree, when distilled, produce an oil which has great medicinal properties and is used quite extensively. This oil, a non-irritant antiseptic, can be used externally or internally without the slightest injury.

Eucalyptus, a genus of trees of the myrtaceæ family, was introduced into California from Australia and its rapidity of growth and thrift and hardiness under conditions unfavorable to most cultivated plants convinced timber economists to look upon it as a future source of hardwood timber supply.

The blossoms are much frequented by bees and are rated as being splendid yielders of nectar. The seed pods, strung on stout twine, are much used in the construction of unique portieres.

Thrift and the Movies

"The American people dislike to be told that they are not thrifty; but they are in the extreme. They know how to make money, but they do not know how to spend it or to save it."—L. P. Behrens, President California Bankers' Association.

The moving-picture theater is to be used as an agency to direct thought toward thrift.

As part of its campaign of education to offset extravagance and inculcate the more sensible ideas of thrift, the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers Association has adopted a two-reel moving picture film, the story for which was written under the direction of the association.

The film is called "The Reward of Thrift," and is a product of the Vitagraph Company of America. It cost several thousand dollars to create.

The play portrays the fortunes of a thrifty structural iron worker and his wife and little daughter, and how thrift during prosperity tides over adversity. There is a "bad man," too, who is finally converted to thrift by the hero, despite the fact this man once attempted the hero's life.

Actual scenes of work on a steel framed skyscraper and in caissons under compressed air are shown, as well as actual scenes in the school savings bank, the real savings bank, where a forger is arrested by means of the finger print method of identification, and the Building and Loan association, all presented in a dramatic setting which grips the attention and leaves the desired impression.

Do not fail to see "The Reward of Thrift" when it is presented in any motion picture theater in your neighborhood. It will interest you and benefit you immensely.

If you are a parent, take your son and your daughter to see this strong object lesson which is just what the rising generation needs in these times.

T. D. MACGREGOR.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

"Made in U. S. A."

WHEN celebrating this, the one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the political independence of the United States, let us bear in mind that our country, great as it has grown, has never attained industrial independence and is still wofully distant from that goal, as has been demonstrated to our cost by the conditions suddenly thrust upon us by the present European war.

Although our country possesses the greatest natural resources in the world and has become one of the largest manufacturing nations and an extensive exporter of manufactures, our industrial and commercial development has been so specialized that we are absolutely dependent on foreign lands for very many necessary raw materials and finished products which we could and should produce for ourselves.

With the report of the opening shot last summer the prices of foreign-made goods in our markets jumped, some a hundred and others two to five hundred per cent, in anticipation of the supply being curtailed or cut off by the havoc and turmoil incident to war. The list comprises drugs, necessary for medicinal purposes, and paints, oils, dyes, chemicals and a host of other materials indispensable to the operation of many of our important industries which have been embarrassed by the increased cost and now face a shortage of these commodities likely to cripple, or even suspend their activities.

For instance, American cotton, woolen and silk manufacturers depend on Europe for their dyes; the war has stopped importation and it is estimated that the present stock of dyes in this country will be exhausted by the first of August. The prospect of being able to run their mills beyond that date depends on the sudden ending of the war, of which there is no present indication, or on the success of the efforts of certain enterprising Americans who have recently undertaken to make dyes here.

Numerous other American industries are similarly, if not so acutely, handicapped by a shortage of material for the supply of which they rely on Europe.

The American manufacturers of cameras and optical goods have heretofore imported their lenses, but since the war has cut off the foreign supply they have been forced to begin making lenses here.

The losses to our industries and commerce through the practical embargo of the war have been severe, but they will be compensated many times over by the incalculable benefit that will accrue to the entire country in the immediate future and through all time by the establishment, under pressure of present necessity, of a legicn of new industries to make here the great variety of products for which we have hitherto depended on Europe and paid hundreds of millions of dollars annually to foreign labor and foreign capitalists.

These vast sums will be kept at home and paid to our own people instead of going abroad. The new industries will extend the field of employment for American labor and of investment for American capital, enlarge the home market for our agricultural and industrial products, stimulate trade and promote prosperity generally, and carry the nation a long way on the road to industrial and commercial independence which is essential to its welfare.

While seeking foreign markets for their wares American manufacturers should not forget that their home market is the largest and best in the world and must not be neglected in the smallest detail. Their best hope of successfully competing abroad depends on their ability to fully satisfy the demands of the home market. The finished product of one industry becomes the raw material of another, as we have instanced with dyes in the textile industry and lenses for making cameras and optical goods. Nearly every industry is dependent on one or more others for its raw material or for a market for its finished product; each is a link in an endless chain the breaking of which affects all more or less disastrously. So far as we are dependent on the products of foreign countries our industrial and commercial prosperity is precarious and subject to depressing influences beyond our control. It behooves our manufacturers to see to it that every article that possibly can shall be produced in the United States; and in this they should have the encouragement of the government and the help of the people.

"Made in U. S. A" is the slogan of a movement which has many followers and is growing rapidly. It means patronize home industry and keep the money that you spend in circulation in this country instead of sending it abroad through buying imported goods. Every man, woman and child in the United States should understand that it is a patriotic duty, as well as serving self interest, to help sustain this movement by always giving American-made goods the preference.

Dual Allegiance Incompatible with American Citizenship

THE hostile attitude of a large element of our foreign-born citizens toward our government, as manifested by their disloyal utterances relative to certain issues arising out of the European war, is a matter of such grave concern that it has called forth a public rebuke from President Wilson. He reminded them that, having voluntarily become American citizens, they owe allegiance to the United States even as against the interests of their native countries.

Allegiance is the obligation of fidelity and obedience that an individual owes his government, in return for the protection he receives. Allegiance goes with citizenship. The laws of the United States do not permit dual citizenship or dual allegiance; a person who claims citizenship in any other country or acknowledges allegience to any other government cannot at the same time be a citizen of the United States. By our naturalization law immigrants from foreign lands who come to this country to remain as permanent residents, after residing here a certain length of time, are permitted to become American citizens, but as a part of the naturalization proceedings they have to go into court and take a solemn oath of allegiance to the United States and swear that they forever renounce all allegiance, duty and obligation to every other government and especially renounce their allegiance to the government of their native land.

Recent developments have disclosed the astonishing and alarming fact that, despite the obligation of their oaths, many naturalized citizens who came from certain of the countries now engaged in war, while remaining here and claiming and exercising the rights of American citizenship make open boast of their allegiance to their native country and are disloyal to our government with respect to its efforts to protect its rights and those of our citizens.

This goes to show, what COMFORT has often asserted, that our immigration and naturalization laws are too lax and need to be reformed so to exclude undersirable aliens not only from citizenship but also from the country. We have no prejudice against foreigners as foreigners or as naturalized citizens; many of our best citizens are foreign-born; it is only the undesirables that we object to. We have too many native-born undesirables, but we cannot get rid of them; they are an unavoidable evil, here to stay, which makes it the more imperative to take care that that element shall not be increased by troublesome accessions from abroad.

We welcome the sober, industrious European emigrant seeking a home in America with the honest intention of remaining here permanently and becoming a loyal American citizen, and we want no other kind. We object to the admission into this country of Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatics because their civilization and racial characteristics are so different from those of our people that they do not mix well with us, but continuing their own peculiar ways of life, remain always a strange people with strange gods, and disdaining our institutions, they set up laws of their own in defiance of our laws, and lastly they always preserve their allegiance to the land of their birth, which is enough to prove them hopelessly unfit material for American citizenship.

On the same principle even the most highly civilized and intelligent emigrant from Europe, if he comes here with the intention of remaining an alien among us, selfishly absorbing what he can from the advantages which our country affords without identifying himself with its destiny, is undesirable, and worse yet if he also takes on American citizenship to exercise its privileges unpatriotically for his personal benefit or in the interest of his native country to which he still gives his allegiance in violation of his oath and duty as a citizen.

No country can safely tolerate among its population, much less among its citizens, any considerable element whose allegiance is doubtful or whose loyalty cannot be depended on under all circumstances and in every crisis.

Of our population thirteen millions were born in Europe, most of them in the ten countries now engaged in the great war which our government is trying to keep out of by maintaining a strictly neutral course. If all these people were as disloyal to the United States and as partizan in their speech and activities in favor of the interests of the countries from which they emigrated as some are, we should have bitter strife and turmoil at home and could hardly avoid being drawn into the awful conflict that is devastating Europe.

We expect our foreign-born citizens to cherish an affection for the land of their birth and to be properly interested in its welfare, but as they have left voluntarily and come here to enjoy the better conditions that prevail in America they must recognize that, for their own good as well as for the general welfare, they owe undivided allegiance and loyalty to the land of their adoption—our country which is also theirs.

Cause of Secretary of State Bryan's Sudden Resignation

THE unexpected announcement, on June eighth, of the sudden resignation of Secretary of State Bryan aroused world-wide interest because of the great question of foreign policy that caused his withdrawal from the Cabinet.

It resulted from a disagreement between Mr. Bryan and President Wilson as to the terms of the diplomatic note which our government was preparing to send to the German government demanding indemnity for the destruction of the lives of more than a hundred American citizens through the persistent sinking, by German submarines, of merchant ships of the United States and other nations while engaged in peaceful commerce on the high seas.

Stated briefly, the point of difference was that Mr. Bryan insisted on the adoption of his peace-at-any-price policy, even at the sacrifice of our national honor, while the President and the other members of the Cabinet stood firm for peace with honor and the rights of our government and protection of the lives of our peaceful citizens.

It would require a large volume to detail the development of the situation but this is the sum and essential substance of it.

Last February, in reply to Germany's proclamation that ships of commerce traversing any part of a large expanse of ocean surrounding the British isles would be subject to attack by German submarine torpedo boats, our government protested against such threatened action as an inhuman, unlawful and unprecedented method of warfare, and gave notice that if the practise should result in the destruction of the lives or property of American citizens the German government would be held responsible and the United States would take such action as might be necessary to protect the rights of our citizens on the seas.

Since then the German submarines have made a practise of sinking the peaceful ships of all nations indiscriminately, including the United States; whereby more than a hundred American citizens, including many women and children, have been wantonly and cruelly killed within the last few weeks. President Wilson and the rest of his Cabinet insisted on sending the German government a polite but firm demand for payment of indemnity for this, and for a guarantee that the practise would not be repeated. This was the demand to which Mr. Bryan objected on the ground that, although it contained no threat or hint of war, he feared it might possibly lead to war, and therefore he resigned. Mr. Bryan agrees with President Wilson that Germany's action in this matter has been inhuman and cannot be justified; he agrees that our government is right in its claims, but objects to demanding our rights for fear it may possibly lead to war.

The press and the people in all sections are almost unamimous in their expression of enthusiastic approval of the President's course in this matter.

The course that Mr. Bryan urged quite likely might lead to war, for it would permit Germany to continue the inhuman slaughter of innocent American citizens until our people would rise and force our government to declare war, as they did when the Maine was blown up.

The firm stand of the President sustained by a solid Cabinet and a united people will convince Germany that it is unwise to go too far in violating the rights of our government and its citizens—and so we shall have peace with honor, and our rights respected.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Your Photos Enlarged 25c. 8x10 made from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c. per roll. Prints 3c. each 2¼x3¼; 4c. 3¼x4¼. Send negative and get sample prints. Free. We save you money. Anti-Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 612-9th St., Wash., D. C.

Films Developed 10c A Roll. Prints 3 & 4c. Expert work. Send for free offer. O. E. McLaughlin, 297 West Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Kodak Finishing, Send Film and Dime for sample work and prices. Square Deal Photo Shop, 18 Main, West Cairo, Ohio.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search. Book free. Geo. P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Edward Bruce Moore. Sole Offices 158 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C. Head of United States Patent Office and Commissioner under Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson and Assistant Commissioner under President McKinley. Do not waste money for patents procured by unknown and incompetent attorneys. They are worthless and manufacturers and investors will not buy them nor do they fully protect your invention. Consult an expert known throughout the Patent World. A known attorney's name on your patents adds value. Costs no more to be safe.

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Calling Card Special; 100, 50c. 50, 35c. postpaid, linen or kid finish. Printing of all kinds. Almer Agency, Jackson, Mich.

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Get A Lot of Mail. Others do by joining our club. Membership and list of members 10c Keystone Postcard Exchange, Luserne, Pa

REAL ESTATE

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Money-Making Farms throughout 14 States; one acre to 1,000 acres, $500 to $50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Write for Strout's Farm Catalogue No. 38. E. A Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 West 34th St., New York.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

For Sale At Sacrifice Price:—Three thousand acres in a block of as fine farm land as Western Canada affords. Twenty-four hundred acres under high state of cultivation; raises best crops of wheat, oats, barley, etc. Four complete sets of buildings. Adjoining railroad and stations, and only 25 miles from the city of Winnipeg. Cash payment required Forty Thousand Dollars. For price and full particulars write owners. Manitoba & Western Colonization Company, Ltd., 201 McArthur Bldg., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Big Profits In Home Gardens. Plant Ginseng and Golden Seal. Small plot brings more money than many farms. Free booklet tells how. Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box 310, Narrows, Ky.

Lots in New Seaport, Texas City, on Galveston Bay, land-locked harbor. Fastest growing city in Southwest. Millions spent by Government and private interests on harbor improvements, docks, factories, mills. Proposed $10,000,000.00 steel plant. Fourth seaport in U. S. in cotton exports. Realty values increasing enormously. Lots splendid investment. Terms only $1 per lot cash, $2 monthly. Price low as $100. Sale to close soon. Write for maps and illustrated literature. C. A. Bryan & Co., owners, 356 First National Bank Building, Houston, Texas.

1000 Letterheads, Envelopes, Cards, Statements, Billheads, Labels, Tags, Circulars, $1.00. C. M. Orvis, 309 East 22 St., New York.

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For Bed-Bugs use Skedaddle sample 15c. for house cleaning use Wigwam sample 15c. McGriff-Kimberly Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind.

FARM LANDS WANTED

I have some cash buyers for salable farms and ranches, owners only, write C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

POULTRY

Chicks $7.00 to $10.00 per 100. Eggs $2 for $1.00; 100, $4.00. Booklet. Empire Poultry Farms, Seward, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Chicks. We hatch and sell chicks at 6½c up. Good stock. 12 varieties. Circular Free. Write to Old Honesty Hatchery, New Washington, Ohio. Dept. C.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

Send Ten Cents for 10 colored post cards of New York City, Hudson River or Albany. N. C. Edwards, 342 Second Ave., Albany, N. Y.

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Write Moving Picture Plays: $50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form; Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Big Prices paid. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Revision Co., Box 18, Smethport, Pa.

Your Photo-Play Scenarios. The truth about them, how to make them right, how to place them. Write Photo-Play Editor, Wildman Magazine & News Service, Established ten years, 118 East 28th St., New York.

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Stories successfully placed. Terms, 15%. No charge for reading. Write, or submit Mss. Labberton Co., 1368-12 Hoe Avenue, New York.

MOUING PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn $35 to $50 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mdse. Co., 523 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key To Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Several honest industrious persons to distribute religious literature. $20 per month. Stanton Co., Law Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

20 cts. each paid for tobacco users names, Contract, blanks, etc., 10cts. returned if dissatisfied. Superba Co., K4, Baltimore, Md.

Lady or Gentleman, fair education, to travel for old established firm; no canvassing; salary, $936 per year, payable weekly, pursuant to contract; expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

$35 Weekly Collecting Names and Addresses. Send stamp. Chicago Acme Co., Dept. 19, Chicago, Ill.

Earn $500.00 Annually Furnishing Commercial information: no canvassing; confidential. "Cico" Cme Evansville, Indiana.

You Are Wanted. Gov't Jobs, $70 month. Write immediately for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 12, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Farmers Wanted. $60 to $125 Monthly. Age 21 to 50. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial Examination Free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet G-1450 Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Herton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Wanted—Men 20 to 40 yrs. all parts U. S. for electric railway motormen and conductors. $60 to $100 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Write for application blank. Nat'l Railway Training Association, Dept. E, Kansas City, Mo.

Wanted Man to represent us in your own territory $85.00 per month traveling expenses and commission. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. R. D. Martel, 2909 Indiana Ave., Dept. A. T., Chicago.

Men—Women Wanted. $75.00 Month. List Government Jobs open—free. Franklin Institute, Dep't A-9, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Wanted. Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents for pattern and prices. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Ladies; We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

You Can Write A Picture Play Or Short Story. We help you sell them. School Short Story Writing, 796 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Teutons' Faith in An Old Legend

By C. L. Chapman

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Out of the past comes a legend a thousand years old to claim the attention of the Germans throughout the world.

The tradition, devoutly believed by the German peasantry, and respected by all Teutons, had its inception after the death of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the holy land.

It is truly felt that now in Germany's great need, Barbarossa, by many considered the greatest military ruler the Germans ever had, will rise from his tomb in some fabled castle in the Black Forest and lead them out of their difficulties.

Frederick Barbarossa was the son of Frederick, Duke of Suabia and was born in 1121. On the death of his uncle, Conrad III, Frederick was crowned at Aixla-Chapelle. His earliest dream was the subjugation of Italy and so shortly after receiving the imperial crown, he began the invasion of that country. To more fully impress the people of his successes he had himself crowned at Pavia in 1155, with the famous iron crown of Lombardy. Then pressing on to Rome he had himself crowned again by Pope Adrian IV.

Thus, early in his reign he had gone far toward reducing the provinces of Italy. But no sooner had he returned to Germany, than the people began to revolt, so Frederick hurried back to subdue them afresh. But pestilence came, and taking advantage of Barbarossa's weakened army, he was driven north of the Danube. But recruiting another army, Barbarossa again invaded Italy, meeting however, with great defeat.

Then came the turn in his life. Repentant for so much that he had done against the papal seat, Barbarossa took the cross and raising an army of 150,000 paladins, set out for the Holy Land. Meeting the Grecian emperor, he overcame him in a great battle.

Then he met the king of Syria and overcame him.

Then he succeeded in subduing numerous wild tribes until his followers felt confident that having won so far into Palestine, it would be possible to take the Holy City itself from the Saracens.

Barbarossa was now in the land of Alexander the Great, and the people were greatly incensed at the successes of the invader, so that he was obliged to fight very hard to hold his position.

On the banks of a rushing river, the Kaltkadnus in Syria, he met the enemy in a terrible battle and while trying to ford the river, he pressed his charger into the flood and attempted to swim but the current was too swift and Barbarossa, now an old man, was drowned.

His fame had now become so great that the people declined to believe the report of his death. Pilgrims returning to the fatherland told of it, but still the people refused to believe. The more reliable reports of his death brought by men who fought with him were disbelieved, for it seemed impossible that so great a ruler could be gone. Famed throughout the dominion for his justice to the common people he was their beloved emperor. So, out of their devotion to their idol, they formed the basis of the legend which has been handed down from one generation to another.

Barbarossa was not dead, but sleeping, they said. Weary of conquering, he had retired to a secret castle in the Black Forest of Silesia, and had laid himself down on a catafalque, which night and day, year in and year out, century in and century out, was to be guarded by dwarfs and elves. There he was to rest until the hour of Germany's greatest need should arrive. Then at a touch from the wand of the king of elves, Barbarossa would rise and sally forth at the head of a ghostly troop to lead the Germans to the greatest victory of their history and to enduring liberty and national supremacy.

The first sign of his coming would be the glow of his flaming red beard over the land, they said.

Those of the German people who have a strain of Slavic blood in their veins have the strongest faith in this legend. The peasantry of Austria and Hungary believe the tradition implicitly and attribute to Barbarossa all the weird wisdom that only a Slavic people can conceive.

It is said that the more ignorant peasantry look for the coming of Barbarossa in person, but the more enlightened, will see in any great Military leader who may lead the armies of the empire to successful victories, the reincarnation of their warrior idol, Frederick Barbarossa.

Spies

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DURING recent years, while Europe was becoming an armed camp the suspicion of spies has been constantly increasing and justly so. Now that the present terrible warfare is going on the countries of Europe have the greatest fear of spies,—for at the present time Europe is spy crazy. Everyone is suspicioned or suspicious.

It is decidedly dangerous even to look like a spy, act like a spy, or be unable to prove that you are not a spy.

A man who is in a position to give information concerning guns and trenches, the weakness or strength of an enemy is considered a most valuable asset.

A spy is a most dangerous person. But the most useful type of all spies is the international courtesan, whose achievements will never be known. These are a curious, cosmopolitan company, displaying no national idiosyncrasy, and it would be difficult for an observer to ascribe to them any particular abiding place. They will appear everywhere, expensively gowned and accompanied by people of recognized social position.

Then there is the humbler spy who gathers information wherever and whenever he can, people in the more obscure walks of life, hair dressers, waiters, maids and as an instance a governess from Germany who had lived fourteen years in an official English family, the fact only having been disclosed recently that she was a spy, working there solely for valuable information.

"The great Frederick is reported to have said," I have one cook and a hundred spies."

It is a very real and a very grave situation. For years swams of international spies, among them famous actresses and men of repute, have been in the pay of European powers.

If in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, or Brussels one has no assurance but that the handsomely gowned woman who sits near in the theater or the striking looking man one meets in the hotels or on the street is not a spy.

New York City is said to be filled today with spies and secret agents of the warring nations. Several attempts more or less successful, have been made to steal valuable documents from diplomats, papers they were known to have. It is said that probably not a single member of the consulate staffs of Great Britain, France, Russia, or Germany in New York goes anywhere without a shadow on his or her trail. Women secret agents are used a great deal in New York.

A number of attempts were made by women to obtain places as nurses on board the Red Cross ships as volunteers, who were really spies.

A week before Japan declared war upon Germany there were approximately 6500 Japanese scattered about the German empire—scattered about as they are in the universities and workshops of our own United States today. The day on which Japan issued its ultimatum there were not seventy-five Japanese in the whole of Germany. Some significant word had passed between them, gone from school to school and from workshop to workshop and the Japanese had vanished from Germany, the Germans know not how. How many of these people were acting in the capacity of spies, who knows?

The city of Brussels is now carefully watched by spies. Some estimates place the number at 5000. No one is allowed to ride a bicycle for it has been discovered that the riders, after leaving the city, give information to the enemy.

Recent information is to the effect that two enlisted men in Kitchener's new army, stationed at Codford, have been proved to be German spies, and have been "dealt with" by the military authorities. Copies of letters relating to the movements, and proposed movements of troops were found in their possession.

At Bethlehem, Pa., where an order for war materials, amounting to $50,000,000, is being filled, the Bethlehem Steel Company has organized a strict guard about all the sections of its plant to guard against any possibility of spies or others entering the mills or tampering with the machinery.

Building up Capital

"By thrift is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. It is not inconsistent with generosity; it is not a synonym of niggardliness."—Dr. Shailer Mathews.

A Pennsylvania girl has won the prize that the American Society for Thrift recently offered for the best definition of Thrift. "Thrift," she wrote, "is management of your affairs in such a manner that the value of your possessions is constantly being increased."

The girl has come pretty close to hitting the nail on the head, and in simple language she has told the secret of how to create personal capital.

This would be a discouraging world for the man compelled to start life without financial resources if it were not possible for him to create capital for himself.

Every man has the glorious privilege of work, and not the least of the rewards of labor is the satisfaction of producing something, and turning part of one's earnings into capital.

Don't misunderstand the meaning of the word capital. It isn't necessarily a big sum acquired at one stroke of fortune. in most cases it is the big aggregate of little sums, saved by slow degrees.

Money begets money, but those without it sometimes complain against those who have it, forgetting that every great fortune was born of hardship and sacrifice on the part of the present possessor or somebody not very far back.

Such persons also seem to overlook the fact that by hard work and thrift they themselves can build up the nucleus of a fortune and put themselves in a position to enjoy the earning power of money.

Will you be able to live on your savings when you reach the time of life when you ought to retire from active work?

Do you realize what you must do now to be able, later on, to live on your capital? For the average man the only way to reach that happy state is to save systematically a portion of his income week by week or month by month.

Banks exist for the express purpose of helping people save and care for their money.

T. D. MacGregor.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE well-dressed woman is not always the one who has a well-filled pocketbook and wardrobe at her command, but in nine cases out of ten, the woman who is limited to a certain amount of money but who spends that judiciously and takes care of her clothes. Therein lies the whole secret. The most expensive suit will look shabby and ordinary if not taken care of. This applies to our every-day suits and dresses which should be shaken, preferably in the open air, and brushed before hanging up. The coat should be placed on a coat hanger before being brushed as the weight is then properly distributed and the coat is not stretched out of proportion. Brush the skirt by holding it by the waist and brushing down in long strokes.

Hats should always be thoroughly brushed before being put away, not forgetting the ribbon and flowers.

Perhaps of most importance, and certainly what is most quickly noticed, is the care or lack of care given shoes. The effect of an otherwise perfect costume is spoiled by neglected footwear. Lasting-trees are not as expensive as at one time and should be regarded as a necessity rather than a luxury for a shoe that is properly "treed" will wear a longer time and look better than one that is not.

The woman who pays attention to detail, makes bags of muslin, or similar material, large enough to slip over a hanger and hold light colored dresses that would otherwise fade or become soiled.

There are many other ideas that will suggest themselves to the woman who wants to look her best—and who does not?—and she will benefit the other sisters by sending them in.—Ed.

CAMDEN, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and have always enjoyed the Sisters' Corner most of all, although I read it from cover to cover and think it all good.

If the majority of voters had the high ideals and good principles that Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie possess, we would have better times, in various ways all over our United States.

We all love Uncle Charlie for the sunshine and happiness he brings to the poor shut-ins. He is always pleading for help for poor helpless people, when he never asks, or expects anything for himself, and I doubt if anyone suffers more than he does.

I suggest that COMFORT sisters give him a "silver shower" on his birthday, which comes Sept. 25, to show him our appreciation of his noble, unselfish work. How glad we would all be to know he had received as much as some of the shut-ins do. I am sure he would tell us all about it in COMFORT. Don't forget it please.

This is my first visit among COMFORT sisters and I hope I will receive a welcome and can give some helps that will benefit someone.

I am a farmer's wife and have lived on the farm all my life. I am sure I could not be contented in the city, with no fruit garden or chickens. I like to gather my own fresh vegetables and fruit and store away a good supply for winter use and have chickens and fresh eggs to use the year round without a cent of cost and always have some to sell which keeps us farmers' wives in pin money. I am sixty-two years "young" and was married when I was but fifteen. I have two girls and one boy, all married and in homes of their own and each one has just one child and they are all girls. One granddaughter is married and she has one girl.

Farming is the chief industry here. This is a poor man's country. Land is cheap and a great deal of it is worn out, but industrious people who practise economy can always have plenty.

Visitors who come here from the wealthier states, say we have more good things to eat than they do but they can't see where it comes from.

Now comes my appeal. My mother is eighty-five years of age and is very feeble. She lives with her youngest son and his wife and they live in the country with but few near neighbors, consequently she gets very lonely. She has not been away from home in several years. Now, for a surprise on her birthday, which comes August 20th, I want to ask the COMFORT band of readers to give her a card and letter shower on that day. There is nothing that would give her more pleasure than to receive a lot of bright, cheerful letters and cards from far and near. She has a number of relatives scattered over several different states whom she has not heard from in years. Should any of them chance to see this please write to her. Her address is Mrs. Lydia Presson, Camden, R. R. 2, Tenn. All her relatives who can will be at her home on her birthday and give her a birthday dinner and in the afternoon we intend to have her photograph taken with my oldest daughter and her daughter and granddaughter and myself, so you see there will be five generations in the picture and all grown and married but one—the little great great granddaughter. Mother reared a family of six children, all boys except myself and I am the only one who can visit her often. I live within two miles of her and try to go to see her every week. She has been a member of the M. E. church since she was a young girl.

With love to all,

MRS. N. A. MCKELVEY, Camden, R. R. 1, Tenn.

Mrs. McKelvey. Your suggestion of a "silver shower" for Uncle Charlie on his birthday voices the sentiments of many COMFORT readers. Each summer Mr. Gannett receives numerous letters urging him to request, through COMFORT, contributions for a birthday present to Uncle Charlie. Mr. Gannett rejects all such proposals, because Uncle Charlie asks nothing for himself except what he earns by the work of his brain and pen and from the sale of his books, and will not permit anybody to solicit donations for him. However, very many of his admiring friends write him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes

WASHINGTON CREAM PIE.—Two tablespoons butter, one egg, one cup milk, one half teaspoon vanilla, one cup sugar, one and one half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add egg unbeaten; mix well and beat; add milk and flour alternately. Bake in two layers.

FILLING.—One cup milk, one half cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoon flour moistened in a little milk. Heat milk in a double boiler, add flour; beat sugar and egg until light and add. Mix well and cook fifteen minutes. Cool and spread between layers.

MRS. CHARLES E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

BLACKBERRIES AND CREAM.—Simmer together a pint of ripe blackberries and a pint of water. Do not stir. The berries should be tender in ten minutes. Mix four tablespoons of corn-starch with a little cold water and



BLACKBERRIES AND CREAM.

stir in carefully, being careful not to break the fruit; add one half cup sugar and when cool pour into a glass dish. Serve ice cold with whipped cream. This is an economical dessert and pleasing to the eye as well as taste.

GINGER PUDDING.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, one cup suet, one tablespoon ground ginger, and a pinch of salt. Mix all together dry. Boil or steam two hours. Could double this recipe if desired and cook three hours. Serve with maple syrup or any other syrup liked. Cover tight when cooking. Good tin pail serves the purpose.

HOME-MADE BREAD PUDDINGS.—Grate stale bread, after drying it thoroughly. To three tablespoons of the crumbs, add one pint of cold milk, three eggs beaten with four tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of cocoanut, one half teaspoon of vanilla. Soak ten minutes, then fill cups nearly full, stand in a pan of boiling water and set in a moderate oven until the pudding is firm in the center. Five minutes before removing draw the pan toward the front of the oven and spread grated sweet chocolate over the tops; then leave in the oven until the chocolate melts. Let the puddings become cool, but not cold, before serving.

MISS E. CARTER, 442 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BAKED BANANA.—Peal the bananas, cut lengthwise into halves, place in a baking pan, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—Ed.

CREAM PIE.—Dissolve one heaping tablespoon of corn-starch in a little cold milk, and add to one pint of boiling milk. Beat together one egg, pinch of salt, two tablespoons sugar, and stir into the boiling milk; take the milk off the stove and, stirring briskly, place on the stove again, and let boil until thick and smooth. Flavor as desired. When cold pour into a crust which has been baked in a deep tin. Use only one crust. This is a cheap and good pie.

MRS. JOHN BRYANT, Bluefield, W. Va.

BERRY DESSERT.—Make a rich biscuit dough of two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one cup sour milk, pinch soda, one half cup sugar, half cup butter, one and one half cup berries, any kind. Dough should be quite soft. Bake in muffin tins and serve with whipped egg and cream for sauce, flavored if desired.

EGGS SURPRISE.—Take out the peaches from a can and add to one pint of the peach syrup, the juice of one lemon and one half cup sugar, heat; dissolve two level tablespoons gelatine in one half cup cold water and turn into the hot juice, stirring until dissolved. Take out one half cup and cool remainder. Beat whites of three eggs until quite stiff, and when the syrup begins to thicken, beat it into the whites until thick; place by spoonfuls into cold dishes and a half peach, pit side down, on each, set away to cool until wanted.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—Beat one half cup butter, one cup sugar and yolks of three eggs to a cream, and add one can crushed pineapple. Dissolve one tablespoon of corn-starch in cup sweet cream and add to pineapple. Mix thoroughly. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and fold in lightly. Bake with bottom crust only in moderate oven. MRS. MAGGIE WINSOR, Lakeland, Kans.

VANILLA BLANC-MANGE.—Six tablespoons corn-starch, three quarters cup granulated sugar, one quart milk, two eggs, one half teaspoon vanilla. Moisten corn-starch in eight tablespoons of milk; scald the remainder and cook fifteen minutes. Beat sugar and eggs together until light and add; cook two minutes, take from fire and add vanilla. Pour in to mold and cool. Serve ice cold with cream.

BAKED TAPIOCA CUSTARD.—Soak two thirds of a cup of tapico in one cup of milk for one hour. Scald the remainder of one quart of milk and add moistened tapioca. Cook twenty minutes. Add one teaspoon of butter, a pinch of salt, and one egg beaten well, with one half cup of sugar. Bake with custard sauce or with cream. Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg.

MRS. CHARLES E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SWEETHEART PUDDING.—One small can peaches, butter size of egg, one cup flour, one half cup sugar, orange extract, one half cup milk. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, milk, and mix well. Then add flour and extract to suit taste; beat until smooth. Pour over peaches sliced, and mix well. Bake in moderate oven about one hour. Serve with whipped cream.

MARY REYNOLDS, Corsackie, N. Y.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.—In hot weather when cream is so hard to save, you will find marshmallow whip an inexpensive and tempting substitute. Beat the white of one egg and half cup of sugar lightly together, then add one grated apple and vanilla flavoring. Whip until light and feathery. Serve on fruit, gelatine, or cake the same as the whipped cream.

ETHEL H. LATOURETTE, White House Station, N. J.

FRESH FRUIT BREAKFAST LOAF.—Cut two large oranges, three bananas and two apples into small pieces, as for salad. Make a dressing of yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, one teaspoon of flour, butter size of an egg, and one tablespoon of orange juice; mix these ingredients together until smooth, then add one half cup of water; boil until thickness of cream. When cool add to fruit, also whites of eggs, which have been beaten stiff, and to which has been added two tablespoons of sugar; then add sufficient flour into which two teaspoons of baking powder has been added to make a very thick mixture; bake (original.)

MRS. CHARLES TAGGS, Beatty, Nev.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Boil three cups each of sugar and water together five minutes. Cool. Add a small pineapple, grated, to two cups of water and boil twenty



FRUIT PUNCH.

minutes. Strain and add the juice of six oranges and four lemons, a cup of fresh tea and sugar syrup, a cup of strawberry or any fruit juice and enough water to make a gallon. Serve ice cold.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

POLISH RAISED FRITTERS.—Two pounds flour, one cake compressed yeast, one large cup sugar, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons butter or lard, one and one quarter pints lukewarm milk, a little salt. Beat briskly several minutes. Raise to double bulk. Form in balls size of an egg. Let it rise fifteen to twenty minutes, on floured board in warm room. Drop in smoking hot fat, as for doughnuts. Brown well, turning once. Roll in powdered or granulated sugar. These may be varied by adding fillings of chopped dates, figs, apples, bananas, nuts or raisins, citron or preserves. The filling should be added before the last raising.

MRS. GRIFFITH RYAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

MEXICAN CHILLI.—One quart lean beef, cut into bits. Cover with cold water, let come to a boil and skim. Then add three tablespoons of chilli powder, one small onion, chopped fine, and one cup of lard. Salt to taste. Put into granite kettle and cook slowly till done. Serve while hot.

HOT TAMALES.—Cook three pounds of beef, use about one third fat; when done run through a food chopper with one small onion, then add enough chilli powder to make your meat a light red, and mix good with spoon, adding salt. Scald one pint corn meal with the meat broth, salting your dough, cut the shocks at each end and scald with hot water and spread meal on half of butt end little thicker than knife blade. Place the roll of meat on the meal and seal up, folding shock back. Place bowl in stew bucket. Bottom side up and stand tamales around it and boil slowly two hours.

CANNED SWEET POTATOES.—In canning sweet potatoes prepare a rich syrup of sugar and water in a kettle; in another kettle boil the potatoes till tender, after first peeling them. Take out, slice any size. Put in tin cans and pour the sugar syrup over them and seal.

LILA MCALISTER, Stephenville, Texas.

NAVY BEAN CROQUETTES.—One cup cold navy beans, mashed fine. Season with salt and pepper; add small onion, two eggs, cracker crumbs or flour to thicken, and fry in cakes.

PEA SALAD.—Drain one can of peas, two cups shredded cabbage, one half pound cream cheese, chopped, one half cup chopped nuts; mix with mayonnaise dressing. Salt and pepper to taste. MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY.

FRIED TURNIPS.—Slice the same as you would potatoes and use the same amount of fat as you would to fry potatoes; put the turnips in the fat, sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper and pour water on them, just enough to keep them steaming until done; then let fry dry and brown a little.

EMMA RUFF, Goose Bill, Mont.

CHICKEN LOAF WITH PEAS.—Dissolve a teaspoon of gelatine in a cup of chicken stock. When the mixture begins to set, beat until frothy and add three quarters of a cup of heavy cream, which has been beaten stiff,



CHICKEN LOAF WITH PEAS.

then add a cup and a half of chicken cut in dice. Season with pepper and salt and put into a pan with a large funnel. When molded, turn out on a platter lined with lettuce leaves and fill the center with seasoned, cooked peas. Serve with salad dressing.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING.—Two cups hot boiled rice, five peeled, sliced apples, one cup raisins. Mix in a baking dish, add a little water or milk and bake about twenty minutes.

MOLASSES RICE PUDDING.—Two cups cooked rice, two cups milk, one half teaspoon salt, one third cup molasses, mix ingredients; pour into buttered dish and bake about fifteen minutes in slow oven.

MRS. ARY E. DAY, 1858 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CARROT PUDDING.—One cup grated carrots, raw, one cup grated potato, raw, one cup raisins, one cup flour, butter size of an egg, two small teaspoons soda and one of baking powder, one spoon nutmeg and cinnamon. Steam three hours.

MRS. W. ROUX, Cloverdale, Cal.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Pour enough hot water to cover twelve large biscuits and let stand until soft. Mash fine and add one cup sugar, one half cup butter, yolks of three eggs and flavor. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Dot the top with jelly and use the whites with one quarter cup sugar for icing.

MRS. C. H. WOODARD, Como, Tenn.

RASPBERRY WHIP.—Beat together with wire whisk, one cup of powdered sugar, white of one egg, one and one quarter cups raspberries for one half hour. Hollow out sponge cake and fill with above whip and decorate with whipped cream and whole raspberries.

MRS. BULAH ZIEGLER, Arnold, Kans.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Bake the potatoes, cut off a small piece at one end and scoop out the inside. Mix



STUFFED POTATOES.

this with butter, a little grated cheese, pepper and salt and the yolk of one egg. Refill the skins, cover, and bake for ten minutes.

FLOATING ISLAND OF FRESH STRAWBERRIES.—Crush one pint of ripe strawberries and sweeten to taste. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and gradually mix in half a cup of powdered sugar and sufficient of the strained juice from the berries to color and flavor; then beat again until the meringue will stand alone. Meanwhile prepare a boiled custard from one pint of milk, the yolks of the eggs, a pinch of salt and half a cup of sugar. Cook the custard over hot water until well thickened, do not let it boil, flavor with a little vanilla extract and when cool pour into a glass dish. Place carefully over the custard a layer of the crushed berries and drop the strawberry meringue or frosting in peaks on top of fruit. Place on ice to chill thoroughly before serving.

LILLIAN CARSTENS, Deep River, Conn.

FLAVORING EXTRACT. (Requested.)—Here is the way to make extract of orange: Take fresh orange peel, that which has just been removed from the fruit and clean off as much of the white inside of the peel as is possible, throwing away the scrapings of the white part; cut up the outer peel into very small pieces, about the size of a pea. Weigh out one ounce of these bits of peel, and put them into a bottle with four ounces of 95 per cent alcohol. Stopper the bottle tightly, and set the bottle by for a week, shaking it vigorously three or four times every day. At the end of seven days fit a piece of filter paper to a glass funnel. Get the paper and funnel at a drug-store, and ask the druggist to show you how to fit the paper to the funnel. Filter the contents of the bottle through the funnel, and the fluid that comes through will be a first-class extract of orange, much better and purer than you can get at the store. Don't use wood alcohol, but get the 95 per cent pure kind at the drug-store. Use four ounces of alcohol to each ounce of peel. Make Lemon Extract in the same way, using lemon peel, with the same proportions of peel and alcohol. And filter after a week but don't use the same bottle. Take one bottle for lemon and one bottle for orange. Label each bottle one for orange and one for lemon and so on. And use each bottle only for making its own kind of extract. Make Vanilla Extract in the same way, if you want a strong and pure extract, but vanilla costs at wholesale from three to six dollars a pound. But you can use more alcohol, say about six to one. Get the powdered bean. Pure extract of vanilla costs eight dollars a quart retail, twenty-five cents an ounce.

ECONOMICAL CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup water, one cup raisins, one half cup lard, one quarter teaspoon grated nutmeg, one quarter teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon. Put these ingredients in a saucepan and boil together for three minutes. Let get cold, add two cups of flour into which has been sifted one half teaspoon of baking powder, also a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water; stir well and add one half cup of walnut meats. Bake in a loaf tin in a slow oven.

MARY REYNOLDS, Corsackie, N. Y.



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A meal of Van Camp's will cost, on the average, about 3 cents per person. It is as nutritious as a meal of meat. And it is, if you wish, a complete meal in itself.

It comes to you ready, with the fresh oven flavor. Even the sauce is baked into it. Serve it hot or cold.

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No beans are hard, none mushy, none crisp. All are whole and mellow.

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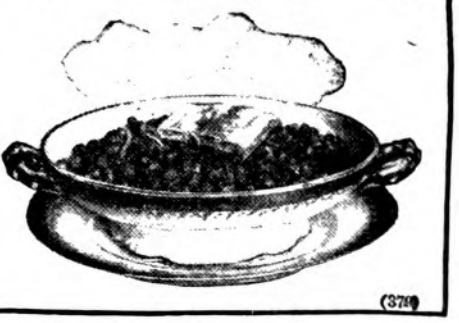
It has made a homely dish a dainty. It has multiplied the use of Baked Beans. It has made them digestible.

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THE ROLLING STONE

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By Hapsburg Liebe

AT the gate he stopped, his fingers arrested in their movement with the latch, and looked haggardly toward the lamp that stood just beyond the curtains. It was his home, the home he hadn't seen for two very long months; still he dreaded to go in—to face the wife and baby with the intelligence that he had not only been unable to get work, but that he had walked many miles to save paying railroad fares. He was a bookkeeper, was Laramie Ford; he had the drifting habit; he was beginning to be a rolling stone, always searching for and never finding an ideal position. Already he was being looked upon by those who knew him as undependable. His one consolation now was that living in the village, Carterton, set in the foothills of the Smokies, did not cost so much, comparatively.

With a frown and a shake of his head, he opened the gate and walked slowly past the nodding touchmenots and coxcomb to the front door. His rap was answered immediately, for Angela knew his footstep. He kissed them both hungrily; his Angela, a slim, fair young woman with wonderfully patient eyes and lips; Toddles, his chubby girl baby, just learning to walk.

And as he entered the cozy sitting-room, he saw something that filled his face with pain. It was a sewing-machine. He looked from it to his wife.

Angela turned the lamp a bit higher, and forced a smile. "Mrs. Johnston didn't need it—the sewing-machine—and I borrowed it from her, Larry. Yes, I've been taking in sewing; and I've been making about two dollars a week since you left. You don't care, Larry?"

Ford couldn't say that he did, nor that he didn't. So, he told himself, he had taken this woman from a good, comfortable home, to put her at a machine, there to dull her sweet, violet eyes and grow stooped and unhandsome with toil. He——

"Toddles can talk, Larry," Angela was saying, proudly. "That is, she can say three words."

But Ford appeared not to hear. "This is a hard world, Angela," he blurted, still holding his crowing baby tightly. "It's all unfair. All—all unfair. I was let out of my place here, and old Elberts was kept; I with a family, and Elberts with none to support but himself. They said I was too—er, exacting; also that they feared I was not steady. Then, the people I've met while on the hunt for a place; they're all unfair. They wanted too many references; they even looked at me as if they were afraid I would carry away something. Angela, I almost wish I had been spared the trouble of living. I am angry at myself, angry at everything on earth but you. I wonder, Angela, if there is a straightout good man in the world!"

Angela tried to comfort him, to soothe him, to clarify his view of life, to make him see that life was a vastly interesting performance for all its hills and hollows. But Laramie Ford was bitter as gall. He was standing in his own light; he was a good man deep down; but he had misguided himself.

Late that night, Ford rose, lighted a lamp, and went to a little desk across the room from his bed. In his mind he had repeated over and over again the word "Incontestable." He drew from a large envelope his life insurance policy—it was incontestable, now. But—how could he do it? His fingers trembling, he replaced it, frowned, blew out the light, and felt his way back to bed, a very dangerous germ in his mind.

The next morning a thing in the papers caught his eye. It said that a notorious mountain outlaw, called "Red" Absalom Dew from his bright red hair and beard, was at large in the mountains not far from Carterton, and that the state would pay five hundred dollars for his capture, dead or alive. So Laramie Ford, in a fit of desperation, declared to himself that he would bring home the much needed five hundred dollars, or put himself in a place that would cause his wife to get five thousand, the amount of his life insurance policy.

Angela was not told the true mission that took her husband, armed with a repeating rifle and carrying a pair of handcuffs in a rear trousers pocket, into the fastnesses of the Smokies the next day. He was going out to look at some timber, he explained to Angela, with a view to obtaining an option on it and selling it at a profit when the timber markets opened again. This latter was really one object of his trip—he had made it an object in order to have an excuse for going into the mountains. Laramie Ford detested an outright lie.

Just before sundown Ford reached the top of Hemlock Ridge, a low mountain that runs parallel with the great Blackfern for several miles. There he turned northward, and began to pick his way along the rugged crest, making little speed because of the many stones and boulders and thick copses of scrub. He had forgotten the outlaw for the moment; he was thinking, and bitterly, of his failure to provide for Angela, and, now and then, whispering an imprecation on the world for being heartless, money mad, and without true virtue. He was that pitiable thing, a good man amuck.

As he stepped cautiously into an open space, he glanced, quite by accident, down the long, tree-covered slope to his right—and saw, a hundred yards from him, a huge, red-haired, red-bearded man in corduroys, sitting silent and motionless on a stone, a repeating rifle across his knees. It was Red Absalom Dew, and his back was toward Laramie Ford.

Ford awakened to the situation immediately. He drew back into cover of the scrub, instinctively cocking his rifle. Hurriedly he began to make a wide detour, thinking to come upon the outlaw at close range, and still under cover. In carrying out his plan, he found himself suddenly standing on a little cliff, with an almost straight drop of some twenty feet below him. Chagrined, he knelt silently, watching the desperado with eyes that did not waver for a second, wondering if he could get down the little precipice without a telltale noise. There were convenient ledges, but to make the descent he would have to be off his guard—and he knew that a man quicker with a rifle than Red Absalom Dew had never lived. Then a thrilling sentence flashed through his mind——

"Dead or alive!" from the reward notice.

He was a fair shot, was Ford. From his point of vantage he could kill Red Absalom Dew without the latter knowing even who had fired the shot. His temples throbbed with blood as the idea matured. It would take Angela from the sewing-machine; it would provide for long, perhaps until he could get another position—a good position. And the law was behind him; he would not have to suffer for the deed; he would be but ridding the country of a daring desperado, and the people would look upon him with admiration and thank him. His temples still throbbing, he raised his rifle. But his hands shook so badly that he could not take a good aim; and he knew that one's aim had best be perfect when he shot at Red Absalom Dew. It was not fear, as fear is usually defined; he hated to take life, to take something that God gave and that God only could give back, law or no law, money or no money.

He would retreat, go around the little cliff, and steal upon the outlaw from another direction; then he would command him to drop his rifle, come forward, and put his wrists within the irons. He started—when a loose stone rolled under his foot; he reeled, lost his balance and fell, clutching at the empty air, to a copse of ivy and rattleweed. After striking heavily, he turned slightly, writhed spasmodically in dull pain, and sank into a dark abyss of nothingness.

Red Absalom Dew had leaped to his feet at the crashing sound. He stood straight as a sapling, huge, gaunt, his rifle ready and his keen, cold blue eyes scintilating as they quickly searched the surrounding forest and boulders. For a moment he did not move, except for his head, which turned that he might see about him; then he began to walk carefully toward the silent figure that lay among the ivy and stones and rattleweed.

Arriving beneath the little precipice, he set his rifle down with a look of concern, and for a few seconds pulled thoughtfully at his fiery, straggling beard.

"Town man," he told himself. "Town man. Ain't used to climbin' around. Hunter, I reckon. Ought to carry a shotgun; town men can't shoot a rifle. Hands like a woman's. Combs his hair reg'lar. Carries his rifle cocked—foolish."

He put his gun on the stones beside him, kneeling before the man who had been hunting him for the reward. Almost tenderly he turned Ford over, and saw that a deep cut in the back of his head was bleeding badly. After binding the wound with a wide blue handkerchief, he picked the inert figure up in his big arms, threw it across his shoulder, and went far out on the mountain to a deep, dark cove hemmed in by cliffs, and to a hut of his own building. He had carried his burden of a man and two rifles with apparent ease; and so well did he know every foot of the ground that he hadn't stumbled once, even though darkness had fallen.

Laramie Ford lay for two days in a fever from the wound on his head. Red Absalom Dew and an old woman sat by him day and night, watching him patiently and anxiously, pouring herb draughts of the old woman's brewing down his throat. Sometimes Ford would have to be held to the bed to prevent his injuring himself by reason of his delirious mind. And never did Red Absalom Dew fail to be there to hold him.

So with the doctoring of the old woman and the great vigilance of the outlaw, Laramie Ford grew well quickly.

Red Absalom Dew sat on a log near the hut, basking in the warm sunshine, a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth, his ever ready, ever near repeating rifle across his knee. Ford, finding that he could walk, stepped out of the hut and sat down beside the big outlaw.

"Feelin' better, I see," remarked Dew, his face like that of a statue, cold, hard. "I thought at first that you was goin' to make a die of it. Fever in the head. Old woman broke it up with yerbs and things. She ain't any kin to me; she's jest an old woman that always liked me."



It was Red Absalom Dew, and his back was toward Laramie Ford.

He reeled, lost his balance, and fell.



"You swore, Mister," Dew reminded. "I'll hold you to your oath"

Ford nodded. He was fighting a fight with himself. Could he take this man to Carterton and surrender him to the law after what he had done? Had he not had Angela to think of, he would not have entertained the idea for a moment. But he had Angela to think of; and, he ruminated, it was but the way of the faithless world—to betray, to lie, to repay kindness with a wound. He would take Dew only because it was for Angela's sake. The first time he found Dew without a rifle at hand, he would promptly cover him, iron him, take him to Carterton, and claim the five hundred dollars.

"You was huntin' I reckon, when you fell," Dew was saying, dreamily. And, as Ford made no reply, he continued in his slow, drawling manner: "I'm Red Absalom Dew, the bad man."

Ford found his voice, but he did not tell his name in return for the desperado's confidence. He said a thing he did not intend to say: "Why are you a bad man?"

Absalom Dew laughed lowly, and, it seemed, only in his throat. "Me?" he said. "Me? Mister, when a man gets started down hill he finds it harder and harder to stop. Things happen all along that gives him a shove; and the downhill gets steeper and steeper for the rollin' stone until it can't stop, and goes on over the brink."

Ford was silent, and Dew resumed: "Now, I was a pretty fair sort of a man to begin with. I wasn't satisfied with workin' because I could never find the right job. I got the idea that the world was down on me, and went to driftin'; then to doin' things that hurt my conscience. After a while I was accused of doin' a thing I didn't do, which was laid at my door on account o' my reputation. Then I got bad, and shot a man to keep him from shootin' me; but I didn't kill him; I shot him in the shoulder a-purpose. All the same I got credit for attempt to kill. I broke jail. Later, a man was killed and robbed, and it was blamed on me. It's got so now that everything that's done without anybody seein' it done is packed right off onto Red Absalom Dew.

"Three men has been close after me to get the reward. I shot 'em in the shoulders to keep 'em from killin' me—when I could just as easy 'ave shot 'em dead. Still, I don't get no credit for that. They said my sights was queered, I guess, Mister, it takes a lot of bad insides to kill a man, even to save your own life. Whatever else I am, I ain't got no sech insides as that, Mister."

Again Ford found his resolve to capture Red Absalom Dew on the verge of wavering. Still, there was Angela, bending over the sewing-machine. It seemed that he could think of no other thing.

"But I'm afraid they're goin' to force me to kill somebody yet." Dew ran on, frowning at the thought and unconsciously thumbing the heavy hammer of his rifle. "You see, Mister, my reputation is bad. But sometimes I think I'd better go right in and give up, jest to keep from killin' somebody and puttin' blood on my hands and soul."

And still again did Laramie Ford fight a battle with himself. And still again did Angela's image come before him. He seemed to see her bending, her shoulders drooping and her eyes dull and filled with pain, before the sewing-machine.

"That old sayin' that a rollin' stone gathers no moss ain't so," Dew went on, as if speaking to himself in the solitudes that he knew so well. "Mister, a rollin' stone gathers moss every foot. But the moss, Mister, will wrap it up and overcome it, don't matter how much good was in the stone at first. I'm about overcome with the moss I've picked up in the steep downhill of my life. And it's mighty bad moss that the rollin' stone picks up, Mister."

The day ended, and a cool darkness wrapped the mountains in a blanket of absolute and utter silence. Ford sat at the frugal evening meal of potatoes, corncake and coffee, and ate as a man eats when he feels that he is going to betray a benefactor and a friend, as a man eats when he feels that he shall strike the hand that has fed and cared for him. Dew also ate without speaking, except to ask his guest, now and then, if he would have more coffee, potatoes, or bread. And while he ate, his rifle lay across his lap, as usual.

Laramie Ford lay for long after he had gone to his crude bed, wondering whether or not his wife had begun to worry about his absence. Whatever he did, he must do quickly, he knew. After an hour's deliberation, he decided to steal from his bed when Dew's breathing told that he slept, and slip the irons on his wrists. Daylight would see him back in Carterton if he succeeded; if he failed—well, there was the five thousand-dollar life insurance policy, and it was incontestable.

But he did not carry out his intended attempt to handcuff Red Absalom Dew. Just when he was on the point of creeping from his bed, he was surprised to see Dew, who slept across the room, rise in the semi-darkness, dimly outlined against a paneless window. Dew came toward him, reached him, pinned his hands to his chest with a mighty strength, felt for the handcuffs, found them and snapped them on his wrists. Then he drew the helpless Ford to a sitting posture.

"What—what do you mean, man?" Ford gasped in astonishment, instinctively wrenching at the cold iron of the manacles.

Absalom Dew lighted a tallow candle that set on a shelf on a level with his shoulders, and turned back to Ford, his eyes glittering even in the shadow, his bearded jaw set grimly, his hands clenched hard and quivering. He stooped, then, and picked up from the earthen floor his slouch hat, which he pulled low on his forehead with a savage jerk.

"What do I mean?" he repeated, his voice telling of some great emotion, thrilling with some strange, indescribable tone. What do I mean? Mister, wait and you'll see what I mean! Me and you is goin' to take a little journey, Mister, and we're goin' to start right now."

"A journey," Ford breathed—"where?"

"Don't matter where. It's enough to tell you that we're goin' to take it; and that the last part of it will be made with you blindfolded. You oughtn't to be afraid o' me, Mister; we're both rollin' stones. And you're goin' to gather some moss of another kind, now!"

"But——"

"Never mind," Dew interrupted, taking Ford by the arm. "Go along with me, or I'll carry you. Which will it be, walk, or carry?"

"Walk," Ford chose. "If I've got to go with you, I presume I am able to carry myself."

Dew picked up his rifle, also the rifle belonging to Ford, and together they passed out at the low doorway of the hut into the starlit night. With the outlaw in the lead, they began to make their way down the silent cove, walking carefully, Dew now and then calling out a warning concerning a fallen tree or a stone that came in their path. When they had reached the valley lying between the long ridge and the great Blackfern Mountain, they turned into it, going at a pace that made Ford breathe hard.

"Hurry, Mister!" Dew kept saying. "Hurry!"

As the pair went down the lonely and dark valley, Laramie Ford found his mind especially fruitful of thought, despite the haste of his going. It was not that he was afraid; fear—together with wonder concerning the mission of the journey—was a thing far from his mind. His thoughts were of himself. He realized that he was a rolling stone, as Dew had said—but he did not stop to ask himself how Dew had known. Yes, he had been a rolling stone; he had not been willing to bear with the imperfections of life; he had wanted the ideal state of things, a perfected system, with no irregularities. He had forgotten that all of earth is earthy; and incomplete, unsatisfactory and irregular because of that very earthiness. And his forgetting had resulted in his being discontended with his lot and bitter, which had caused him to wander from place to place in search of ideal conditions, a business Arcady, a search as futile as that of Ponce de Leon for the fabled fountain of youth. He was beginning to gather moss of the sort spoken of by the outlaw, Red Absalom Dew. Would the time come when he would be overwhelmed by that moss and sent down—down—over the terrible brink? He wondered. Truly, this strange, bold man had taught him a great lesson. If only someone other than Angela would have a little of faith in him! Yes, if only one person would start him on the right road by putting a little of faith in him—only one—only one! If——

"I'll have to blindfold you here, Mister."

As the outlaw turned upon him, Ford stopped and stood still as the giant poplar tree to his right. But—what was Dew going to do with him? For the first time Ford felt strangely afraid.

"Why are you going to blindfold me, Dew?"

"Never mind why," said Dew, producing the same wide blue handkerchief that had been used to bind Ford's wound a few days before. "Sometime—and that mighty soon, Mister—you'll know it all, and you'll understand why I'm careful about this."

"But what are you going to do with me?" Ford erupted, unable to hold in. "If you'll only leave that blindfold off, I'll appreciate it very much. I'm powerless, with my hands ironed like this. You have both rifles."

"Well," replied Absalom Dew, dreamily, as if it had escaped his lips involuntarily, "if I left the blindfold off, so's you could see where I'm goin' to take you, you 'd be mighty hard to take. In fact, you might not be took, Mister, at all!"

This aroused Ford's curiosity; also, it made him half angry at his mysterious companion.

"See here——"

"Cut it, Mister!" Red Absalom Dew broke in, rather harshly. "Cut it! Come with me. Walk right aside o' me—that way. Now, let's hurry."

Laramie Ford thought of the five thousand dollars, and he decided that he did not want to die at all, since he had seen light concerning himself. Would Dew kill him? Were the officers after them, even then? Of course Dew had discovered that he was there for the purpose of gathering in five hundred dollars of the state's money! However he walked on, making no murmur, over hills, through ravines, stumbling now and then. Many times he would have fallen had not Dew's strong right arm caught him.

After several hours, hours that were days in length to Ford because of his torturing thoughts, they arrived at a fence. Ford obeyed his huge companion and waited until the click of a latch told that a gate had been opened. They passed through and paused.

"Now, you be quiet and listen to me, Mister," Dew whispered, his bearded mouth close to Ford's ear. "Do you feel somethin' cold against your forehead?"

"Yes," Ford gasped, realizing what the chilly circle meant.

"Mister," Dew went on, still in a whisper, "I've got a pistol against your forehead. Will you swear to do what I tell you to do?"

"But what do you want me to do?" Ford asked, his low voice hoarse and shaken.

"I've never broke my word, Mister, whatever I've been," said Dew, paying no heed to Ford's question. "I won't ask you to commit any unlawful deed. Will you swear?" The revolver's muzzle went a little harder against the pallid forehead.

Ford began to protest, but Dew clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Ssssh!" the outlaw cautioned. "Mister—you swear!"

Ford raised his hands. His consolation was that he would not be asked to break a law.

"I solemnly swear," he said.

"Good for you," whispered Red Absalom, taking down the revolver and shoving it behind Ford's belt. "You went out into the mountains to arrest me and get the reward to keep your wife and baby while you was out of a job, didn't you?"

Ford admitted it.

"Mister," Dew continued, "you've got the rollin' stone habit, although it ain't carried you as far's it's carried me. I want you to stop. You'll begin to gather moss that you cain't get rid of, pretty soon. Then it'll be too late to stop, Mister; the ground will be too steep, Mister, there's nothin' perfect in this world. You've got to buck up against the world, at the same time makin' allowances for things. You've got to smile when it's policy to smile—when you can do it without bein' an out and out hypocrite. You've got to look over other people's shortcomin's, or they won't look over yours, Mister. I found out these things when it was too late. I'd done picked up the moss, you see. I'm tired of bein' an outlaw, and I'm goin' to quit it before I bloody my hands and soul. You need the reward money for your Angela. I had an Angela once—there was one letter too many in her name, Mister—by God—and I let her wear out her life over a sewin'-machine, like you're doin' your Angela. Now, Mister, quit driftin'; allow for the earth of earth; save your Angela.

"Mister, we're standin' now in the sheriff's front yard, in Carterton. I'm goin' to take the handcuffs off o' you and put 'm onto me; then you're goin' to turn me up and get the reward money for your Angela. I would 'ave give myself up to you in the mountains, but I knowed you wouldn't turn me up after you'd broke my bread—because I knowed you was too good a man yet. Here, take the guns and cover me."

He had removed the blindfold and the handcuffs while he talked. Ford, pale in the dim light of early dawn, took the two rifles by the barrels, and Red Absalom Dew snapped the manacles about his own wrists. At this Laramie Ford almost broke down.

"You swore, Mister," Dew reminded. "I'll hold you to your oath as an honorable man—and for God's sake don't start down hill again! I guess I'd better explain how I knowed all about you; you talked your head off in the fever of your hurt."

Then Red Absalom Dew, huge, gaunt, proud that he had pointed out to another rolling stone the error of the steep downhill before it was too late, happy in the thought that he had saved a woman with a letter too many in her name, went up to the sheriff's door and rapped with his manacled hands.

A Famine in Dyes Threatened by War

By C. L. Chapman

IF the war continues much longer the colored clothes worn by men and women will be only a memory, for all the gayly colored stuffs will be replaced by either uncolored fabrics or by those colored with vegetable dyes. These are not so enduring nor so bright.

Some dyes are manufactured in the United States and it is probable that the difficulty may be met in some way.

Germany has absolute supremacy in the manufacture of the so-called aniline dyes. These are made from coal tar. German coal produces a higher quality of coal tar than does American coal. In Germany scientists are hired for life to do nothing but experiment, and even if for years they meet with no new discovery, they work right on. Universities provide courses, covering six, seven or eight years to prepare a man for this work.

German supremacy is based on thoroughness and persistency. Americans demand quick results. It has taken the German plants from fifty to sixty years to develop their supremacy and this would indeed be a severe handicap to a new industry but it does not seem possible that our dependence upon foreign chemists and chemical works is so abject as to thwart our taking advantage of this chance.

But it is contended that we cannot produce the dyes, as many of the ingredients come from foreign sources, yet on the other hand some chemists declare that the United States can meet the emergency with little delay. Then again German patents become a question.

There are no plants in this country fitted to undertake the wholesale production of colors needed, moreover it takes time to establish a fully equipped chemical plant and there are secrets to be found out that would take years of research work; however our chemists can produce most of the colors and the color shades, but the problem is can they be produced in commercial quantities and at a reasonable expense.

Lack of dyes does not affect the textile industries alone, though that would be the most serious consequence as thousands of workmen would be thrown out of employment; the leather industry, paints and printing inks, all would feel the necessity of completely suspending.

The candy business will be somewhat handicapped, bleached white or undyed hosiery will prevail and wrapping paper, shoes, wall papers, in fact papers of all kinds, will be affected.

People will be dressed in the somber colors of several generations ago, all the bright colors will go if the war is prolonged and so the present offers a great opportunity to America to satisfy that part of the world's demand for colored cloths which have hitherto been met by the mills of Germany, France and England, and to produce the dyes to obtain the best results.

MILLION MORE TO BENEFIT.—Postmaster General Burleson announced that very soon the rural free mail delivery service would be extended to 1,000,000 new patrons without increasing the present cost. He said that this would be accomplished by a readjustment of rural routes and the use of motor cars.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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IN this country there are millions of child slaves. I won't go into details as to how many other varieties of slaves there are, but I believe even the most willful twentieth century barbarian, the most indifferent human "bean" and inhuman troglodyte, ought to haul down the star spangled banner this Fourth of July and hide his head in shame when he realizes that he is responsible for this awful crime of child slavery. Many of you who will read this are sons of the men who shouldered a gun to abolish black slavery. Fifty years after the death of Abraham Lincoln we complacently tolerate an evil more horrible than that which eventually cost the great emancipator his life.

According to Professor Charles H. Bushnell of Washington, D. C., crime in this country costs us six billion dollars a year, that is six times more than it costs to run the entire government of this nation, a sum that would build twelve Panama Canals, a sum that would run the governments of the U. S., Germany, France and Great Britain, with all the enormous drain for battleships and armies for a whole year in time of peace.

Now comes Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, who informs us that in the Federal report on the condition of women and children wage earners in the United States, figures proved conclusively that child labor creates an environment which encourages misbehavior. Sixty-two per cent of habitual child criminals in the United States are victims of child labor. In order that a few inhuman wretches, both in the North and South, may spin the lives of children into profit, the nation is compelled to pay twenty-nine million dollars annually for relief work amongst these poor wretched unfortunates. Mr. Lovejoy says: "Greed for underpaid child labor has raised the death rate in industry in this country to an appalling degree." And think of it, oh you who rejoice on the Fourth of July, what our children have to pay for the luxury of being born under the star spangled banner, the banner of the free, for more young lives are sacrificed in industry in this country than in any other country in the world.

That's abstract talk, now for a little concrete example. Two hundred and fifty-nine poor wretches went to their death in the horrible Cherry Mine disaster; and that disaster was all due to the thoughtlessness of two children, who if this were a civilized, respectable, decent, Christian country, would have been in school. Mr. Lovejoy remarks bitterly: "Efficiency has become the incubator in which all our theories of modern industry are hatched, and yet we tolerate a system of labor which forces all wages down to the level of a child's wage. It simply means that when women and children are brought in with their labor force to compete against the labor of men, the whole family together earns no more than the father would earn if they were not allowed to enter the field against him. In the Southern cotton mills children of ten and twelve years are employed in direct competition with their fathers. There is only one result. At the age of fifty statistics show a man is only earning *nine cents an hour*. Poor, little, half fed specimens of humanity. They managed to scrape together a few weeks' schooling out of every year. They are dirty and ragged and frequently suffer from loss of memory." A little nine-year-old girl when questioned by Mr. Lovejoy said: "I don't play, I gotta work. I get up to work at four o'clock in the morning. I go to bed at nine o'clock."

At the last sitting of Congress, that well-paid and over-fed body, which you elect to look after the interests of big business—of course you wouldn't have sense enough to elect anyone to look after your own interests—could have knocked this whole, horrible child labor business on the head by passing the Palmer Owen bill. This bill excludes from inter-state commerce all goods produced by the labor of children under the age of fourteen. Mr. Lovejoy says: "This bill was defeated by sly politicians who took the opportunity to keep their own pockets full of ill-gotten gains for one year more."

Before me is a newspaper clipping. It says: "Children get less care than animals." The American Humane Association met at Atlantic City, N. J. last year and that body reported that societies for the care of children had decreased during the previous twelve months, from 313 to 307, while societies devoted to the protection of animals increased from 185 to 191. The number of children cared for by the societies last year was 191,194, as compared to 177,747 during the previous year. The number of animals that received attention by the societites devoted to them jumped from two and a half million to over six millions. It appears that the societies that are looking after animals are very energetic in securing the enforcement of laws protecting animals, but the organizations that have the welfare of children at heart are inactive. President Stillman stated that: "Political influences are being exerted against us whenever we conflict with the powerful forces using children in mills and factories." The "powerful influences" is the invisible government that runs this country.

The State Legislature of Iowa was recently asked to appropriate $25,000 for child study and child betterment. I need hardly tell you that it didn't do it. The lawmakers just scoffed at the idea of spending money for children and right away appropriated $25,000 for a building in which to display fat sheep during fair week once a year only. The most valuable crop of any nation is its children, but the average human still believes it is hogs or sheep, and hog thinking leads to hog living, hog ethics, hog morality and a six billion dollar crime, and a two billion dollar booze bill yearly, and the Lord only knows what.

There are millions of people who think that women should not vote. Let me bring this fact to the notice of those who hold such opinions and think that men who by the way are wholly and entirely to blame for child slavery, should solely attend to the affairs of the nation. In 1900, the Federal census shows that child labor had increased 56 per cent. Little-girl workers increased 65 per cent. These little-girl workers, if any of them are unlucky enough to reach maturity, will become the mothers of the race, and can you imagine what kind of a race they will produce? I will tell you. It will be a race of weedy, undersized, hollow-eyed, mentally deficient, criminally disposed inefficients, which will prey upon society, and fill prisons, hospitals, poorhouses and other institutions. "This," says George H. Hall, Secretary of the Child Labor Committee, "is the preparation we are giving to the future mothers of our land."

When you get your flag out on the Fourth of July, please remember that in double line of march the people in the U. S. who can neither read nor write would extend over a distance of 1567 miles. Marching at the rate of 25 miles a day *it would take two months for them to pass a given point for there are over five millions of them.* If you had to stand for two months and watch that horrible army of ignorance go by you wouldn't have much heart to sing the Star Spangled Banner, on the Fourth of July, especially if you knew that child slavery was responsible for a good half of our illiteracy.

But suppose all the states abolished child labor by law, little good would come of it unless you, the people insist on the proper enforcement of the law. People think when laws are passed that evils are abolished. They usually are if the Federal Government is back of the law, but state laws have little terror for the big business interests. The National Child Labor Committee says: "In Arkansas the legislature very nearly repealed the Child Labor law which the people put on the statute books last September through the initiative. Failure on the part of the people to insist that the law which they enacted, be kept and adequately enforced, will probably result in its repeal in the next legislature. Better child labor legislation in North Carolina was successfully *blocked by the cotton manufacturers.* They had expressed themselves as favorable to an inspection bill which would provide for the enforcement of the present law, but when it came to a vote they defeated that bill as *well as one to improve the present law.* Sentiment throughout the state favored protection of children, but there will be no improvement in the law until the people elect a legislature *that will do their will instead of the will of the cotton manufacturers.*

Once more you see it comes back to you. You go through the farce or rather the tragedy of electing your democratic and republican political pin heads, too many of them without ideals, conscience or honor and too often without honesty. You know beforehand that such men will betray you. You know they have no more interest in the masses of the people than a chicken has in the ten commandments. They will protect *their* children, but *your* little ones they would sell at so much a pound as if they were beans or pork. Directly they get to the State or National Capitol, you are forgotten and the law-making power with which you have invested them is handed over by them to the big interests who convert your children's blood into dollars.

Ex-President Huerta of Mexico says that a hundred thousand outlaws control absolutely sixteen millions of people in Mexico. What is true of Mexico is true in a sense of the United States, and with less excuse, for there the people are ignorant and have no means of stopping oppression except by force of arms. There too, there are few newspapers and scarcely anyone who can read. Here we know wrong exists, here we have the power to right wrong, here e have tens of thousands of churches and tens of thousands of salaried ministers, and in spite of it all we let the outlaws run our business, enslave and exploit our children and raise not a finger to stop it. The political boss is in the saddle, and the opinion of you held by the political boss (and an ex-President of the United States is willing to testify to the fact) is that you, the people of the United States *are unfit to rule.* Unfit to rule, so the boss rules you. What about Independence Day now? These are some comforting reflections for the Glorious Fourth. The facts I have placed before you in this article will show you how wantonly and wickedly indifferent the masses of the people are to their own interests. Thanks to this indifference the struggle for existence gets harder and harder every year, and how do the people express their resentment when conditions become unbearable? They turn Bill Democrat out of office and put Jim Republican in, knowing full well from years of bitter experience that one is as bad as the other and both are useless and hopeless. The church in a sense is as guilty as the legislatures as regards child slavery, for I'll wager not one in ten thousand of you ever heard a sermon preached against this hideous crime. The pulpit rails at wrong in the abstract, but dares not attack it in the concrete. Before Christ came a child had no more rights than a dog. But what did Jesus say of these little ones: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." And is there anything more terrible than the threat Christ aimed at those who harm these little ones and coin their blood into automobiles, yachts, vast estates and titled husbands for pampered daughters. It was of these the Master said: "It were better for them that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they were drowned in the depths of the sea." Remember these words of the Christ. Call your neighbors together. Read this article to them. Discuss child slavery and ask yourself this question: What have I ever done to abolish this evil? Then go down on your knees and ask heaven to give you strength to play a gallant part in converting the United States into a really civilized country, where oppression, exploitation, graft and child slavery are unknown, and men may learn to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

There is only one argument for child slavery. It is the hog argument of the brutal employer who in his quest for tainted money is ready to coin the blood of children into dollars. Do you think it is right to take little boys and girls, drag them from their beds in the early morning hours and make them stand over dangerous, whirling machines all through the long day and sometimes through the long night, until their every bit of strength and energy is sapped from their pitiful, under nourished bodies? Do you think it is right to rob them of the joys of childhood, of education, of everything that makes life worth living so that the fat child slaver may grow rich out of their stunted bodies.

The national government will not allow anyone to spread smallpox, yellow fever or bubonic plague, but this traffic in children which it permits is worse then pestilence, or as one writer remarks: "This diabolical traffic also endangers their souls." How dare anyone with a spark of real patriotism in his or her bosom unfurl such a glorious flag as the stars and stripes over a land that tolerates child slavery? If you hang out your banners hang out a banner of black as well. Put the banner of the free and the banner of the pirate as close together as you can get them. If I had my way I would never let one be displayed without the other. Once on a time people were always expecting a sign from heaven. They wanted to be assured that Providence was really taking an interest in them. Crepe on Old Glory is the sign that I would give to the American people to try and shame them into abolishing the foulest stain that was ever laid at the door of any people. If you men only had the decency to give women a vote this hideous evil would have been abolished long ago. What men won't do, women must.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

CHANDLER, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room in your chicken coop for a boy from the Mistletoe state?

Now Uncle Charlie, if you will please be kind enough to put Billy the Goat out in the back yard with a wagon load of tin cans and buckbats to chew on, I will hop upon your lap for a quiet little chat. Well my dear uncle, I see that Congress, that high and mighty body of men we pay to make our laws, has had up for their honorable discussion the army and navy. Also two others, namely; national prohibition and woman's suffrage. And like Congress most always does when there are real live questions up for discussion, they vote them all down.

For years Uncle, you have been a true champion of a strong army and navy. You have constantly declared that we were not prepared for an emergency and it seems that the late investigations have borne out your statements.

One thing more, and what do you think of giving the Philippines their freedom? I for one am dead against it, for if we are to maintain our place as a nation, we must have colonies and markets. We are just getting to have a foreign policy, and I think one of the first things to do is to put the Philippines on a paying basis if possible and, then use them in a way that will be helpful to ourselves and the Filipinos.

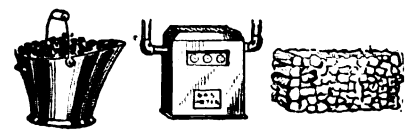
Well Uncle, my letter is getting long, so I will close. With love to all the cousins, WILLIE K. CLARK.

It is quite refreshing, Willie, to get a letter in my mail from one who takes an interest in world affairs. Nearly all the letters I get are what I call back door letters. All the people write about as a rule are the things that concern their own immediate family, whether there are three boys or two girls and what is raised in their vicinity. They never can see and don't want to see beyond the rail fence at the back door. Don't expect people to look out at the front door, they might see something if they did, that is if the tomato cans were not too plentifully distributed to obscure their vision. Excuse me for being sarcastic once in a while, won't you? but honestly, I get so discouraged at the terrible mental darkness that befogs the average human mind. Of course nothing is ever going to happen for the better in this world until that mental fog clears away. Here's one boy in Oklahoma actually peeping out beyond the back fence rail, letting his eyes sweep, not only over this vast continent but away almost to the other end of the world. He is thinking world thoughts instead of backyard thoughts, and if you only knew what exhilaration is in that kind of thought you'd try it yourself. Now, Willie, as to the Philippines and our foreign policy. It is an old saying that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." Some nations achieve empires and some have empires thrust upon them. In the natural course of events we should not have acquired the Philippines nor Porto Rico nor the Hawaiian Islands. They however just came our way, and we couldn't very well do anything else but appropriate them. They are part of the white man's burden. We as a people would be very well content to let other nations carry this burden, let others bear the expense and responsibility, and sneak in at their heels commercially and get rich on their sacrifices, but it wasn't thus to be. It used to look to our forefathers on account of those big stretches of water on either side of us as though we could be a hermit nation, protected from attack by nature, and with no need for armies, navies, soldiers and sailors. But science has annihilated distance and our water protection amounts to little. We are now as near to Europe and Asia, for all practical purposes, as though our continents joined. There are no isolated portions of the world any more, and in a few years we shall be able to have our breakfast in New York and a late dinner in London, and all on the same day. The hundred mile an hour airship is here already. The boundary lines of nations will soon be wiped out. Good thing, too, for narrow nationalism, hyphenated citizenship and racial hatred (sure signs of a petty three-cent mind and a withered soul) must pass away ere we can have world-wide brotherhood. There is certainly no limit to what science and invention can do. It doesn't matter how much a man may have in his brain, nor how much lead in his shoes, in a few years he is going to be pushed out of his rut, dragged out of the deep canyons of his sloth, yanked up and shoved on and forced to fit himself into a new scheme of things that will make his eyeballs crack, his headpiece whirl and his feet jiggle with delight. Just now all men's brains and energies are turned in the direction of destruction. Selfishness prompts every action. The machine that can destroy life will fetch ten times as much money as any implement one can devise to sustain life. Science however is going to make war impossible, and then we shall come to our senses and the era of humanity will dawn in place of the era of greed, hate, stupidity and murder. This will be the era of construction, the dawning of a real civilization. Science is all ready at this moment to jolt us forward to a plane of living which ordinarily we could not attain in a hundred years. Some of us are ready to make the trip, but the vast majority of humanity is not. We've got to wait for our hyphenated citizens, poor, deluded, dull-witted king and nobility worshiping fanatics, to get over the inherited stupidity of hundreds of years of royal boot licking, and all sorts of other reactionary human elements to wake up before we can go forward. We have done some good work in the Philippines. After centuries of fiendish exploitation by Spain, we have started the Filipinos along the high road of progress, and to scuttle out now would be a dirty and cowardly act. A great drama is to be played in the Pacific and Japan and the United States will be the two principal figures on that mighty stage. We might drop a part of the white man's burden by sneaking off the stage and letting Japan be the whole show. That would possibly save us bloodshed and treasure, that too would be the easiest way, but directly we step out of the Philippines, Japan will step in, and though I admire the Jap, admire his art, energy and initiative, courage and patriotism, I think we are capable of giving the world a higher grade of civilization than he is, and if he gets into the Philippines it won't be long before he will be swarming over Australia and New Zealand, and those two splendid democracies—the most progressive in the world—must be allowed to develop along white lines. The Filipinos are not capable of self government yet. Leave them to themselves and they would give Mexico cards and spades at raising hades. Perhaps in a generation we shall be able to withdraw, but we should not allow any inferior race to walk in, undo our good work and exploit them. Japan is already at Formosa, a vast island north of the Philippines and can get to Manila in a few hours steaming. I know it seems preposterous that we should have to spend one American life for what the majority of people who read this article will contemptuously call a bunch of bare backed Asiatics. To be truthful I should have said something a little worse than that. (By the way we have a very ill-bred habit of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

What You Save

when you let Fels-Naptha Soap do the hard part of your washing for you.



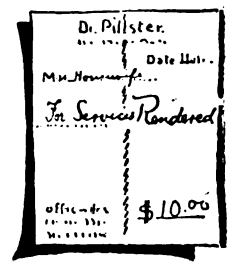
Fuel—

No necessity for a hot fire, because the clothes don't need to be boiled.



Clothes—

Your clothes last twice as long when washed with Fels-Naptha because they are not weakened by boiling, nor worn out by hard rubbing.



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The Fels-Naptha way of washing takes less than half as long as the old wash-boiler way.



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Aren't these savings worth while? Just buy Fels-Naptha and do your next wash and soap and water cleaning with its help. Follow the directions—they lead to ease and pleasure.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

The Country Woman's Vacation

By Mrs. Ira Jipson

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USUALLY the summer months are the hardest on the country woman. All the city friends and relatives plan a visit to the farm. Of course you can't blame them, but it is hard on the women folks. During the haying and harvest time the men must have help, but the women can't always get it, and by the time the harvest is over, the poor woman is worn out and worked harder than at any other time of the year. It is no wonder they all shun the farm. If the men folks would only provide some extra help, a little rest and recreation, life would be worth living on the ranch or farm.

This is how we solved the problem, and spent two summers. We lived in an ideal place at the foot of a range of mountains; there were several mountain streams that flowed through our place and they were all stocked with fish. The meadows were grand; wild flowers grew in abundance. The first summer was my first experience at farm work. It was all work and no play. There was no time for sewing, reading, visiting nor hardly time to go to town, about six miles away, to do our trading. I was thoroughly disgusted, with never a minute for myself,—just cook, eat and wash dishes, along with the other routine of housework, with milk to tend, churning, cheese to make and numerous other things to do.

One Sunday morning I announced at breakfast that there would be no warm dinner as I was going to have a day off and the men could get themselves a lunch at noon. They were all amazed, but said nothing.

I took the children and our lunch and went over into the meadows. I had never fished in my life but I fixed up a line and thought I'd try my luck. I didn't catch a single fish, but I had a good rest there by that little brook. We started back as the sun went down behind the peak. When we came to the gate I could hear the rattle of pans and the fire burning briskly. Hubby was getting supper and left the hired men to tend the chores.

"Well, how many fish have you got for supper?" he asked.

"None, I never caught one. I was too tired to roam up and down the stream much; I only wanted a rest from this constant grind," I said no more but let him get the whole meal, while I sat and looked on. During the meal some of the men folks said they would like to go fishing. So decided to go the following Sunday and not work. So all went. The children picked flowers and I took my book. What a rest! it seemed like heaven there in that velvety nook. The men folks caught enough fish to last for several days. So the rest of the summer was spent just that way, working week days and a restful picnic each Sunday.

But the second year the place didn't hold the charm it had before. So I suggested one Sunday morning, we hitch up the teams and all go to the dam to fish and spend the day, which was some fifteen miles away. They all agreed, so we took our lunch and spent the day. It poured down rain, but we got into our old wraps and took shelter in an old building which leaked like a sieve, but we were none the worse for our experience. My husband caught the largest fish that had been hooked in the county, that summer. My brother-in-law had a mania for swimming, so they voted it the best day we'd spent that summer and we would go the next Sunday.

I proposed we go to some other place. It is the change of scenery that we all need for recreation, and that is why we all had such a good time. If we went every time to that same place it would lose its charm, as did our own place. So every week we went to a different one, sometimes into the foothills and camped out over night.

They all agreed it was the best summer they had ever spent and I felt the same.

When fall came the men planned to go deer hunting. The children and I wanted to go. My brother-in-law said he couldn't see what we women folks wanted to go for, we would spoil the hunt for them. The men decided to take their families along, and go to an old homestead which belonged to one of the men in the party. The place was about thirty-five miles off in a lonely spot among the hills. We women could stop off there and let the men go on into the hills after game.

There were five women and eight children in the party which numbered twenty-five in all. After a pleasant drive we reached our destination at a log cabin with two big rooms, furnished with a batching outfit. After the teams were all cared for we enjoyed one of the most delightful evenings I ever spent. Each one had to tell a good story, speak a piece, sing a song, tell a riddle, etc., as the entire party sat there around that warm fire until long after midnight. Then the men made their beds in the hay lofts and wagon beds, while the women and children slept in the cabin. The next morning, about three o'clock, the men left us so to be on the hills at daybreak. To kill time while they were gone we explored the homestead. There was a nice garden and big potato patch, all fenced, which was watered from a flowing spring. We made ourselves at home. That evening we played the phonograph which one of the women had brought, and my sister played her violin, and we all sang and performed as we had done the evening before.

In the night I was awakened by our little boy who had a bad spell of croup. I had to render out bacon grease and mix it with coal oil to rub on him. This worked like a charm, and good luck that it did, for I could think of nothing else that we had at hand. So the next evening I doped him up before we retired. Our beds were made on the floor and proved very hard too, even harder than the ground and wagon-beds although we had plenty of hay under us.

In the night we were aroused from our slumbers by the dog barking, the horses running, and coyotes howling. We were all afraid to go out and see what was the matter. The men had taken all the guns except a little twenty-two rifle which was left in a shed just outside the door. I don't suppose one of us could have shot if we'd had a dozen guns. Lois was so frightened that when a mule passed the window she thought sure it was a bear. We all laughed at her and tacked up a quilt to the window before she could be contented to lie down. She begged us not to tell the men, but it was too good to keep.

The men didn't have such an easy time of it either. They found a swarm of bees in an old hollow tree, and decided to get the honey. When they returned the next day my brother-in-law's face was swollen to twice its normal size and he was suffering terribly. The rest of them were stung more or less. But we worked over him, putting on everything we had with us that we thought would ease the pain. His eyes finally swelled shut and we decided to go home by the way of town and get a doctor to attend him. We started home with neither deer nor honey, but a sick lot of men folks. The laugh didn't all come on Lois.

But the night the horses were running so, one of them fell over a bank, got tangled in a rope, and there he lay next morning with his neck broken.

So the hunting trip wasn't such a success as they had planned. But the next time they go, they will keep to the deer trail and let the bees have the honey.

Country women do as we did and mix in a little recreation along with your work—the farm will run a day without you once in a while—and see if life won't be sweeter. You will be younger and feel and look younger for it. Why the city folks think we are jakes is that we seem old, tired and worn out, which we really become in a very short time for lack of rest, recreation and change of scene.

When Baby Has Spasms

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg

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BABIES are as God made them and oftentimes as put by Don Quixote a great deal worse. In the matter of the health of babies, experience keeps a dear school for mothers, but parents will learn usually in no other, and scarce in that. Those who are trained; who labor for years and who know, can give accurate advice, but they can never compel conduct. It is better to have an unpleasant direction that will keep life and health in the body, than to await the lessons of sad and bitter experience. Long experience may make even a mother a sage, but it is usually at too great a cost.

Many failings lean to successes, but errors with respect to infants, lead like sorrow to the grave There are a legion of seemingly little ailments in infants that should be but are not, taken seriously by mothers, and there are an equal number of malicious maladies taken saliently, which need give the loving parent little or no concern. Measles is a distemper, responsible for more deaths and disasters than most parents realize. Yet it is as lightly regarded as a breath. Spasms or fits likewise should be given close study by mothers and medical men, yet they are often totally disregarded at great cost to the little one's health.

The inciting causes of spasms or fits in babies are as many as there are names for fairies. Moreover, a spasm in a child may come on like the explosion of an automobile exhaust, or it may begin with the eyes staring, the eyeball rigid or rolling loosely like a ship in a storm, a twitching, a series of jerks at the corners of the mouth.

The tongue may be bitten, the mouth may froth, or the little tacker may vomit and then become unconscious. A drowsy, deep sleep usually follows a momentary loss of consciousness. Hours may elapse before this coma-like sleep passes away.

Obviously, these attacks in a child are not to be given home treatment. Notwithstanding, many foolish neighbors and friends are forever suggesting teas, herbs, rubbings and a whole army corps of measures to "cure" the particular spasms. When in an hour, two hours, or many hours the spell has passed away these eternal busybodies pat themselves metaphorically on the back and go on their heinous way recommending the nauseous useless, or often dangerous potions which had nothing to do with the child's reawakening.

Unluckily, if a medical man with a proper training, fails to step in and take a hand in the matter, the spasms may reappear oftener and oftener and oftener until they become an established habit or epilepsy. Fortunately, much can be done to forestall such a dire state of affairs. A fit taken in time saves ninety and nine.

Almost any abnormal disturbance of the even tenor of an infant's life may incite one of these spasms or seizures. A severe "cold" or one of childhood's contagious maladies such as pneumonia, scarletina, diphtheria, whooping cough, acute arthritis, as well as scurvy, rickets, and an over-loaded stomach may be at the bottom of the first seizure. Drink, imbibed in by either parent before the birth of a child, is the worst of all the causes. Women, wrongly counselled to drink beer and other liquors, before they become mothers, have been thus later on innocently the cause of spasms in the child.

"Petit mal" and "grand mal" are names given to these epileptic fits, if they settle upon a child as an offense often repeated. The type of spasm, however, due to faulty food or excess of victuals, is not prone to become chronic. Indeed, it may be asserted with truthful optimism that nine times in ten sane treatment of the first fit by an alert medical man, should commonly lead to its undoing and cure for all future time.

Should no physician be within immediate hailing distance and a spasm appears, a hot mustard foot bath should be given to the child forthwith. Massage of the wrists, arms and nape of the neck for an interval of five or ten minutes can also be carried out. Then dry and wrap the child in hot blankets, put it to bed with a hot water bottle to the feet and a cloth wet with vinegar or alcohol to the head. Care must be taken not to burn the child or otherwise injure it in these rough and ready procedures.

Simultaneously while awaiting the doctor and without exposure to the less heated air, give the child an injection to move the bowels. In infants under two years of age two teaspoonfuls of Castor oil should also be given. If the child is not unconscious, it may also be made to vomit by inserting the finger into the throat.

Many spasms or fits that become chronic and remain for many years can be prevented, if appropriate treatment is patiently continued, after it has been begun by an alert physician. The duty of mothers is to prevent spasms by intelligent and regular feedings, and the insistence of a liberal amount of sleep. Many children with spasms could have been saved the disorder they suffer as well as the worry they cause others, if the parents had held to the rule of a six o'clock sleeping hour.

The fallacy and superstition still entrenched that "worms," "teething," and "nervousness" cause spasms in part and parcel with the delusion that anything connected with the number seven is lucky and of magic import. Spasms arise in children not by inheritance or by "bad luck," but by the derelictions of loving parents. If infants are put to bed at six o'clock in the evening, fed only what the doctor suggests, kept away from all who have contagious ailments, and given the amount of sunlight, fresh air, and play commensurate with their ages, they should all escape fifty-six of the fifty-seven varieties of spasms and only one in ten thousand need have any type whatsoever. Then will all your children like olive plants, thrive merrily around your table.

ONLY TWO-HEADED SNAKE.—Harry Travers of Kalamazoo, Mich., owns what is said to be the only two-headed rattlesnake in existence. Travers was able to keep the snake alive for many weeks after it was captured, but overfeeding is believed to have caused its death. The snake would eat with both heads, which were perfectly formed. The strange reptile was captured by George Brewer while he was husking corn near Gull Lake. Brewer traded his prize find to Travers for a horse. The Kalamazoo man kept the snake alive until quite recently, and he now has the body in alcohol.

PET PIGEON MOTHER OF CHICKS.—Miss Mayme McElligott of Redondo Beach, Cal., breeder of fancy pigeons, was surprised to find that a pet pigeon was mothering seven wee chickens hatched from bantam eggs. The pigeon stole a march on her mistress recently, and a diligent search failed to locate her nest. Finally she proudly brought forth her young brood from a discarded oven located in the granary. This is the first time that a pigeon has been known to hatch a brood of chickens, according to local fanciers.



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PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-7th St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

a birthday letter, which he appreciates highly as he has often told you, and some also enclose a small gift of money which, needless to say, is very welcome, and is about the only kind of a present that is useful to him in his situation. There is no reason why our readers should not send Uncle Charlie a birthday gift, if they wish to, but it must be purely voluntary on their part and not on anybody's request. I hope your mother will receive many cards. It would seem that eighty-five years of usefulness deserves a reward.—Ed.

584-49th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I am very sorry to disappoint many of you, who have written me, and failed to get an answer. Please do not misjudge me in not keeping my promise to answer all letters. So far, and it is not quite two weeks since COMFORT has been out, I have received nearly three hundred letters. Can any of you imagine what it is to answer three hundred letters and mostly requests?

I tried to answer about two hundred and to those especially, who enclosed a stamp, only about eight.

I enjoyed all letters and my heart aches for many. I shall try and do all I can, as I will keep all on a list. My best wishes to all. MRS. M. BALDWIN.

MARSHALL, R. R. 1, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have had a desire for a long time to write to your charming circle, but was afraid any words that I might say would not be worthy of a place in your corner. However I shall try my luck and hope for the best.

The dear old COMFORT has been coming to our home for about ten years, and we surely could not do without it. It has always been as a friend to me. And in the past five months, the letters and poems in COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner, have cheered my heart many times, when I was sad. Since December, 1914, I have learned what it is to have a dear one absent from me, never to be seen again until God calls me home to that Great Beyond.

I sometimes feel that I have been sorely tried, but when I look 'round me and see other faces as sad, and hear of the terrible complications in Europe, and the many precious souls that are constantly leaving this world, I look up to my Father, and thank Him for His gifts, and for His Son's redeeming blood that saves us from sin, and that "we shall know each other there."

None of the sisters' letters interest me so much as those pertaining to Christianity. Dear friends are we planning for our home in that "Unknown world?"

Miss Nellie Stovall, your letter touched a responsive chord in my heart. I belong to an organized class at my Sunday school, called the "Always True Bible Class," consisting of about thirty-five boys and girls. They all take such an interest in our undertakings. We have a Young People's Alliance every Wednesday evening. We give entertainments, and lawn socials, and buy the little things we need in our Sunday school, and also use for charity the money we make at these socials.

Allow me to preach a little sermon on charity or brotherly love; some people seem to take pleasure in casting offensive speeches at someone near them, or in speaking against an absent one. If these people would only study carefully the twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew, I am sure none of us would be guilty of offending another, if we would take that into our hearts.

Jesus says, "A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another." That seems very difficult, but I believe He meant it.

My most frequent prayer is, that this world may be sanctified to His holy cause, before God comes.

I think Uncle Charlie is just grand. He will certainly get a great reward. It is not in this world we get our reward, but the next, and although Uncle Charlie is a shut-in here, he will be that much more glorified over there. "Everything works together for good to them that love God." I think that is a blessed thought. Please do not think me conceited, for I wish to live in the memory of each one of you, as one who wishes that some day every member of this circle will know each other, and converse as friends.

I will send a little verse that one of my friends gave me when my spirit was so depressed. Perhaps it may cheer another as it does me, when I recall it to my mind:

"If we could see beyond today,
As God can see;
And all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee,
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me."

I live in the country, and would not like to live in the city. The country air is too pure, and the dear old summer woods appeal to me too much to ever consider the city. God's world is indeed beautiful.

How many of the sisters enjoy reading? I do. I read most all of my spare time.

With best wishes, please consider me as your friend,
MISS BLANCHE SCHAFER.

LYNN HAVEN, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I send you greetings from beautiful St. Andrews Bay. I wish you were all able to sail on its waters, walk on its white sands, smell the scent of the pines, enjoy the delightful climate, and eat some of its fine fish, and oysters in their season.

May I give my little experience through COMFORT? Some years ago I was teaching a country school in western Washington and came across a copy of COMFORT. In the shut-in column was a letter from one who had been in bed about twenty years. Being very lonely she wanted people to write to her. I wrote her a letter and received a grateful reply; have corresponded with her ever since and am thankful I could add a little ray of sunshine to her barren life, sometimes by little gifts which I knew would come good to her. I learned that the desire of her heart was for a wheel chair. Because of her gratitude to me she pieced me a silk quilt out of pieces I had sent to her, and worked it so nicely with many different stitches and designs. It was a labor of love and she would accept nothing for the work. When the quilt came to me I was teaching in western Oregon. I was born in Ohio, but *love* the Great West. I decided the quilt should furnish the wheel chair. I succeeded in selling tickets enough on the quilt to purchase a very fine and substantial chair which was sent to her from the factory or wholesale house through the local furniture dealer, who threw off his commission. You may know that she was more than grateful to me and to everyone who helped to get the chair. Last summer while en route from California to Florida I stopped at the little town where she lives and spent a little time with her. I found her a very sweet, refined, patient sufferer, having a home but lacking so many things either a sick or well person finds almost necessary; one whose "kin folk" as she calls them—are *so busy* in church work and their own affairs that they forget much of the comfort and pleasure they might give to the invalid sister.

I find this locality pleasing, and in time I feel sure it can be quite profitable as well. This is the first place I have found where one can get a home in a healthful and delightful climate at so reasonable a rate. From what I have seen of other places I judge this land will become much more valuable within a few years.

Thanking you for your patience with this long letter, I am, faithfully, Your COMFORT sister,
EMMA ALICE WILKINSON.

Emma Alice Wilkinson. I am administering your letter as a sugar-coated pill of advice to the readers of COMFORT in the hope that it will awaken them to a sense of their responsibilities toward the shut-ins. Try doing a kindness every day. Even if begun as a sort of thank offering for the many blessings of our daily life but which the shut-ins cannot enjoy, the pleasure derived will be so great that it will be continued not as a duty but as something good added to our lives. Many thanks for the dainty cards enclosed in your letter.—Ed.

244 Union St., NOPA, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Thank you for your kind advice and also thanks to the sisters for the numerous letters sent me.

I am sending cure for diabetes, requested.

Six years ago I had the disease; my brother-in-law who is a doctor, was very much worried about my condition and ordered me to drink, at least, two quarts of water, between meals, each day, more if possible, claiming that the water helped dissolve the sugar which was in the system. My diet was to consist of oxtail, turtle, bouillon and any clear soup; lemonade (no sugar), coffee, no sugar, chocolate, tea or cocoa. Fish of all kinds, salt or fresh, any meat except *liver;* poultry, eggs, butter, buttermilk, cream and cheese. Lettuce, tomatoes, spinach, radishes, mustard, celery, pickles, or any green vegetables. Lemons, oranges, nuts and apples, baked. No sweetmeats; brown or whole wheat bread, or white bread toasted.

For three months I kept up this diet and water drinking. In two months I was well and have never had a return of the symptoms. No medicine.

My mother also had diabetes some fifteen years ago, and was treated practically the same, with good results. Only in her case she has never been able to discontinue her diet for any length of time, without returning symptoms.

In any case you should see a doctor as every case varies somewhat. MRS. ROSE SMITH.

IUKA, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my third attempt to join your charming circle. Isn't our corner just the dearest, coziest place in all the world? Sisters, I, for one, could not do without dear old COMFORT. It is read by our family from cover to cover. I like the stories best of all and the best one that has been printed, to my notion, was "Faithful Shirley." I wonder if it could still be had in book form for securing subscriptions?

I am a lover of books and all good reading; also a great lover of all kinds of poultry. I have a flock of ninety-five hens, mostly Barred Plymouth Rocks. They are as healthy as can be. I give them carbolic acid every few weeks, twenty drops in a gallon of sweet milk, will keep them healthy. I also keep peroxide of hydrogen and if a case of roup develops I swab their throats with it.

Lime and louse killer are my remedies for lice. Dust the hen thoroughly when you set her, then again just before the eggs pip. When the baby chicks are two days old, grease the hen good and dust with the powder, and rub each little chick's head with grease, meat frylings are best as they are slightly salt. Sometimes if the lice are numerous, a second application will be needed, but very seldom.

My little boy of fourteen years raises Indian Runner ducks.

Am not considered good looking but try to live as our Savior would have us live.

I have a small son of fourteen years, named Roscoe, our pride and joy, and the best husband in the world. We met with misfortune last November as our home and most everything we had was destroyed by fire. So we are starting at the bottom round of the ladder again now. I am not very strong and would be glad to receive reading matter from the sisters.

Our home is in Marion county, near Iuka, Ill. We have good churches, good schools, R. F. D. Route and telephones. The soil here is good, will raise most anything. We have good neighbors and friends here.

Coal oil is the best remedy I have found for burns. Saturate a cloth with it and wrap around the injured part; then put a dry cloth over that to exclude air and it will pain you but a few minutes longer.

Sisters, do not hang up your pans and cooking vessels with the bottoms all black. If it is necessary to put them next to the fire, take a meat rine or a little grease and grease the bottoms well and then have a good scouring powder near your range and scour each time after using.

I could talk to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, "God bless her," all day but am afraid I have stayed too long now, so will run home and get supper.

May God's choicest blessings rest upon each sister, Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie is the earnest wish of your COMFORT sister, ETTA MAY BIRD.

BEEBE, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I always enjoy your letters and get much good out of them that when something especially appeals to me I want to tell you about it.

I have just finished reading a story called "Pollyanna" which has run in several papers and magazines, and it was a help and inspiration to me. I want to speak of this story. Some of you may have read it and it is for those who have not that I write.

Pollyanna is a little orphan girl whose father had been a poor mission preacher. The salary being insufficient to properly board and clothe him and his family, they received barrels of clothing, etc., from the well-to-do churches in the East. One Christmas when a barrel arrived little Pollyanna was wishing so hard for a doll—instead the only thing that it contained outside of clothes, for a child, was a pair of crutches. The little girl very naturally cried and her father in trying to console her started what they called the "Glad Game." She said, "Why papa, I don't see anything about that to be glad about," and he answered, "You can be glad you don't need them." So it was with everything—always they were glad whatever happened. After her father's death she came East to live with a sour old aunt who cared very little for children. This aunt was rich and had nice things but she put this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

FORD AUTO FREE



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You don't need money to get a brand new, latest model, 5-passenger Ford Touring car. I've given over 100 Fords on my wonderful new plan. If you have no car and want one, drop me a postal saying: "I want you to send me a Ford auto free."

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How Modern Household Conveniences Pay

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

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"I'VE tried a lot of new-fangled labor savers," said my old neighbor to me when I was starting the business of housekeeping, "and I tell you they don't pay, they are more bother than they are worth."

This was rather discouraging as I was depending a good bit on the many conveniences I had read about to give me time to live up to the ideal expressed by a prominent and progressive woman when she said, "We housewives must subordinate the work of keeping house to the business of living. We cannot get the most out of life or give our children the training they should get from us if we are bound by the daily renewed tasks that sap our strength and take all our time." But while I was pondering whether my neighbor, with thirty years' experience or the modern woman was right, I met Mrs. Jones, and when I got to know her better and know her home, run without a servant, I found out the fallacy of my old neighbor's remark. Mrs. Jones said, when I asked her, "Do modern conveniences really pay?"

"They sure do. When my Martha got impossible and I found she must go I was trying to fit my back to the burden of housework again when along came a man selling a vacuum cleaner. I felt I could not afford to buy it but he talked me into it and that vacuum cleaner proved my salvation. I began to realize that the inventive mind of men and women were giving us things that not only would take the place of the hired girl who each year is becoming more out of the question to the woman who is wrestling with the increased cost of everything and the stationary salary, but lessens our worries. The vacuum did my cleaning and saved my back. Then a patent washing machine cut down my laundry expenses and gave a day worker time to clean out my kitchen pantry after the washing was done. I believe my mangle is as much of a time and labor saver as the washing machine, and to me it seems strange there are not more of them seen in private houses in this country, they are so universally used in foreign countries. If one has no power in the house, as electricity, to drive them, they are made to be worked by hand, and a cold mangle costs but $6.50. Every woman who is doing her own work should at least have laundry machinery, if it has to be bought on the installment plan.

But there is no reason why there should not be electricity in every house for light and power purposes. Not only the cities but the small towns and many of the larger villages have their public electric plants that furnish electricity for lighting and power purposes at moderate rates. There is no place where electric power is more useful than on the farm to operate machinery in the house and barns and to furnish light. To say nothing of the convenience of throwing the light on or off in house, barn or stable by a turn of the switch, there is the element of safety to be considered in doing away with the kerosene lamp and lantern which are the most common cause of destruction of farm buildings by fire. The most remote farm may have electric light and power by means of a small private electric plant of its own and produce electricity at a cost even less than the rate at which it is sold in the cities.

"When I began to talk fireless cooker my friend across the street was awfully discouraging," Mrs. Jones continued. "She said, 'Those things are fakes, I wish I had never bought mine.' But I found later her trouble was that she expected to put hastily and poorly prepared dishes into her cooker and have them emerge culinary triumphs. Of course they were nothing but failures. I later met a man who had made a comparison of a gas range, fireless cooker and a combination of the two as to the amount of gas used, labor required and the results as to appearances and palatability of food cooked for family use for one day. He said: 'The saving of gas in using the fireless cooker after starting the food on a gas stove was from five ninths to three quarters of what it cost to cook the food entirely by gas and the result was pronounced better in taste and appearance, while the labor or attention required was greatly reduced. The combination gas stove and fireless cooker effected a still greater saving. The saving in gas by use of the fireless cooker amounted in 93 days to the price of a fireless and in 231 days to the price of a combination range and cooker.

"On the farm where wood or coal takes the place of gas the economy of fuel by use of the fireless cooker is nearly if not quite as large with an equal saving of time and labor. The farm woman will use the fire that cooks the breakfast to heat the fireless cooker and the dinner meat and vegetables and place them in the cooker by the time breakfast is ready; there they may be left without further care or attention and with no fear of scorching or over-cooking until dinner time when they will be found hot, perfectly cooked and ready to be served. Meanwhile she may give her undivided attention to other matters about the house or garden or may spend the forenoon at a neighbor's or in going to market.

"I have heard more than one woman say that these larger conveniences are so expensive, they cost more than a girl. Have you ever thought over this with a pencil and paper handy for a few figures. For instance, a girl's wages for general housework in these days range from $12 to $25 a month. Take the lowest figure $12, add to it eight dollars a month for her food and five dollars for waste and breakage and you have $25 a month or $300 a year as the cost of your servant. Then see what you can buy for that amount. My vacuum cleaner was $85, my range $50, kitchen cabinet $25, dish-washing machine $16, clothes washing machine, hand power, and the mangle $20, which makes in all $196. This leaves $104 of a servant's cost for investment in the little devices that help work along. The $10 I invested in a wheel-tray saved me enough time to join the Parents' League at the school my children attend and we are working toward better amusements, libraries, playgrounds, sanitation and safety regulations, also for less crowded conditions in our schools.

"In buying anything which is real machinery one must exercise care and buy only those of good construction, buy them with the feeling that you could show them unhesitatingly to a scrutinizing engineer who looks for efficiency and excellence of construction. Then remember you don't feel at home with even a knife having a different handle from the one you are accustomed to using when you first buy it, and you may be a couple of weeks before you really feel that a bread mixer is a real success. So many women buy labor-saving devices and cast them aside before they have mastered them."

In order to reduce the amount of work in the home it is important to buy materials in as nearly usable form as possible. The old idea of making things at home, regardless of cost, nutritive value, or anything else, because it is extravagant to buy canned or otherwise prepared food should be obsolete now, but facts hardly point that way. So many women reject these conveniences as representing the ultimatum of waste and shiftlessness, yet the prosaic truth of the matter is that bread and biscuit, beans and soup, and scores of other things, are prepared in a more appetizing and digestible form in factories than in nine-tenths of the kitchens of the land. In the modern bakery business, for instance, there is only one kind of luck, the mood of the cook, the oven that won't heat properly, the "light-hand" or other superstitions have no place, the output of the machines may lack the fascinating irregularity of hand-made work, but the bread does rise, the biscuits do brown, the beans do bake and jelly does jell. And this applies especially to the crackers and other products of the great bakeries whose goods, put up in air-tight packages, are on sale in nearly every store in the country and are advertised in all the leading magazines and papers.

Right here let me say a few words in favor of package goods generally. When you buy tea, coffee, cereals or other food products in the original sealed packages in which they are put up by the great manufacturing or packing houses you know to a certainty just what you are getting in quantity and quality. There is no chance for short weight and never any variation in quality, and moreover the goods come to you clean and with no chance for adulteration by the middleman. When you buy bulk goods you take the storekeeper's word for the quality; you trust to his honesty for weight and purity; and as to cleanliness of handling—perhaps it is best you should not see the open boxes and barrels in which they are kept in the store exposed to dust, flies and other sources of contamination, nor know the condition of the scales or measures in which they are weighed or measured out to you, if you wish to relish such food.

One woman I know actually shuddered when I said that a certain brand of canned soup was most nourishing and economical and declared that people nowadays thought of nothing but saving work. Incidentally let me say she never thought of anything but the inside of her home, she had not advanced with her husband and children, and preferred to stay at home and look after soup making rather than the cleanliness of the store where her food was bought and the health of the workers who handled her food supply, she had no time for joining with her daughter the class on home economics, or attending the lectures which her husband enjoyed. Women who make griddle cakes for breakfast often pass by the prepared flour, which costs perhaps five cents a meal for cakes, and stand beating eggs at five cents apiece for the cakes which their families confide to each other on the sly are not half so good as Aunt Jemima's. The poor woman must get up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning and be fifteen minutes more tired at night, but see how worth while it is when they can do all the cooking and not be the victims of absurd, new-fangled ideas.

There are long lists of things which save time and money, because they do away with waste and give the greatest returns for the money expended.

One woman I know looked horrified when I suggested that it was extravagant for her to make her own jelly. She cited to me the cheapness of the raw material in comparison with what she must pay for the finished product. She forgot to add the price of a good bit of gas consumed in the slow preserving process necessary to result in clear jelly, the cost of the preserving glasses and her own nervous exhaustion from standing over a hot fire. Today the housekeeper's time is set at a larger value than it was yesterday. If my friend had crossed the threshold of the big food factory of the present day she would have discovered eye-opening conditions that make for economy and health. These food kitchens are far better equipped with appliances than most home kitchens. Capital and brains unite in food preparations impossible in the average home. The finest utensils costing thousands of dollars are used; high-priced chefs and experts in bacteriology are employed. The cost of labor, raw products and tins or glass jars is reduced to a minimum because of the enormous quantities used. Comparing these facts with the inadequate kitchen equipment oftenest found my friend would surely have seen it was not economy for her to make her own jelly, besides having no time for the rest and pleasures she should enjoy.

The argument in favor of buying jellies and canned fruits and vegetables applies to those who have to buy the raw fruits and vegetables for the purpose of canning them. Of course it is economy for those who raise their own fruits and vegetables to can the surplus that otherwise would go to waste, and for this purpose improved home-canning outfits can now be had that very much reduce the labor, and produce results superior to those attained by the old home methods.

Every woman should make it her business to study all conditions inside and outside the home which will keep her from being so tied down to her housekeeping that she has no time for the care of her husband and children; the woman who uses what the modern scientist has invented for her instead of her hands is undoubtedly the most efficient housekeeper. It is not necessary to be extravagant and buy all household helps at once but as the need arises. My friend Mrs. Jones said she would rather go without a new dress than not keep on buying things to make her housework easier so she can have some time to devote to the larger housekeeping of the outside world. One of our most prominent twentieth century housekeepers says, "That woman who is too busy washing baby's flannels to help bring pressure to bear on the legislature for the passage of a pure-wool law, who has to nurse her children through typhoid instead of seeing that the health officer tests the town water supply, who spends her time scrubbing the accumulated grime from the woodwork instead of helping enforce the anti-smoke ordinance—that woman is too busy to keep house well."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

lonely little orphan girl away up in an almost bare attic room, but still she was "glad" because she had no mirror to reflect her freckles. The same with everything—every punishment had its glad side. So glad was she that it fairly radiated from her face and gladdened everyone with whom she came in contact. A cranky invalid lady was made to see the glad side when Pollyanna told her she might be blad that everybody was not an invalid like herself and glad because she still had her arms and hands and eyes. It always changed the lives of all that looked on the "glad" side.

This is enough of the story to illustrate my point. It is this: there is *always* a "glad" side to everything if we but search for it. Pollyanna said, "The harder it was to find the thing to be glad for the more fun the game."

Now, I am alone with two babies, my husband being in the far West at present, but I am glad my little boy and girl are here to keep me company. Sometimes I saw my own wood but I am glad I am able to do it, and sisters there are so many things I can be glad for. Let's all try the game and see how much happier we feel. If we brood over the past, ponder over the present in a dissatisfied way, or worry about the future, most any of us could get almost blue enough for the color itself to show in our faces, all of which does us no good. But just try the other and see the difference. To be glad means to be happy and if my letter is not already too long I will quote a few lines:

"Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is a brave work and true.

"Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy; and they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten if other skies you brighten,
By just being happy with a heart full of song!"

Hoping this will help someone, I am,
Your COMFORT sister, MRS. A. P. STANLEY.

Mrs. Stanley. If your letter helps others as much as it has helped me you may be sure it will do some good. I had read "Pollyanna" some time ago but was forgetting her "glad game." There is a later book entitled "Pollyanna Grows Up" which portrays Pollyanna as a young woman, still playing her "glad game" and radiating cheer and happiness by her kind deeds. Even if we are not quite happy, in all fairness to other people we should endeavor to cultivate an outward appearance of happiness for the influence shed by a gloomy countenance is, to say the least, depressing. We can all find something to be glad about if we but try.—Ed.

TOKIO, N. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having just finished reading Mrs. Hattie D. Miller's letter I thought I would write and comment upon a topic that has interested me greatly; namely the rearing of little children.

We have been married eight years and have five children, the oldest was seven years old the first of March, the next oldest six, the next four, the next three, the next one and one half years.

Now what I wish to ask Mrs. Miller or some other experienced sister is: could a mother with so many little tots and all her own housework to do on a farm be expected to have the same patience and strength to bring up all those children as well as a mother with one or perhaps two children to divide her time between? If Mrs. Miller had four children besides her little girl she spoke of, she would have found it harder to bring her up as well as she has.

I love my children very dearly but I correct them sometimes because, I think they need it. Maybe I am mistaken. Our two oldest boys are deaf and though no worse than average children I find it necessary to punish them occasionally. Am almost of the opinion fewer children and better reared, are better than too many.

We live on an Indian Reservation, in Benson county, N. Dak., and like very well; the land is, of course, cheaper here than in the adjoining counties as it is not broken. We are on the banks of Wood Lake where we have excellent water and plenty of fish; and a good deal of wild fruit grows around the lake.

Will answer all letters enclosing stamp and would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

MRS. MARIE HAGGERTY.

Mrs. Haggerty. Unfortunately I cannot give you the benefit of my personal experience as my family does not number quite as many as yours, though really, five are not so very many, but I am printing your letter in hopes that it will be the means of eliciting information from mothers who can tell us their experience. You may be able to derive some help from the following poem, particularly the last verse, "do your best and trust to Heav'n."—Ed.

Training the Other Woman's Child

They all sat around in friendly chat
Discussing mostly this and that,
And a hat.

Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad
Oh, t'was sad!

One thought she knew what must be done
With every child beneath the sun,
She had none.

And ere her yarn had been quite spun
Another's theory was begun,
She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew.
But thus and so she thought she'd do.
She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see,"
These things work out so differently,
She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom's store
And said, "I'll have to think it o'er,"
She had four.

Then one sighed, "I don't contrive
Fixed rules for boys that are too alive."
She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening of crooked sticks."
She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule given
But do your best and trust to Heav'n."
She had seven.

LOXLEY, ALA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here I come again from southern Alabama. Since my letter appeared last year the readers have asked me to write again, desiring to know more of the Sunny South.

First of all I will speak of the beautiful shade trees. The Texas umbrella is found in most every house yard; also the camphor tree; both grow very fast from seed or can be bought at the nurseries. The holly and magnolia grow wild and can be taken up and transplanted. The live oak is another pretty shade tree; some of them are covered with long gray moss, especially those found along the rivers and bays. The Yupon is another evergreen bush with red berries and is very pretty mixed in with holly for Christmas decorations.

The umbrella tree sheds its leaves in the fall, but the big bunches of seeds stay on the trees all winter. There are two species grown here but the seeds are alike on both and make very pretty beads when the outside hull is boiled and washed off. They are ribbed and hard like a nut; color light gray but can be colored any shade. There is a hole through them, all ready to string. I sent several strings of them last year to my friends in Oregon and Wisconsin and they wrote back that they thought they were very pretty. I strung them with little glass or gold beads between.

The country here in southern Alabama was originally covered with a long leaf, yellow pine, which is now mostly cut. It was controlled by cattle and sheep men who kept settlers out, but now in the last few years it is being settled up fast by Northern people. The water is pure and soft, but not cold. Most all the wells are drilled. The staple crops here are corn, sweet and Irish potatoes, upland rice, oats, sorghum, velvet and lyonbeans, cowpeas, peanuts, cotton, sugar cane and most all kinds of vegetables, fruits and nuts. Some new crops are being tried and raised here with success. The dasheen is one. It may not be new to some people but I never saw any growing until last summer. It is used as a substitute for Irish potatoes, which it does not exceed in yield of bushel, but exceeds in average food value per acre. It is a tropical plant. The bulb or tuber is the part used for food. They have better keeping qualities than the Irish potatoes.

Cassava is another new crop that is being raised here in the South and is the main food standby of Central South America and the West Indies. Cassava is the plant from which tapioca is made. It will produce more food per acre than any other crop and is equally adapted to man and beast. The roots are the parts used for food. It is grown from seed cuttings, and the seed canes are not easily kept.

Spineless cactus is another new crop which they are just beginning to grow here, but I don't think it will be a success as our common forage plants have more stock food value.

We have no snow here but some cold winds, more changeable this last year than for several years before, but it has been colder all over the United States and we have not escaped. A thin skim of ice formed several times this winter but it was not cold enough to hurt the oranges or the Japonica buds and flowers.

Our little Railroad station, Loxley, is about half way between Mobile and Pensacola, our nearest large towns. There is a railroad graded most of the way between the two towns, but the track is laid only part way from Pensacola to Loxley. Work is stopped for lack of capital. The L. and N. Railroad runs through Loxley.

The soil is a sandy loam with red or yellow clay subsoil; looks rich and mellow but lacks humus and lime so has to be fertilized. There are no stones or rocks on the land.

Very few Negroes here. No malaria or fevers. Wages are low as there are no factories or mills. We need a canning factory badly as most of our garden truck has to be shipped out.

The summer days here are an hour or so shorter and the winter days are longer than in the North. We have very little twilight.

Don't you think, sisters, we should try to cultivate the habit of contentment? They say "Contentment is riches," and if we could become like the old man in the story we would all be happier. An old man who had been taught to be content with his lot became very poor. He traded off his coat for a loaf of bread, but before he could eat it a dog came and, snatching the bread, ran away. The man was indignant at first, but soon the old feeling of contentment stole over him, and as he saw the dog vanish around the corner he exclaimed, "Well, thank God, I have my appetite left."

We didn't get Woman Suffrage last fall, but are still living in hopes. It is said that woman's place is in the home. Surely it is, but a better place to vote from has never been found. Many men fear that when women get the vote they will be defiled by the political atmosphere, but it does not work that way in the states where women are enfranchised. Women voters are responsible for a general cleaning up of the polls. They bring cleanliness instead of taking on defilement.

My letter is too long already, but I wish to say a word about our song birds, the mocking bird. It sings only in spring and summer, at night as well as day, and can imitate all the other birds even the little chicks.

Love and good luck to our dear COMFORT and COMFORT sisters. MRS. P. S. HENDRY.

HAMTRAMCK, 32 Danforth Ave., MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT about eight years and I think it an excellent magazine. I like to read the sisters' letters, but there is one thing I do not like and that is people describing themselves or their looks. I see no sense in it. I fear if anyone asked me to describe my looks I would have a hard task especially if I were good looking. If I were asked to do so I would refuse. I don't see how a modest woman can do it. Even a frivolous girl, if she has common sense would be afraid to overrate her personal appearance, remembering that beauty of person is fragile, virtue alone has true and everlasting dignity. It is by the soul we must judge. If that is pure then our beauty is complete; also let all the sisters remember the words in Holy writ, "Let another praise thee and not thy own lips."

To change the subject, I wish to say I am sending six of the shut-ins a little cheer. I hope many of the sisters will do the same.

Yours most sincerely, ANNIE KIRK.

Sisters. How many agree with Annie Kirk? How many are in favor of descriptions and why? Whether you agree with her or not, I hope you will follow her example in writing letters of cheer to shut-ins. It will take but little of your time and it means more to the weary sufferer than you can imagine, also send some of the "cheer that buys bread," as Uncle Charlie says.—Ed.

ELKINS, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to talk just a little while and although not as fluent as the others, maybe I can express my sentiments.

I certainly enjoy reading all the sisters' letters; they seem so neighborly and friendly.

Any of you that think you would like me for a pen friend, please write.

Did you ever hear anyone say, "Oh, I get so lonely and restless, and the days seem so long?" I have, but I can't fully sympathize with anyone like that, for I have seldom been that way. I can always find something to interest me. For instance, I love flowers. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy caring for them and watching them grow. Then I crochet.

I also take several magazines and like to read. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

calling foreigners names, referring to many of them contemptuously as Chinks, Guineas, Wops, Dagoes, Geese, Kikes, Greasers, etc. The Europeans get back at us calling us Yankee pigs and swine. It is time we remembered we are all human. Names that are meant to hurt and sting only perpetuate race hatred. However we are our brother's keeper, and it isn't what we do, but what Providence has dictated in the great scheme of things that is our part to do, that we must do. We have got to play our world part and play it in a manly fashion. There is some rough and probably bloody work to be done in this world, before a lasting foundation is made for world peace and brotherhood. The workers of the world have no quarrel, but they are too ignorant to know it, and too blind to see it. They are all doing as father did, carrying large "Please Kick me" signs around, still carrying the lazy of earth on their backs, still preferring the sword to reason and common sense. We can't talk to a man with a gun in his hand, and force is the only power that amounts to a red cent in the councils of the nations. The day has not yet come when we can all live soft and easy lives- that at present is only the privilege of a few. The majority of us have to fight and fight hard for the few crusts we've got, for there are hundreds of millions of people who have only half a crust and who would think the most unsanitary shacks of the poorest paid of our workers, palatial luxury. Seventy-five per cent of the people on this planet are casting envious eyes at these United States, and we are not going to be allowed to keep what we have without a struggle. This country has developed entirely too much of late from without, and if it is ever going to amount to anything, it's got to start right now developing from within. At present we are suffering from racial indigestion. We object to the Japs coming here because we know they are a racial type we cannot absorb. This war unfortunately has taught us that there are millions of the representatives of European races that also refuse to be absorbed, men and women who are alien in thought and deed, and though born on this soil of Washington and Lincoln, are breeding another race of aliens. Here to my mind is one of the greatest dangers this nation has to confront, and just how great and just how real it is, only those who spend their lives probing beneath the surface of things realize. We need a powerful navy, enough officers to handle a force of half a million men. I am a dreamer, but I am not a fool dreamer. When I live amongst burglars I am going to keep a lock on my door and a gun under my pillow. You may never need to use the gun, but as they say out West when you do need it, you need it d—— bad. You don't have any time to go out and buy one, or manufacture one. What we've got to do in this world is to deal with conditions as they are, and not as we'd like them to be. While we are in the waters of tribulation (and we are in it up to our necks) if we don't keep on swimming we are going to sink. We have sense enough to know we need policemen in the streets of our cities. We know that without the strong arm of the law order would vanish and chaos would reign. Our army and navy play the same part in the highways of the world as a policeman does in the streets of our cities. Our voluble friend, William Jennings Bryan talks about the million men who would spring to arms in a minute between sunrise and sunset, if an enemy invaded these shores. Such talk is piffle, poppycock, slush and bunk. The man who talks like that ought not to have charge of a chicken coop, let alone the lives of a hundred million people. It has taken the British Army seven months to prepare a million men for the field. The Canadian contingent of thirty-two thousand men, most of whom were militiamen and many of whom were old soldiers, after weeks of training on this side of the water, were not allowed to go to the front until they had had an additional five months of training in England. William Jennings talks about the arms that our million patriots would spring to. Yes, and they'll be the same old arms they had seventeen years ago in our war with Spain, obsolete condemned Kragg and ossified black powder Springfields, with a kick that sends a man somersaulting to the rear several miles, every time he pulls a trigger, and knocks his shoulder off every time the gun goes bang. We have enough of these old squirt guns to kill off all the patriots that would spring to arms, but they wouldn't kill anybody else. If, until they had six months of war training, any of our million patriots tried to spring at the trained troops of an invading army they would simply spring into their graves. It takes months to make the artillery that is now used in field fighting and months more training to know how to use it properly, and when it comes to training officers it is a case not of months, but of years. I'm not talking militarism. Militarism means not the use of armed men but *the worship of them*. Militarism is an evil thing that will never find a congenial atmosphere for development in these United States. Events in Europe have set the clock of progress back fifty years. All our cherished ideals of "peace on earth, good will to men," have been blown to pieces at the mouth of the cannon. People who do not realize this are living in a fool's paradise. Though we are a peaceful people it was only the other day we were fighting Spain and quite recently we were fighting in Mexico. We have fought in Hawaii, in the Philippines, Central America. We nearly had a run in with Chili and we had a deuced good run in between ourselves, and during our trouble with Spain, if it had not been for the big fleet of a certain maritime nation, all Europe which cordially despises us, would have been on our backs. On an average we have had a war every twenty-five years of our national existence. No one can tell what a day may bring forth. The whole of the earth has its envious eyes upon us, for to them we look like a big, fat, helpless goose, ready for the plucking, and that at present is just about what we are, and instead of having a watchdog at the gate to see that we are not plucked, we have in Washington, a lot more geese. Heaven help us and protect us, for the Lord knows we haven't sense enough to protect ourselves. Now don't forget these international thoughts, world thoughts. To be a citizen of any particular country is all right, but it's horribly selfish to be satisfied with such narrow limitations. Be as I am, a citizen of the world, better still be a citizen of God's great universal world, of which our world and the millions of worlds around us are but an infinitesimal part. When you write your names hereafter on every and all occasions, add these initials C. U. (Citizen of the Universe). People will look at that C. U. and wonder what the deuce it means. That's your opportunity to open up and let them know. You will watch with amusement how their old troglodyte eyes will blink, just as sunshine makes an owl blink. After the bats get your idea, they will add C. U. to their own names and quit being bats and then they will make other bats blink and *think*. Catch the idea? Now add that C. U. to your names when you write to me, so I may know you are awake, actually alive, and that you've quit blinking and started thinking.

GILLESPIEVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

It is my opinion that you do not get any letters from the "Buckeye State;" or, if you do, you do not publish any of them. Which is it Uncle? As I see the other cousins describe themselves, I suppose I must do the same. I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, have dark eyes, black hair, a pug nose, a complexion that varies with the weather, a score of delicate freckles, and a temper that goes from normal up to 212 degrees in less than no time. Am seventeen years old. Now, if you are not frightened to death, I will stay and chat a while.

We have taken COMFORT for several years, and we like it fine. Uncle, I like to see you give it to the little silly, weak-minded girls, who rave about their beaux. I notice some of them need their spelling books and grammar, more than they need a beau. Some of the boys are all right, and the girls can be good friends to them without making fools of themselves. I expect my letter is geting too long, but before I go, I'll tell you what I am good for. I can do all kinds of housework, milk the cows, sew, play the piano and

(CONTINUED ON COLUMN 4, THIS PAGE.)

Help on the Movement for Nation-Wide Prohibition

In response to numerous and urgent requests from our readers COMFORT will furnish the ammunition and lead them in a campaign for a national law to banish the liquor evil.

Will you enlist in support of this cause?

It is the most vitally important issue before the American people.

It affects the general welfare, and as all, regardless of sex, are equally interested and have an equal right to be heard and exert their influence on our national law-makers, I appeal to the women as well as the men to sign and circulate these petitions.

Those who have read the series of editorials on Nation-wide Prohibition that began in February COMFORT understand the full significance of this appeal and the purpose of the petition heading which is printed below.

For the information of our new subscribers and other interested persons who have not read our previous editorials on this subject I offer the following brief explanation which may also be a help to those who circulate the petitions.

I have not space or time here and now to detail the wreck and ruin caused by the grog shops; the resulting evil is of such magnitude as to be a national calamity. The liquor habit is the greatest of all causes of crime, poverty and distress; disease, sickness, insanity and suicide follow in its wake and it blasts the innocent offspring, not only of the drunkard but of the moderate drinker, with physical, mental and moral degeneracy.

The liquor traffic is a national menace that must be abated by a national law. State prohibitory and local option laws are inadequate in scope and so difficult of enforcement as to be too largely inefficient.

For these reasons the friends of temperance have striven, thus far in vain, for the adoption of an amendment of the United States Constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor except for medicinal and mechanical purposes and to place its manufacture and sale for these purposes under the control of the federal government.

Such a constitutional amendment is desirable and probably will be an accomplished fact some time in the future, though it will be by a hard fight and may take years to win it, because at best the process is long and complicated, affording many opportunities for successful resistance by the mighty influence of the liquor combine.

Meanwhile there is urgent need of immediate nation-wide prohibition; and there is a simple and speedy process by which it might and should be established next winter by act of Congress. It is to accomplish this that COMFORT has entered this campaign and asks your help.

Last winter Congress made a thorough-going law for nation-wide suppression of the dope evil. On the first day of March, when it took effect, the United States government assumed control of all opium and cocain in the country, so that on and after that date these habit-forming drugs and their derivitives and compounds could not and never can be imported, manufactured, kept, distributed, sold or given away in any manner or form in any part of Uncle Sam's dominions except under the very strictest government supervision and regulation.

This law is operating with complete success although the various state anti-dope laws had proved as ineffectual as the local liquor laws.

What we ask in our petitions—and the situation demands it, for the drink evil is greater even than the dope evil—is that the national government shall in like manner solve the temperance question by taking control of the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors under such stringent regulations as to restrict their use to legitimate medicinal, scientific, mechanical and fuel purposes.

This does not require any constitutional amendment. It can and should be done by act of Congress at the coming session which will begin next December. Congress has the same power over liquor that it has over drugs. Will it exercise its power in the interest of temperance? Yes, if you, the people, demand it; no, if you are silent, for the liquor interests are ever active and alert.

Perhaps you wonder why our petitions ask for government prohibition and control through the instrumentality of a federal tax. This is to obviate any possible question of conflict between national authority and state rights in dealing with this matter.

The power of direct and simple prohibition or regulation of any business within a state belongs to the state legislature and not to Congress. But Congress has unlimited power to tax business. And, as the U. S. Supreme Court has declared, "power to tax is power to destroy," or it may be employed as a means of regulating the subject matter of taxation. So when Congress wishes to regulate any kind of business within the states it does so by imposing a moderate or even trifling tax and making the regulative features incidental to the assessment or collection. On a one dollar annual registration tax and a fee of one cent each for order blanks the government hung its effective control and stringent regulation of opium, cocain and other habit-forming drugs.

And when Congress wishes to exterminate a business or manufacture that it cannot directly prohibit, it accomplishes that object by the thoroughly effective means of imposing a tax so heavy as to be absolutely prohibitive. By taxing it to death Congress rid the country of the dangerous yellow phosphorous match, and the same method was employed to abolish the issue of currency by state banks.

Our petitions ask Congress to tax alcoholic liquor out of existence, except such as is produced, dispensed and used under strict government supervision and regulation for medicinal, scientific, mechanical or fuel purposes.

The government now taxes the products of the distilleries at $1.10 a gallon for proof spirits such as whiskey, brandy, rum and gin, and $2.20 a gallon for clear alcohol except such as it made and denatured under government supervision for mechanical and fuel purposes. Alcohol is denatured by adding enough poison to prevent its use as a beverage. The government also imposes a large tax on every wholesale liquor dealer and smaller taxes on retail dealers including keepers of barrooms and saloons. The manufacture of beer and wine is taxed and imported liquors have to pay.

By the simple process of raising all these taxes to a prohibitive size Congress can establish nation-wide prohibition and end the drink evil now and forever throughout the country, and by exempting, or rebating the tax on liquors and alcohol made and dispensed under government supervision for medicinal, scientific, mechanical and fuel purposes safe control can be maintained to prevent fraud and improper use.

Returning to the question of the constitutional amendment, our April editorial said:

"It appears to have been erroneously assumed by the friends of temperance that an amendment of the Constitution of the United States was necessary in order to empower Congress to prohibit, or assume control of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the country. Therefore they have been laboring for the adoption of such an amendment, which is a slow and difficult task requiring for its accomplishment favorable action by a two thirds vote of both branches of Congress and acceptance by the legislatures of three quarters of the states.

"The resolution for a prohibitory amendment introduced and urged in the last Congress by Congressman Richmond P. Hobson of Alabama, was favored by a majority vote in both the Senate and House of Representatives but failed of a passage because it fell a little short of the requisite two thirds.

"Now here is the vital point. While it requires a two thirds vote of Congress to submit a constitutional amendment for consideration by the States, and then a long delay with the final action of the States in doubt, only a bare majority of both Senate and House (without reference to the states) is necessary to make a law that becomes immediately effective.

"It must be assumed that the senators and congressmen who voted last winter in favor of the prohibitory amendment were sincerely in favor of nation-wide prohibition and would have voted for a law designed to accomplish that object, and therefore had it been a proposed prohibitory law, instead of a constitutional amendment it would have been enacted and we should now have nation-wide prohibition.

"Let us not wait for the slow, tedious and doubtful process of a constitutional amendment, but rather let us demand that Congress, at its next session which begins in December, make a law whereby in the exercise of its taxing power the National government shall prohibit the sale of liquor for a beverage and shall assume full and effective control of the manufacture sale and distribution of alcohol and alcoholic liquors and restrict their use to mechanical and medicinal purposes."

And I concluded by asking how many of our readers would give their active support to such a campaign by circulating petitions addressed to their Congressmen and Senators if COMFORT will lead the fight and supply the ammunition.

In reply I have received a flood of letters, from every section of the country, expressing hearty approval of COMFORT'S stand, urging me to lead the movement and pledging their enthusiastic and active help in circulating the petitions which they asked me to furnish.

Therefore I have prepared the heading for the petitions and you will find one printed at the foot of this page. You can cut it out and paste it on a long sheet of writing paper so to have space for names on the paper below the printed heading. Sign your own name and then pass it round among your neighbors for their signatures. Take this copy of COMFORT along with you so you can explain to your friends just what the petition means and what the movement is designed to accomplish. Write in the name of your Congressman at the top, and after you have got all the names you can on your petition, mail it to him; any time before December it should go to his home address; after the first of December he will be in Washington attending the session of Congress, and if you wait till then it should be sent to him at the "House of Representatives," Washington, D. C. You have plenty of time between now and December to talk this up and get signers; but don't put it off; begin now and keep working until December.

I also have these petitions printed on good writing paper with plenty of blank space below the heading for names of petitioners; they are much neater, requiring no cutting or pasting, and they save you the necessity of mutilating your COMFORT. Three will be sent on request if two cent stamp is enclosed to pay postage; address COMFORT Temperance Editor, Augusta, Maine.

There is a further advantage in having three petitions to circulate at once. One each should be addressed to the two Senators from your state, and the third to the Congressman that represents your Congressional district; thus you can get each petitioner to sign all three petitions at the same time. It is quite as important to petition your two Senators as well as your Congressman. I will mail as many printed petitions as desired to all who send the necessary postage.

I thank you for your kind letters and I am touched by the many expressions of your warm personal regard. Sincerely your friend,

W. H. GANNETT.

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper

Date_____1915.

Hon._____

U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the national welfare demands the eradication of intemperance and that, for the attainment of this end, it is the imperative duty of Congress immediately to enact a law abolishing, throughout the United States, the manufacture, importation and sale of alcohol and alcoholic liquors except for mechanical and medicinal purposes under strict regulation and control by federal authority. This can and should be done by exercising the taxing power of Congress against alcohol and alcoholic compounds in manner and form similar to the provisions of the recent federal law regulating the keeping, sale and distribution of opium, cocain and other habit-forming drugs.

Although the movement for a prohibitory amendment of the U. S. Constitution, which we also favor, is gaining ground, that process is necessarily slow and meanwhile the monstrous evils of the liquor traffic must be overcome by immediate federal legislation.

Therefore we respectfully request that you will vote for, and do your best to secure the passage of a bill to impose a prohibitive federal tax on the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors except for medicinal, mechanical, scientific and fuel purposes, and establish control and strict regulation by the federal government over the manufacture, importation, keeping, distribution, sale and dispensing of alcohol and alcoholic liquors for the excepted purposes aforesaid.

NAMES RESIDENCES

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM COLUMN 1, THIS PAGE.)

play golf. So you see I am not entirely an ornament altogether.

I would like to hear from the cousins, and will answer all I can. Your niece and cousin,

BEATRICE COTTRILL. (League No. 39,420.)

Beatrice, I get hundreds of letters from Ohio, I don't however, select letters with regard to location. Geography has nothing to do with it. I have to instruct, entertain and amuse to the best of my ability and I select those letters which contain subjects or ideas which I can elaborate and use as a basis for profitable discussion. You are too tall for your weight, or rather your weight is not sufficient for your height. Be careful of your diet and masticate your food thoroughly and see if you cannot gain another ten or fifteen pounds. Watch that temper of yours. Most of you girls want to know how to remove freckles or superfluous hair. You are all deeply interested in externals. None of you however, write and ask how to remove bad tempers. When you feel your temper rising count five hundred slowly before you say an angry word. I would rather see a man drunk with liquor than a woman drunk with temper. Be temperate in all things. Turn the hose on that temper. In our old Latin text books I remember we used to be told that anger was a brief madness. It's not pleasant to know we have people around who are liable to go insane when the least thing disturbs them. A sweet-tempered girl is altogether adorable. A two-legged volcano, male or female is a nuisance not to be tolerated. Yes, girls can have boy friends without making fools of themselves if they make up their minds to do so. Boys however, as a rule are not satisfied with that kind of a deal, neither are the majority of girls. Many girls are wildly emotional. They are slush, sentiment and emotion run to seed, and it takes a strong hand and wise counsel to keep them from making idiots of themselves. Parents tug one way and boys tug the other and the boy usually has the stronger pull. Our boys and girls on the whole have entirely too much liberty. They see too much of one another. Boys are entirely too fresh, forward and flippant. One thing our grandfathers knew that their grandchildren don't know. They knew better than to puff cigarette smoke into a girl's face. If they had done it, they knew they wouldn't have lived to have done it a second time. The necessity for all women to be self supporting has brought men and women in much closer contact than was the case a generation or two ago, with the result that a lot of the safeguards that hedged a woman, have been broken down. Familiarity at times breeds more than contempt, too often it breeds degeneracy. Today I can see from my window painted and powdered, loudly clad, brazen-faced high school girls, returning home in the afternoon, with narrow-chested, blear-eyed, pasty-faced boys of eighteen, slouching along by their sides. You should hear the loud rancorous laugh of the girls as they listen to some suggestive yarn of their escorts—unlicked young cubs familiar with every form of vice and degeneracy from whiskey to the drug habit. These are the products of city life. And these, God help us, these are to be the fathers and mothers of the coming generation! ! The whole bunch wants spanking and sending to the reformatory. Ask any of the judges who have charge of juvenile courts in our cities and they will tell you if I am not right. What we want is more discipline and a higher moral tone in the home, more of it in the street, more of it in every walk of our national life. The modern father is too tired or indifferent when he comes home to bother about anything but his eats, his cigar and the evening paper. Everything is pushed onto mother, and she already has more than she can attend to with her home duties. If she tries to assert her authority, she is swept off her feet and there is no one to back her up. Pop doesn't want to be bothered and Pop doesn't care, so the girls and the hobbledehoy kids roam the streets and know more at fifteen than our grandparents did at fifty. They are old men and old women before they are out of their teens. Of childhood they know nothing and before they are of age there isn't an apple on the tree of life that they haven't tasted and cast aside. It's time someone called a halt. Some strong voices are calling a halt, some school principals are making the girls wash the rouge off their cheeks, and are washing the boys' mouths out and bolling some of the cigarette smoke out of their degenerate hides. The parents are more in need of schooling than children, and our crazy schools ought to train for life instead of business. We are sowing the wind and we will reap the whirlwind all right if we don't watch out.

EDISON JUNCTION, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

This is my first letter to the COMFORT. I am four feet and seven inches tall and weigh about seventy-one pounds. I have brown eyes, black hair, and dark complexion. I am twelve years old. I have two brothers and one sister. Uncle Charlie when I was a little girl about one year old my grandpa gave me a cow, now I have six cows and I sold one for fifteen dollars and put it in the bank. I go to school at Keysville, but my school is out now. I have to walk a mile to school. I am in the sixth grade. I live out on a farm. I can cook, sweep and milk the cow. I am careful in putting in my commas because I saw what you put in the COMFORT about cooking and ironing the cow. We have got some of the prettiest little chickens you ever did see. I am busy picking strawberries, we have only a small patch, and only get about forty-seven quarts at a time. I would like to run over and take you a quart, but will have to wait till walking is better.

With love to you, HAZEL KELLEY.

Hazel, I want to thank you for your entertaining letter. You are very lucky to have such a generous grandfather. The only thing my grandpa ever gave me was a licking. The old gentleman didn't live long after it, for I was some dirty in those days, and anybody who undertook to lick me had a dark brown taste in their mouths for the rest of their lives. I read of a white man licking a colored man the other day. Some people have peculiar tastes. The Goat says he licked him with his gloves and not with his tongue. My! how relieved I am. I am glad to know that that one cow grew up to be six, but I am grieved to know that after selling it you put it in the bank. Say, Hazel that must have been some fun to have seen you putting that cow in the bank. I can see the look of astonishment on the receiving teller's face, as you poked the cow through the little grilled window. I wonder which end went through first. I'll wager all the other depositors gave a yell and beat it, scattering their money in all directions. Why didn't you deposit the money instead of the cow. I'll bet that cow felt awfully uncomfortable, locked up in the safety deposit vault all night. Probably it mistook the greenbacks for grass, and ate up all the bank's funds. Just think, too, if a man went in the next morning to draw out fifteen dollars and the paying teller pushed your cow at him over the counter. I've heard of a bull in a china shop, but I never before heard of a cow in a bank. It seems to me your act was a *cowardly* one. The goat informs me that he thinks you put the money in the bank and not the cow. Always write your sentences so as not to leave us in any doubt as to your meaning. I am glad you are taking such care of your punctuation. I'm glad you don't cook and iron cows, and if you'll only learn to keep them out of the bank you'll be all right. I think if you got forty-seven quarts of strawberries at a time you are doing mighty well, and you are getting more than your share. Forty-seven quarts at a time and still kicking. Strawberries are too rich for our blood. When the strawberry season arrives, Billy the Goat gets under the table and makes a noise like a strawberry, and we smack our lips and say ah! then the strawberry season is over. If we had a real live strawberry we should sell it for fifteen dollars and put it in the bank with your cow. That's the proper place to put luxuries. Luxuries are for the rich to have and the poor people to dream about. That's why we do a lot of dreaming.

—— OHIO,

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Being a reader of COMFORT and seeing the letters and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

The Mare and Foal

THERE is no economy in letting the nursing mare depend upon grass alone for the sustenance of herself and foal during July and August. Neither is it good policy to let the mare graze at that time in an unshaded pasture, exposed to the tormenting attacks of flies and often deprived of free access to fresh, cool drinking water. The mare will run down in condition and become weak if so treated and her foal will suffer in consequence. It would be better to turn her out on grass at night and to keep her in a clean, well-ventilated and shaded box stall or shed during the day and there feed her cut green stuff, hay, whole oats and wheat bran. The foal also should be given a chance to eat oats and bran in addition to taking its mother's milk and eating grass and hay. We have seen many a foal stunted permanently by pasturing with its dam upon an exposed, bare-bitten field and deprived of additional feed. It does not pay to keep a mare and have her produce a foal unless the foal is by a good sire and then perfectly developed by adequate feeding and proper management and the mare must pay for her keep by work as well as the production of a foal. The small farm should be worked largely by brood mares, so fed and cared for, and then will have less loss from horses "eating their heads off" during the winter season of idleness.

Shrink in Milk

Many farmers wonder why a cow that gives twenty to forty pounds of milk in May and June falls away to ten pounds a day or less in July, August and September. These men usually depend entirely upon grass pasture to maintain such dairy cows. At first this pasture is luscious and luxuriant and cows make a big flow of milk from the feed. At that time the grass is a grateful change after dry feed and flies do not bother; but soon the effect wears off, the cow has used up all of her stored energy, flies become a torment, heat adds to the misery and the cow needs some other feed as an adjunct. It is absolutely necessary to supply cows with shade during the heated term of the year, to allow them plenty of cool, fresh water and to add some cut green feed, as a supplement to the grass which is becoming short and dry. Silage, specially put up in a separate silo, is now coming into vogue for late summer feeding; or the big silo, not emptied in winter, will supply good silage if kept carefully covered to prevent mold. If silage cannot be given, the cowman should have a patch of oats and peas, sweet corn, vetches, clover or Alfalfa, to cut and throw over the pasture fence for his cows. It is a better plan to feed it in the shed or stable in the heat of the day and then turn the cows out after nine at night. Mosquitoes do most of their biting between seven and nine. Flies torment worst in the hot sun. Cows cannot make a profit from grass grazed in the heat of the sun, or when mosquitoes are biting bad. Use the spray pump and some good fly repellant at such times. Sprinkle borax on the manure heaps and flies will lessen materially. Every cow and horse stable should be screened and darkened and nowadays one sees fly traps of mesh wire commonly in use. Don't blame the cow if she shrinks in milk flow. It commonly is the owner's fault and he is asking of the cow more than can reasonably be expected of her in the way of performance.

In Case of Colic

So-called "colic" simply means indigestion, accompanied by pain and often by collection of gas in the stomach or large intestines, or stoppage of the intestines with feed, or waste products of feed. Rarely is there anything the matter with the urinary organs. The urine will be passed when the pain subsides. Pain means cramp and cramp means temporary cessation of the motions of the bowels and of the function of the bladder. No medicine is needed for kidney or bladder trouble. The object should be to remove the offending irritating matters from the stomach and intestines, to restore the activity of the bowels and incidentally to relieve pain. Unless this is done the simple attack of colic may run into fatal inflammation of the bowels (enteritis), or the slight stoppage of function into paralysis and impaction. No irritating medicine should be given. Liniment is intended for external use only and so should not be given for colic. Medicine should be given by way of the mouth; never by way of the nostrils. Baking soda is dangerous when there is "sour stomach" and collection of gas. It effervesces in the stomach and causes more gas and the stomach is easily ruptured by such increase of pressure from gas. If a graduate veterinarian cannot be employed at once give the horse from one to two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil, slowly and carefully from a bottle. Do not give boiled linseed oil; it is poisonous. Rectal injections of soapy warm water are useful; but the sick horse should not be galloped. Following the oil drench, should pain persist while the veterinarian is coming, it will be safe and probably helpful to give such simpler remedies as essence of peppermint and ginger and a good dose of alcoholic stimulant in water. Hyposulphite of soda in two ounce doses may be dissolved in the water in which the stimulant is mixed, if the horse suffers from excess of gas in stomach or intestines.

Some Summer Pests

LEAF BLIGHT ON BEETS.—This disease makes its appearance during the summer and causes the tops to turn brown and die. It may be kept under control by spraying with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the disease appears and before it has made much headway. It will usually take two or three sprayings to keep it under control.

MAGGOTS IN TURNIPS, RUTABAGAS AND RADISHES.—These are the larvae of a gnat that lays its eggs on the leaves near the ground. When the eggs hatch the maggots burrow into the roots making them wormy. The use of carbon-bi-sulphide has been advocated but though it proves effectual it costs too much to be an economical method of control. Practise rotation and never plant these roots on infected fields. It is always a good plan to rotate crops even in so small a plot as the home garden.

BEAN RUST.—String beans, especially the white wax varieties, are frequently troubled with rust. This appears on the pod in the form of a small round brown spot which increases in size and spreads rapidly throughout the field. There is no practical remedy after the disease has once gotten under headway. It is carried over the winter on the seed and in the soil. Remember this when planting next year and be sure not to plant beans on infected soil. The seed should also be soaked, before planting, in a solution of the following proportions: six ounces copper carbonate, two quarts ammonia and nine gallons of water. Soak for an hour or two.

WEEVILS IN PEAS AND BEANS.—These may be destroyed in the seed but not in the field. If your peas and beans are infested this year, treat the seed with carbon bi-sulphide in the following manner. Place the seed in a tight box which can be closely covered. Put a pint of carbon-bi-sulphide in an open dish on top of the seed and close the cover. This will evaporate rapidly and kill the weevils as the fumes soak down through the seed. All lights must be kept away as carbon-bi-sulphide is very explosive. The box should be uncovered and the building thoroughly aired before any fire is brought near it.

Cabbage Pests

At this season of the year in many localities the cabbage crop is suffering from the ravages of cabbage pests. The worst of these are the root maggot, the cabbage worm, the club-root and the black-leg. Each of these is easily recognized as the name suggests.

THE ROOT MAGGOT.—This attacks the plant in the lower stem and roots. It may be kept off, however, by placing a piece of tarred paper, in which a hole and slit have been made, on the surface of the ground so that the stem comes up through the hole.

THE CABBAGE WORM.—This may be controlled in several ways. Spraying with kerosene emulsion, made as described in former issues of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer, is effective. This may be used early before the worms have worked into the head. It kills by contact. Or the worms may be poisoned with Paris green either by spraying or dusting it on the small plants and before they begin to head. Wood ashes or even road dust seem to be effective, also. The fine dust particles get into the breathing pores of the insects and literally choke them to death. All these remedies should be applied before the worms have gone into the head because they are then hard to reach.

"CLUB-*root*" AND "BLACK-*leg*."—There is no known remedy for either of these diseases. They seldom appear the first year that cabbage is grown on a field, but soon become very prevalent in the cabbage growing sections. This fact suggests the most effective control. Practise crop rotation. Don't grow cabbage two years in succession on the same piece of land. Crop rotation is the best known system of controlling all plant disease and insect pests. However, disease resistant varieties of cabbage have been recently developed from which much good may come.

Keep Cultivating the Corn

The rule used to be to quit "plowing" corn when the leaves got so high that the horses ate them as they worked and it became more and more difficult to get through the rows without breaking down the stalks. That idea is dying out in many corn growing districts. The new plan is to give one or two deep cultivations and then keep at the shallow, surface cultivation and go on cultivating, with a single horse and light cultivator, when the corn is above the horses' backs, or thereabout. Such continued, stirring cultivation will insure a crop of corn on land that might yield a failure if not so cultivated. It takes the place of much manure. It makes up for lack of rain. It helps corn to fight its enemies and survive all sorts of troubles and tribulation. It is good to see a man and his women folks so thoroughly in earnest that they are willing to hoe the corn crop hour after hour *to keep down the weeds*. It is important to keep down weeds, but it is far more important to keep in moisture and the horse and cultivator kept going steadily, to stir the surface soil even in hot dry weather, will do more to insure a corn crop than a regiment of women with hoes in hand. Let the women attend to the household affairs, the children, the chickens and maybe the garden; but let the boys and horses "tend the corn" without delving deeply and the profit will be greater in the long run. The time to kill corn land weeds is before the seed is planted and then before the plants are up, or large. Starting on clean, well tilled land the important thing then is to break up the surface crust after every rain and to keep stirring as often as possible until such stirring can no longer be done. The man who is satisfied with thirty bushels of ear corn per acre cannot afford to do this; anyhow he does not do it. But the man who is willing to put in the work and who does it right will change to the harvester of an eighty to one hundred bushel crop. *The boys are doing this.* Lots of them in boy corn clubs manage it. Some of them have far surpassed the figures we have quoted. These boys have done as they were told and so they have succeeded. Now it is up to the men to sink conceit, abandon "sot ways" and adopt new, sensible, profitable methods of corn production. Good seed, of high germination test, planted properly, at the right time, on properly prepared and fertilized soil and land then kept clean and moist by persistent cultivation, for the conservation of moisture as well as the keeping down of weeds—these are the simple rules for success. Study them and put them into practise.

Getting Alfalfa Started

If you haven't succeeded with Alfalfa try seeding it in the fall, in July in the Northern tier of states and as late as August or September farther South. First kill all the weeds by early plowing and frequent harrowing and, when you have a fine seed bed and the usual summer dry spell is about over, sow the seed.

Before sowing inoculate your field with soil from an Alfalfa field or send to the United States Department of Agriculture for inoculating material with which to treat your Alfalfa seed. Just before sowing spread ground limestone over your field at the rate of four tons per acre. Be sure to select a well-drained spot for your Alfalfa as it will not thrive on a low wet soil.

If the land is not fertile use a complete fertilizer at the rate of a half ton per acre. A mixed fertilizer from the slaughter house, composed of dried blood, ground bone and tankage, is excellent but there is nothing better than barnyard manure for this purpose if it can be had.

Some Alfalfa Troubles

BLISTER BEETLES.—This is the most annoying Alfalfa pest. It is a small black beetle about an eighth of an inch wide and half an inch long. These beetles sometimes become so numerous as to entirely strip the leaves of small plots of Alfalfa though they seldom damage large fields to this extent. The only remedy is to spray a narrow strip of Alfalfa around the field with Paris green to poison the pests. Of course care must be taken not to harvest any of the poisoned Alfalfa for food for stock.

LEAF SPOT.—Small yellow spots appear on the eaves which soon spread to cover the entire plant. This is a fungous disease and the most serious one that afflicts Alfalfa. The remedy is to clip the field as soon as the spots appear, being careful to rake up this crop and to remove it from the field no matter how small. If left on the field no good results from clipping since when the spores ripen and dry they soon spread to other plants. The new growth will probably be free from the disease.

YELLOW ALFALFA.—Why does Alfalfa turn yellow? There are several answers to this question. If the soil is low, wet or poorly drained the yellowing may be due to this cause. If the field is high, well drained and fertile the yellowing may be due either to a lack of lime, a sour soil or no inoculation. To settle this question carefully dig up a plant and examine the roots for nodules. If none are present the yellow color is doubtless due to poor inoculation. If nodules are present, test the soil with blue litmus paper. If it turns pink or red then the soil is sour, which is the cause of the poor color. The remedy for sour soil is to apply ground lime.

Yellow Alfalfa may be due to poor soil. Nitrogen gives the dark green color to plants. A lack of nitrogen may be indicated by a yellow color. A heavy coating of barnyard manure will help in this case. If manure is not to be had try dried blood or tankage or nitrate of soda. However, if the soil is properly inoculated, the Alfalfa plant can take its own nitrogen from the air and there is no need to use a nitrogenous fertilizer except on a small plot to determine just what the Alfalfa needs.

Raising Calves on Skim Milk

Many farmers believe that in order to raise good calves whole milk is necessary. Numerous experiments have shown this to be untrue. When milk is skimmed only the butter fat is removed. This is worth thirty cents or so per pound and is a rather high-priced food for stock. It may and should be replaced, however, with some cheaper form of fat food like oil meal. If five or six pounds of oil meal are added to each hundred pounds of separator skim milk it will have about the same feeding value as whole milk. If this is fed warm and sweet to young calves in the same amounts that the calf would get when running with the cow, say twenty to thirty pounds per day, the calf should thrive nearly as well as if running with the cow. It must be remembered that the calf shouldn't be put on this kind of a diet all at once but gradually changed over from one to the other by feeding but a little of the skim milk and oil meal the first day, a little more the next and so on, at the same time reducing the whole milk diet proportionately. A week or ten days is necessary for the change from one feed to the other.

COPY NATURE.—Nature intended the young animal to nurse often and take little milk after a time. Man errs by starving a calf to quickly drink a big meal of milk twice a day. Often the milk is cold, or dirty, or sour, or decomposing. Often it is drank far too fast. Sometimes it is covered with thick, grassy froth. Yet the calf "feeder" wonders why the little beast has a "fit" and dies; or contracts fatal scours; or fails to thrive and fatten; or grow up puny and upprofitable. Just as often he errs by forcing a little calf to eat much coarse hay, straw or fodder. He forgets or does not know that nature has not developed the calf's paunch (rumen) which later will be used as a storehouse for coarse roughage and out of which will go such feed to be chewed over, as "cud," until fit for digestion in the fourth stomach. Only the fourth stomach is developed in the little calf and it should take care of small amounts of milk often. Follow nature as to this.

Some Reasons for Tired Horses

A man driving a team of rather light horses was "stuck" at the bottom of a hill and told the passer-by that one of his horses, or both—he could not decide which—had "balked." The stranger happened to be a city humane officer on summer vacation and his experience led him to ask the driver if he might investigate a little. "Sure," said he; "but a good whip may be the best cure." "Youre' wrong, friend," said the agent after a quick examination; "guess you didn't notice that your axles are as dry as a bone!" Lack of grease was the trouble. The horses were not to blame and it often is so. When the horses "play out" in the field they may simply need *water*. The sudden stopping of sweat; the terribly hot, dry skin; the short, labored breathing; the alleged "sun stroke" often mean nothing but lack of water, and near by there is water, and nearer by there is water in the little brown jug for the man, but none for the horse. Then, too, the "playing out" or "petering out" when the horses are mowing hay, or reaping the big grain crop is not always due to the hard work or to the lack of water, or to the hot rays of the sun. *It is due to blunt sickles.* The knives should be made sharp before the cutting season opens and then they should be kept sharp. The man who can best keep his scythe blade sharp, with exactly the right edge for easy cutting, is the man who will cut the cleanest, widest swath and do most in the day and endure best at such work. So it is necessary to keep the mower and reaper knives sharp, and the plow bright and sharp so that it will "scour," and the disks harrow properly sharpened and set and the draft (tugs or traces) properly adjusted so as to make pulling as easy as possible. Tired horses could they speak often would say that they would not have played out had they been given a breathing spell now and then, if their harness had fitted better, if they had had more rest at noon, if they had been started earlier in the cool of the morning and worked later at night, with less of the middle day torture in the hot sun. Lastly they would have tired less quickly if not allowed to load up with unnecessary hay at noon.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

CABBAGE AND CUCUMBERS.—How should ground be prepared for successful cabbage growing? I have tried some several times, always grow thrifty but fail to head. Can you tell me how to cultivate cucumbers for a good crop? MRS. N. J. S., Jonesboro, Ark.

A.—Cabbages require a fertile, moist soil containing plenty of potash. Thrifty growing plants that fail to head may be due to two causes, poor varieties or too much nitrogen. Try adding a potash fertilizer, wood ashes for example, to a part of your patch. If these should head up you have located the cause, lack of potash. Be careful to select early and sure heading varieties. Cucumbers require an abundance of moisture and do best on sandy loam soil. Many people produce a good crop on a small scale by burying a barrel filled with holes in the ground nearly to the top and planting the cucumbers around it. By keeping the barrel filled with water the plants always have an abundant supply. Of course this method is valuable only for producing cucumbers for home use. It cannot well be applied on a commercial scale. The most important thing in the production of cucumbers is to keep the plants supplied with abundant moisture, if necessary by watering or irrigation.

MOLES.—Can you advise me how to get rid of moles that plow through the soil of my garden and destroy many vegetables and flowers?
MRS. J. R., Kissimmee, Fla.

A.—Sometimes one may by watching see the mole at work and quickly throw it out of its burrow by means of a spading fork and destroy it there and then. Otherwise one has to use mole traps to get rid of the pest. They may be bought at the hardware store or be ordered from some city firm. When too active in the garden or flower beds moles are a nuisance because of the disturbance of the soil which they cause, but on the whole they do more good than harm because they feed exclusively on bugs, grubs and worms, and it is in search of their food that they plow through the ground. They never eat plants, and if the bugs, grubs and worms were not there in the ground the moles would not bother to work through it.

HOTHOUSE LAMBS.—What is the best time to have lambs dropped for forcing for the early market?
J. F., Ohio.

A.—Bulletin 270 of the agricultural experiment station of your own state gives much useful information on the subject. You should send for a free copy. It states that lambs born in July and August and maintained on clover pasture and a small amount of grain until November 25 and then fed in the barn, were produced at a smaller cost for feed than lambs born in fall and raised in the barn during winter.

USE OF PURPLE MARTINS.—I am sure that martins help to keep off hawks from chickens but would like to know whether they are beneficial as insect destroyers. They make a great noise about the farmhouse and city visitors object to this, but we country folks get accustomed to it and I must confess that I like to see the birds come back each spring and chatter about their old building places. Do they eat June bugs, or other hurtful insects? H. F. G., Wis.

A.—Attract the martins by putting up high, many-roomed bird houses which cats will not be able to invade. These beautiful, cheery, noisy birds are a boon and a blessing to the farmer by destroying millions of mosquitoes and other small pestiferous flies. They do not eat June bugs, so far as we are aware. Their best work is in mosquito destruction; but it is true perhaps that they help to keep hawks away or tell of their presence. The guinea hen is a better guard on the hawks. It is a pity about the city folks! In the city they hear a multitude of horrid noises that would about drive farm folk crazy. The elevated trains roar past their rooms night and day adding to the rattle and jumble of a thousand trucks and autos and various other jarring sounds. The chattering of the martins should be sweet music compared with such discordant, ear-shocking disturbances.

WHAT CROP TO GROW IN YOUNG ORCHARD.—I have just planted an orchard. What crops can best be grown in a growing orchard while it is still young?
C. P. H., Mich.

A.—Of course this depends on the kind of soil in the orchard. On rather light soils, beans is an especially good crop. On heavier soils clover can be grown with profit. On very rich soils small grain may be grown for a year or two but this is not advised. It is best to plant some legume crop to keep up the fertility of the soil.

BEST FERTILIZER FOR SANDY LOAM.—What kind of fertilizer is best for sandy loam with a clay subsoil?
J. R., W. Va.

A.—There is nothing better than barnyard manure if the same can be had. Otherwise grow a legume crop, plow it under and then top dress with raw rock phosphate.

CRIMSON CLOVER ON SANDY SOIL.—Is it possible for me to get a catch of crimson clover on a sandy loam?
W. P., Va.

A.—Yes. Manure heavily. Plow under and seed to clover very early in spring with oats as a nurse crop. Cut oats about the time they start to head in order to throw all the food and moisture into the growing clover. If soil is acid ground limestone should be added.

BEAN STRAW FOR COWS.—Is bean straw a good ration for cows? MRS. K. L., Wis.

A.—That depends. The straw as threshed from field beans is of little value. However, soy bean hay, grown for the special purpose of producing feed rather than beans, if cut at the right time, just before the beans ripen, makes an excellent hay for dairy cattle.

BACTERIA IN SOIL.—What is meant by "bacteria" in the soil? J. R., Ill.

A.—The soil is filled with miscroscopic plants called "bacteria" or germs. These germs play a very important part in breaking up the soil and making its plant food available for crops.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Lily Filet Lace Edging

THIS pattern worked out in a rather coarse ecru crochet cotton without the fan edge can be used as an insertion in sofa pillows, scarfs or table runners; of finer white thread it is very pretty in aprons, towels or under clothes.

Begin by making chain 99 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, sk. 2 over 2 chains, 1 d. c. in the next 3rd ch., this forms 1 space, make 11 more sps. in this way. Then 1 block by working 1 d. c. in each of the next 3 sts., 4 sps., 2 blks. or 7 d. c. in next 7 sts., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., 4 d. c. in last 4 sts. of ch., ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on each of 4 d. c., 7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—11 sps., 1 blk., 18 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—1 blk., 19 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.— 10 sps., 3 blks., 17 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk., 9 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 10 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

8th row.—1 blk., 8 sps., 8 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 4 blks., 10 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

10th row.—1 blk., 16 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—1 blk., 12 sps., 5 blks., 4 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—5 sps., 4 blks., 4 sps., 5 blks., 12 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

14th row.—1 blk., 7 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 6 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

15th row.—3 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 15 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

16th row.—1 blk., 8 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

17th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 6 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

18th row.—1 blk., 6 sps., 6 blks., 1 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., ch. 6, turn.

19th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 4 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

20th row.—1 blk., 7 sps., 2 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

21st row.—5 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

23rd row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk.

24th row.—1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 6 blks., 7 sps., 2 blks., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

25th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., 4 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

26th row.—1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks. 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

27th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

28th row.—1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

29th row.—9 sps., 6 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

30th row.—1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 10 sps., ch. 6, turn.

31st row.—16 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., turn.

32nd row.—1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

33rd row.—13 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3.

34th row.—1 blk., 9 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 3 blks., 14 sps., ch. 6, turn.

Repeat beginning with the 1st row.

Mile-a-Minute Lace

Requested

1st row.—Ch. 5, join in a ring, ch. 5, turn, 1 tr. c. in ring. * ch. 2, 1 tr. c., in ring, repeat from * 4 times making 5 tr. c. in ring, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 tr. c., under second ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 tr. c., in same place, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 tr. c., under ch. 2, * ch. 2, 1 tr. c., repeat making 5 tr. c., under this ch. 2, 1 tr. c., in third st., ch. 5, ch. 5, turn.

Repeat alternating the 2nd and 3rd rows. This lace can be very rapidly made and is pretty for anything requiring a narrow edge.

Mrs. Floyd Schwartz.

Knitted Normandy Lace

Requested

Cast on 13 stitches.

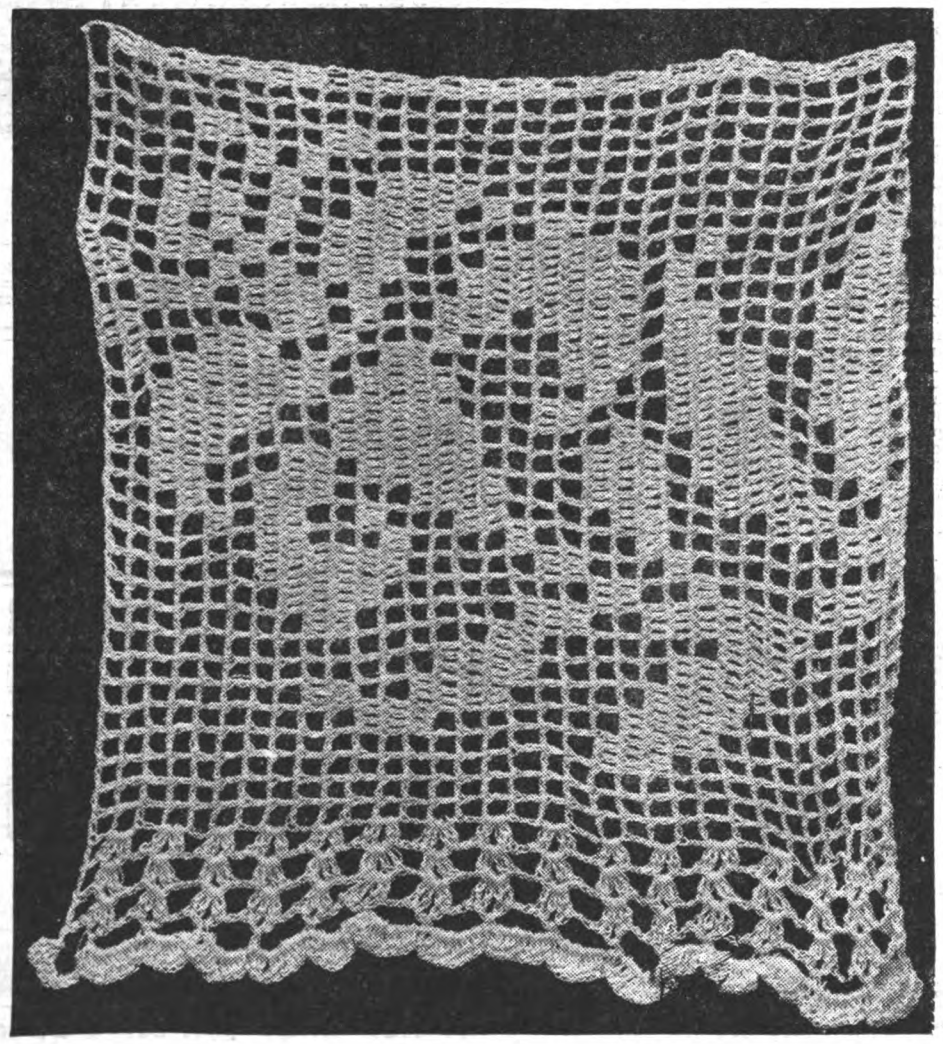
1st row.—P. 3, k. 8, p. 2.

2nd row.—N. 1, o., p. 8, o., n. 2.

3rd row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 10, p. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o., p. 2 tog., p. 4, p. 2 tog., o., k. 3.

5th row.—K. 1, p. 1, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3.



LILY FILET LACE EDGING. By Minnie G. Hayden.

11th row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 3 blks., 15 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., p. 2 tog., p. 2, p 2, tog., o., k. 5.

7th row.—K. 1, p. 1, p. 5, k. 4, p. 4.

8th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., o., k. 1, k. 2. tog., o. twice, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

9th row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, k. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 3, k. 2, p. 5.

10th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., o., p. 3, o. k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog.

11th row.—Sl. 1, p. 4, k. 6, p. 3.

12th row.—Sk. 1, k. 2 tog., o., p. 6, o., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from first row.

Knitted Circular Doily

Cast on 45 stitches.

1st row.—Slip 1, k. 20, o., n., twice, o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 11, o., n., o., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 21, purl 1, k. 22, leave 2, turn.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 19, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 4, n., o. twice, n., k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

4th row.—K. 10, p. 1, k. 32, leave 4.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 18, o., n., twice, o. twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 1, (n., o. twice, n.) twice, k. 2, o., n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. 9, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1., k. 7, p. 1, k. 20, leave 6.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 17, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 2, n., o. twice, n., k. 5, o., n., o., k. 2.

8th row.—K. 12, p. 1, k. 28, leave 8.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 16, o., n. twice, o. twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 15.

10th row.—Bind off 4, k. 15, p. 1, k. 18, leave 10.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 15, o., n., k. 5, o. n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

12th row.—K. 34, leave 12.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 14, o., n., twice, o. twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

14th row.—K. 16, p. 1, k. 16, leave 14.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 13, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

16th row.—K. 32, leave 16.

17th row.—Sl. 1, k. 12, o., n. twice, o. twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 6, o., n., o., k. 2.

18th row.—K. 16, p. 1, k. 14, leave 18.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 11, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 10.

20th row.—Bind off 4, k. 24, leave 20.

21st row.—Sl. 1, k. 10, o., n. twice, o. twice, n., (k. 1, o. n.) twice, o., k. 2.

22nd row.—K. 11, p. 1, k. 12, leave 22.

23rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, o., n., k. 5, o., n., k. 1, o., n., o., k. 2.

24th row.—K. 23, leave 24.

25th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, o., n. twice, o. twice, n., (k. 1, o. n.) twice, o., k. 2.

26th row.—K. 11, p. 1, k. 10, leave 26.

27th row.—Sl. 1, k. 7, o., n., k. 8, o., n., o., k. 2.

28th row.—K. 21, leave 28.

29th row.—Sl. 1, k. 20.

30th row.—Bind off 4, k. 14, leave 30.

31st row.—Sl. 1, k. 10, o., n., o k. 2.

32nd row.—K. 14, leave 32.

33rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, o., n., o., k. 2.

34th row.—K. 13, leave 32.

35th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, o., n., o., k. 2.

36th row.—K. 12, leave 34.

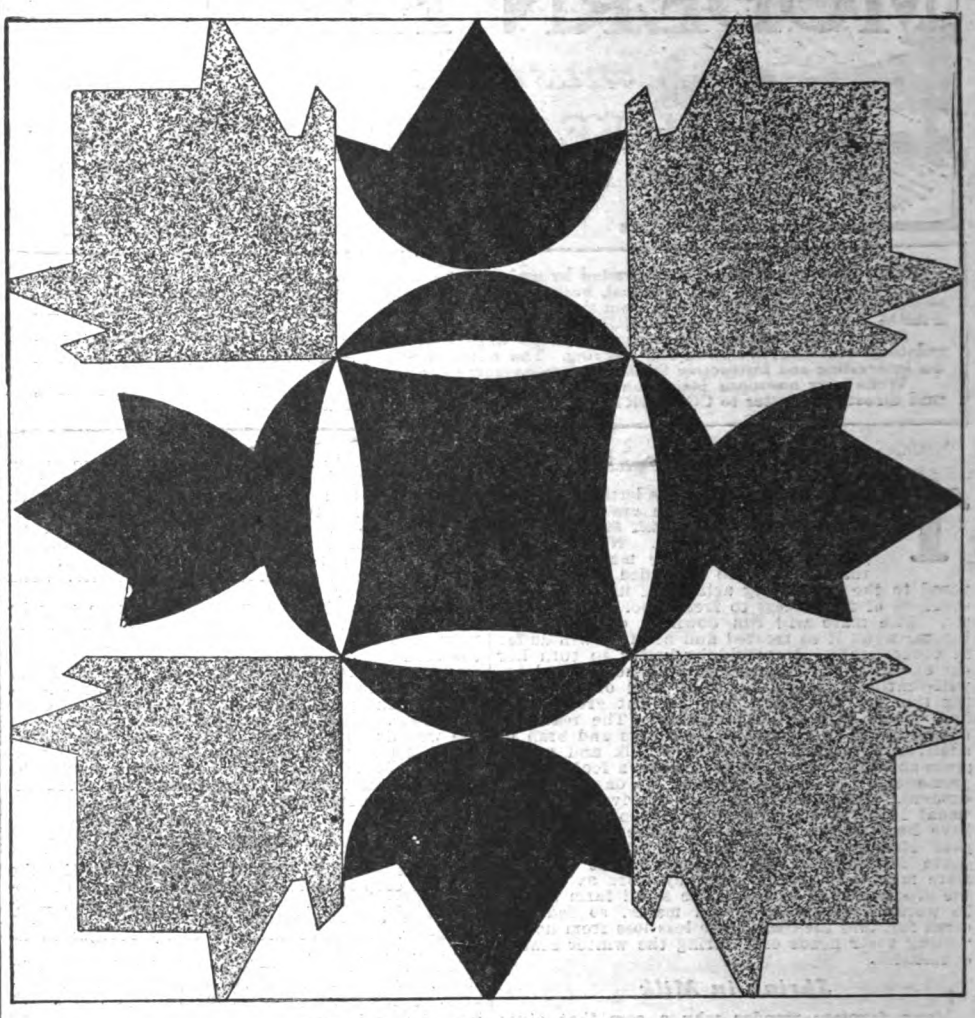
37th row.—Sk. 1, k. 7, o., n., o., k. 2.

38th row.—K. 11, leave 38.

39th row—Sl. 1, k. 10.

40th row.—Bind off 4, k. 44.

This completes one section. Repeat until you have 14 sections then bind off loosely, and join the cast to the cast on edge neatly. If well done the joining will scarcely show. Draw the center up smoothly and fasten closely, so as not to leave any hole.



QUILT BLOCK. By Miss Anna Vogel.

Miss Vogel originated this attractive block, but writes that she will leave it for the readers to name. Patterns or samples cannot be obtained.

As designed it is to be made of three colors on white background. Green was used for the corners and turkey red for all the parts shown as black. The pieces are all cut from the colors and hemmed on to the white. This pattern is also very pretty made of red, white and blue instead of the green. Instead of the corner pieces shown diamond-shaped pieces may be substituted and the combination will be equally attractive. Made of light and dark silk and velvet this pattern makes a pretty sofa pillow cover.

If the pieces cannot be shaped exactly the idea in general can be carried out with good results.

Mrs. Mattie Noe, Novinger, Mo., requests patterns of "The Anchor," "Blazing Star" and "Sliding Rock" quilt squares. Please mail direct instead of to the Editor.

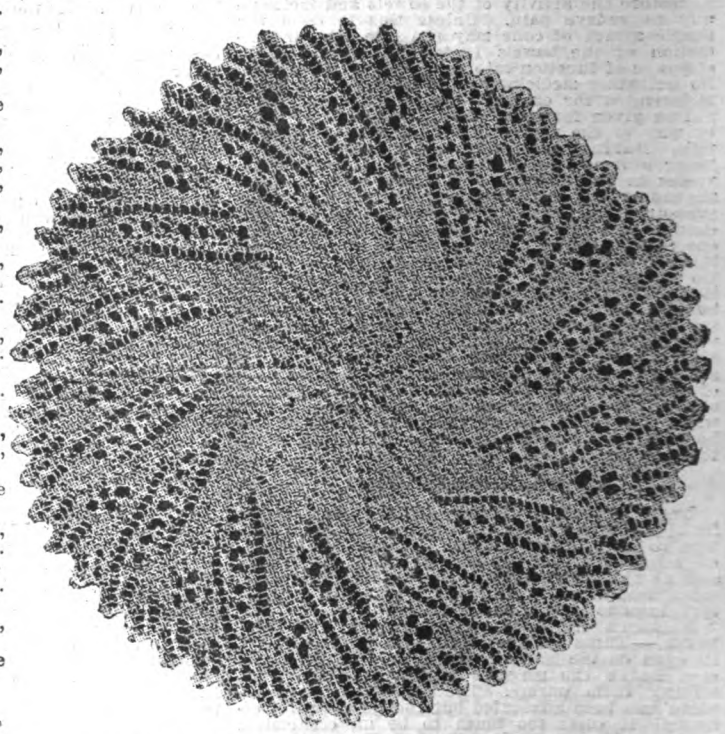
Applique Work

Applying lace to lace is an old form of fancy-work now in vogue once more. Many pieces of old lace furnish palm leaf, and other leaf as well as floral designs, that may be cut from the net ground and applied neatly to new net, or else to silk to use as dress trimming, or applied directly to the gown itself.

Very beautiful effects can be obtained by outlining creamy lace appliques with silver thread or gold thread and accentuating certain portions by French knots in the thread of silver or gold. Such pieces make lovely yokes and neck bands, or lovely vests. Coarse, heavy laces, outlined by silver or gold cords, trim tablespreads very handsomely.

Applique work is always in fashion, because it is so effective and easily managed. A beautiful cushion in satin-finish linen of grayish tint had for its decoration appliqued large scarlet urn-shaped water flowers, rising tall and stately on bold stems springing from curving, scrolly leaves. The stems and leaves are tinted in soft greens and outlined in long and short stitch in shades of green.

To applique leather, one may use a thin but strong glue, and after it has set, buttonhole the appliqued piece as closely and invisibly as possible, then outline it with a silken cord of thick strands of embroidery silk caught down by regular over-stitching in silk either matching or contrasting with the silk or leather.



KNITTED CIRCULAR DOILY. By Mrs. A. Joseph.

The Rajah's Daughter

Or, Perils of Love Near a Throne

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

THE troops composing the garrison of Amritsur paraded at seven o'clock next morning according to orders. Nothing unusual was to be observed, as the men took their places, save that the miniature army of horse, foot and artillery appeared to be more profoundly silent even than is customary at a parade of British troops.

It is the rule on the Queen's Birthday of dispensing with the routine drill, to form the troops in line, and after firing three rounds of blank cartridges, to dismiss them at once, so that they may enjoy the holiday in the manner that to each soldier seems proper. This rule was not carried out on the present occasion, to the surprise and uneasiness of the native infantry. Captain Graham by a few simple movements, so arranged the formation that the native troops were in close column of companies, the engineers in the rear and the artillery on both flanks, with the muzzles of their guns turned point blank on the restless but unsuspecting sepoys. Graham himself, together with the doctor and chaplain, fronted the native troops.

"Good! Splendid, old man," exclaimed the doctor. "I begin to believe that we have at least a fighting chance."

"Hark!" said the chaplain, "what are those cavalry trumpet notes I hear from the hills?"

Graham heard the notes, too, and as a smile of joy illumined his face, he called in a loud, firm voice:

"Attention!"

The Sepoys sprang to attention, their eyes gleaming ominously and their fingers grasping the stocks of their rifles nervously.

"Ground arms!" commanded Graham.

A movement of surprise, a murmur of disobedience ran through the ranks. The supreme moment had arrived.

"If," said Hector, throwing his eyes over the column and speaking in Hindoostanee, "you make the slightest motion unless to obey orders, the artillery on your flanks will blow you to pieces. Now hark! Listen to the trumpet-notes; reinforcements have arrived from Philour. Ground arms!"

As he spoke, the cheery notes of a bugle playing a tan ta ra rang through the morning air, and the gunners on the flanks were ready to fire and deal out destruction, when the Sepoys, like one man, stooped and placed their muskets on the ground. They were then marched outside the cantonments and their accoutrements having been taken from them, were placed as prisoners under guard.

"Mr. Caldwell," said Hector to the telegraph operator, "I see you have returned alone."

"The Philour Garrison has been butchered to a man, Captain, and the Sepoys—all infantry, are marching in this direction. I learned to play the bugle in my dull hours as an operator, and taking in the situation from the hills yonder, I thought a tune would have a good moral effect."

Hector Graham smiled and shook the operator's hand. It was the display of such courage and intelligence that saved the empire to the British in the year of our Lord, 1857.

CHAPTER III.

On the Thursday following the events narrated the Resident returned from Lahore, bringing with him a regiment of six hundred men, all Europeans excepting a troop of Sikh cavalry. On approaching the fort this detachment put out a line of skirmishers, assuming that there might be an enemy in possession, judging from the number of field-pieces they had witnessed ready for action. Great, therefore, was their surprise and pleasure when Captain Graham and his orderly met them outside the cantonments.

"Hello, Graham!" said Colonel Osborn, commander of Hector's old regiment, "what's the news?"

"All is quiet in Amritsur, Colonel."

"Sir James," said the Colonel to the Resident, who had come up, "of course you know Captain Graham, the Tiger-Slayer."

"Your native troops have remained loyal, I see," said Sir James, paying no attention to Colonel Osborne, "and Amritsur has escaped the fate of Philour, eh?"

Hector explained the situation in a few words, to which the official listened impatiently.

"You will," he said, "furnish me personally with a full and detailed report of the matter tonight at seven o'clock. I shall make the Rajah's palace my headquarters for the present. Meanwhile, order your commissariat department to provide quarters and rations for this detachment at once. I presume the road between the fort and the palace is safe?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Hector, stung at the manner of his superior, "though I won't answer for it after tomorrow, as I learn the Philour mutineers are marching this way."

While Hector Graham is looking after the welfare of the soldiers from Lahore, let us see what Dowlah Sing, his father-in-law and the Resident's good friend, is doing at the palace. Darkness had fallen, and His Highness of Burrapore paced the veranda in a mood half impatient, half irresolute, looking at his watch at times as if expecting some one, and again halting and stamping his foot, like a man who was making up his mind to something against his will.

"I believe the dog presumes to keep me waiting," he muttered, for the twentieth time; but just then a man glided into his presence, springing, as it were, from some place unknown. This mysterious person was a man of middle age, of medium size, with a benevolent cast of countenance. He made a profound obeisance, and folding his hands before his body, and keeping his eyes on the ground, waited to be addressed.

"Roree Dhak," said the Rajah, in a low voice, "I expected you sooner."

"I did not wish to be seen, your Highness, and had to——"

"Never mind. You are a Thug, are you not?"

"Yes, your Highness; I am, the same as was my father before me."

"Thuggery is to you a means of living?"

"Yes; and it is also my religion."

"You remember that when the Ingrezi hanged or imprisoned your friends, I gave you a certificate of character."

"Your Highness saved my life."

"Good! I hope you are grateful. Have you a *roomal* with you?"

Roree Dhak withdrew a red silken cord from his bosom and replaced it swiftly.

"Listen, Roree Dhak. Tonight, at about nine o'clock, an officer Sahib will leave this palace for the fort."

"I hear, your Highness."

"He must never reach the fort alive."

The eyes of the Thug glistened with a savage hatred and the benevolence that appeared natural to his face gave way to an expression of deviltry terrible to see.

"Your Highness, by our benign goddess, I swear the Sahib shall die."

"Bring me any papers he may have in his possession as a sign that he is de—disposed of and claim a reward of one thousand gold rupees. But, listen; the deed must be done as near the fort as possible. Go!"

This conversation had been carried on in the audience chamber, to which the pair had withdrawn, and when it was over the Thug backed to the secret door, got behind the curtain and disappeared. Hardly had he gone when the Resident entered, dressed in a light service suit, such as is worn by officers living in India during the summer season.

"Well," he said, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, "I find that your son-in-law has covered himself with glory, and will share the honors as a hero throughout all India with Major Hodson next week."

This was said in tones of bitterest scorn and hatred.

"Next week," echoed the Rajah, in a hollow voice, "the jackals will be howling over his grave!"

"It is well, your Highness. I trust there will be no mistake. And the fellow being out of the way, I insist upon the marriage being solemnized at once."

"There shall be no delay."

"What dowry will you give with your daughter?"

"One million pounds sterling, and the domain and palace of Burrapore."

"It is a princely dowry, and well becomes the Rajah Dowlah Sing."

"In return," said the Rajah, after a pause, "I ask of your excellency to give me the papers you obtained from Delhi."

The Resident put his hand to his breast, mechanically, and hesitated.

"I shall destroy them tomorrow, after the wedding, in your presence. Business is business. Hush! Here comes Captain Graham."

"You are welcome, my brave friend," said the Rajah. "Sir James and I are about to have a glass of wine and a cigarette. Will you join us?"

"Your Highness will excuse me this time. I may avail myself of your hospitality tomorrow. Indeed, I shall, with your permission, call upon you in regard to a personal matter."

The Rajah and Resident exchanged a lightning glance, and Hector continued:

"At present I have come with a report to Sir James, and must return to the fort in haste. Colonel Osborne, now in command, under his Excellency, of course, would not be surprised at an attack from Philour before daybreak."

"Tell Colonel Osborne, Captain," said the Resident, taking the report handed him by Hector, "that I shall be down myself inside of an hour. Good night."

"Good night, your Excellency. Good night, your Highness," said Hector, saluting respectfully, "but before I go permit me to thank you for the magnificent horses you sent us."

"Ah, I am glad you like them. My daughter, the Princess, went to my summer-place at Secundra, this morning, or I would ask her to thank you once more for your gallant conduct in person."

"She has gone to Secundra, eh!" muttered Hector, as he mounted his horse. "I believe his Highness lies, and that he is conspiring with the Resident against her and me."

His pace down the avenue from the palace was slow, for he was in deep thought. As he entered a gloomy spot not far from the gate where the trees overhead interlaced, a figure advanced from the shade and Graham's horse shied.

"Stand!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his holsters and cocking it. "Not another step, or I fire!"

"It is I, sahib—Mahond."

"Ha, Mahond, my good friend, what's the matter?"

"If you will dismount," said Mahond, "I shall hold your horse. Someone in yonder glade desires to see you."

Hector Graham's heart bounded. There could be only one "someone", and, in fact, in a few seconds he was wrapped in the arms of Ajmour.

"Oh, my love, my husband!" she cried in rapture, as she kissed him again and again, "they are conspiring to separate us! But you are a gallant gentleman—a British officer—and you will not allow it!"

"No, by the heavens above us! You are my wedded wife, and there is not power enough on earth to keep me from you. But, Ajmour, your father told me he had sent you to Secundra this morning."

"No, I have been for days shut up in my apartments, watched and guarded, but Mahond kept me informed of what is going on. Mahond, the son of my ayah, effected my escape, and I was about to go down to the fort to seek the protection of my husband, when he informed me you were here."

"It is a good idea, Ajmour, and I shall take you down now and install you as mistress of my bungalow."

Ajmour uttered a cry of joy.

"But," said Hector, as he assisted her to mount a horse kept in readiness for her by Mahond, "isn't my bungalow a poor habitation for a rajah's daughter?"

"Where you are is good enough for me, and so let us depart at once before my escape is discovered."

At a signal from the Princess, Mahond led the way, and the little party was soon scouring the Amritsur road on their way to the fort.

While Hector Graham was escorting his bride to her new home the Rajah and Resident sat in the audience chamber, facing each other and smoking their cigarettes in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The Resident despised the Rajah, but he coveted his wealth and the prestige a connection by marriage with him would bestow when one day he would go home and be made a peer of the realm not to speak about the *furore* the beauty of his wife would create in English society.

The Rajah, likewise, hated the Resident. This hatred was a personal one, for the official was arrogant, insolent, and almost brutal in his dealings with him—the Rajah of Burrapore, a descendent of Nadir Shah. If the rebellion now raging made much more headway, he, in common with other semi-independent princes, would join the winning side, and then woe betide Sir James Luders, were he ten times his son-in-law.

"Had these miserable wretches in Amritsur," thought the Rajah, as much nerve as their comrades of Philour—but let us wait."

"Don't you think," asked the Resident, presently, "that your messenger should be here before now with news?"

"It is surely time, your Excellency; but listen! What noise is that?"

"Volleys of musketry, by heaven! And, hark! Cannon firing from the hills. The mutineers from Philour must have arrived soone than expected and been joined by native artillery from Allambeg."

The Rajah rose from his seat and went to the window. He appeared greatly excited.

"Your Highness," said Sir James, "I must hasten to the fort at once. It would never do to have the Resident of the Punjaub sit still while fighting was going on a mile away."

"Shall I order an escort for you?"

"No, it would take time. The road between here and Amritsur is perfectly safe in your hands. I shall be here in the morning to complete our arrangemnts, for, of course, the mutineers will be beaten off."

The Resident mounted and galloped furiously down the avenue, and the Rajah heaved a sigh of relief as the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance. Then he grew uneasy at the unaccountable delay in the appearance of Roree Dhak.

"I hope," he soliloquized, "that the Thug has done his work. He has never failed me up to this. If there is a mishap now, I shall have to show my hand before I am ready. I am almost sorry I did not slay the dog of a Resident where he sat, and drag those terrible papers from his breast."

Meantime, the minutes flew past and the firing continued. The Rajah, chafing with impatience, as was his habit when irritated, walked rapidly up and down, this time taking the piazza for his promenade, until nine o'clock, when the figure of a man seemed to rise up out of the ground in front of him.

"It is I, Roree Dhak, your Highness," whispered the Thug, "Your enemy has perished. The great goddess Kali has been favorable."

The Rajah entered the palace, followed by the Thug.

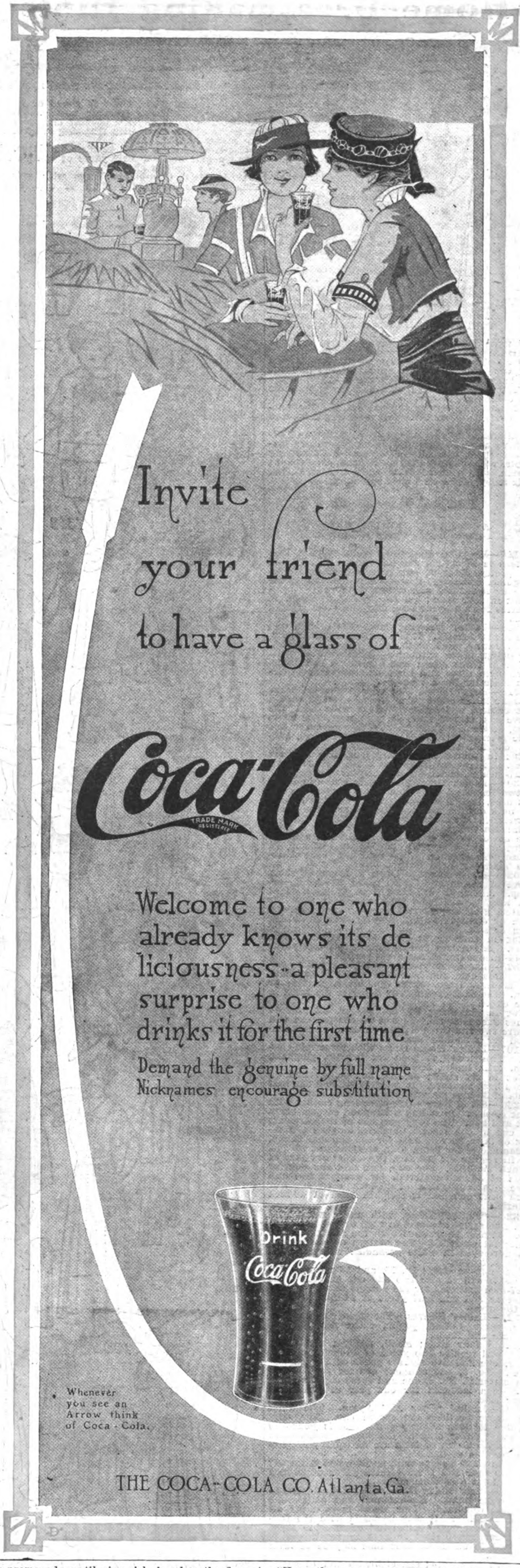
"Where are the proofs, Roree Dhak, that you have executed your commission?"

"Here they are, your Highness," replied the Thug, placing a gold watch and a number of papers in the hands of his master.

"Go into that room, slave, and stay there till I call you."

The Thug disappeared, and Dowlah Sing examined the papers with a dubious expression of countenance. As he proceeded, his face took on a ghastly pallor, his eyes protruded almost from

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)



Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



MANY of the new and pretty gowns are made by hand, or trimmed with hand run tucks, frills, ruchings, ruffings and exquisite embroideries.

The woman who is deft at needlework may have lovely dresses at small outlay for decoration.

One may wear anything this season providing it is becoming and chic.

For evening wear, much dark blue is used, usually in tulle relieved with some metallic trimming. Gold and silver are also used.

Shikts flare, flare with much width, and bodices are shaped more than last season. When skirts are not so constructed that they will flare, they are held out by shirred cordings or frilled petticoats worn underneath.

Some skirts are made with narrow foundations and wide overskirts that are drawn up in front and back to show the under portion.

Pretty dance frocks of embroidery, organdie and chiffon are shown.

Checked and striped taffetas are nice for summer dresses. They come in almost any color and white, and in all two-toned effects.

Children's dresses are equally quaint and attractive as those for their elders. There are suspender styles, over blouses, dresses so charmingly simple, with guimpes of crepe or lawn, dresses with French waists, and double skirts. Also ruffles, frills and flounces on waists and skirts.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1316—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This pattern is lovely for the new linens in white or any pretty shade of tan, rose, lavender or blue. Gingham, chambrey, linene, crepe, seersucker, batiste or lawn, are also appropriate.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires for a 16-year size, four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

1008—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Dotted lawn was used for this model. It is equally good for challie, crepe, ratine, rice cloth, voile, dimity, or silk. The design is cut without a shoulder seam.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1318—Boys' Blouse Suit with Trousers having straight lower edge. The blouse is made with a coat closing, and finished with a wide belt. The sleeve has narrow tucks at the wrist. For white linen, striped gingham, galatea or seersucker this style is excellent. It is also nice for serge, flannel, cheviot, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a four-year size.

1308—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Gray and white striped percale was used, in this instance. The waist is cut with low neck outline, and a rolling collar. The sleeve in wrist length is dart fitted. In short length it is finished with a shaped cuff. The skirt a four-gore model has a lap tuck at the front seam.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1026—Girls' One-piece Dress with long or short sleeve in raglan style. This model is easy to develop. A shaped yoke band trims the neck edge; this may be omitted. The pattern is good for galatea, gingham, chambrey, lawn, crepe, batiste, linen or dimity. It will develop equally well in cloth or silk.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1328—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with convertible collar. This chic and becoming model is excellent for madras, linen, chambrey, crepe, batiste or lawn. The back extends slightly over the front in yoke effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. In size 36 the pattern will require two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1107—Ladies' House Dress with reversible closing. This model is good for percale, gingham, lawn, drill, linene, seersucker or galatea.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1266—Set of Baby's One-piece long clothes with front closing. Including a wrapper, sacque, barra coat and slip. The body portions of the garments are cut in one piece. Cambric, longcloth, nainsook or lawn may be used for the slip and flannel or flannelette for barra coat, wrapper and sacque. It will require for the sack three quarters yard of 27-inch material. For slip, two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material, for wrapper two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. For barra coat one and one eighth yard of 40-inch material.

1323—"Junior" Dress, with under waist, and with two styles of sleeve in high or low neck outline. It may be finished with the skirt in raised or normal waistline. The pattern as here shown was developed in white grenadine with embroidery in self color.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14, and 16 years. A 16-year size will require two and one quarter yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe or underwaist, and four and one half yards of 44-inch material for the dress.

1324—Ladies' Sleeves. The styles are good for cloth, serge, taffeta, poplin, china silk, madras, gingham and linen.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium and large. No. 1 will require two yards of 40-inch material. No. 2, one and five eighths yards of 27-inch material. No. 3, one and one quarter yard of 40-inch material. No. 4, one and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for one pair of sleeves in either size.

9994—Ladies' "Over All" Apron. The waist and sleeve portions are cut in one. The skirt has five sections slightly gored, and is joined to the waist under a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, chambrey, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1315—Girls' Middy Dress with skirt attached to a separate waist. Embroidered and plain voile are here combined. This model is good for all wash materials. It may be made with the fullness of the blouse "belted in" or in loose style. The skirt has plaited fullness in front, and is attached to an underwaist that may be of lawn or lining.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It will require three yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1307—Ladies' Corset Cover and Petticoat. This style is good for lawn, crossbar muslin, dimity, crepe, cambric, batiste or silk. The skirt may be made without the ruffle.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without the ruffle which will require three and five eighths yards of embroidery.

9906—Ladies' Night Dress in round or square neck edge. Cambric, crossbar muslin, dimity, nainsook, crepe or silk are popular materials for garments of this kind, with trimming of embroidery edging or lace.

Cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1325—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with guimpe. This style is lovely for plain or embroidered linens, for cool dimity, organdie, lawn, challie, gingham or chambrey. The guimpe could be of crepe or lawn.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material, with one and seven eighths yards for the guimpe of 27-inch material for a 10-year size.

1320-1317—A Trim and Comfortable Combination. This comprises a smart shirt-waist made from Pattern 1320, and a stylish skirt developed from Pattern 1317. For the waist, which is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, crepe, taffeta, wash silk, batiste, linen, lawn or madras could be used. The skirt in covert cloth, Shepherd check, in wool or cotton material, linen, gingham, ratine, serge or voile would be suitable.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. The waist requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. This calls for *two* separate patterns, 10c for *each* pattern.

1310—Ladies' Dressing or Lounging Robe. It is made with the back of the waist overlapping the fronts at the shoulders and the skirt is shirred, and finished with a deep heading.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires six and three eighths yards of 24-inch material for a medium size.

1306—Ladies' "Middy Apron" to be slipped over the head, or closed at the back. Dotted percale, with trimming of white linene is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambrey, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It may be finished with or without a collar in sailor style.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1313-1256—A Pleasing Combination. The waist pattern 1313 is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It includes the bolero. The skirt pattern 1256 is also cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt is circular in shape, and closes under the tuck lap in front. It may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The waist is lovely for combinations of materials, and may be made without the bolero. It requires three and one half yards of 48-inch material for bolero and skirt, and two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the under waist for a medium size. This calls for *two* separate patterns at 10c for *each* pattern.

1277—Ladies' Bib Apron. Percale, cambric, drill, sateen or alpaca could be used for this style. The bib portion is gathered at its lower edge, and has strap ends over the back.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1327—Ladies' Costume with convertible collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. White or colored linen would be ideal for this style, also gingham, lawn, corduroy, ratine, crash, chambrey, poplin, voile, taffeta or serge.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1314—Child's Rompers. This style is good for galatea, linen, linene, percale, gingham or chambrey. It is cut with the waist front and body portion combined, and with back portion in two sections, waist and body.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1305—Dress for Misses and small women with body lining, with long or short sleeve, and with raised or normal waistline. Light blue silk grenadine was used for this design. The shirrings are corded, and the added trimming at the neck is of soft dotted chiffon. The skirt may be finished without the heading. The waist fullness is arranged on a body lining.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1110—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid woolen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 40-inch material with one and seven eighths yard for the guimpe for an eight-year size.

1319—Ladies' House Dress with or without yoke, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. Checked gingham in gray and white is here portrayed, with white linene for trimming. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

your answers I thought to write you in regard to a matter which has been constantly on my mind for several years. The question is this:

Do you think a gentleman loves a lady when he has been keeping company with her for several years, although he has not said one word about marriage?

I have heard that he does not intend to marry as long as his mother lives, but he has not said so much to me.

I honestly believe if I would allow other gentlemen to call, that he would be more attentive. He is a gentleman in every respect.

For fear that I will make my letter too long and by so doing it will reach the waste basket I will close.

Hope to see this in print with your opinion in regard to the above.

Very sincerely, ANXIOUS.

Anxious, my dear, I thoroughly understand your position and why your mind is troubled, and you have good reason to be troubled. I may tell you candidly I don't believe in these long winded engagements any more than I do in those rapid fire marriages. That gentleman friend of yours doubtless loves you after a fashion, but it isn't the kind of fashion that would appeal to me if I were a girl. If I were in love with a girl and able to support her, not all the fathers and mothers on earth could keep me from marrying her. No mother, precious and dear as she may be, has any right to spoil her son's life, and mother love, sweet, holy and glorious as it is, can never replace or be a satisfactory substitute for wife love in the heart of a real man. When a real mother sees her son is in love with a girl, it's up to her to say: "Now son, if you really love that girl, you marry her. I love you too well to stand in the way of your happiness, and you've no right to spoil her chances of marrying someone else by keeping her dangling around your heels on my account. I may live another twenty years and is it right for me to expect you to remain single all that time? I would be no real mother of yours if I asked you to make any such sacrifices for me. If there is any sacrifice to be made I am the one that should do it. Another thing I'm not only marring your and your sweetheart's future, but if she understands that you won't marry her until I die, I shouldn't blame her for wishing me out of the world as soon as possible, for selfish people have no right in the world anyway, and if I stand between you and her happiness, I am selfish. Bring her home and I will be a mother to her. If that is not satisfactory, start a nest of your own, but marry you must or give that girl her freedom." Now that to my idea at least is a position a real woman would take. When a man is poor and cannot do more than support himself, but is doing his level best to improve his circumstances so that he can take a wife and make her a home, then a fairly long engagement is not only excusable, but desirable, but where nothing blocks the way except an admirable, but false conception of duty to mother, that bar should be removed, and if the man won't remove it, treat him just as you would the rest of your friends. Invite others to call, and if that perfect gentleman has any real love for you, he'll be so wildly jealous the first time he hears you telling him you have another engagement and sees you later hiking off to the movies with another gink that he'll buy you a weding hoop as big as a curtain pole ring, and he'll be hauling you before a minister without giving you a chance to powder your nose or put your shoes on. When a man goes out hunting it isn't the shooting of the deer that gives him the keenest pleasure, but the excitement of the chase. When the deer is captured he forgets all about it. The excitement is over. Pretty Miss Anxious, this guy thinks he has you lashed to the mast. Whatever excitement there was in running you down has long since evaporated. He regards you as much his property as he would if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Preparing for Winter Layers

ARE you thinking of next winter's eggs? It is quite time to select a laying stock. Go carefully through the young birds, and pick out the bright, energetic-looking pullets. If possible, allow them free range, and small, clean houses which will hold fifteen or twenty without crowding. Place thirty or forty feet apart on a side-hill—the ideal condition. But if you can't have small houses on the side-hill you must contrive some place away from the older and younger birds, and make sure that it is free from vermin. Pullets must be well cared for right now or they won't make good layers next winter. It is just a waste of time and money to rear young chicks carefully and feed hens heavily in winter, if there has been an intermediate period of neglect, and unfortunately the majority of ordinary farmers do let the half-grown stock run down. By neglect, I mean carelessness in the matter of fighting vermin, supplying cool water in hot weather, and proper food. Nothing but corn, won't do for growing birds. They want, or rather must have, material to make bone and muscle. Build a good strong frame, and it is comparatively easy to get eggs in winter. If you don't believe what a difference this intermediate care makes, just try the experiment with ten healthy youngsters this season. Put them in a quarantine coop, for two weeks, and powder them every other night, then remove to a clean house. Give them free range, let them have ground oats, barley, wheat and meat scraps for breakfast. Supper, wheat or wheat and oats. Keep fresh water in clean vessels always before them in a shady place, and just watch them grow. It will, I am sure, convince you of the desirability of following my advice. About the first of October all the laying stock young and old, should be put into their permanent winter quarters, for changing fowls from one house to another often upsets them, and interferes with the egg-yield. One year, a house intended for young pullets was not finished until the end of November. Several of them had commenced to lay, but after they were moved, not an egg was found until late in December. Other years, birds from the same stock hatched at about the same time, and receiving the same care, have usually been laying regularly by the end of December, so I am positively convinced it is a mistake to delay winter housing until winter is really with us. About October 1st commence winter rations. breakfast, seven o'clock; mash made of chopped clover hay, oats and corn, ground together—two quarts of hay, to one of ground feed. Give what the birds will eat up clean every fifteen minutes, then scatter a pint of rape and meal mixed, or finely-cracked corn in the scratching material on the floor. Lunch, eleven o'clock; ground green bone or meat scraps if it is not possible to get fresh bones, cabbage or other green food, and a little more small grain, scattered as before. Supper, five o'clock; corn and oats mixed until cold weather, then omit the oats and increase the quantity of corn. Provide plenty of sand-baths (shallow boxes filled with clean, dry earth, placed in sunny parts of the house) sharp grit and clean water. A pan of skimmed milk whenever you have it to spare, but don't think milk takes the place of water. Remember if you neglect the pullets now, they won't be profitable through the winter.

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his poultry houses and stock reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry plant free from lice there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves; the other, the houses, nest boxes, roosting boards, etc.

In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up a first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of houses and nests of lice and vermin a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

A splendid lice powder may be made at a cost of only a few cents a pound in the following way: Take three parts of gasoline and one part of crude carbolic acid; mix these together and add gradually with stirring, enough plaster of Paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and the dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so that the liquid will be uniformly disturbed through the mass of plaster. When enough plaster has been added the resulting mixture should be a dry, pinkish brown powder having a fairly strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasoline odor.

Do not use more plaster in mixing than is necessary to blot up the liquid. This powder is to be worked into the feathers of the birds affected with vermin. The bulk of the application should be in the fluff around the vent and on the ventral side of the body and in the fluff under the wings. Its efficiency, which is greater than that of any other lice powder known to the writer, can be very easily demonstrated by anyone to his own satisfaction. Take a bird that is covered with lice and apply the powder in the manner just described. After a lapse of about a minute, shake the bird, loosening its feathers with the fingers at the same time, over a clean piece of paper. Dead and dying lice will drop on the paper in great numbers. Anyone who will try this experiment will have no further doubt of the wonderful efficiency and value of this powder.

For a spray or paint to be applied to roosting boards, nest boxes or walls and floor of the henhouses the following preparation is used: Three parts of kerosene and one part crude carbolic acid. This is stirred up when used and may be applied with any of the hand spray pumps or with a brush.

In both of these formula it is highly important that crude carbolic acid be used instead of the purified product. Be sure and insist to the druggist on getting crude carbolic acid. It is a dark brown, dirty looking liquid, and its value depends on the fact that it contains tar oil and tar bases in addition to the pure phenol (carbolic acid.)

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

F. K.—I have a valuable young turkey gobbler that got sick in the early winter. He first got stiff in the legs and spends most of the time standing around alone, is drawn up and plumage is rough. His knees are too stiff to sit down easily, he tries a long time and finally comes down with great force. When walking there is a sound in the internal organs much like water shaking in a bottle. His head is pale and he has not grown since he has been ill. The droppings look healthy and his appetite is good and he is in good weight. I feed oats, millet seed and a little corn, also sour milk. There are no bruises or sores on legs and I have had no diseases among my birds. The turkey does not roam with the other birds but acts as if in pain when walking or flying. He had worms early in the fall.

A.—The gobbler must have intestinal trouble. Probably the result of inherent weakness. Such birds are dangerous to other stock and hardly ever pay for the trouble of doctoring. In justice to the rest of the birds I advise you to kill him. Worms, weak digestion and rheumatic tendencies are best cremated.

An Old Reader.—I have had a lot of trouble with my chickens. I have an incubator and have hatched a lot but have lost money. The first signs I saw of their being sick was their eyes shut and they could not open them. I have a home-made brooder; I got the plan out of COMFORT. I feed them several kinds of feed, give them a hot mash in the morning, through the day fine chick feed, corn-meal made up with buttermilk, green lettuce and onions but these are my first incubator chickens and I do not know if it is something I have given them or not.

A.—If you are using the fireless brooder with a cotton batting pad at the top the trouble may be caused by dampness unless you are careful to take the pad out every day and air it thoroughly. There is a great deal of moisture from the birds' breath during the night and it all collects in the padding above them and if it is not dried each day the atmosphere probably becomes damp and dangerous. Don't feed any mash in the morning and never feed warm food. Scatter chick feed in the litter during the day so that the chicks have to run about and hunt for it. This encourages them to take exercise and prevents them from filling their crops. About four o'clock in the afternoon give a mash made of ground oats, barley and wheat that has been moistened with scalding hot water early in the morning and allowed to steam for several hours. Just before feeding add a little hard-boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell, or liver which has been boiled for about ten minutes and be sure that they always have plenty of clean shop sand or fine gravel always before them.

N. H. O.—I would like to know what caused the death of one of my White Leghorns of which I have seven. They started laying in January. For about two weeks I got two to four eggs a day then they stopped laying and haven't laid any eggs since the last week in January, until the first week in March and the twelfth I found one of my pullets dead. I opened her to see if I could find out what caused her death and I found her liver to be between two and one half or three inches wide and four inches long. She looked healthy in every way, all but her comb, about in the middle of it almost as big as a pea was cracked and looked like a chapped hand cracked open. At the top of the liver was a spot about as big as a quarter that was full of little white spots. I could not find a sign of an egg in her.

A.—I cannot give you any very helpful advice about the flock of pullets because you have not told me how old they are or how you feed them. The one which died had the symptoms of the disease which in turkeys is called blackhead. Read "Poultry Farming" in COMFORT last March and write me more fully.

A. G. H.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT and should consider it a great favor if you will publish directions "Trap Nest" home-made in your next COMFORT number.

A.—I will try to oblige you by publishing instructions for making a simple "Trap Nest" within the next few months. We did publish one some time last year. Perhaps if you have your back numbers you can find it.

J. R. J.—Will you please tell me which chickens are the best layers and which are the best for table use?

A.—Leghorns are supposed to be the best layers but for a general purpose fowl I don't think there is anything as good as the White Wyandotte. They lay well all through the winter and make splendid table birds either as friers or roasters.

D. S. G.—I get much good from COMFORT Poultry Department and ask for more information. I have heard it said that Nux Vomica would kill hawks if fed to chickens if the chicks were eaten by the hawks. Is this true, if so, how should it be fed? Would it render the fowl unfit for table use while it was being fed? Is it a good remedy to feed to chicks to keep them healthy? (2) I am going to raise poultry for market and I would like to know the best breed for that purpose. I will use an incubator and brooder. I have never had any experience and it seems that some breeds are harder to raise than others.

A.—If you gave chicks sufficient of any kind of drug to kill hawks that might eat them, it would most certainly kill the chicks first. Cleanliness and good food are the best factors in keeping fowls healthy. Never use drugs unless you have to fight some disease. (2) Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes are the best general purpose fowl as they lay well and grow quickly.

F. J. W.—I have a gobbler who has a large lump under left eye, has been this way since Christmas. His eye is swollen shut and runs a little water. Have treated for roup with no success. He is healthy otherwise, eats good and is lively. None of the others have taken it. His nostrils were closed for a while with a cold. Could the lump be matter, that could not escape, and hardened? Is he fit to eat and what shall I do to cure him?

A.—I think the gobbler must have received some injury, which has caused the growth of a tumor. Open the lump with the blade of a small pocket-knife, which must be very sharp, press out any pus or hard substance that may be in it, then bathe freely with warm water and permanganate of potassium; one teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of water makes the solution so strong, that one teaspoonful of it diluted with five teaspoonfuls of water is about the right strength to use as a wash in all such cases. Keep the wound open for a few days, washing with the diluted permanganate solution every day. Keep the bird confined in a clean coop while under treatment. Personally I would not like to use the bird for food. You have not given me any idea of the hen's condition, so it is difficult to say what caused the disease, but most probably it was canker or roupy cold. In all such cases it is best to be on the safe side and treat for roup, as an ordinary cold may develop into contagious roup if not checked in the early stages.

C. A. S.—What can I do for my chickens, they have a rattling in their throat. The hens I set usually stay on the nest only about a week and then their bowels get loose. The discharge is greenish in color. I have lost none lately, but their combs look pale and they have no life. I have been puting permanganate of potash in the water, and I feed a warm mash of bran and scraps every morning. I am also going to try Epsom salts in their feed as soon as I can get some, and will also disinfect with lime.

A.—I think your hens are run down or troubled with lice or mites. Unless you have a great quantity of scraps to mix with the bran, it is a very poor food except when used in conjunction with corn or other rich fat making foods. Mash should never be fed warm and setting hens must not have mash of any kind. Give them whole corn when they come off the nest. It takes longer to adjust and sustain them for the long hours between feedings. A setting hen fed on mash or small grain, is almost sure to develop bowel trouble. You will gain nothing by putting permanganate or epsom salts in the drinking water, for your hens are underfed not overfed. Clean nests and powdering the hens before they are set, and once a week whilst they are setting, has much to do with keeping them on the nest.

T. R.—My chickens lay soft-shelled eggs, although they have plenty of grit to eat. I feed oyster-shells every day, also poultry tonic in the water. They also eat the eggs when they crush them. The chickens seem to be healthy for none of them stay on the roosts in the daytime. Please advise me.

A.—The constant use of tonics or stimulating foods or powders, irritate the egg organs and frequently cause hens to lay soft-shelled eggs. An over fat condition or worms also have the same effect: hens will usually eat eggs if they are broken, the worst of it is if they once acquire the habit they become egg eaters, and will peck hard-shelled eggs until they break them. Stop using the tonic, and feed as recommended for pullets in the beginning of this article, and keep a constant watch for eggs, so that you can remove them before they get broken.

J. A. J.—I have eight Barred Plymouth Rock hens. One by one they seem to get sick and droopy and dull. They seem to be straining often for discharge and there is a thin, mostly white, and nearly constant running discharge from the vent.

A.—You do not give me the hens' age or tell me if they have been laying, but as the discharge is white and constant, I fear it is the beginning of vent-gleet, which usually develops from an egg being broken in the egg passage and causing inflammation. Once developed it is contagious, and the whole flock may be infected. Remove the male birds at once. Examine, and if there is any sign of inflammation or sores around the vent, quarantine them and treat. The affected hens must also be confined and doctored. Fill a suitable size pail with warm water to which has been added a liberal quantity of permanganate (see answer to F. J. W.) or same strong antiseptic. Hold the bird's vent and lower body in the warm water for from fifteen to twenty minutes, then bathe and gently remove any scabs or sores. Dry on soft clean rags and annoint with an unguent of oxide of zinc ointment. Repeat treatment daily until a cure is effected. Be very careful to destroy all rags used, and wash your hands in strong disinfectant after treating birds. Personally I would use the hatchet and cremate the birds instead of doctoring.

L. G.—Will someone who has tried it tell me what success they have had, hatching turkey eggs in an incubator, and if they have to be kept warmer than hen eggs?

A.—I have for the last few years hatched most of the first eggs laid by my turkeys in incubators, but always give them to hens to brood, as they are a great deal of trouble, and don't seem to do as well when reared in brooders. Run the incubator just as you would for hens' eggs.

J. M. E.—I raise turkeys and have had a good deal of trouble with them dying with the disease called blackhead. They seem healthy, then droop and die, have a greenish yellow discharge and liver spotted. Can you tell me the cause of disease and its cure.

A.—In the March number of COMFORT I fully explained the cause of what is called blackhead in turkeys, and also gave the new cure or rather preventive. You had better refer to that as it certainly gives much more information than I possibly can in this column.

S. W.—I am writing to you for advice about my chickens, that have had some kind of a disease for about a year. Have lost about three dozen. We have about one hundred and thirty chickens. I think they caught the disease from a near neighbor, three chickens had the same disease. They have yellow droppings. Some of them are lame in one leg. Some are not sick but it is only a few days before they die. Some are sick for two and three months. All that were sick have died except one, which was sick for about three months and then got well. Some of them eat heartily and others do not eat but very little. Some of their combs are red and others are not. The hens that are two or three years old and about nine months old are the ones that get sick. I shut up some of the sick ones in a coop and gave them water with a few drops of carbolic acid in it, but it didn't do any good. I also have a hen that has been almost blind for a year, large lumps swelled under her eyes, had lumps in throat for about a week, and now there is a large lump swelled just below the throat. I saw another with her throat swelled.

A.—You don't tell me how you feed but the symptoms all point to liver complaint, over-crowding and too much heavy food. Better kill off all old hens, as it will be impossible to cure them. Those under fifteen months of age may be worth doctoring. Feed no more corn, potatoes or fattening feed of any sort. Give a light feed of wheat or oats, night and morning, all the sour milk they can drink and plenty of sharp grit and charcoal.

I. M. S.—A.—Please refer to the March issue of COMFORT and answer to J. M. E. in this number.

A. B. B.—I have four turkey hens and a young gobbler. All are about the same age except one, she being about one year old. They began laying in February, and I have set most of their eggs, but not one has hatched. This is my first trial with turkeys and I do not know anything about them. They all seem very healthy and have free range in the field and woods.

A.—Turkey eggs are generally very fertile. I cannot understand why you have had so much trouble in not hatching, unless the gobbler is too young or in poor condition.

L. C. A.—As I have been a reader for some time, I now come to you for help. All at once our chickens got sick and stopped laying. This is the way they do. Begin with a small swelling in about the center of their wattles, then keep getting larger until the swelling goes clear back to their ears and under the throat. They look very pale. The swelling is not a hard swelling as in roup, but soft as if full of air. They have free range, run to green Alfalfa clear water and feed corn. Just on a new homestead with new buildings.

A.—This is a case which I do not understand. I have never seen or heard of anything like it. Swelling, starting on the wattles and spreading down under the throat in such a way as you describe, is very puzzling. If any of our readers have had any experience of the same kind, I should be very glad to hear from them.

E. E. K.—Last fall a new disease appeared in my flock, which I had never heard of before. I had a White Leghorn hen about two years old, which was affected with a scabby rectum; she would eat and drink and seem real well, but as I could stand the offensive smell no longer, I killed her; later two of my best roosters took the disease and made rapid headway for death, but have not had any more trouble since. Will you tell me what the disease is called and what to do for it? (2) Will you explain line breeding? What is the proper age to caponize a male bird? Will a capon become broody and hatch little chicks? Please give me some advice about the ventilation in my henhouse. I house one hundred and twenty-five hens in a twenty-four by twelve-foot building, with perches the entire length of the building and one and one half feet apart.

A.—Read answer to J. A. J. Your hens and the roosters had advance vent-gleet. (2) Line breeding means carrying down through several generations one strain of blood. For example if you have an exceptionally good male bird, mate him to hens especially selected to enhance his good points, and continue to use the male progeny of such mating. Sometimes mating the pullets back to the sire, and the cockerels back to the dams for one or two seasons, to thoroughly establish the point you wish to emphasize in the strain of birds. To follow line breeding successfully you should have a great deal of scientific knowledge, and be very sure of the points you wish to perpetuate, and under all circumstances it requires common sense and great care not to allow your crossing to become inbreeding, for if you do the vigor and health are both affected. The best time to operate on male birds are when they are about three months old. Capons never get broody, but they are very quiet and if shut up in a small coop for a few days they will often accept small chicks if given to them at night, and brood them as well as any old hen. You are keeping a great many hens in a house of the dimensions you give, and I think you will find it better to take out all the windows and cover the opening with unbleached muslin.



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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die, Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

Mr. Richard Burdon and Edward More, brother of Sir Cyril More, in legal consultation, learn the contents of John Weston's will and the fortune awaiting Sir Cyril More which Edward More regrets. Aunt Martha and Edna are announced. Previous to Mr. Burdon reading the will to Edna, he explains its purport, —John Weston, grateful to Sir Charles More, who saves him from financial ruin, and desirous to enrich his descendants devises the scheme of disposing of his vast wealth by the marriage of his niece Edna Weston to Sir Cyril More,—the fortune going to either Edna Weston or Sir Cyril More or to both in equal shares on one condition, that they become man and wife, leaving each free to decline or accept, without depriving the other of his or her chance of it. The choice resting with Sir Cyril, Mr. Burdon sends for him. He comes reluctantly not knowing a fortune awaits him or the conditions to which he must comply.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED.)

CYRIL made an impatient movement.

"Hadn't you better write to me, Burdon?" he said; "I leave it all to you—do what is proper in the matter, and let me go. I will send my address."

And he actually rose to go with wistful weariness which astounded and distressed the lawyer.

"Stop!" he said; "one moment, Sir Cyril. Great Heaven! you surely cannot be so indifferent—I can't let you go, Sir Cyril, until I've explained this matter; besides, I've got Miss Weston upstairs and——"

"Miss Weston!" exclaimed Cyril; "do you tell me she has anything to do with this?" and he stopped full short and stared at the bewildered face of the lawyer.

"Yes; do you know her, then?" asked Mr. Burdon.

"One question at a time," said Cyril, gravely; "you have not answered mine fully yet."

Then he sat down again and waved his hand.

"Tell me all—why don't you tell me all?"

Mr. Burdon, with a patient sigh, resumed his seat, and with a good deal less prolixity than he had indulged in up-stairs, went over the same story.

When he came to the condition he paused a little and watched his client's downcast and firmly set face with anticipatory enjoyment.

"There is only one condition, Sir Cyril—only one, and John Weston's money is yours, and that is that you marry his niece, Edna Weston."

"What!" exclaimed Cyril, springing to his feet and confronting the astonished and somewhat alarmed lawyer, with a face on which conflicting emotions struggled for expression.

"What! I—marry—Edna Weston?" and his face flushed a bright crimson that almost restored to it its old, light-hearted expression.

"That is it," said the lawyer, "and it is not a very hard condition, Sir Cyril, as you will admit when I have the pleasure and honor of introducing you. I may say, with all respect and sincerity, that a more charming, a more beautiful young girl I never saw! Ah!"—and he rubbed his hands slowly—"many a man would deem her hand alone, without all it carries with it, a fortune good enough for the gods. Sir Cyril, may I be permitted to congratulate you?"

And he turned with a congratulatory smile of the most pronounced type.

But Sir Cyril did not appear to hear him; he was lost in deepest meditation, his head resting on his hand, his lips set tight. Presently he got up and paced to and fro, and at last stopped before the lawyer, his face quite pale and stern, as if he had come to a resolution that had cost him much to arrive at.

"Burdon," he asked, in a quiet, constrained voice, "has she—Miss Weston—seen me?"

It was a strange question, and Burdon, looking hard at the haggard, resolute face, which a few months, it seemed, had been sufficient to rob of all its freshness and characteristic levity, grew more bewildered than ever.

"Has she seen you? How can I say? Ah, yes, I remember. No, certainly she has not seen you; but what has that to do with it? The choice, as I tried to explain, is with you. You propose to her, declare yourself agreeable to conform to the conditions of the deed, and in any case, whether she refuse or accept you, the money is yours. Should you refuse to do so, the money goes in its entirety to her. But of course, you will allow me to say, as an old and faithful adviser, that that is out of the question. Will you come up-stairs? One glance at her will do more to convince you of your great good fortune than any talk, legal, or otherwise. Will you come up-stairs, Sir Cyril?"

Cyril paused in his pacing, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"No, Burdon," he said, quietly, "there is no need for that—I have made up my mind."

"Sir Cyril, I am delighted to hear it!" exclaimed Burdon, with a sigh of relief. "I—'pon my word—I said up-stairs to your brother——"

"My brother—Edward here, too!"

Mr. Burdon nodded.

"I said that you would decide at once. But come up-stairs, Sir Cyril!"

Cyril frowned.

"I think you have misunderstood me, Burdon," he said, coldly; "I have decided to decline the honor of becoming Miss Weston's suitor."

Mr. Burdon, the long-suffering, fell back in his chair and gasped for breath.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "But—Sir Cyril you cannot have understood!"

"Yes, yes!" said Cyril, with grim impatience, and a dark cloud settling on his brow.

"I understand that by consenting to marry Miss Weston I take the money with her—or without her. Well—I decline to marry her, and I relinquish any and all claims to the fortune that should in all justice be her inheritance!"

Mr. Burdon groaned, and dashed his hand upon the open deed.

"Sir Cyril! Sir Cyril!" he implored, "do consider this thing! Don't decide so hastily! Great Heaven, you are throwing away a fortune—an immense fortune!—ah! and a lovely girl, as if they were so much dirt! Take time—go abroad—the deed gives six months!"

"I do not want one month, or one week," said Cyril, with a sigh; "I have quite and finally made up my mind. I decline to fulfill the condition."

Mr. Burdon rose and pushed the deed from him, and confronted the pale, resolute face.

"Sir Cyril!" he said, "I and my father before me have been the legal advisers—the humble friends—of you and yours; we have served you faithfully and to the best of our poor ability, and you ask me to carry out such an instruction as this, to sit by and look on while a fortune slips from you—ah, and worse, to help you legally and irrecoverably to throw that fortune away from you! I can't do it!"

"I will not ask you," said Cyril, after a moment's silence, during which he walked to the table.

"Give me pen and ink."

Mr. Burdon, with a reluctant and suspicious groan, put them before him, crying:

"Don't do anything rash, Sir Cyril!"

Cyril smiled, and quietly but rapidly wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper. This he folded and inclosed in an envelope, addressed to "Miss Edna Weston," and held it out to Burdon.

"All you have to do is to hand that to Miss Weston," he said.

Mr. Burdon took the note gingerly between his finger and thumb, and looked at it as a child might look at a dose of medicine.

"We lawyers don't like doing anything in the dark, Sir Cyril."

"What is to be done if you won't do anything in the light?" retorted Cyril. "Come, Burdon, you had better do as I wish; it will save you a world of trouble. Take my note—if you don't care to, I can send it through the post," and, with a grim smile, he took up his hat.

"Stop!" said Burdon, in despair. "I'll take it; you will wait to see if she sends any answer?"

"No answer is possible," said Cyril, "and I am in a hurry."

"In an uncommon hurry to fling away a fortune!" exclaimed Mr. Burdon, his patience quite exhausted. "Good by, Sir Cyril, if you will not listen to reason. Perhaps you will give me your address?"

"I will when I get one," said Cyril. "Good by," and he held out his hand.

As he turned to leave the room he looked up at the ceiling with a singular wistfulness, which Mr. Burdon remembered years after.

"Miss Weston is up there still?" he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Burdon, eagerly. "Will you see her?"

"No," said Cyril, shortly, and immediately disappeared.

A moment after Burdon heard a cab door shut with the usual bang, clash and the rattle of departing wheels.

He turned the letter over in his hand and looked at it with a grimace of distaste.

"I wonder what it all means—what he has said?" he muttered. "I've a great mind——" Not to give it to her, he was going to say; but Mr. Burdon, like Brutus, was an honorable man, and marched up-stairs with the letter in his hand, and anything but an amiable look upon his face.

"Well!" exclaimed Edward More, with ill-tempered curiosity, "where is he?"

"Gone!" said Mr. Burdon, almost curtly.

Edna, who sat waiting with a pale, troubled face, flushed and lowered her eyes.

"Gone!" repeated Edward More. "What for—where to?"

"That, Sir Cyril declined to inform me," said Mr. Burdon, leaning against the mantelshelf and eying the hearth rug moodily.

"Yes, he has gone, Miss Weston; and, for reasons best known to himself, refused an interview which, at least, might have paved the way to a settlement of this question."

"What's that in your hand?" asked Edward, whose eyes were sharp and nature suspicious.

"A letter," said Mr. Burdon, reluctantly, "for Miss Weston."

And he gave it to her.

"For me!" said Edna, taking it. "From——"

"Sir Cyril," nodded Mr. Burdon.

There was an intense silence of suspense.

Edna opened the envelope and read the short note and her face went from pale to red, and back to pale again. The three pairs of eyes watched her closely.

For a minute she sat with the letter in her hand; then, with a little start, she rose and held it to Mr. Burdon.

"Am I to read it?" he asked.

"Yes—aloud, if you please," she answered, in a low voice.

Mr. Burdon put up his glasses, and his voice actually quivered as he read:

"MY DEAR MISS WESTON: Mr. Burdon has informed me of your uncle's strange will, and it only remains for me to state, at once and without equivocation, that it is impossible for me to conform to the condition which is stated therein. I, therefore, withdraw any claim which I may have had, or may still have, to any part of the money accounted for by that deed; and I in no way intend to stand between the fortune and the rightful inheritor—yourself. (Signed)

"CYRIL MORE."

Edward More sprang from his chair, and stood grasping the back of it and gasping for breath.

"What!" he cried: "the idiot, the mad fool, actually refuses—yields up all claim! Then the money is hers!"

"By virtue of this little note," said Mr. Burdon, "Miss Weston, allow me to congratulate you upon the inheritance of a splendid fortune."

CHAPTER XIII.

EDNA COMES HOME.

Could it be true? It seemed so strange, so unreal, that Edna—little mountain flower, as Cyril had once lovingly called her—could scarcely persuade herself that she was awake and not dreaming, although Mr. Burdon—tall, robust and grave—and Edward More, stern, thin and irritably fidgety, looked anything but visionary. Yes, it must be true if they said so, and she, Edna, who had entered that room so poor and helpless and insignificant, would leave it rich beyond her wildest dreams, powerful, and, alas! with too many so-called friends anxiously waiting to pay their devoirs.

She looked from Aunt Martha, who was crying, to Mr. Burdon, who was beating his right hand with the letter he held in his left, with a questioning, almost terrified gaze; then suddenly her eyes grew dreamy, and a subtle change came over her face—a change that made her look sad, wistful and abstracted.

Of what was she thinking? It was a strange look for so young a girl, with all youth's innocent bloom on her, still more strange for a lady who had just heard of such an accession to wealth. Edward More stopped biting his nails to stare at her; then, as she raised her eyes and sighed, he fidgeted forward—the first to pay homage.

"Very sudden, this news, Miss Weston—takes you quite by surprise, of course; so it did me. Er—er, I think you said you were staying at Moffat's—don't you think that you would be more comfortable if you were to come and stay with us until you get settled? My wife will be delighted to receive you—she half expects you, in fact"—it was very questionable whether Mrs. Edward More was conscious of Edna's existence. "We are near town—Richmond, you know—and you shall be your own mistress. Mrs. Weston"—and he swung round sharply to Aunt Martha, who was drying her eyes furtively—"let me enlist you on my side—pray make our house your home until you are settled."

Edna hesitated for a moment only; the longing to be alone—at least, with only Aunt Martha—was too strong upon her to allow of her accepting.

"I think I would rather go back to the hotel at present, thank you," she said, gently.

Edward More nodded and frowned.

"Very good, just so, very natural, perhaps; but you will come and stay with us in a day or two, perhaps, my wife will be very much disappointed unless I take back a promise," then, too wily to force a refusal, he went on, quickly: "She will be up in town tomorrow, and will call on you; she would have come today, but was suffering from an attack of neuralgia; you will be at home tomorrow? I will come, too, if you will allow me; I may be of service—eh, Burdon?" and he turned his sharp eyes round on Mr. Burdon, who bowed assent.

Edna gave him her hand and thanked him, and Sir Cyril More's brother hurried out of the room.

Mr. Burdon, who had been writing for the last few minutes, looked up with a respectful smile.

"May I offer my services, Miss Weston? I trust there are some few things in which I may be of use to you. It has just occurred to me"—it hadn't, for he had thought of it and prepared for it early in the morning—"that you might wish o have a little change—it is so convenient in London—and I have got you some ten-pound bank notes. There they are—five hundred pounds, I think you will find," and he smoothed out a packet of crisp paper.

Edna stared and then smiled, but as Mr. Burdon appeared quite serious she took the tempting packet of stationery.

Aunt Martha gasped:

"Five hundred pounds in bank notes, my dear Edna! Why, what shall we do with it?"

"Spend it, my dear madam, spend it!" said Mr. Burdon, rubbing his hands complacently, and added, impressively:

"If you knew the extent of Miss Weston's fortune—I don't myself as yet—you would consider five hundred pounds of as little consequence as five hundred pence. I would have got you more, and will do so now, if you wish it," he said to Edna.

Edna shook her head.

"I do not know what to do with this," she said.

Mr. Burdon waved his hand slightly.

"Would you like to open an account at a bank at once? Perhaps you would? If you will, permit me to accompany you to the bank. I will pay in two thousand pounds to your account; you can then draw by check as you please; that will be the best plan, for the present, perhaps. Afterward you would like to keep a much larger amount easy to get at."

What a dream it seemed!

Edna inclined her head with a faint, puzzled smile that made her look bewitching in her ingenuous innocence.

"I will do as you advise me," she said; "I do not like to take all this money until——" and she hesitated.

Mr. Burdon smiled.

"I should feel quite pleased to advance you ten times the amount, Miss Weston; we will go to the bank, if you please," and he rang for his hat.

The bank was in Chancery Lane, and Mr. Burdon, conducting the two ladies into the manager's room, placed two thousand pounds to Edna's credit.

"You will have to sign your name in this book, so that the clerks may know your signature," he said. "Just here on this line, if you please."

Edna removed her glove and took the pen in her hand. Mr. Burdon pointed out the exact spot, and she wrote "Edna Weston."

As she raised her pen something in the name seemed to strike her, for she dropped her hand suddenly on the book, causing a blot, and turned very pale.

Mr. Burdon was ready with blotting paper and a reassuring smile.

"It is of no consequence," he said, lightly; "not the slightest; a clerk will scratch it out in a moment, Miss Weston."

When, as Edna still seemed overwhelmed by the accident—for what else could have upset her?—he took the book from before her, and in another minute a clerk had borne it away.

—Edna looked after it with a strange, wild look on her face, and seemed about to speak, but Mr. Burdon, evidently attributing her manner to overstrung nerves, interposed.

"Your cab is at the door; this has been a trying morning for you both," and, talking as they went, he escorted them through the bank offices into the street. "There is the check book," he said, handing it to Edna, "and there are the notes for a hundred pounds. I will not tire you with anything further today, but if I may call on you tomorrow——"

Edna nodded her head—she could not speak, and Mr. Burdon closed the door and the cab drove off. During the journey—not a great one—to the hotel, Aunt Martha found vent for her bewilderment in nervous exclamations and tears, but both were lost on the girl leaning back in her own corner, pale and abstracted, her small hands fast clasped together, her heart beating with painful violence.

Arrived at the old-fashioned hotel, Edna escaped to her own room, and there, alone at last, faced her position and held communion with herself. Where had she been hurried?—what had she done?

What name was it she had signed in that book at the bank? What name was it that she ought to have signed? Trembling, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed and hid her face in her hands. What right had she to the name of Edna Weston?—it had gone from her for ever! But had it? Had he not given her name back to her when he left her that afternoon in the churchyard of the old cathedral far away? Had he not yielded her again all that she had bestowed upon him—all the love of her pure, virgin heart, all the trust and truth of her young, unsullied life! Ah, but had he yielded it? Had she ceased to love him when she ceased to trust and believe in him? Where was he now—now that she was rich and powerful? He had said, with happy carelessness, that he was poor and objectless; how well she remembered it! How glad she had felt at the time that it should be so; and now she was rich, rich, immensely, cruelly rich and he——?

As she asked herself the question, the handsome face, with its light-hearted smile, rose before her like a reproachful vision. She was on the threshold of possessing a fortune that was princely in its capabilities of enjoyment and power, while he was wandering, perhaps poor, and solitary, and friendless.

"No, no," she cried, chokingly, as pride came to her aid, "not solitary, not friendless! He has other friends—fair friends—old friends, who will soon help him to forget the simple girl he deceived!"

So she strove to console herself, calling a woman's wounded pride to her aid, but it was of no avail; the handsome face still forced itself through her clasped fingers, and looked reproachfully at her.

"Oh, why—why—did we ever meet? Why did I ever see him, or he me? Why should all this misery come upon us, for he looked miserable as well as me that afternoon—miserable and wretched? Ah, perhaps he was deceiving me then; What did that woman say—that he could act like truth, that he was false—utterly false? Perhaps, while I am here torturing myself, he is amusing himself by deceiving some other poor, simple, trusting fool!"

At the bare thought, the crimson rushed to her pale face, and she sprang up, all aglow with indignation and maidenly pride.

"No! I did right. That was my name I wrote, for he gave it back to me; he took back his own. I am not his wife; he—he is not my husband! I am Edna Weston still! Perhaps," and she trembled and hid her face, "it was all a deceit; perhaps I was never, even for an hour, any other. Oh, why are men so cruel and so wicked?" and murmuring this once again, she burst into a flood of tears.

It is to be hoped that not everyone who comes into an unexpected fortune is so wretched on the day they learn the news as Edna Weston.

When Aunt Martha came to the door, knocking nervously, Edna was composed again, but very pale. Would she come down to dinner? Oh, yes. And she came down, but ate very little of the nicely arranged meal that was served in the best private room.

On that evening the two sat talking over the sudden stroke of fortune, and Aunt Martha, growing more courageous as the surprise lessened, glowed eloquently before the delight of riches, and with Edna, pale and thoughtful, beside her, promised great things.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

LAMENESS.—My yearling colt is sound and all right with the exception of his stifle cap. It slips off to the outside and on at every step. It lames him when he trots or runs. Is there anything that can be done to hold the cap on or to cure the trouble? C. R.

A.—Tie the colt up short in the stable for a month or more and blister the stifle joint and around it with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides (Spanish fly) and three parts of lard; or rub in a stimulating liniment once daily.

OVERHEATED MULE.—I have a mule that appears overheated from very little work. He does not sweat at all and pants and blows when at work. L. M. S.

A.—There seems to be no doubt that the mule must have been overheated at some time or another and that being the case he will never be able to work quite comfortably or effectively in hot weather. Work him in the cool of the morning and evening. Shade his head when at work and allow drinking water often. Put a white sheet on the body during working hours. Do not feed corn in summer.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule about six years old which has been holding her right forefoot forward for more than a year. At times she seems to be well. She first had scratches, but soon got well. She next had thrush and this lameness followed. When she stands up, or stays off the road she gets better immediately. G. B.

A.—Have oakum, pine tar and a leather pad put under a bar shoe on the lame foot; then clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister twice with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard, at an interval of two weeks.

LOCO POISONING.—I had a three-year-old mare. She was not able to lift her feet off of the ground to step over doorsill in barn. If a person was in front of her she would rear on her hind feet, paw and strike and fall over on her back, get up, walk off quivering all over. She was this way two weeks before she died. MRS. J. H. H.

A.—You have given a good description of a typical case of loco poisoning. The remedy is fifteen to twenty grains of sulphate of aluminum and permanganate of potash dissolved in water and given as a drench two or three times a day. Keep horses and other animals away from the weed, so far as that is possible.

COWS DYING.—I had a cow die a year ago last spring. In calving this spring they produce no milk. Can you tell me what to do for a cow at such a time? (2) Is there anything to put on cows' teats to keep calves from suckling? P. J. C.

A.—You do not give us any information as to the manner in which the pregnant cows are fed and managed, but it seems likely that the chief cause of trouble has been lack of nutritious and succulent or laxative feed. If the cows are well fed on mixed hay, silage or roots, oats, bran and corn and are made to take abundant exercise every day they should not experience trouble at calving time or lack milk for their calves. (2) Put a spiked halter on the calf's head so that the cow will not permit it to nurse.

BLACKLEG.—I had a calf die a few days ago. One of its hind legs was swollen from its hip to its hoof and the under side between its knee and body was cracked or scratched and bloody pus discharged. A neighbor lost one the same way last spring. J. C.

A.—You do not state the age of the calf but the symptoms indicated blackleg which is incurable, but preventable by vaccination. Better have the remaining young cattle vaccinated. Any graduate veterinarian can do the work.

LAMENESS.—I have a three-year-old mare that was kicked on front of right shoulder eighteen months ago. Part of her shoulder is swollen badly. She is lame and in walking slings her leg in. D. L. McW.

A.—A leg bone may have been fractured, in which case there will be little likelihood of recovery. If that is not the case support the mare with slings for six weeks and during that time bathe the shoulder once daily with a mild liniment, such as a mixture of half an ounce each of aqua ammonia and turpentine and a pint each of extract of witch-hazel and druggists' soap liniment.

RINGBONE.—Will you tell me through the columns of your valuable paper the best and quickest way to cure ringbone. R. S. K.

A.—If the ringbone is on a fore pastern unnerving will be necessary; if it is on a hind pastern better have it puncture-fired and blistered by a graduate veterinarian and then tie the mare up short in a stall for a six weeks' rest. If you cannot have it fired clip off the hair and blister twice a month for two months with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and one ounce of lard, the mare being kept tied up the while. This may do some good, but there is not certainty as to that, ringbone lameness being difficult to cure.

UNPROFITABLE.—I have a Jersey heifer two years old that sucks her tongue and when fed mill feed instead of eating her food she sucks it. She is very bony. Is she worth keeping? MRS. R. P. R.

A.—We cannot advise you to keep the heifer as she does not prove profitable and besides that the tongue sucking usually indicates some derangement of the digestive organs. Tuberculosis possibly is present, but the tuberculin test would have to be applied to determine that. We know of no cure for the tongue sucking, other than complete feeding and natural living.

WEAK JOINTS.—I have a three-year-old colt that has trouble with his pastern joints in his hind feet. Whenever he walks or runs they will fly out of place. It is worse when going up a hill or pulling. A. A.

A.—Commonly it is the stifle joints, at the flanks, that are affected in this way, the patella (knee cap or pan) of each joint slipping out of place and back again with a snapping noise when the colt walks or trots. Dislocation of the pastern is a much common condition. In either case treatment would consist in absolute rest and a blister applied to the weak joint, or stimulating liniment to be well rubbed in daily.

BIG HEAD.—I have a horse about five years old that had blind teeth when he was a colt. They were taken out when he was two years old. Recently one side of his nose has begun to swell and is gradually getting larger all the time.

A.—"Blind" or "wolf" teeth are harmless, never have any ill effect upon the eyes, do not cause big head (osteo-porosis) and need not be removed. The swelling possibly may be associated with cutting of molar teeth, just completed in a five-year-old, or to disease of the molar teeth, or to osteo-porosis. A graduate veterinarian will have to make an examination and determine what is wrong as one at a distance cannot make such a decision.

STIFLE LAMENESS.—I have a three-year-old mule, sixteen hands high, which I am working this year. He does not appear blemished. After standing still and I try to back him up he has some kind of a catch or cramp in both hind legs and cannot raise his feet until he has stepped forward. It is worse in the left one. I bought him last spring and have been told the mule became jangled in something and kicked until he knocked the skin off of his hind legs. Is it liable to become stringhalt? (2) What is a good remedy for lice on hogs? (3) I have a sow about one year old which won't weigh over sixty pounds. She eats well, has a good appetite but won't grow. Her excrements are always a diarrhea. L. B. E.

A.—It would appear that the stifles are affected and the kicking maybe the cause, but weakness of the muscles and ligaments of the stifle joint in fast growing colts often causes the patella (knee cap) of the stifle to slip out of place and while out the joint is locked and the leg is thrust backward. We scarcely think there is danger of stringhalt in this case, nor does it seem to be chorea (akin to St. Vitus' dance of man). It would be well to rub the stifles with stimulating liniment twice daily and if that does not suffice blister them with a mixture of one part of powdered Spanish fly and three parts of lard. (2) Use a mixture of coal tar dip according to directions given by the maker. It can be bought at any drug-store. (3) It will not pay to bother with such a sow as she is permanently stunted and possibly tubercular.

QUARTER CRACKS.—My driving horse, nine years old has quarter cracks and one of the cracks runs to the hair, and it bleeds sometimes when driving him. Is there a cure? O. L. W.

A.—Put on flat bar shoes after cutting away a small semicircular portion of the wall at the ground surface under the crack that runs to the hair. Clip the hair from the hoof-head and have a veterinarian burn a deep line across the crack at its juncture with the hair and on this as a base burn a large V in the skin of the hoof-head, the apex of the V to stand directly at the top of the crack. The V must be lightly burned, with a number of red-hot irons in turn, but on no account must it penetrate the skin. Blister the hoof-head with a fly blister and repeat every three or four weeks until sound horn fills the top of the crack.

ENLARGED JOINT.—I have a mare that was cut on one of the front feet by barbed wire. It has healed, but it caused a large joint. O. K.

A.—Swelling in the joint may be slightly decreased by bandaging every time the mare comes into the stable; but it cannot be wholly removed. Treatment other than bandaging will not be likely to do any good.

BOG SPAVIN.—I have a mare two years old that has a bunch on her left hind leg. The lump is on the front and runs through to the hock joint. E. B.

A.—Have the hock fired and blistered and then give six weeks' rest tied up in a stall, if lameness is present. Otherwise you might as well leave the condition alone. Such a mare should not be bred from as tendency to the condition is hereditary.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

you were sitting inside his trunk with the lid locked. That's the way all these "puffect" gentlemen have. Now you just give that self-satisfied gink another run for his money. Give him a merry chase and you'll hear his heart thumping like a dead lamb's tail in fly time. Keep a man on the anxious seat, let him think that other people want you, and he'll be camping on the doorstep all night, treading on your heels all day, and you'll hear the machinery of his heart creaking with anxiety, making a racket like an asthmatic steer after a ten mile run. Never let any man put the branding iron on you and then turn you loose in his private pasture and say: "That's mine when I want it, and somebody can have it when I don't." No one worries about a fish after it is hooked. Never let anybody think you're hooked. There is sport in the capture but too often weariness and satiety in possession. I've been through the mill a hundred times and believe me I know what I'm talking about.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

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Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

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Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Polly Schade, Bee Log, N. C. Bedridden for four years. Poor and needy. Postmaster speaks highly of her. Send her some help. Mrs. Nancy Harris (75), Critz, Va. Widow. No means of support. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Fred S. Hart, South Newbury, N. H. Bedridden for sixteen years from rheumatism. Is also blind. Very sad case. Send him some cheer. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. Great sufferer from rheumatism, spinal curvature and kidney trouble. Unable to work. Very sad case. Highly recommended. Give him a boost. James T. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Helpless invalid for fourteen years. Father died recently, mother is seventy-eight years of age and very feeble. Send some help to this afflicted family. Very sad case. Highly recommended. W. B. Ballew, Sparta, Tenn. Invalid. Unable to work. Poor and needy. Send him some cheer. Mary Stafford, Arkwright, Ala. Invalid. Poor and needy. Would appreciate quilt pieces, and any financial help you care to send her. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Pionesta, Pa. Invalid for eleven years. No means of support. Send her a dime shower. Virgil Drew, Three Rivers, Texas. Little crippled boy, twelve years of age. Widowed mother his only support. Poor and needy. Send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Jennie Moore, Buffalo, Ill. Paralyzed. Worthy and needy. Highly recommended. Do what you can for her. Ralph Sipple, Blue Springs, Mo. Invalid for ten years. Partially paralyzed. Send him cheery letters, reading matter, and anything that will help pass away the lonely hours. Mrs. Minnie Alderman, Star, Box 13, Va. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces only.

A dime or a dollar sent to anyone of these poor souls is laying up for those who give treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. If all who read this would cut out their whiskey and beer money for one day and send it to the poor ouls listed above it would make them independent for life. Lovingly yours,

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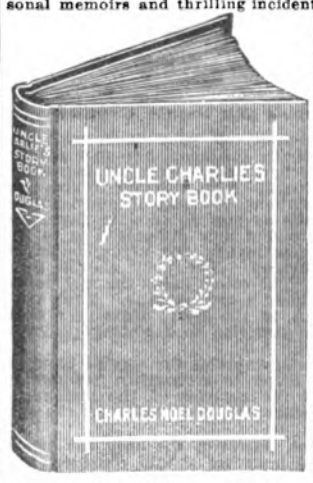
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Girl Who Wants to Reduce

OH, how many of her there are, that girl who wants to reduce! In every mail comes plaintive little wails from the girls who lives in Idaho, and the girls who live in Maine, and the girls who live in Illinois, and the girls who live in Florida, and the girls who live in—it seems to me—every known part of the habitable globe! And their arms are too fat, and their hips are too broad, and their waists are too big, and there's a fat lump at the back of their necks, and even their legs don't come up to the desired specifications. And the one cry of each and everyone of them is, "I want to reduce!"

So that's our little stunt, this month—to reduce. Probably fat hips and abdomens are about the most serious affliction our would-be pretty girls have to undergo; so we'll consider how to make them over into just the most agreeable size.

First, let me say that fat hips and abdomens come from three reasons—lack of proper exercise, too much food or wrong kinds of food, and incorrect habits of standing.

If you rest rather heavily on your feet and let the body slump a little, the abdomen naturally sticks out in front and looks fat and heavy; but perhaps if you stand in front of your mirror and straighten the spine just as straight as ever you can, throwing the abdomen in and the seat of the body back and out, you may find that you are not half so fat as you think yourself, but that you've merely been standing in a very unlovely manner.

How about it?

Then you may be careless about your corsets, putting them on already laced and tied up. All wrong, my dears! Untie the lacings always, and loosen them before taking the corset off. When you put it on in the morning again, slip it on all untied, let the corset settle easily at the waist, then draw the corset-strings to hold the corset firmly about the abdomen, and tie. You should have another string to tie at the waist-line, but the lower string should be tied fast. Otherwise, when you draw the strings at the waist, it tends to push the flesh which belongs to the waist down below the waist-line, and gives the appearance of a fat abdomen.

Next, watch your diet, Pretty Girls! Don't eat quantities of sweet things—preserves and cakes and candies and pies—and don't eat fat meats and gravies. They all mean layers on layers of fat—not good hard flesh, but soft flabby fat—on your body, especially below your waist; and the most luscious chocolate creams or tempting dish of preserves is not worth the sacrifice of a good figure, is it?

Possibly you haven't thought of all these things in time, so we will not only have to prevent, but cure. Let us start out with a nice vigorous exercise warranted to take ever so many inches off the measurement of those too-generous hips, if you will practise it conscientiously daily for ten minutes, night and morning.

To Reduce the Abdomen

Standing with heels together, chin up, spine straight, raise the arms above the head, palms facing front and thumbs touching each other. Now, drawing in a deep breath, spring a couple of inches in the air and come down with the feet about eighteen inches apart, at the same time throwing the arms out and down and attempting to touch the floor. At first you will not be able to do this, nor until you have practised it some time; but each day your fingers will come a little nearer to the floor. Bring the arms up again, spring up,



EXERCISING TO REDUCE HER HIPS.

and come down with the feet together, taking a deep breath. Repeat.

This exercise will not only reduce the abdomen, but is an excellent corrective for constipation, and strengthens the muscles of the back.

Another excellent exercise which will do away with that excess fat we all dislike so much, should be practised lying on the floor.

To Strengthen All Pelvic Organs

Lie flat on the floor, on your back, with the hands clasped beneath the head, the feet resting under a bed or other heavy piece of furniture. Draw in a deep breath. Now, attempt to rise to a sitting position without the use of your hands, expelling the breath as you do so. At first, you will be surprised to find how difficult it is to lift the head even a few inches, but after continued effort you will succeed. The body should bend only at the waist. The couch keeps the feet down, and so gives the body some leverage. Each time that you sink back to the floor, draw in a deep breath; each time you rise to a sitting position, exhale as you do so.

This is a beneficial exercise for special troubles of women, as it helps to strengthen supporting ligaments and all the muscles of the abdominal region. And, of course, it exercises away the surplus fat.

Fat hips are not, however, the only too generous portion of the body we should consider, if I am to be guided by the letters from my girls. Fat arms are another subject of grievance. There are several ways to take away their superfluous inches. One particular method which is particularly effective is to grasp the upper arm with the right hand and twist the flesh as if you were pushing it around the arm. Push it as far as you can; then remove the hand, slide it down half an inch and grasp and push again. In this way go over the entire fleshy part of the arm, with much the same motion as if you were wringing a sheet just out of the washtub, and only had one hand to do it. After you have treated the left arm in this way for several minutes, use the left hand to administer the same treatment to the right arm.

An exercise which will remove surplus flesh from the arms, and give you a good healthy rounded chest is as follows:

To Reduce Fat Arms

Standing with heels together, chin up, chest out, spine straight, hold the arms on a level with the shoulders, curving them slightly in front of you and stiffening every muscle. Now without relaxing the rigidity, swing them to the right and



READY TO FLING HER ARMS BACK IN THE ARM REDUCING EXERCISE.

left, respectively, in front of you. Breathe in deeply, and exhale slowly through the nose, while practising this exercise.

Don't attempt to lessen the apparent size of your arms by wearing tight sleeves. This only makes a bad condition worse, for they impede circulation and make the arms red. A reasonably loose sleeve is much more becoming.

And don't attempt to look slender by lacing the corset at the waist. This only gives a stuffed appearance, and increases the breadth of your hips.

If you will cut out the fat-producing foods and take enough exercise, you will not need reduction treatment very long. An excellent pastime for you in the meantime is to practise running in one spot until you are in a profuse perspiration. This stationary running can be practised in your bedroom, but when you are dripping with perspiration you should roll yourself in a blanket, no matter what the weather, and lie down until you are entirely rested. Every ounce of perspiration takes away some of that obnoxious surplus fat.

I hope you will all practise these exercises diligently, the coming month. If you do, you will not have so many pounds to your credit when the next month comes around. Good luck to you!

Answers to Questions

A Constant Reader.—A large abdomen is most frequently caused by overeating which has produced too much fat. A poorly fitting corset may shove the flesh down from the waist and make the abdomen look large. Always untie and loosen the lacings of the corset before taking off, and put on while unlaced, afterward drawing and tying strings across lower back and then at waist. Have three pair of garters on your corset, one garter inside each leg in front, one at the middle of each leg in front, and one at back of each leg, and fasten garters before lacing corset. Practise the exercise given below:

To Reduce the Abdomen

Lie with your back flat on the bed, arms underneath, palms down. With knees rigid, bring both legs up as far as possible, then slowly lower the first position, as if being held back by an invisible force. Inhale as legs are raised.

Bishop.—To make the bust firm, dash it night and morning with cold water, except when you are not feeling well. Also practise the exercise given below:

To Develop the Bust

Stand with heels together, toes out, head up, chest thrust forward, stomach held in. With arms outstretched at sides, on a level with the shoulders, try to have every muscle in the body tense. Then force the hands together in front of the body at full length holding the arms rigid. Now, throw the arms back as far as possible, then to the front again. Keep the hands at the shoulder level throughout. Inhale as the arms are brought back, and exhale as they come together. To make the calves of the legs larger, practise these two exercises:

To Develop the Calves

Standing with heels together, toes turned out, place your hands on the back of a chair or any other object that may be convenient. Rise on your toes; then sink to the floor, slowly bending the knees. Slowly rise to a standing position without allowing the heels to touch the floor. The object of placing your hands on the back of a chair is to help preserve your balance. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting.

To Develop the Calves

Take a correct standing position, with hands on hips. Then slowly rise on toes, and slowly sink to the floor again. Continue this exercise until a strain is felt in the calves of the legs. Inhale when rising on toes, exhale as you lower to the floor.

Vee Bee.—If your skin is rough, chapped and feels like "dead skin," probably you have been using too much soap on the face and not rinsing it properly. Use soap on the face only at night, and then in the warm water—*not rubbed on the face!* Scrub thoroughly with a complexion brush, and rinse many, many times. Always rub a good cold cream into the face before applying powder, and be sure to have a good pure powder. Better drop the rouge.

A Comfort Reader.—For a too large bust, get one of the net brassieres. They are cool, but hold the bust in place; they have short sleeves, with shields. Practise the exercise given below:

To Reduce the Bust

Fasten a fully equipped pulley-weight exerciser to the wall at the height of about eight feet from the floor. Then, standing with your back to the pulley and about four or five feet away from the wall, grasp the rope ends and allow the pulley weights to pull your hands up and back as far as they will go. Now, strike out and down with considerable force, as if you were actually striking at something. Dash cold water on the bust night and morning, except when you are not feeling well. You had better begin to look after your diet, cutting out sweet things.

Lassie.—To remove superfluous hair from your lips, anoint one day with peroxide of hydrogen, the next with ammonia. This will take some months. You ask for a quick depilatory which you can use on the arms or elsewhere, whenever you do not mind the hair coming back again—as it most certainly will, and stronger than ever.

An Effective Depilatory

Sulphuret of barium, one half ounce; water, two ounces. Mix into a paste by wetting corn-starch with the solution, and apply to the offending hairs. When dry, the hairs will come away with it. If the skin is irritated, rub in a good skin food. Bear in mind that this only removes the hair temporarily, and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason, this depilatory must not be used on face or neck.

Elsie F.—Powder is not bad for the skin if you first apply a good cold cream and rub it into the skin thoroughly, wiping off with a soft cloth. Paint is objectionable as a matter of good taste. If used, cold cream should be first applied, the rouge, then the powder. Soda isn't exactly the thing for your teeth. Why not buy a good tooth paste? A good brushing with warm water three times a day will keep the teeth clean, with an occasional quick rubbing with a cut lemon. Using cold cream and powder before going outdoors will prevent tan and sunburn.

Sweet Sixteen.—Your writing is very good and clear, my dear. For a fleshy protuberant mole or wart, tie a silk thread tight around base. After a few days it will turn black, wither up and drop off. For the smooth moles, apply a freckle lotion, though your diet probably needs attention.

Hope.—See answer to "Sweet Sixteen." Use a cut lemon on the offending spots, and drink a glass of cool water half an hour before breakfast every morning to which the juice of half a lemon, without sugar, has been added. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day and see that the bowels move freely every day. The exercise given to "Constant Reader" is also good for constipation.

A. A.—Sorry you can't get that ingredient for the Wrinkle Cream. Use this formula instead:

Wrinkle Lotion

Alum, thirty grains; rose-water, three ounces; almond milk (thick), three quarter ounce.

Massaging the wrinkles with cold cream will help to drive them away.

Mrs. B. C.—You do not give your weight, so I cannot tell whether you should reduce or how to advise you. You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

An Interested Friend.—I am giving, below, directions for making a potpourri jar, which I suppose is what you want. You can, of course, use the mixture to fill sachets.

Potpourri Jar

To fill your potpourri jar, the rose petals should not be gathered any time except in the morning when the dew is still on them. After they have been left in a cool airy place until the moisture in them has all dried, pack them in a large stone jar sprinkling salt on top, whenever you pack them, to the depth of another half inch. Gather your rose leaves every morning until the jar is full. Then let it stand for ten days more, stirring it thoroughly every morning. Your petals are now ready for the spice treatment. Take an ounce of cloves, an ounce of allspice, coarsely ground, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Break it into as small pieces as possible with your fingers, and then mix with your petals by putting a layer of your petals into a second stone jar and then a layer of the mixed spices, alternating in this fashion until your second jar is full. The jar should now be tightly covered and let to stand in a dark place for three weeks. The petals are now ready for the final jar.

Marie D.—Electrolysis is, of course, the best way of getting rid of superfluous hair. It costs five dollars an hour, but even fifteen minutes removes quite a number of hairs. If you cannot afford this, try the French method which is effective though slow. Anoint the affected hairs with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. If this irritates the skin, stop for a few days and rub a little cold cream into the skin; resume again.

A Girl in Despair.—It takes seven or eight months to get rid of superfluous hair by using peroxide and ammonia.

Kathleen.—Don't begin to use a dye on your hair or you will ruin it forever. Instead, massage the scalp nightly. Shampoo the hair once in two weeks and see that the scalp is kept free of dandruff. If you will pour olive oil on the scalp the night before shampooing, and tie the head up in a heavy towel, you will find the dandruff comes off easily. Brush the hair fifty to one hundred strokes every night. Probably your health is run down. Your hair always suffers if you get nervous and out of order physically. Eat three good hearty meals a day, and build yourself up. Read the answers to other members of the Pretty Girls' Club about diet and water.

Cinderella.—The probability is that you use entirely too much soap on your face. Start tonight by scrubbing the face with hot soapy water and a complexion brush; rinse many times in warm water and finally dash on cold water to close the pores. After drying, rub in a little good cold cream. Never rub soap on the washcloth or directly on the face. Always rub cold cream into the skin and then wipe off thoroughly before applying powder. Be careful that neither corsets, waistbands, collars, sleeves nor shoes are tight. In regard to your styes. Pay particular attention to your diet. Late hours and excessive fatigue usually cause them. Rub a little vaseline on the edges of the eyes at night, and wash out once a day with an eyecup and a three per cent solution of boric acid. Try not to use your eyes at night or by gaslight. Keeping the bowels open freely will help this condition.

W. B. G.—The Milk Diet, of course, would be the best thing for you, but you say you cannot take it. However, you can increase your bust measurement by exercise and the continual use of cocoa-butter. Practise the exercise given to "A Comfort Reader." Eat plenty of potatoes, rice, cereals, butter, etc., unless you are constipated. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day and see that the bowels move freely every day. Don't eat fried foods.

A. E. D.—Your whole system needs a general building up. If you will take the Milk Diet for six weeks you will get rid of the nervous headache, hollow chest and flat bosom. It will also clear your complexion. Won't you try it? Directions were given in the July issue. Take a good dose of Castor oil every three or four weeks for the constipation. Have the druggist mix it up for you in a glass of sarsaparilla. The exercise given to "A Constant Reader" is an excellent thing to practise for constipation.

Address all letters containing questions to
Katherine Booth, care Comfort,
Augusta, Maine.

The Rajah's Daughter

(continued from page 13.)

their sockets, and large drops of perspiration stood on his brow.

"Almighty Heaven!" he exclaimed, as he staggered toward the arras. "The villainous Thug has slain the Resident!"

"Slave!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "come forth! Whom did you slay?"

"The Resident Sahib, your Highness."

"So I see. But that was not the man I pointed out to you. The officer who preceded him was the one I wanted disposed of."

"You said it was the sahib that would ride down alone. The first officer was accompanied by your daughter, the Princess Ajmour and her servant, Mahond."

"The Princess Ajmour? Impossible, slave!"

"It is as I say, your Highness. The party rode fast, as if afraid of pursuit."

The Rajah, after telling the Thug to conceal himself, once more summoned an officer of his household.

"Tell the Princess I want to see her at once," he said; "and also her attendant, Mahond."

When alone, the Rajah resumed examination of the papers, and he heaved a profound sigh of relief as he found amongst them his dangerous correspondence with the Great Mogul. He also found an undated letter from Sir James to the Goveror-General of India, in which it was stated that Dowlah Sing, Rajah of the Burrapore, had been executed for treason, after having first been tried by court-martial.

"I have had a narrow escape," he thought, "for which Allah be praised. What will be, will be."

"Your Highness," said the officer who had been dispatched to summon Ajmour, "the Princess is not anywhere to be seen, neither is Mahond."

"Ah!" said the Rajah. "Perhaps they are on the grounds somewhere. You may go. Remain within call."

"Here, Roree Dhak, is the gold I promised you," said the Rajah to the Thug, whom he called from his concealment, "for, although you killed the wrong man, it was through an unfortunate misunderstanding that cannot be helped. Silence till death. You hear."

The Thug prostrated himself to the ground, disappearing like a snake in the grass, and the Rajah summoned the officer whom he had sent for the Princess.

"Roree Dhak has just left the palace," he said; "follow him, and have him placed in a cell where he cannot communicate with anyone without my permission."

A week later, the Calcutta *Record* had this item of news:

"It is cheering in these troublous times to be able to record such devoted loyalty as that manifested by Dowlah Sing, the Rajah of Burrapore. This semi-independent potentate, one of the richest in India, has not only raised and equipped ten thousand men in the Company's service, but has bestowed his daughter in marriage on Capt. Hector Graham, of the Thirteenth Native Infantry, in recognition of his heroic services in saving Amritsur from the fate of Philour. According to yesterday's issue of the Military Gazette, Captain Graham has been promoted to a majorship, and will act as Deputy Resident of the Punjaub until someone is appointed to replace the late Sir James Luders, murdered by a Thug on May the 24th. We learn from a still later dispatch that the Rajah's police captured the Thug, a desperate fanatic, known as Roree Dhak, as he was about to leave the Residency for Delhi, and had him executed on the public square of Amritsur."

And such is history.

How To Play The Piano Or Organ In One Hour.

A Detroit musician has invented a new method by which any little child or grown person can learn to play in one hour in their own home. Three sheets will be sent absolutely free to any person addressing a postal card to A. S. Keller, 111-J Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. —Advertisement.

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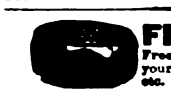
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A refined and dainty rouge for well-groomed women. Gives natural color for street or artificial light. Handily packed to carry in purse or bag. Guaranteed harmless. 15 cts. by mail. L. A. GORDON, Medford, Mass.

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Potter Research Laboratory, 48 Pearsall Avenue, Lynbrook, N. Y.



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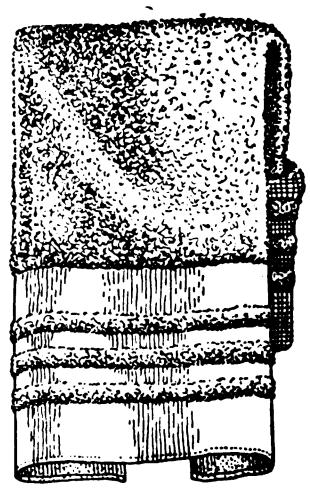
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXI.

IMOGEN'S CONFESSION.

"YOU must excuse me, Mrs. Weston," Mr. Fletcher observed, as he suddenly aroused himself from the absorbing reflections which closed our last chapter, "but your question relating to an enemy awakened a startling train of thought, and I believe that I have finally got hold of a thread which will enable me to unravel this perplexing mystery; if it proves to be the right one, I will tell you later, for, of course, you are deeply interested in this matter as well as I. I have not a doubt that that dear girl in the other room is my daughter, and I feel that I owe you a great deal for your goodness and the careful attention you have bestowed upon her education; she is a little lady, of whom any father or mother has a right to be proud."

"Mr. Fletcher, you owe me nothing," Mrs. Weston responded, while tears dropped thick and fast from her eyes, "for Alice has been a dear daughter to me—she has more than repaid me for all the care and love that I have given her. You must pardon my tears," she added, and trying to smile as she wiped them away, "but, really, I find it quite a wrench to my heartstrings to think that she must be told that I am not her own mother, although I am truly glad and thankful that she can be restored to you. By the way, I have carefully preserved the extension in which she came to us, thinking that possibly it might sometime prove a clew to her identity. The girls have often questioned me about the perforations in the top, and I have allowed them to believe they were for the benefit of a pet cat that was transported in it when we moved from Dover to Col. Hamblin's estate. You are welcome to it, if it will be of any assistance to you in fathoming the secrets of the past."

"Thank you; I may require it; if I do, I will come for it. But now I must return immediately to Castleview, for I imagine the judge must be very impatient and wondering what detains me. With your permission, I will look in upon Alice a moment before I go," Mr. Fletcher remarked, as he arose. Then he paused and thoughtfully observed: "Perhaps it will be best not to mention to her the subject of our conversation until I am able to learn something more definite. But I will return this afternoon, when we will discuss the matter further."

He passed out into the sitting-room, where Alice, who was really very comfortable, was talking over the recent trial with Will and May.

She greeted Mr. Fletcher with a bright smile, which made him yearn to gather her to his heart and claim her on the spot; but he controlled the impulse and quietly observed:

"I find it is getting late, and I must go home at once; but I am coming to see you again this afternoon. Get all the rest you can, my dear, for you have had a hard tussle in my behalf during the last week, and I am more sorry than I can express to have it terminate so unfortunately for you."

He clasped her hand, then, with sudden impulse, bent down and touched his lips to her forehead in a light caress.

Alice lifted a glance of surprise to him, while a lovely flush mantled her face.

Mr. Fletcher, observing the blush, smiled.

"I will give you a more substantial expression of my gratitude later on," he said, lightly. Then, turning to Will, he inquired if he would ride to Castleview with him.

"Perhaps I ought; what do you say, Mamma Weston?" the young man questioned, and lifting an arch but appealing look to that lady.

She laughed, for she knew that he wanted her permission to remain where he was.

"Yes, I think you may as well run away for a while, for I want Alice to sleep if she can; but you also may come later," she told him.

So the gentlemen took their leave and were soon rolling over the road to Castleview, while Mr. Fletcher confided to Will what he had learned regarding Alice and what he suspected in connection with the author of the great wrong he had sustained.

The young man was amazed. He could scarcely credit what he heard or believe anything so wondrous of Imogen, as what Mr. Fletcher surmised.

The woman had always been very kind to him, especially during the years he had spent under the same roof with her at Castleview; and yet he could now recall there had been times when he had felt repelled by her.

On reaching Castleview they were met at the door by Olive, who, although she smiled on Will, had anything but a cheerful welcome home for Mr. Fletcher.

Her face wore a sour and sullen look.

"Oh, hasn't it all been just horrid, papa?" she cried, in an irritable tone, as she mechanically put her lips to be kissed.

"Why, my dear, I certainly expected to receive congratulations instead of complaints," Mr. Fletcher replied, in a disappointed tone, while he studied her face attentively, "and I am sure you will rejoice with me when I tell you that the missing papers are found—that I am honorably acquitted, and my name and reputation untarnished."

"Yes, I know that already, for William and Jack brought the news," the girl returned, but without manifesting the slightest enthusiasm. "Of course, I am glad, but the whole affair has been a dreadful mess anyway, and now, to cap the climax, Aunt Imogen is sick in bed; she was found just after breakfast in a dead faint in her room."

Mr. Fletcher sighed: he was greatly disappointed to find her so selfish and fretful.

"How is your—how is the judge?" he inquired, and involuntarily correcting the form of his speech.

"Oh, he is much better, but awfully impatient to have you come—you were a great while getting here; William and Jack came a long time ago. What kept you?" Olive inquired.

"A little matter that had to be attended to," said Mr. Fletcher, coldly adding, "but I will go directly and tell the judge the result of this morning's revelations."

He ran lightly up-stairs as he spoke, and Will would have followed, but Olive detained him.

"Well," she remarked, with a sneer, as she placed herself in his path, "so our young lawyer in petticoats has come off with flying colors. She has created quite a sensation, hasn't she?"

The young man flushed hotly and a scathing retort arose to his lips; but, putting a strong curb upon himself, he quietly responded:

"Yes, Miss Weston has certainly done herself great honor and won a signal triumph for your —Mr. Fletcher."

"Ha! ha!" the jealous girl laughed, shrilly, "I suppose she will soon be putting out her shingle and aspire to take up cudgels with the smartest lawyers of the realm."

Will's eyes flashed fire, but with icy dignity he remarked, while he looked her straight in the face:

"I think she will never have very much to do with either shingles or cudgels, Olive; but I can vouch for the fact that she will, within a short time, send out some cards, and, since they will bear the Marchmont crest, you will hereafter oblige me by speaking more respectfully of the future Lady of Leith."

He did not wait to note the effect of his words, but stepped one side and followed Mr. Fletcher up to Judge Ashburton's room. Olive turned and gazed after him in wide-eyed amazement for a moment, then, cramming her handkerchief into her mouth to stifle the scream of mingled rage and pain that leaped to her throat, she fled to her own room, and was seen no more that day.

The judge was very much better this morning, and was sitting up, partially dressed, when Mr. Fletcher entered his room. He greeted his son-in-law with affectionate cordiality, and then eagerly demanded a report of the grand finale of "the case," for no one as yet had been able to explain anything clearly to him. He was greatly astonished, and became considerably excited when he learned how Alice had effected the capture of the thief who stole the papers, and how, upon their presentation in court, they had changed the verdict of the jury and wiped out every suspicion against Mr. Fletcher.

"But how came the man to be on the balcony outside her window? What was he doing there at that hour of the morning?" the judge inquired.

Both Mr. Fletcher and Will looked puzzled.

Amid the various exciting incidents of the morning, they had not once thought to ask the how, why or the wherefore of the burglar's appearance at Castleview.

The judge's question set Mr. Fletcher to thinking, however.

He suddenly remembered that when Imogen had made her visit to him in jail she had told him that she had her suspicions as to the whereabouts of the stolen documents.

Could it be possible that she had been in league with someone to plunge him into such a precarious situation in order to either wheedle or drive him into a marriage with her?

He recalled how suddenly she had snapped back at him when he had asked her if she took them from his safe, and she had vehemently voiced the very thought that had just occurred to him, and passionately denied it.

He began to think that she had overreached herself in that instance, and that she might have been an accomplice in the robbery, that the man who was that morning arrested with the papers on his person may have paid her a secret visit to confer with her upon the matter, and so been captured after leaving her.

He could not understand why he should have adopted that mode of egress from the house if they had been in league, but the fact that, almost immediately afterward, on returning to her room, Imogen had fainted and was found unconscious, showed that she had sustained a severe shock, and he believed it had been occasioned in some way by the man now under arrest.

He mentioned these circumstances and suspicions to his companions, and, after discussing them at some length, the judge advised that he return to town as soon as practicable, seek an interview with the prisoner, and see what information he could gain from him.

After a refreshing bath, and making some change in his apparel, Mr. Fletcher again ordered the carriage and was driven back to the jail from which he had just been released.

He found the prisoner, whom he had come to visit, in a state of abject fear. He was an arrant coward where his own safety was concerned, in spite of the life he had led, and now, having been caught in the net which he had spread for another, he realized that a straightforward course would be best, and he made a clean breast of everything, from the hour that he became Imogen Ingraham's tool in Rome down to the present time, including an account of how and when he had stolen the official papers from Castleview.

It was a thrilling and terrible tale to his listener, who rebelled in every fiber of his being against the foul wrong of which he and his daughter had been the unconscious victims for so many years, while he had been harboring in his household the serpent that had thus stung him.

When the man concluded, he begged Mr. Fletcher to save him—to help him to escape conviction and transportation. He wanted to go home to America, he said, with a nervous sob, and would promise never to lift his hand to wrong anyone again if he could go free.

Mr. Fletcher pitied, while at the same time he felt an utter contempt for him. He promised to do what he could to mitigate his condition, although he did not encourage the hope that he would escape all punishment.

After leaving him he again hastened home, for he wished to see Imogen and ascertain when and how she had changed the children on board the steamer.

Reardon had told him that he could not swear that she had effected the exchange, for he had not been an eye-witness to the deed; but he had seen her go on and off the vessel, and in each instance bearing the perforated extension.

Roland Fletcher felt that everything pointed to the exchange, but he must have the confession from the woman's own lips ere he could feel perfectly sure.

He went directly to her room as soon as he entered the house. A maid answered his knock on the door.

"How is Mrs. Ingraham?" he questioned.

"She is more comfortable, sir; she has not had a 'spell' for two hours, now," the girl replied.

"Please say to her that I wish to see her," said her master, briefly.

"Yes, sir," and the maid disappeared.

She was back in a moment.

"She says come in, sir," and she stood aside to let him pass.

Mr. Fletcher motioned her to go out and then closed the door after her, after which he went on to Imogen's chamber. She was in bed, looking white and wretched. Her eyes were sunken and an expression of hopeless misery burned in their dusky depths.

The man went and stood beside her couch, looking down upon her with a gravely determined face.

"I think I may be pardoned this intrusion, in view of the present emergency," he began. "I will not weary you; I have only a question or two to ask, then I will go. I have just come from Windsor jail, and the man who, more than twenty years ago, was your tool in Rome. He has told me the whole story from beginning to end, but there is one fact upon which you alone can throw light—how and when did you succeed in changing those children on board the steamer?"

Imogen's spirit was not quite crushed; her eyes flashed and she began to bridle.

"You are assuming a great deal," she began.

"I am assuming nothing," her companion sternly interposed. "I know that Olive is not my daughter; I know that she is your child, born in Rome, January 3, 18—, and christened Helen Farquahar Ingraham on the fifteenth of the same month. More than this," he concluded, with a thrill of exceeding tenderness in his tones, "I have found my own daughter."

"What!" exclaimed the startled woman, as she sprang to her elbow, while she searched his face with terrified eyes.

"Yes, God be praised! I have found her!" said Mr. Fletcher. "I have identified her by the crosses that I tattooed upon her ankles, and which are as clear and distinct today as if they had been done but yesterday."

"Wha—where——" Imogen gasped, with white lips.

"She has hitherto been known as Alice Weston," Mr. Fletcher went on to explain. "Mrs. Weston has acknowledged to me that she is not her own child—that she was abandoned April 27, 18—, supposedly by a woman whom her husband passed in the road as he was returning to his home from Dover, and who, he believed, had left the babe on the porch of their house, in an extension, the top of which was perforated to admit air. Now, how and when did you manage to effect the exchange on that vessel? That is now the only missing link in the chain of evidence to prove the fact."

Imogen sank back, panting and weak, upon her pillow, and for a moment Mr. Fletcher thought

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

R. G., Seattle, Wash.—Now that you have your COMFORT telescope if you will get a chart of the heavens and an ordinary school text book on astronomy—you can get both probably at a second-hand book-store, very cheap—and study upon the subject until you know in a very short time what to look for in the sky at night, you will gain a great deal of most interesting and useful knowledge, not only through the glass, but by the book and chart. We are glad you are so pleased with the Excelsior. Get the book even if you don't get the chart.

H. W. C., Hunter, La.—In reply to your "Art" questions, we may say that paintings are bought by people with money to pay for them in all parts of the world, more, probably, being bought in the United States than anywhere else. We have scarcely space to print a list of buyers of paintings as they are to be found in every town in the country. Prices range from two dollars to $200,000 and more, a half a million we think being the highest price paid in this country for one painting. Letters addressed to Museum of Art, in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, or any of the large cities would reach, as all of them have art galleries of some grade or other.

I. M. D., Burkeville, Va.—Marriage between white and colored people is prohibited and punishable in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and the two Virginias. In other states it is not, though there are very few such marriages.

C. C., Brownville, N. Y.—To become a rural free delivery carrier you must be of good character, have a good English education and pass the necessary Civil Service examination. You do not receive appointment from the New York state government, but the National government, and you should write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. for detailed information.

C. A., Crawford, Texas.—The capital of Holland is The Hague, or in Dutch, Den Haag, or is Graven Hage, meaning the Count's Haw, or garden, it being originally the lodge, or dwelling, of the Counts of Holland. The name is often called Hague, but The Hague is what it should be called.

J. S. K., Paint Rock, Ala.—Some Confederate soldiers may have received discharges at the close of the Civil War, but at the last, there was no longer any government to grant such papers and naturally they could not get them. Ask some of the old Confederates in your neighborhood how about it.

Inquisitive, Ovid, N. Y.—COMFORT knows a great deal, but thus far it has not learned whether the stars and planets are inhabited or not, nor what kind of people live there, if any. Mars shows lines that resemble canals, but whether they are is not known. The reason there are no mermaids in Zoos is that there are no mermaids now living, and never existed except in fable.

V. S. S., Sloan, N. Y.—A name to be a legal name must be the one a person is known by and does business under, and it may not be the same that he was born with and christened by. Persons may have their natural names changed by law, while many without legal change are known by assumed names, especially theatrical people and authors. The post-office authorities very often decline to deliver mail to fictitious addresses, and always, unless they know good reasons why it should be delivered.

C. B., Gillen Mt., N. C.—You will find the reliable advertisers you are seeking by examining the advertising columns of COMFORT. You don't read very carefully one of the most interesting departments of COMFORT or you would not have asked the question you did. Study COMFORT's advertising columns if you want to learn valuable information. (2) Calcium carbide is made by the action of electricity on lime, but you can't make it. You can buy it in ton lots if you want that much.

S. A. B., Caldwell, Texas.—A manager's secretary usually must know stenography, though some few have duties which do not require such knowledge.

C. B. D., Fort Caswell, N. C.—So far there are no records discovered which settle definitely what people first settled in what is now America, nor whence they came, or how. The general belief is that they were of Mongolian or other Asiatic extraction. Haven't you an encyclopedia in your town from which you could get much matter in detail on the subject? If there is not, the town should buy one and place it in the public school library.

W. T. S., Macon, Georgia.—There is always a dearth of farm labor in the West during harvesting and good men can get good pay and plenty to do, but we think hardly as much as three dollars a day, unless for a few days during a pinch. We are glad you don't like work in the cities and want to get back to the farm. If you will go West and show yourself intelligent and capable, sober and industrious, you can get permanent work and before a great while, either rent or own a farm. The farmer of good habits and new methods is sure to be independent, even if he doesn't become a millionaire.

Miss H. K.—Perfumes of all kinds, very good and in price to suit all purses are so much better and cheaper than any of the home-made kind that you are wasting time and money trying to prepare your own. Fill a jar with fragrant flowers, close it and let them dry there, and you will have about the only home-made perfume worth having. (2) Borax will not cause the hair to grow. If it did, the bald-heads of this country would corner the borax market.

M. M. L., Browning, Mo.—A great many people, some among COMFORT readers, believe quite sincerely that they have the hypnotic power, and perhaps they have, but before attempting its study and practise we advise that such believers have a talk with a physician. Hypnotism is all right when practised properly by skilled hypnotists, but so many ignorant and unskilled persons have done so much harm with it that in some states legal measures are being taken to restrict its practise, as the practise of medicine is restricted. The best time to take care of yourself is before anything happens.

Mrs. W. T., Gennfast, Mich.—Not a few COMFORT readers are asking about the value of fresh water pearls and to them all we say now as before, that unless the pearls are of good size, say as large as a pea, or larger, they are of little value unless they can be supplied in large quantities.

J. E. G., Pomona, N. Y.—We are informed by a sailor of experience that linseed oil is the best thing you can use to water-proof your canvas and that it will not rot it. There are numerous preparations for water-proofing textile fabrics of all kinds, but they are complicated and expensive, as well as difficult of application to large surfaces as is your engine canvas. Tar preparation is used in making tarpaulins water-proof, but they are very stiff and hard to handle.

Perplexed, Bandon, Oregon.—Thirty-five is not at all too old to take a course in a business college, though it might be in a classical college. Take it by all means if you feel the need of it. One never gets too old to learn something.

E. B., Center Ridge, Ark.—There is no premium on a violin merely because it is old. Generally speaking a very old violin of any make is better than a new and unseasoned one, and worth more, but the violins that command big figures are only those of the famous old violin makers. Lyon & Healy of Chicago are leading authorities on old violins. Write to them.

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Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.
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Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials Free.
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This GOLD PLATED EMBOSSED LOCKET and 22-Inch CHAIN—Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with a perfect similitude DIAMOND—and these 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10 CENTS each and return us the $1.20. WE TRUST YOU and take back all not sold. Address
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To introduce our catalogue of Elegant watch bargains we will send this regulation R. R. size watch postpaid for Only 98 cents. Timed tested and regulated ready to wear, very accurate timekeeper. Nickel-silver or gold finished dust proof cases.
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FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE sent with watch. Send 98 CENTS at once and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 748, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Just send us your name and address and we will send you this fine Razor, direct from our big Factory for a free trial. Use it for 15 days, if you then consider it the finest razor made, you may keep it free of charge, providing you send us $1.85 for our Shaving Set. Strop Hone and Brush. Send 2c Stamp. Bell Razor Co., Dept. 314 Geneva, N. Y.

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Drawnwork Scarf



Made of PURE FLAX woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For **two** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription) not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Wonderful scientific discovery immediately cures the worst cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. Compounded from the formula of one of the world's greatest stomach specialists. **"Digestoids" artificially digest and assimilate everything the body consumes. Over twenty thousand people cured** after every thing else failed. Endorsed by James H. MacClellan, M. D., L. L. D., the famous physician, as one of the greatest achievements in the annals of modern medical science. Send ten cents, to cover cost of distribution and show good faith, for **LARGE FREE TRIAL BOX and be convinced, at our expense,** that **you can eat what you please, when you please, and as much as you please,** without fear of unpleasant consequences. Write for **FREE BOOKLET.**

Standard Chemical Co., Dept. 12, 56-60 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.



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Free for selling 6 boxes Palmer's Wonder Salve at 25c a box. Great remedy for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, eczema, piles. Sells fast. When sold send us $1.50 and we send you this Guaranteed Gold Shell Adjustable Bracelet and Ring **FREE;** or choice of other premiums from our catalog. We trust you. **SEND NO MONEY.**



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Shoots 20 times without reloading. Uses ordinary B. B. Shot. Fine blue steel finish, looks like a regular Automatic. Send 25c for years subscription to our magazine, and will send pistol free. This offer to introduce.

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APPENDICITIS

If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, **our Book on Gall-Troubles sent Free upon request,** may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause & cure of your trouble.

Gallstones Internal remedy *(No Oil)*. Avoid an operation. No more aches or pains, sick stomach, colic, gas, biliousness, headaches, nervousness, catarrh, constipation, yellow or sallow skin, chronic appendicitis. Write for Home Treatment Medical book on Gall Troubles **FREE**

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Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. **Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.**

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A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



YOUR HEART



Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine,** will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. R. N., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and two children, his widow would receive a life estate in one third of his real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children; we think the estate of the son who thereafter died would include his share of his father's estate, and if he left no widow or descendant, and left no will, would be divided between his mother and his brothers and sisters, his mother receiving a double portion; we think the debts of decedent must be paid from his estate before any share is paid to the heirs at law and next of kin; we think any person owning an interest in this real estate can compel a partition or sale of the same in the proper action brought for that purpose, but that the signature of the son's wife would be necessary to convey good title by voluntary deed of the property.

Mrs. B. D., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Texas, we do not think that the signature of a child is necessary to the deed of real estate belonging to the father.

O. E. G., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman must survive her husband before she acquires any perfected right in his property, except that he can be compelled to support her in a manner commensurate with his means and station in life, the exact proportion of his income or the amount she would be entitled to receive from him in a separation action, and the question of the custody of the children would be determined by the court before which the action was tried; we think the wife who abandons her husband without just cause forfeits her right to such support; we think infidelity or cruelty would be considered a good reason for the wife's leaving her husband.

I. E., California.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man or woman, leaving no child or descendant, and leaving no will, his or her estate if the same be real estate and be ancestral and came from the father's side, will go to the line of the father's side, the half blood as well as the whole blood taking their share.

D. J. McL., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your local authorities have the legal right to assess and compel the collection of road taxes, and we do not think their refusal to lay out a new road would legally excuse you from the payment of a legally assessed road tax.

R. F., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a deed of conveyance of real estate to a husband and wife, naming them and describing them as such therein, creates a tenancy by the entirety, and that the whole property, upon the death of one, would become the sole property of the survivor; we think that in your state a married woman can by will bar all of her husband's interest in her estate, except his right to curtesy in her real estate, where the same exists; we think that in order to create such curtesy rights to such husband, there must be issue born alive to their union, and that, where the same exists, such curtesy to the husband consists of a life estate in all his wife's real estate if he survives her; in your state we think the wife can sell her real estate without her husband's consent, and that his curtesy right depends entirely upon the three things namely; that issue be born alive to their marriage; (2) that she dies in possession of such real estate, and (3) that he survives her.

C. H. T., Alberta.—We think that the parents are entitled to the custody and control of their minor children; we do not think that your brother has any legal right to interfere in any way with your affairs.

E. I. T., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all real or personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, as also the increase of such lands remains her seperate property, and she is entitled to the full management and income thereof, except that husband must join in deed of wife's real estate, and except that such of her separate property as she may voluntarily deed or give to her husband would then become his property.

M. F. M., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all agreements affecting the title of real estate must be in writing, but that title to real estate may be acquired by undisputed possession or occupation thereof without a record title to same; and that actions for the recovery of real estate should be brought within ten years, and that action against the sureties of an administrator are limited to six years for any act of malfeasance of their principal the time being computed from the time such act is committed.

Mrs. E. B. W., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a wife must survive her husband before she has any alienable rights in his property, except that he must support her. That upon his death, without a will, and provided she is the parent of all his children and there be two or more children, or one child and the issue of one or more deceased children surviving, we think, she would, after payment of debts, receive one third of both the real and personal estate and in addition thereto some small allowance from the personal property; we think this share would be reduced in case she was not the parent of all his children, and increased in case there was only one child and she was the parent of such child, or in case he left no issue.

A. L., Oklahoma.—We are of the opinion that the law prohibits the publication of a libel, either in newspapers or otherwise.

Miss C., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man cannot convey homestead property without his wife's signature to the deed, and that she is entitled to dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate if she survives him, and a child's part of his personal property; we do not think her right to this share of his estate can be diminished by will, but we think he can by will cut off any or all of his children as he may see fit; we think that if the man you mention has become mentally incompetent and cannot conduct his business, the courts upon notice to him, and upon the presentation of the proper papers and case, will appoint some person trustee, committee or guardian of his property.

Mrs. C. W., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no descendants his whole estate after payment of debts would go to his surviving widow; we do not think he can, by will, diminish her share to less than dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a one third interest absolutely in his personal property.

Mrs. E. C., Louisiana.—Your statements are not full enough for us to form an opinion as to whether the marriage of your father and mother was a valid one, but in case it was not we are of the opinion that, under the laws of your state, natural children are called to the succession of their natural mother, when they have been duly acknowledged by her, if she has left no lawful children or descendants to the exclusion of her parents and other descendants or collaterals of lawful kindred, but that bastards, adulterous or incestuous children shall not enjoy the right of inheriting the estates of their natural father or mother, and that they are allowed alimony only.

WIN A $275.00 MOTORCYCLE FREE

Can You Solve This Puzzle? Try It and See.

Arrange the letters, shown in the circle, so as to form the name of a well known farm paper. Send in your answer, with your name and address, at once. You will then be entitled to be considered in the awarding of the $275.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes which we will give away FREE. If your answer is correct we will also send you a Certificate good for 1,000 Free Votes toward the Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes in our great Motorcycle Contest, ending Aug. 31, 1915. In case of tie for any prize, each tying contestant will get a prize same as the one tied for. Whether you win the Motorcycle or not, if you take part in this contest you will receive a Valuable Prize and Cash Reward for Everything You Do. The first thing to do is to send in your name and address and puzzle solution. Address

FARM LIFE, DEPT. C. F. T. SPENCER, INDIANA

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

have heard people say, "Oh, I haven't time to fool with it." But I do as much work as any ordinary housekeeper. Have three children to care for, besides my own washing, ironing, raising chickens, and making a garden every year. I have also tacked a lot of carpet rags this spring.

We own five acres of land about one half mile from the little town of Elkins. We have a three-room house, large rooms and a porch. Have good soft water and timber close by, where my chickens run, and scratch in the leaves.

Our house stands on a high piece of ground, and it is quite a desirable place to live.

Our little town has one bank, one church, one school building, five stores, one barber shop, a lumber yard, and lots of nice dwellings. We built our house last summer.

My oldest child is a girl, Helen, seven years old, and is continually wanting to do something to help me. She irons small pieces and sweeps. She ironed today, so Tommy, my next youngest, wanted to do something to help too, so I left it to him to keep the woodbox filled; while Woodrow, three years old, amused himself making runaway horses out of my clothes pins.

I am twenty-six years old, have brown hair and blue eyes and am five feet four and one half inches tall. Maybe you know me better now.

Would like to hear from any of you,

MRS. BERTA WILSON.

Mrs. Wilson, You are, unconsciously perhaps, following the Montessori method of teaching small children, which is finding favor with many people. If Tommy rebels against being told to "sit still and be a good boy" and wants to help, that does not imply that he is stubborn but simply that he is obeying nature, the greatest of all forces. This activity should be directed into the proper channels. It is useless to try to repress it and to keep a child out of mischief, keep him busy with something interesting and at the same time instructive. Let him do the work without assistance and thus develop his powers of reasoning.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To stop windows from rattling, an ordinary clothespin is most effective. It must be split in halves and one half inserted on either side between the framework and the window.

When frying eggs put cold grease in cold skillet and let them heat together and there will be no sticking.

MRS. W. H. GARDINIER, 1026 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.

Cook a few pea pods with the peas and see how it improves the flavor.

Before pouring hot fruit into a glass dish or jar, put it on a wet cloth and place a long-handled spoon in the jar. This will prevent cracking.

Mix mustard with milk instead of water and it will keep fresh longer.

A few grains of corn-starch in the salt cellar will prevent caking.

If your cupboard is damp, place in it a small box filled with lime; this absorbs the moisture.

To take the odor of fish and onions from cooking utensils, boil a little vinegar in them after washing; then rinse thoroughly.

Remedies

HEADACHE.—Putting the feet in hot water will often cure a headache by drawing the blood from the head.

DIARRHEA.—Orange peel tea sweetened with loaf sugar and used as a drink for a few days will often effect a cure.

POISON OAK.—Chop one quart of tan oak bark and boil it in two quarts of water down to a pint; strain and it is ready for use. Wring out a cloth in the liquid and apply to the affected parts. It is also good for poison ivy. MRS. ALICE M. JAQUES, Weitchpec, Cal.

RHEUMATISM.—Take one tablespoon pure lime juice in a glass of water, three times a day.

MRS. M. MENDAL 363 Kosciusko St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

New Jersey Physician Said to Have Many Cures to His Credit.

RED BANK, N. J. *Special.*—Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physician of the Kline Laboratories, of this city, is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Kline Laboratories, Branch 177 Red Bank, N. J., for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.—*Advertisement.*

Requests

Mrs. E. E. Wasser, Fredonia, R. R. 37, Pa., wants poem, "Death of Bird."

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of James and Rebecca Stanford, last heard from at Beebe, Ark. Write Mrs. M. C. Butler, Saltillo, Miss.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Lessie Pugh, Millboro, R. R. 1, N. C.

FACE WASH Mrs. Bradley's Face Wash removes moth, tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads. Prevents wrinkles, oiliness and aging of the skin. Makes it soft, white & beautiful. By mail 25c., 3 for 50c. Agents wanted. **Mrs. C. S. Bradley, F-1921 Western Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.**

A $3.00 RAZOR FOR 49c. Put up in a neat case. Postpaid. **W. S. Howard Co., Waldoboro, Maine.**

36 Swell Postals, 40 page Magazine Bargain Catalog. Just out. **MAGNUS A. HESS CO., 837 ASHLAND BOU'L, CHICAGO.** **10c**

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. **J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.**

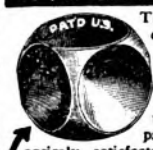
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$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamps. Send 10c. For Price List Post. **A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.**

MOTHERS Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. **BOX FREE. Zemeto Co. D 11 Milwaukee, Wis.**

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Thousands of satisfied women all over the country find the "Bee Cell" the only practical supporter. Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write today for descriptive circular—fully illustrated. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

SILK MUSLIN SCARF

Premium No. 331



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. **When ordering be sure to mention color wanted.**

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Silk Scarf free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 331. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial** of a **home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. M. N., Westfield, Wis.—Asafetida is a strong and useful stimulant in many cases and in this of epilepsy it may be what is needed, but the physician, not you, nor we, should prescribe the dose and the application after he has examined the patient and determined the proper treatment. You don't know and we can only guess at it, so both of us are incapable. (2) We cannot give addresses of inquirers.

J. A. L., Bayonne, N. J.—COMFORT readers often ask us about goiter and as often we tell them that goiter is not a disease for simple treatment. A physician must be consulted who knows the disease and can prescribe no less for its cure than for its prevention. Go to one of the hospitals in New York and be properly advised and treated. There are free clinics and you do not have to remain in the hospital.

H. R., Lothair, Mont.—There are no catarrh hospitals near you that we know of. If your case is serious you might go to the Mayo Brothers' Hospital at Rochester, Minn. The best remedy for catarrh is to get away from the climate which induces or aggravates it. Almost any change is better than to remain where you can't get rid of it.

Miss S., College Hill, Ky.—Self-treatment of moles will almost invariably make them worse, and even expert skin-specialists often fail. You must have them examined by a physician and take his advice as to attempting their removal. Sometimes they may be removed by any physician, and the right kind of a physican will not treat them unless he knows their nature and the proper treatment.

E. R., Ashley, W. Va.—As one doctor says the lump is a wen and the other says it is an enlarged gland, suppose you go to the one who pronounces it a wen and ask him to take it out, if he is sure it is a wen that may be removed. But let it remain for a wen and in the meantime massage it with your hand two or three times a day and perhaps it will be absorbed. Iodine is the usual external application, but something more is often necessary in such cases. If an operation must be performed for its removal, it will be simple and not very painful.

Miss M. F., Trenton, N. J.—You say you have rheumatism in your "limb," but do not specify which limb. There are four limbs to the body, two legs and two arms. Still rheumatism is about as bad in one as it is in the other and the worst thing about it is that there is no "sure cure" for rheumatism yet discovered by medical science. The wisest treatment is to have an examination made by a physician and get his prescription for relief remedies and his advice as to diet and care as a preventive. You say you eat everything as your digestion is perfect. Now, if you ate no meat of any kind, you would very soon find that you would be less liable to rheumatism. Diet has a very great deal to do with it and you give that no attention whatever. Again a damp climate is bad for it and you probably have that where you live. Try the hot, dry climate of Arizona for a month or two, or permanently, and see what effect that will have.

V. L. V., Ethel, W. Va.—There is no simple treatment for goiter. It is a serious disease requiring careful treatment by a physician who has had some experience with it. As you are so young and it has not been long developing, you might prevent its growth entirely by moving to some distant locality where you would have a change of drinking-water.

Mrs. M. H., Grafton, W. Va.—The "good old-fashioned remedy" doctrine has disappeared and the newer and better fashioned remedy is taking its place, but not yet as it should, for people are slow to learn. This new-fashioned remedy is prevention rather than cure. You are fifty-seven years old, and if for the past fifty years you had been taking proper care of yourself to prevent disease, instead of letting disease get you and then spending time and money for a cure, you would not be suffering now. It is too late now to make you young again, but if you will begin to exercise proper care in the food you eat and the manner of your living, you will find great relief, for your digestion is bad and the cough you have comes from that more than it does from any lung trouble. Bad digestion makes you blue, too, and the days you feel bright and well are the days when what you have eaten is properly digested. For a while substitute hot milk or cocoa for tea or coffee, eat no meat or potatoes, and try eggs, hard toast or all-wheat bread, stewed fruit, rice, raw cabbage, stewed tomatoes, boiled onions, peas or beans and never swallow a mouthful of food until it is chewed to a pulp. Drink hot water when you are thirsty, and two or three times a week, if you need a laxative, take a dose of Epsom or Glauber salts in hot water before breakfast. If you have acidity of stomach after eating, take a pinch of cooking-soda in half a glass of hot water. You might take this every morning when you get up.

Mrs. P. J. D., Hope, N. Dak.—Be careful how you handle any small growth on your face, especially if it only bothers you by its looks. Nature puts them there for some reason and interference with them will often cause serious trouble. Let a doctor look at it and if he is sure that it can be safely removed without harm, or a scar, then let him remove it.

M. C. C., Middlebury, Vt.—The pain in your back which you and so many similar sufferers think is from the kidneys—your doctor knew better—is due to some disorder of the great nerves in that part of the body, —lumbago being an aggravated form—but just what is not definitely known. A common remedy is salicylate of soda—five grain tablets three times a day—but all the neuralgia remedies are used at times. Salicylate should not be used longer than three or four days at a time as it disturbs the stomach. An excellent external application is chloroform liniment, not rubbed on, but poured on a cloth and held tight over the affected part. To prevent blistering, as soon as it begins to bite, remove the cloth for a minute to another spot and change it about. The relief is not permanent, but it is immediate. Self-treatment will answer as far as we have indicated, but if it becomes very severe a physician should be consulted. A silk belt, or bandage, wide enough to cover the small of the back and sides is often worn as a relief, and it is a protection from drafts at night.

Blue Eyes, Dunlow, W. Va.—Your sore mouth is due to bad digestion and careless eating of foods which irritate the mucous membrane. For the sores wash the mouth every hour with a solution of two drams of borax in three ounces of glycerine in same amount of water. If the sores ulcerate touch them with the point of a stick of lunar caustic. A pinch of soda in a half a glass of water two or three times a day will be of benefit.

South C., Whittier, Cal.—Leprosy is one of the oldest of diseases, having been known in Egypt 4,000 years ago. What causes it is not definitely known, and it is incurable. It is known as a "dirt disease," that is, filth favors its development. It is not a painful disease and its development is slow. The tendency is hereditary, and it is contagious; it may be contracted by contact. There are leper hospitals or colonies in some states and the cases of leprosy are becoming more numerous in the United States, the disease being brought here by Asiatic immigrants. (2) You cannot toughen your lips to prevent chapping. Use cold cream, or some soothing salve, but not glycerine. (3) The enlarged bone where the great toe and foot join is a bunion and the remedy for it is to wear shoes that are perfectly easy. Shoes that are too tight will press on it and by and by it will become serious and you will have to have a doctor.

M. S., Patagonia, Ariz.—For pimples and blackheads, press out the contents and bathe the skin in salt water. The skin should be gently massaged two or three times a day to excite circulation and the face should be washed night and morning in hot water and pure soap, Castile. Stop eating greasy and sweet food and drinking coffee.

V. J. D., Orange, Ga.—We have frequently suggested to inquirers on the subject of pellagra that they get in touch with their state boards of health and we supposed that was sufficient hint for them to inquire of county officials, or local physicians, for addresses of state officials, but it seems that more details are needed. Therefore we suggest that inquirers about pellagra who do not know where their own state officials may be found, should inquire of their county officials or local doctors who can give all needed information, which we do not have.

Marion, Tacoma, Wash.—Unless you wish to take a course of treatment from a physician, or a hair specialist, for dandruff, which may be the result of disorders beyond the scalp, about as good remedies as you can find are those to be had at drug-stores. They are better and cheaper than you can compound yourself. (2) There is no safer way of treating handkerchiefs used by a consumptive than boiling them. There are ways which are less trouble, but they are not so effective.

Pansy Blossom, Glen Allen, Va.—Like many women most of your trouble is in thinking you are sick. You are nervous because you let your nerves control you and you have that tired feeling because you will not use enough will power to throw it off. As for the itching on the body that is due to nerves, and if you will rub your skin with cocoa-butter night and morning when you have it, you will get relief. The doctor you had was treating you all right, but you were leaving it all to him instead of doing your part in getting yourself into normal condition. Call him in again, take his advice, not much of his medicine, and make a great big resolve that there is nothing much the matter and you will forget it and thank the Lord it is no worse.

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

she was going to faint again. But after a moment she faltered weakly:

"The stewardess left the child alone in her stateroom for a few moments when the consul's wife and her maid were about to leave the steamer. She locked the door, but left the key in it. I was on the watch in a toilet room opposite, and in less than ten minutes I had changed the children and was off the boat."

"Then Olive is your child, the Helen Farquahar Ingraham, who was christened in Rome on January 15, 18—?" briefly questioned Mr. Fletcher.

The woman did not reply, but she shrank beneath his accusing eyes as under a lash.

"Tell me!"

"Yes," but the admission was scarcely audible.

"And you remember the crosses on the child's ankles? Were they clear and distinct when you left her at John Weston's door?"

"I cannot tell; I noticed that there were some sores on her ankles the day I made the exchange, but I never thought of them again," Imogen explained, and, seeing he was bound to have the truth, "I started immediately for England, buying my ticket through to Paris, intending to drop my burden in the station at our first stopping place; but there were people in the car who were also going through, and, having seen the child with me, I dared not leave her anywhere. I could not stop over at any station, for my ticket was limited, and so I was obliged to take her all the way. I was terribly car-sick during the entire trip, and those same people, pitying me, took most of the care of the child, and that was how I never again noticed the marks you speak of. As soon as we reached Calais I took the first boat for Dover, walked a mile from the landing, and dropped the extension at a small house that stood remote from others, but I never knew who lived in it—I never wished to know. Then I went to London, where I remained for a few weeks, after which I begged Judge Ashburton to let me come home."

"Have you never known or suspected where my child has been during all these years? Have you never tried to ascertain her condition in life?" questioned Mr. Fletcher, sternly.

"No; at least not until we went to Leith last year, when one of the Weston girls took that extension there and I recognized it."

"Was it that which made you faint in the hall at Marchmont Court?"

"Yes. The shock came so suddenly I was wholly unprepared, and was gone before I realized that there was anything the matter with me."

"That is all I wish to know; and I will not weary you more; all the facts are proved, and we will discuss the subject no further at present."

Mr. Fletcher turned abruptly from her as he concluded and walked directly from the room, without heeding the cry of despair, the plea for mercy and forgiveness that burst from the wretched woman's lips, or the thin, trembling hand which she threw out to detain him.

He immediately sought the judge, to whom he rehearsed the thrilling tale, and then, unmindful of the fact that he had had no lunch, although the afternoon was waning, he hastened away to Beechcote, whither Will had already gone.

The judge would have been glad to accompany him, for he also was eager to own the brilliant and lovely girl, of whom he had become very fond and proud, as his granddaughter, but he thought it best to wait a day or two until he was stronger.

While rejoicing that the old-time mystery was at last satisfactorily explained, he was nevertheless greatly shocked to find that the woman whom, all her life, he had befriended and treated like an own daughter, should have proved so treacherous.

He was somewhat appalled, also, by the fact that Olive was her child, for, in spite of her faults, he had always been fond of the girl, and it was not easy to awake to the fact that she was not akin to him, but had always been an impostor, although an unconscious one; while, as he sat by himself, thinking over the wonderful revelations of the last few days, he was conscious of a growing sense of exultation, in view of the new relationship he sustained to Alice.

"To think of it!" he exclaimed to himself, "I have been educating my own flesh and blood, and it is no wonder that we found ourselves so *en rapport* with each other! I can now understand where she got her love for the law. I am half inclined to be sorry, though, that she isn't a man, for it seems a pity that the world should lose the benefit of such brilliant talents as she possesses."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A Girl in a Thousand" and "A Thorn Among Roses"

BOTH BOOKS FREE!



The story "A Girl in a Thousand" does not complete the narrative. In order to get the climax you should read its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" now running in COMFORT. If, however, you missed one or more installments of "A Girl in a Thousand" we will be glad to send you the story in book form just as it appeared in COMFORT. If you desire, we can also supply you with its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" in book form. Large installments will appear each month in COMFORT but if you do not want to wait in order to complete the story, we will send you the book thereby giving you the opportunity to finish the story as soon as you like. Send us only one 25-cent one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you **either** book—your choice of "A Girl in a Thousand" or "A Thorn Among Roses"—or for two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you **both** books free and postpaid

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WIRELESS TO PARIS DIRECT.—Range and power has lately been developed to such an extent at the wireless station at Arlington, Va., that uninterrupted communication with Eiffel tower in Paris can be maintained both day and night instead of in the daytime only as has been the case previously because of static conditions. Recently, the station has been in communication with the wireless station at San Diego, Cal.

WE INVITE

EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

Every Reader of This Magazine to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast" Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-G. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-G. Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

EFFECTIVE EXHIBITION.—Denver health officers recently wanted to impress on the legislature the necessity of a stringent drug law, so they arranged an "exhibit" of 20 "dope fiends" and had the governor and members of the legislature see them engaged in their favorite "dope." As a result, the governor and legislators pledged to support a measure for the drastic regulation of the drug traffic.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

$250 for reliable man or woman; distribute 2000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. **A. WARD CO., 218 Institute, Chicago.**

RHEUMATISM CURED

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that Conquers the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp. W. W. SUTTON, 2651 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, California.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. **W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 116 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.**

CANCER

It's successful treatment without the use of the knife. Hundreds of satisfied patients testify to this mild method. Write for free book. Tells how to cure for patients suffering from cancer. Address **DR. W. O. BYE, - - Kansas City, Mo.**



Crochet Outfit

Premium No. 7352.

Given for a Club of Two!

THIS is an offer that will interest every woman and girl who takes genuine pleasure in fancy work. Irish Crochet has been extremely fashionable and its popularity is still on the increase. Every woman who sees the dainty articles in Irish Crochet exhibited in the art stores or in the homes of her friends is seized with an irresistible desire to learn how to make them herself. The work is very easy and the material required is quite inexpensive. With the directions and patterns given in the outfit offered here anyone may learn to make many attractive articles for the home. The designs are already stamped on fine quality **Holland Cloth.** The motifs are to be crocheted separately, then basted on a cambric pattern and joined by crocheting or sewing together. Following is a list of the designs:

One Pincushion, one Corner Table Cover, one Scarf End, one Laundry Bag, one Border for Towel Ends, Pillow Cases, etc., one Running border for Dresses, Petticoats, etc., one Handbag, one Baby Cap, one Lady's Collar, one Large Centerpiece, one Bow Knot, one pair Lady's Cuffs. We will also send you **24 large skeins of Mercerized Cotton, one Crochet Needle** and full and explicit **directions** how to work the different motifs.

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, will send you this complete crochet outfit exactly as described above free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7352.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Wheel Chairs in June

288 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four June wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Owanna Hudson, Cliffside, N. C., 160; Mr. F. L. Potts, Floresville, Texas, 105; Thelma Lucile Leeman, Kermit, Texas, 98; Mrs. Carrie Granger, Marathon, Texas, 96.

Owanna Hudson is a bright little girl seven years of age who has been paralyzed from her hips down for nearly three years. Her wheel chair will be a great source of pleasure to this patient little sufferer in enabling her to get out in the fresh air and sunshine once more, also a great help to her good mother in caring for her. This poor woman's health is breaking down in consequence of lifting her helpless daughter so much besides doing the housework and taking care of a large family. These cases of little cripples who are deprived of all the joys of childhood and cannot go to school to get an education, with nothing to look forward to in life but helplessness and dependence on others are sad and touching indeed. We have a number of them on our list. Don't you want to get a few subscriptions and send in to help supply these child cripples with much needed wheel chairs?

Mr. F. L. Potts is a great sufferer from rheumatism which has crippled him and kept him in his room the last four years and much of the time in bed. His friend, Z. C. McNeil, who got 88 out of the total of 105 subscriptions for him, writes that Mr. Potts is much in need of a wheel chair and that it will be a great benefit to him.

Thelma Lucile Leeman is only five years old and has been crippled and totally helpless from infancy, not only in all her limbs but also in her organs of speech, so that she cannot talk. She does not even have a mother's care but lives with her grandparents.

Mrs. Carrie Granger has suffered severely from rheumatism the last two years, resulting in a stiff knee joint. With much difficulty she gets about the house a little by the help of a crutch, but she wants and is in great need of a wheel chair.

You notice that three of the four wheel chairs for June go to Texas, but it is not a case of favoritism; the Texas people earned them all by getting the subscriptions for them. People in other localities could do the same for their shut-in friends if they took the same interest and bestirred themselves. There ought to be three wheel chairs earned in each State every month.

Don't let your interest in the Wheel-Chair Club drop off just because the weather is getting warm; remember that in the summer heat the poor shut-ins suffer most for want of wheel chairs to get them out into the open air.

You will be interested in the letters of thanks and Roll of Honor that follow.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

His COMFORT Wheel Chair Is a Great Blessing Though He Can't Live Long to Enjoy It

STRONG CITY, OKLA.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR FRIEND.—My father, Mr. J. W. Nolte, has received his wheel-chair all safe. It is an excellent present for him. But he may not enjoy it long for the doctor says he cannot live more than a few weeks at the most. The chair has already been a great blessing and comfort to him. He can't breathe while lying down so he must sit in his chair all the time.

With the aid of his chair, he can be moved about in the house and even taken out into the sunshine when the weather is fair.

He is very thankful to you and all who helped to secure the chair for him. He would like to thank you with his own hand but is not able.

Very gratefully yours,

MRS. ROSA NEWKIRK.

Got the Wheel Chair Sooner than Expected.

DALLAS CITY, ILL.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

We were very much pleased and also surprised to receive the wheel chair for Harvy Martin for we did not think we had enough subs. to get it yet. We surely appreciate your kindness and he says he surely enjoys it. He calls me "Goody Burr" for getting it for him. I will do all I can for the chair department.

May God bless you and Mr. Gannett in this good work. I remain, a COMFORT worker,

MRS. O. H. BURR.

Thanks and Appreciation for Comfort Wheel Chair

DUNELLEN, N. J.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

As my wife is not able to write to you I will show my appreciation for the chair by answering your letter.

My mother through her energies secured the chair for us, and was a complete surprise to me. It is certainly satisfactory, and believe me, I have more than sympathy for everyone who must use them. Thanking you for the great favor, I beg to remain,

Yours truly, C. W. FENNER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Z. C. McNeil, Texas, for Mr. F. L. Potts, 88; Wm. Bartell, Mo., for Mrs. S. J. Bartell, 50; Mrs. Maggie Baldwin, Okla., for Leonard Rhodes, 40; Mrs. Iona Padgett, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 40; Mrs. Cora Connolly, Texas, for Saloma Young, 38; Dr. J. A. Leeman, Texas, for Thelma Leeman, 37; Mrs. Dora Abernethy, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 32; Alice Craig, Ky. for Mrs. Nannie Craig, 31; Mrs. J. E. Manney, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 29; Ada Beck, Ky., for Annie Beck, 24; Dora B. Symes, Wash., for Eliz. Leenhouts, 22; Mrs. Lillie Hogan, Ar[illegible], for Doonie Gorman, 20; J. B. Horne, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 20; Mrs. Carl Bodie, Mich. 15; Miss Elsie Hindsley; Kan., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 13; Mrs. Olive Grab, Ill., for Harold T. Grab, 12; Mrs. Lizzie Good, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 12; Miss Bertha Wakefield, Kans., for J. W. White, 12; Mrs. W. L. Puckett, N. C., for Rilda Puckett, 11; Betty Owen, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 11; Ella Melton, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 9; Mrs. J. F. Guibreth, N. C., for Mary E. Horne, 9; Miss Anna Vanasdal, Ohio, 9; Mr. O. D. Rhode, Texas, for Mr F. L. Potts, 9; Chas. Curtice, Mich., for own W. C., 9; Lawrence Beech, Miss., for own W. C., 8; Mrs. Mollie Farr, Tenn., for Mrs. Rilda Scott, 8; Mrs. F. L. Potts, Texas, for Mr. F. L. Potts, 8; Mrs. W. H. Mason, Ill., 7; Mrs. N. E. Templeman, Wash., for Elizabeth Leenhouts, 6; Miss Edith Standley, Utah, for Adella Porritt, 6; Mrs. D. Burnam, Texas, for Mrs. Carrie Granger, 6; Miss Kathleene Ray, Ky., for Mrs. L. Fenner, 6; Mrs. E. M. Garnes, Ohio, 5; Mollie Ferguson, Tenn., 5; Mrs. Denzil Burnam, Texas, for Mrs. Carrie Granger, 5; Jessie Johnson, Maryland, for Mrs. Annie Webster, 5; Lulu Hentzelman, Iowa, for Walter Ridgway, 5; Alice Taylor, Ky., for own W. C., 5; Sallie McCulloch, Tenn., for Mrs. Adelaide Buttick, 5; Frank J. Vacca, Mo., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 5; Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Ohio, for Mrs. Julia C. Love, 5; Sylvia Steiner, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Fanny Land, Nebr., for Fitzhugh Johnstone, 5; Mrs. Phil. Diehl, Ohio, 5; Miss Annie Matthews, Kansas, 5; Miss Etta McFarland, N. C., for Owanna Hudson, 5; Mrs. S. J. Vaden, Texas, for Mrs. Louise Fenner, 5; Mrs. S. J. Vaden, Texas, for Wm. E. Parris, 5.

In the Roll of Honor in June COMFORT Mary Grothers should have been credited with 10 subscriptions instead of six.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Alha, Scott, W. Va.—A lady may say anything pleasant she pleases to the gentleman who makes her a present. A lady, who cannot say something nice on such an occasion without being told what to say, does not deserve a present.

T. K., Palestine, Ill.—As a story writer who receives good money for his stories, we should think you could manipulate your own story better than to lose the heroine as you seem to have done. However, you have two more years before graduation and if you will forget the girl until you are graduated, she may recall herself to you when she sees you with "B. A." to your name. Anyway, with this grief gnawing at your heart you should be able to write a "gripping story," for which editors always pay extra.

E. R. E., Toutle, Wash.—You ask which side of the road is it proper for the gentleman to walk on when he takes a lady walking and we reply with confidence that he should walk on the same side that she is on. Don't they always do that in your town? (2) It was quite proper for you to escort the lady home from the dance, even though you had not met her before. Now that you know her, don't let her go to a dance again unattended, so you will be sure of taking her home.

Subscriber, Carlsbad, N. M.—On a salary of $800 to $900 a year, a young man, engaged to be married and with a little money ahead, might invest as much as $100 in an engagement ring, if he got it at a reasonable profit to the jeweler. A good diamond ring has many times served as collateral for an emergency loan. A very neat little stone may be had for as low as twenty-five dollars, but it is not much of an investment. Possibly, however, the less expensive ring would be more appropriate to your social surroundings and the bride would prefer the seventy-five dollars saved for more necessary articles. Talk it over with her. Now is the time to be sensible and frank with the girl and not make any bluff that a hundred dollars is nothing to you, when your wife to be is concerned. It is a whole lot, as you will begin to discover by and by, for you write like a level-headed young fellow. As to your difference in religion, that is a different matter. Baptists are nearly as "sot in their ways" as Catholics are, and we think it is better that neither of you ask the other to give up your religion, —your denomination, rather, for true religion is the same under any name—but to have a complete understanding of what concessions each will make before you marry. Indeed, you, the man, will have concessions to make before you marry, because a Protestant cannot marry a Catholic, regularly, that is by a priest, unless certain concessions to the church are made. If the girl in this instance has sufficiently modern ideas to believe that a marriage is just as much a marriage whether the ceremony is performed by a priest, a Baptist clergyman, or a civil magistrate, you need not make any religious concessions, but you cannot be married by a priest. There are numerous harmonious marriages between persons of differing religious beliefs, but such marriages always call for extra risks. Whatever happens, don't marry until a perfect understanding is established. It may seem unsentimental to begin to get to the practical side of things at the very start, but it is the practical, not the sentimental, that counts most after marriage.

E. K., Lowden, Ia.—In using only one initial of a name for ring, or any other purpose, the initial of the last name should be used.

Baby, Kingston Springs, Tenn.—If there is no objection to the man except his nationality and you like him, you are very foolish to give him up as a friend, because of the narrow prejudices of your Know Nothing community. This is an age of progress and it doesn't all begin at home, either.

School Girl, Carlsbad, N. M.—The practise some people indulge in of calling another on the phone and having a supposedly private talk, at the same time having several acquaintances to hear the talk is not only bad manners, but is very nearly dishonorable. Still many look upon it as a joke and continue it. In our opinion the sufferer by such a betrayal, man or woman, would be justified in calling it an unfriendly act and having nothing more to do with the offender. It would not require many such penalties to educate social sentiment to the point that the ban would be put upon such joking and it would be classed with listening at keyholes and similar eaves-dropping.

Troubled Boy, Carl, W. Va.—Why not sue the newspaper for stating that you had married one of the two girls you were sparking and thus ruined your chances with the other? You hadn't married her, as you can prove, and you might get $50,000 damages which would make you all right with the other girl, unless she is looking for a millionaire. No newspaper has a right to destroy the happiness of a nineteen-year-old boy like that and you ought to have a hundred thousand dollars instead of only fifty. You have our blessing, Willie.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, my dears, June has gone and I wonder how many of you listened to the June birds sing and this time next June you will be old married ladies who have too much else to think about than to listen for June birds to sing. But you should, just the same, whether you are married or not, because the June time is the happy time of the year both to the married and the unmarried and nobody should ever miss the enjoyment of it. But July? Well July is too warm to enjoy anything much except fans and shady nooks and ice cream. And of these, I hope you will have all you want. It's no time for work, either, but I have mine to do, so I'll stop talking and get at it.

The first letter I open is from Brown Eyes of Rowlesburg, W. Va., who is in great trouble because the young man she met in January and corresponded with has married some other girl. She also wants to know how to reduce her weight. I never tried the remedy, but I should think grief over the loss of this heartless young man would soon make her thin. I advise her to try it.

Perplexed, Unicoi, Tenn.—Of course, don't marry a feeble, old man forty years your senior and as poor as you are. Only rich old men should marry young girls. As for the young man you think loves you though he hasn't made any attempt towards corresponding with you, don't bother about him until he does make the attempt. Apparently he isn't bothering much about you.

Broken-hearted, Virona, N. Dak.—Why break your heart over a man who cares so little for you that he breaks the engagement merely because you went out with a man one evening to please your brother and would listen to no explanations. It may hurt now, but by and by, my dear, you will be glad enough that you found out what kind of a man he was before it was too late.

Sue, Cedarville, Mich.—As you did not return the present when you received it, doing so now will show pique rather than observance of the proprieties. If your quarrel extends to the returning of letters, you may include the present with the letters you send back to him. P. S. Why do you spell the name of your postoffice "Sederville?"

C. A. S., Great Falls, Mont.—One good thing the drinking gambling man has done is to stop your marrying the man you didn't love or want, but whom your parents wanted you to marry. But that is not enough to warrant your marrying the other man, even though he has been drunk only once since you and he became friends. Don't be in a hurry. If he will stay sober a couple of years and do no gambling in that time, you might risk marrying him, but I would not guarantee the risk.

Happy, Golconda, Ill.—It is quite proper to be good friends with all the nice boys, but have no "steady" until you are out of school. Beaus and books don't agree.

Anemone, Detroit, Mich.—As far as you and I know the young man is all right, and as you are in no hurry to marry, which is wise, I think if you and he simply stand fast in your faith in each other and bide your time, parental objection will be removed and you will enter into your reward. As an engraver he will have work that is worth while and you can help him if you will read and study along the lines of his work and be a companion and helper to him in it.

Forget-me-not, Pine Hill, Va.—Very many young ladies and some older ones who are inclined to want the attention of men do not always act in what is called the ladylike manner and sometimes they act quite indiscreetly, though they do not often go too far for respectability. Their example is not to be followed, no matter how popular they may be with men and if I owned a home I certainly never should invite them into it, even if I were polite to them when meeting them elsewhere. Such women without really meaning any harm, very often do much harm. (2) It is quite proper and hospitable to ask a young man to call, but if he does not respond to the invitation, don't ask him again unless he explains. Some young men want to be coaxed, I think, and I don't believe in it.

Curly, Asher, Okla.—You are young yet, so young that your parents are more to you than anybody else and it is enough for you to tell any young man who wants to go with you, that you cannot accept his attentions because your parents object. If he is the right kind, he will accept that as the best excuse and prove to them that he is not objectionable.

Lonely Orphan, Martinsville, Ill.—Kissing and embracing are not permissible except between engaged couples. As for a man following a declaration of love with a proposal of marriage, I think it should be so, but in these days of flirtation, young men and women tell each other that they love when they have no more notion of marrying than they have of flying. Young men are especially ready to tell girls how much they love them. There is no defense for a girl, except to keep her head and insist upon the man making good.

There, my dears, your questions are answered as far as they were for me and I know some of you will not be satisfied, but some will and so that satisfies me. Now, by, by, be good little girls and though clouds may come into your skies remember that the sun is sure to shine through after a while. *Au revoir.*

COUSIN MARION.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

"But it is all like a dream, my dear—a strange dream, and I feel as if I should wake and find I had got the toothache—I always have it after dreaming. Where did you put the notes, my dear?"

Edna started—she had only been half listening—and held out her purse.

"Will you take them, aunt?"

"No, my dear," replied Aunt Martha, emphatically. "You must get used to carrying large sums of money, and had better begin at once. What did Mr. Burdon say—a most charming man, Edna—that five hundred pounds were of no more consequence than pence! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Edna, I must go to bed; I must, indeed; I feel as if the room was whirling round!" and as Edna got up and kissed her, she added, "How you can take it so quietly I can't imagine. Perhaps you feel dazed by it, dear!" and she looked curiously almost pathetically, at the sweet young face so pale and distrait.

"Yes, perhaps that is it," replied Edna, with a faint little smile.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FREE! The Whole Story in BOOK FORM



"Edna's Secret Marriage," COMFORT'S great new serial, will hold you entranced from the first chapter to the last. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month, but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one 25-cent one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book **free and postpaid.** Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by taking advantage of this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. Advt.

Fits

I have treated Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. To prove my ability I will send any sufferer a free two weeks treatment. If you, a friend or relative suffer, send me name, age, address and describe case.

Dr. Fred E. Grant
Dept. 167, Kansas City, Mo.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. **DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.** Bayles Co., 1802 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 245-M.
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

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To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

GOITRE

$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

Age?.....How old is Goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Hands Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name.....915
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Removed at Home Without Operation or Danger

This simple, safe home treatment removes Goitre without inconvenience or danger. Hundreds of difficult cases that would not yield to any other treatment have reported *immediate results.* Mrs. W. A. Pease, Creston, B. C., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment, and was entirely cured. I concluded to try same, and after using one treatment my Goitre disappeared entirely." *Convince yourself* without pay or obligation. Send above coupon TODAY for $2.50 Test Treatment FREE. **Dr. W. T. BOBO**
915 Minty Block Battle Creek, Mich.



FREE BOOKLET

"Victory or Snatched from the Jaws of Death"
Interesting news for women.

The Sagine Co.
6 E. Chestnut St., Columbus, Ohio

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

Prem. No. 691



Lady's Watch For A Club Of Eight!

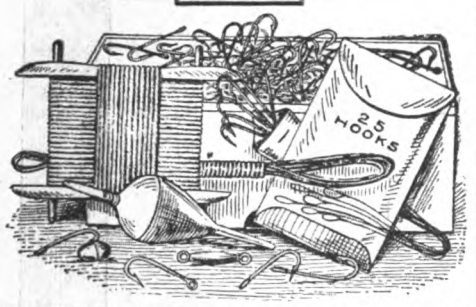
HERE IS a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Duchess" and is a **perfect little beauty.** We show both the front and the back of the watch so that you can gain some idea of its real appearance, especially the handsome engraving on the back. It is a thin model, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set, with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damaskeed, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skilled watchmakers in one of the best watch factories in the United States. The case of this watch has all the appearance of solid gold and **it will wear like solid gold** because it is made of **solid** composition gilt metal that is the same color **all the way through** so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep **perfect time** and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to us any time within one year and we will either repair **free of charge** or send you a new watch in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we **ourselves** guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special



Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 691.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

38-Piece Fishing Outfit

Premium No. 286



FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains **everything** you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces**—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the **very best quality.** There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are 25 **Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes** for all kinds of fishing, **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing.** And remember that we **guarantee** everything in this Outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the **38 separate** pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least **one dollar.** We will send you this splendid **Fishing Outfit absolutely free,** if you will accept the **following offer** and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 286. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7342



Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Two

ONE of the most styments. Women and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can aknow that all who re-Pendant and Chain ilbe greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manuStates. It has a 15-inch **plate** cable chain, the **rolled-gold plate own birthstone** and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. **Baroque pearl.** Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. **When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.**

lish of all neck ornagirls who like to be upthe Birthstone Pendant to the birthstone ring ford it wear both. We ceive the handsome lustrated herewith will with it. It is one of the found among a large for our approval by the facturer in the United genuine **rolled-gold** pendant is also made of and set with **your**

January	**The Garnet,** Symbol of Power
February	**The Amethyst,** Symbol of Pure Love
March	**The Aquamarine,** Symbol of Courage
April	**The Diamond,** Symbol of Purity
May	**The Emerald,** Symbol of Immortality
June	**The Pearl,** Symbol of Long Life
July	**The Ruby,** Symbol of Charity
August	**The Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness
September	**The Sapphire,** Symbol of Constancy
October	**The Opal,** Symbol of Hope
November	**The Topaz,** Symbol of Friendship
December	**The Turquoise,** Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. **When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine**

Premium No. 612

Stylish Colored Petticoat



For A Club Of Two

King Blue, Tango, Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats are now the style. King Blue, Tango, Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully. **Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering otherwise we cannot fill your order.** We have them in lengths from 38 inches to 44 inches and will send you length and color desired, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention size and color wanted. Premium No. 612. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit



All New Popular Designs! Prem. No. 7312 Given For a Club of Two!

HAND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are **three large sheets of perforated patterns** containing designs for **linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kimonos, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet** and many other popular and stylish designs, also a cake of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large **tray cloth,** 8 x 17 inches, and **six 5 1-2 inch doilies to match** all stamped on real white **Irish linen,** one oblong **pillow top** 17 x 21 inches, hand tinted on ecru art cloth, one bone **stiletto** for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of **10 embroidery needles** and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton **floss.** We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7312. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

LOCKET AND CHAIN



Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!

MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** You could easily pay $5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 7213

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7213.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION

Prem. No. 450.



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern **we have seen this season. Not too large** but large **enough and as it is perfectly round,** it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and **nearly three inches in diameter; we** consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Offer No. 450 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 450 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 450.**

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Ladies' Pure Silk Hose

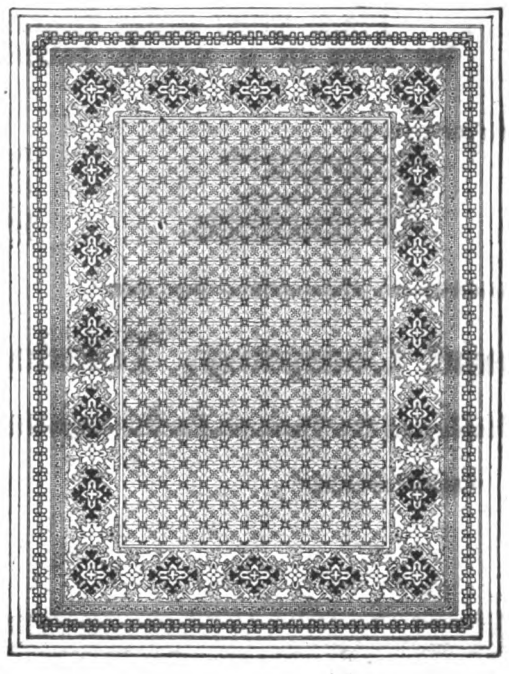
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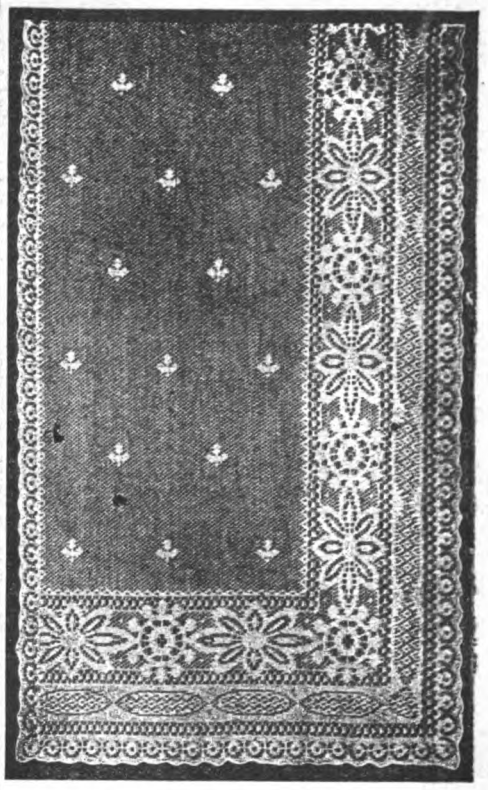
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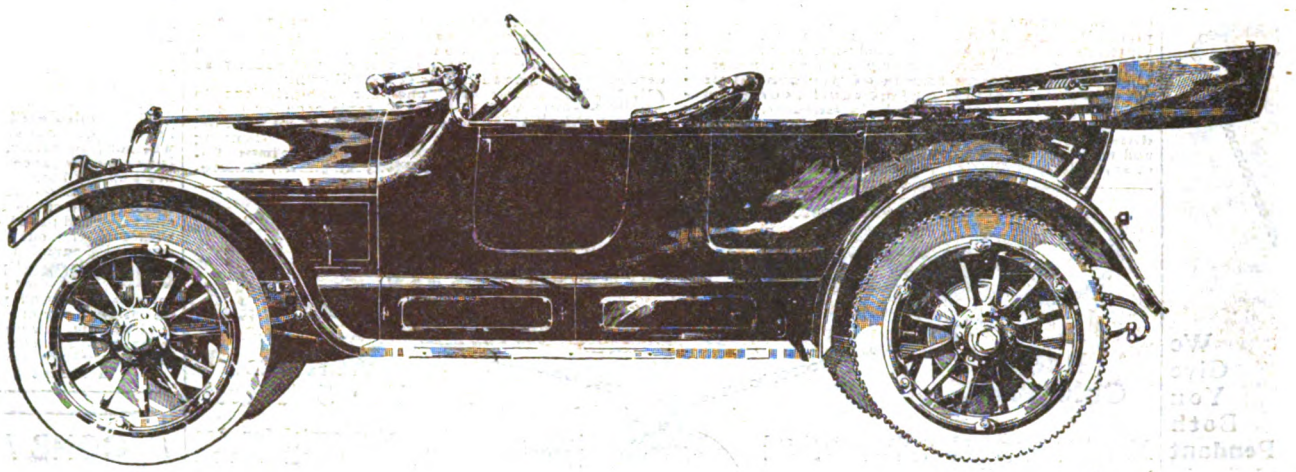
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VOL. XXVII — AUGUST 1915 — No. 10



Published at
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THE MOON-LADY—See story "A Mid-Summer Night Fantasy"

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Crumbs of Comfort

Many dishes have made many diseases.

One never loses anything by politeness.

Every guilty person is his own hangman.

They bear poverty very ill who are ashamed of it.

We always find merit in those who find merit in us.

Man is not depraved by true pleasures, but by false ones.

A husband is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.

No man is brave in his anger who was not so before it.

A woman laughs when she can and weeps when she will.

The worst of all places is the one in which we have no friends.

The things of the earth are not worth our attachment to them.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion the voice of the body.

There is more merit in subduing a passion than in avenging an injury.

Men say more evil of women than they think; it is the contrary with women.

If you want to know the qualities a man lacks, examine those he boasts most of.

The friendship of a man is often a support; that of a woman is always a consolation.

The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love it has ceased to live.

A person who is pleased with no one is more unhappy than the person who pleases no one.

There are more fools than wise men and among the wise men there is more folly than wisdom.

Some people are honest so long as they thrive upon it, but if the Devil give better wages they change their party.

Better than a Fairy

By Helene Hicks Bowen

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CARLO stumped down the long, sloping aisle which parted in the middle the bristling seats of the little Opera House. Those few persons in the audience who heeded him at all, saw merely a little lame boy, very pale, exceedingly thin and immaculately neat from the crown of shining fair brown hair to the stubbed toes of his well-blacked, cheap little shoes.

Nobody could look into that warm, tender little heart which thumped so wildly beneath his shabby jacket and see the riot of his happiness.

It was Carlo's first visit to the theater, the Place of Joy. He had rested in many hospitals though and learned to accept the House of Pain with a certain degree of philosophy. From his point of view hospitals were a necessary part of life, even more necessary at times than the meager home in which the little fellow spent brief periods between treatments. He even held recollections of some exquisite benefits which had reached out to him from the neat wards with their rows of snowy beds and gentle-faced nurses.

There were frequent flowers at the hospital, and Carlo loved flowers.

There were books too and picture magazines, and sometimes somebody to read aloud to him, which was always a great delight.

Now this supreme of all pleasures had come to him straight from the latest hospital shelter, for kind Doctor Mann in recognition of the little chap's bravery during a particularly bitter operation, had sent him two tickets for the theater, and Carlo and his father were there in the wonderful place.

Musicians filed into their places and a glory of melody gathered up the floating ends of his happiness and welded them into a fantastic harmony which sang of approaching rapture.

And the promise of the music was fulfilled, for when the crimson velvet curtains parted Carlo looked straight into the heart of Fairyland.

The stage was suffused with a mist of shifting colors through which romped a ring of dancing fays, and in the center of this ring was disclosed the very Queen of all the Fairies.

Such a radiant vision as she was, this wee queen, with a crown of golden buttercups and a wand made out of a single long-stemmed lily.

Carlo forgot his twisted knee and almost stood erect with excitement.

"She is so young to be a queen," he murmured, "why she looks littler even than me."

"What is it?" asked his father, but Carlo heard naught but the strains of fairy music, saw nothing but his little queen tripping a lightsome measure and floating like a bit of thistledown over the painted stumps and hedges.

Cecily Leslie was a world-famous danseuse and this was one of her most celebrated arrangements.

The scene wove itself from one marvel into another. During a stupendous clap of thunder all the flowers and trees, and beautiful green grass disappeared being replaced by cruel gray rocks, amidst which the dear little Fairy Queen fled all affrighted and shivering, pursued by a mob of satyrs with horrible grinning faces and monstrous little horns atop their pointed heads.

How Carlo's heart hurt during that chase, but just as the Chief Satyr was about to seize the weary, fainting Queen, a huge, white bear with a kind smiling face interposed and clasped the distraught fairy in his big furry arms, while the satyrs ran away screaming horridly.

The lovely white bear proved to be an enchanted Prince and of course the Fairy Queen touched him with her lily wand and he became a handsome young man in pale blue velvet.

Then the Queen discovered that he was in love with a charming maiden and wrought some magic so that the girl appeared, rising right out of the rocks in a pitiful old ragged frock. The queen also touched her with the wand, causing her to stand forth arrayed in cloth-of-gold, and being no longer ashamed of her appearance she flung herself into the Prince's arms.

Not yet content with good works the Fairy summoned all her subjects and they slowly spun a magic spell to soft, whispering music, weaving a dreamy dance measure, here and there, backwards and forwards, while the stage grew dimmer and the voices ever fainter and fainter, until the orchestra with a startling crash burst into a strain of exultation, the lights flared forth again in glorious effulgence, and there appeared upon the stage a gorgeous castle with a mammoth white marble staircase, leading straight to the skies it would seem, with scores of lords and ladies bowing before the Prince and his beautiful bride, while the Fairy Queen perched upon the back of a tall golden chair, invisible to the others on the stage, but laughing with delight at the happiness she had created.

On a thrilling lift of stupendous harmony the music ceased, the red velvet curtains fell together and silence swept the theater, a silence punctuated by rustling programs and gentle whisperings.

Carlo relaxed limply and closed his eyes.

The gentle, careworn father watched him with anxiety.

Then Dr. Mann came down the aisle, suave, kindly professional as always.

"How goes it?" he asked, his strong, deep voice vibrating through the stillness.

Carlo opened wide his brown eyes and held the doctor's gaze.

"Oh, sir," he said, "can't I see the Fairy Queen close to?"

Dr. Mann smiled indulgently.

"I am afraid not son. Did you like her so much? Heaps of bigger boys than you are would like to meet that Fairy Queen but she is almost as unapproachable as a real Royal Highness."

Carlo's dumbly pleading gaze did not waver.

"I hardly ever ask for anything," he said insistently.

"I know, I know," agreed the doctor, but the boy continued unheeding, "I didn't even ask for this," with a sweep of his transparent hand, "I didn't know there was such a place, but now that I've been here and seen her up there, I've just got to see her close to, and speak to her and have her speak to me. Why I've never known a little girl like her. I know," he went on persistently, "she is not a real fairy of course. I am big enough to know all about that. She is just making believe, but I want to see her close to."

Dr. Mann exchanged significant glances with Carlo's father and shook his head.

"You mustn't tease the doctor when he has been so good to you," protested the man.

"I've never asked for anything before," Carlo repeated stubbornly.

Dr. Mann slightly chuckled. "This falling in love at first sight is a serious business," he chaffed, "frequently it changes a man's whole disposition."

"Please can't I see her close to?" The little lad's whole soul lay in his eyes.

"I wonder now," mused the great man thoughtfully, noting the child's feverish earnestness and the strong excitement under which he labored, "I wonder now if Her Ladyship could be induced to receive a patient of mine. I am not acquainted with her myself of course, but——" and again he studied Carlo's white face.

"I've never asked for anything before," the child reiterated doggedly.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Behind the red velvet curtain the Fairy Queen dropped lightly to the stage from her high chair back.

"That thing wobbled with me, I want it propped more securely after this," she told one of the scene shifters, who like an army of huge ants thronged over the stage dismantling the glittering palace.

Then she made her way to the wings, accosting the Prince who was also picking his path over pieces of prostrate landscape.

"You were clumsy," she said coldly, "I didn't like the way you caught me. Haven't you done that bit of business often enough to calculate exactly where you should stand for my leap?"

"What is the matter today Cissy?" inquired the Prince, who was really a very nice young man and exceedingly clever in the way he handled the famous little dancer.

"Matter enough," she retorted, and there were tears in her voice, "What is the good of it all? It is very well to be a celebrity and draw ever so much money every week but what is the good of it all when there is nobody to care?"

"Of course you know Cissy if I were not a married man and if Dolly were not so jealous——"

"Don't be silly," she snubbed him, "you know what I mean. You and Dolly are the only friends I have in the Company, or anywhere else for that matter. Mother used to make it worth while as long as she lived she was so proud of me, and then——" Her voice choked at this point and the Prince looked away.

"I know," he said softly, for everybody in the profession did know that the little dancer in her loneliness had married a big, handsome acrobat who treated her cruelly, and when she objected, ran away with another woman.

"You do not know anything about it," Miss Leslie exclaimed passionately, "I hate it all, everything, my silly work which consists of springing senselessly about like a jack-in-the-box; the people I have to work with, stupid self-engrossed egotists; that horrid public out there, my hydra-headed master, who sits and stares and gloats while I go through my antics for its pleasure."

"Oh, come now, ain't you going it rather strong?" expostulated the young man. "There is something in this Art business after all, you know, and you are a dancer, if ever one twirled her toes."

"Bah! we have got to change now. How far do you think my 'Art', as you call it, would carry me if I dared to appear in the same costume for two successive acts?"

She ran off to her dressing-room where presently there reached her the card of a renowned physician with a pencilled request: "Would she see a young man, one of the doctor's most interesting patients, who was feverishly anxious to speak with her just once?"

Dr. Mann drew largely upon his fund of persuasive tact in writing that difficult request. He really desired that Carlo should have his wish granted, and almost he feared if it were denied, such a disappointment might make the sensitive child ill again.

Miss Leslie read the note through twice, startled by its unusualness; then she flung it upon her dressing table amongst the paints and cosmetics.

"Certainly not," she snapped at the waiting messenger, "the man must think I am a fool."

She was fully dressed for the second act when the messenger returned.

"Another card!" Cecily flamed angrily beneath her rouge at the presumption.

"Does Miss Leslie understand that my patient is a little lame boy?"

"A little lame boy!"

The words stabbed a hidden wound. There had been another little boy, a baby who never opened his eyes upon this world of woe, and he too, had been lame, so everybody said it was better he did not live. Cecily had never contradicted them even when her heart most rebelled.

"Tell Dr. Mann to bring him to my dressing-room after the performance. Give him a line to the doorkeeper." She issued staccato instructions to her maid who discreetly dissembled all surprise.

The Fairy Queen saw Carlo the moment she flashed upon the stage in the famous pink scene. She watched his pale, pinched face and wide adoring eyes all through the garland measure, and she danced for his benefit as she had never danced before.

To Carlo, content in the doctor's promise that he should meet the Fairy Queen, the remainder of the play was a dream of loveliness long drawn out.

When the final curtain fell and in response to the demand of a clamorous multitude, the little Queen appeared from the side of the stage, smiling, bowing and kissing her hands, she looked straight into Carlo's brown eyes and blew him the longest kiss of all.

Carlo and his father sat still until nearly everybody else had passed out. The good-by music faded away and a big emptiness possessed the huge auditorium.

Dr. Mann's brisk bustle was a relief as he strode down to them, alertly businesslike.

They passed through the theater, behind the boxes and so on to the cavernous, echoing stage.

Carlo limped across the very spot where Fairyland had lived and glowed so recently.

His whole soul hung on the coming interview. Would the little girl kiss her hand to him again? Would she wear the fluttering frock of rose petals?

A white door with a crystal knob swung softly open at Dr. Mann's gentle tap. Carlo stared eagerly into a beautiful small room, built as it were out of looking glass and hung with pink draperies.

For an instant the boy shone at the charm of the little nest, then with a distinct drop he faltered: "Where is the Fairy girl?" for he saw only a stout woman in black with white cap and apron.

"Here I am," called a sweet voice, and there right before him, having opened the door herself in her eagerness, Carlo glimpsed a pale, small lady in a strange, straight dark gown, with a fur cap pulled close over her hair.

For a long minute the little boy stood regarding the woman, wide-eyed, trembling.

Miss Leslie flung a plaintive glance at the men, as if to say, "He is disappointed in me, I'm sorry."

"I—I didn't think you would like me so well close to," she stammered.

Carlo tossed his head with a laugh of triumph. "Why you are not a little girl," he cried, "you are not a little girl at all."

"I'm sorry," Cecily quavered, but the boy interrupted exultantly:

"You are not a little girl at all, you're a mother."

There ensued a slight flurry, a gurgle of laughter that sounded like tears, and famous dancer was upon her knees before a shabby little lame boy, her arms gently enfolding him, her kisses falling upon his hair and his thin, white face.

"You blessed one!" Cecily murmured, "Do you like mothers, and how did you guess?"

"Oh, I like mothers the best of all because I never had one. The angels took her away when they brought me. You see they didn't want her to know about my knee. Of course I knew you were a mother, when I saw you close to, it's in your smile. How many little boys have you got?"

The Doctor and Carlo's father turned away watching the scene shifters at work and the maid silently slipped off. They were quite alone.

She stopped his mouth with a long kiss like a sigh.

"Dear," she whispered, "I'm a mother without any little boy and you are a little boy without any mother; suppose we help each other out."

Carlo laid his thin arms around her neck and cuddled his face under her chin.

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For Painless Maternity

Did you ever hear of "Twilight Sleep," that wonderful discovery that is proving the greatest boon to women? Do you know of that anesthetic which, properly administered, is harmless and in 90 cases out of every 100 in which it is used results in painless delivery, preventing shock, conserving strength and hastening recovery? It was discovered in Germany ten years ago, has recently been tested successfully in the United States and should be practised generally. Every woman should know about it. Mrs. Mary Boyd, a "twilight sleep" mother, who went to Germany purposely to receive the treatment and is an authority on the subject, has written an interesting article on "Twilight Sleep" especially for COMFORT. Don't fail to read it.

In September COMFORT

which will also contain a variety of other features including something of special interest for every member of the family, and among them "Billy Dale—Coward" and other good stories. In September COMFORT we shall again print

"A Corner for Boys,"
The Paper Doll Cut-outs,
A Cubby Bear Story,

and continue to run these three features regularly through the coming fall, winter and spring for the amusement and instruction of the children. Don't miss September COMFORT.

Look At The Figures

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Why Our Government Permits the Sale ot War Material to Belligerent Nations

EVER since the beginning of the war now raging in Europe certain powerful interests have been and still are diligently at work trying to induce our government to prohibit the exportation of arms, ammunition and other munitions of war from the United States to the countries engaged in war, and have been equally active in their efforts through the newspapers and other publicity agencies to persuade the American people that such dealing in war material is cruelly wicked and should be stopped.

They argue that it is morally wrong for our citizens to provide these combatants with the means of destroying each other and that such traffic is a violation of the spirit of our neutrality.

Their arguments seem plausible to such as are unfamiliar with the true facts and the rights of the matter and who therefore wonder why the appeal has not moved our government to take action. The pretense that it is urged merely in the interest of humanity as an effective means of shortening the war has won the support of many sincere peace advocates who do not perceive the unjust and destructive consequences of such a policy under present conditions although both President Wilson and Mr. Bryan, the champion peace advocate, have clearly explained in official proclamations why the United States, as a neutral nation, cannot rightfully forbid the exportation of arms to the belligerent countries during the present war. And this position of our government rests on legal and moral grounds as well as being in accord with sound public policy and the best interests of humanity, as we shall show.

As President Wilson is absolutely and inquestionably right in the stand he has taken and is firmly maintaining on this question despite the threats and abuse with which he is being assailed by the unscrupulous and the petitions with which he is being bombarded by misinformed and misguided persons of good intentions, COMFORT deems it important that its readers should understand this matter in which a wrong step might lead to the most disastrous consequences, and therefore takes pains to give the following explanation which should interest everybody.

Our Legal Duty

First of all it must be clearly understood that the rights and duties of our citizens and our government regarding the sale of war material to recognized belligerent nations are prescribed and determined by a law which even the Congress of the United States, the hightest law-making power in this country, cannot change. Perhaps this information may be a surprise to most of our readers, but it is true nevertheless.

On the same principle and for the same reasons that State laws are made by our legislatures for the government of the people in their dealings within their respective States, and national laws are made by Congress to regulate commerce between the States, it has been found necessary for the civilized nations to come together through their representatives from time to time and establish a code of international law to define the rights and duties, and govern the conduct of the governments and citizens of all nations in their international dealings in peace and war. This is international law or, as it is sometimes called, the law of nations, and is recognized as the law of the world, binding all nations by an obligation superior to their national laws. As international law was made by joint action of the nations it can be changed only by the practically unanimous consent of all the civilized nations.

International law of more than a hundred years standing gives neutral nations the right to sell, and belligerent nations the right to buy war material from neutrals. Therefore, as the United States cannot change this international law, our government has no right to forbid the exportation of munitions of war purchased by the recognized governments of the belligerent nations, and if it should do so our country would become a law breaker and as such subject to penalties that might be very severe and even include punishment by war.

The foregoing statement may appear to conflict with the known fact that under authority of a special act of Congress President Taft proclaimed an embargo against the shipment of arms and ammunition into Mexico, but it does not. Only recognized governments can claim rights under international law, and as Mexico was in a condition of anarchy without any government recognized by the United States, Congress could rightfully prohibit the exportation of arms and ammunition to the various bands of filibusters, brigands and marauders who for more than four years have been pillaging their own countrymen and robbing and murdering foreigners under pretense of civil war.

Having shown that our government is constrained by international law, which it cannot alter, to adhere to its present position, we might dismiss the question as settled, but the public wants to know whether such

Traffic in Arms Is Morally Right

first, on general principles and, second, as applied to the special conditions of the present war.

To prohibit the purchase abroad of arms and ammunition in time of war would increase the menace and aggravate the curse of militarism many fold. One of two deplorable results would be inevitable. Every nation would be obliged to pile up a large supply of arms and ammunition in time of peace and build and maintain at great expense enormous manufacturing arsenals to supply its needs in time of war or, failing to make these burdensome preparations, must be entirely at the mercy of any militaristic country that was prepared for war, because the markets of the world would be closed so far as military equipment is concerned. Would it be right for international law to put a premium on militarism by forbidding a peaceably inclined, unprepared nation to purchase arms to defend itself when attacked? Or is it policy to force every country to burden itself with the cost of maintaining continual military preparedness? So much for the general principles of right underlying this provision of international law. Now let us apply them to the present war conditions; and in doing so I shall try to be strictly neutral, stating only the indisputed facts and expressing no opinion as to which side is to be blamed for having caused the war.

As previously stated, for more than a century international law has allowed nations at war to purchase arms and ammunition in neutral countries. Relying on this right nearly all the nations—I may say all except one—have chosen not to incur the expense of maintaining in time of peace complete preparedness for war. When the war broke out Germany was the only nation fully prepared, and this gave her an advantage immense at the start and very considerable even at the present time. Not only were her armies larger and far better equipped than those of her enemies, but she was and still is the only country on earth having arms and ammunition factories large enough to turn out a sufficient supply of war material. The result is that while Germany is able to make an abundant supply England, France and Russia, though they have scoured the markets of the world for arms and ammunition have been and still are seriously handicapped by a shortage of these indispensable munitions of war. How this has come about is an interesting bit of history.

At Essen in Germany are the famous Krupp works, by far the largest arms and ammunition factory in the world, regularly employing more than 43,000 men as far back as 1902 and probably two or three times that number now. This enterprise was founded in 1810 and since 1859 has been fostered by the liberal patronage of the German government; but the Krupps have also sold arms and ammunition to all nations in peace and war. Thus the Krupps have built up the largest manufacturing plant and accumulated the greatest fortune in Germany. The German government has taken great interest in promoting the growth and prosperity of this industry and in 1910 the Kaiser honored the present head of the concern by conferring on him the Order of the Red Eagle and made him a baron. Germany has always considered it not only lawful but morally right to encourage the Krupps to sell all the arms and ammunition they could to other nations to fight each other with.

In the Boer war Germany was so strong in her expressions of sympathy for the Boers as to almost cause a rupture of her relations with Great Britain, yet she kept right on selling the British arms and ammunition with which to conquer Boers,—and did not sell to the Boers, simply because there was no way to deliver the goods of which these brave South-Africans were in sore need in their struggle for the preservation of their national existence.

It will be remembered that after our government stopped the shipment of arms and ammunition from the United States to the warring factions in Mexico Germany supplied them, and as late as a year ago last May, while we were having our little fuss with General Huerta at Vera Cruz, Germany sent that notorious usurper two shiploads of arms and ammunition and delivered them to him in spite of President Wilson's strenuous effort to prevent it, and regardless of the fact that it was expected at that time that they might be used to kill our soldiers and sailors. Until the present war anybody who had the price could buy arms and ammunition in Germany regardless of the interests of humanity.

But now the boot is on the other foot, and the German government, while acknowledging our legal right as neutrals to sell war material to her enemies, urges our government to restrain our citizens from doing it in the interest of humanity in order to bring the war to a speedy end, prevent further bloodshed and reestablish peace at an early date.

Perhaps the action which Germany requests, if pursued by our government, might accomplish the predicted results; but how would it be brought about, and what would be the consequences for which we should be responsible? In answer let me give you the following statement by Mr. Bryan clipped from his address "To the German Americans" published on June 11, after his retirement from the Cabinet. Mr. Bryan said:

"The fact that the administration has received more criticism from German-Americans than from those in sympathy with the Allies is due to the fact that, while both sides are at liberty, under international law, to purchase ammunition in the United States, the Allies, because of their control of the seas have the advantage of being able to export it. It is unfortunate that partizan supporters of Germany should have overlooked the legal requirements of the situation and have thus misunderstood the position of the administration. The administration's position has not only been perfectly neutral, but it could not have been otherwise without a palpable and international violation of the rules governing neutrality. This government is not at liberty to materially change the rules of international law during the war because every change suggested is discussed, not upon its merits as an abstract proposition, but according to the effect it will have upon the contest. Those who wanted to lay an embargo upon the shipments of arms defended their position on the ground that it would hasten peace, but it is strange that they could have overlooked the fact that the only way in which such action on our part could hasten peace would have been by helping one side to overcome the other."

Last fall a statement, purporting to have emanated from an authoritative German source, was published to the effect that if the United States would stop the shipment of arms and ammunition to the Allies the Germans would be able to capture Paris within sixty days and end the war in their own way and to their own satisfaction.

But as Mr. Bryan, whose earnest and sincere interest in promoting peace cannot be doubted, has pointed out, we have no right to bring about peace by changing the law of nations so as to help one side conquer the other. As neutrals, we have no right to pass judgment on the merits of their quarrel nor to help or hinder either side by closing our markets. Without criticising the propriety of the enormously expensive preparation for war which Germany has been making for years past, I will simply remark the obvious fact that the nations against which she is fighting certainly had a right to ignore these war preparations and rely on providing themselves with arms by purchasing from neutrals, in case they should need them, in time of war, and we have no moral right to spring a trap on them, now that their time of need has come.

Apply it also to our own situation. We are and always have been woefully neglectful of the needs of national defense. Shall we intensify the danger resulting from our unpreparedness by adopting a rule that would deprive us of the right, on which we have always relied, of buying from abroad arms and ammunition necessary to defend ourselves when attacked?

War is inhuman and militarism is a domestic curse and a foreign menace. War and militarism should be abolished. But so long as any nation menaces the rest of the world with its militarism it would be the most inhuman policy to prohibit traffic in arms in time of war.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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BY C. L. CHAPMAN.

When a strapping young Englishman of family, wealth, and position, was graduated from Oxford university no doubt he dreamed of achievement, but it is safe to say that he had no idea of gaining renown, wealth, and success by toting giant powder up a steep mountain trail. Yet that is the way it all came about.

Have you ever carried a keg of nails on your shoulder up a stairway of one flight? If so, you can imagine what it means in dogged endurance and sheer grit to carry one hundred and fifty pounds twice a day a mile and a half up a slope so steep that the steepest attic stairway is child's play.

But this is what Charles Palmer did and won for himself a singular success in Alaska.

This is the way it all happened. Palmer was on the Pacific coast when the news of a new gold camp swept him, with others, northward toward Alaska. They followed the Portland channel to its head, and he and some others, among them experienced miners and mine superintendents, came into possession of some claims which "looked good" to them.

But the pay streak was high on the side of a precipitous mountain. Each one fell readily to his task, but for the Oxford graduate, who knew nothing of the fine points of prospecting, stopping, drifting, or sinking, there seemed nothing he could do unless he turned cook. But that was because of his education for he looked too much the debonnaire idler to be assigned to any drudging task. But giant powder and food were needed for those who knew the ins and outs of the work before them, and someone must undertake the herculean task of lugging both and Palmer was equal to that task and became a human dray.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." In those days there was no money to pay for "packing" even had men been available and willing to undertake the trip up that steep mountain-side. But the university man and linguist could both serve and wait for those who in turn were helping him. Twice and sometimes three times every day, until the veins were opened up and a prospect proved to be a rich certainty, he made the trip from the Bear river valley up a winding, steep, and rough trail through the timber, over bowlders, brush, and roaring torrents to the first shaft, 2400 feet above the valley, carrying packs that weighed from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds. If he could keep up this task and carry out his part of the program the others could carry out theirs; but could he?

But day after day, week after week he continued his work as a human dray and work at the summit went on without interruption.

It was a close race for the men of that "outfit" between their available cash and what it would buy as to food and the day when the vein, exposed in a gully, should be reached and out. But the mine proved to be one of the big ones of the Columbian coast, and somewhere is one Charles Palmer, Esq., who now has the money and the leisure to cultivate the whims and tastes of his Oxford education.

He was in the game to win and he put his hand and heart in this effort and any old prospector will tell you of this young giant, a real man that anyone could tie to. His job was a monotonously toilsome one, he did the thing that was very hardest for winning success in a region of mountains more precipitous and more full of peril to prospectors than any encountered in the earlier camps of the Coeur d'Alene, the Kootney, or the Cariboo. The packing over Chilkoot pass which for so many years was accepted as the greatest task of human strength and endurance, was mere child's play as compared with the task Palmer undertook and finished.

So that by grit and sinew he won this singular success.

Are You Color-Blind?

"I wonder," said a man who looked like he might be a doctor, but he wasn't, "how many of you men listening to me know whether you are color-blind or not."

Every man on the stoop confidently asserted that he was not and the talker quietly took four skeins of silk from his pocket, one red, one green, one blue and one yellow, and spread them out on his knees.

"Now take a look," he went on, "and we'll find out how your eyes are on color."

A dozen men gathered around and all of them called the turn except one. That one to his own surprise and the laughter of all the others couldn't see red.

"That's all right," said the man with the colors, "only one man in twenty is color-blind and I wouldn't have thought it odd if all of you had your color sight all right. As it is one of you can't see red, which is the color that is oftenest not seen. Green usually goes with it, that is he sees green as a dull red or gray. Some men can distinguish only yellows and blues and then again some are totally color-blind, that is they can see only white, gray and black. It sometimes happens that a man goes through life without even knowing he is color blind, and only about a hundred years ago nobody had ever heard of such a defect of vision as color-blindness. About that time a great English Chemist, John Dalton, discovered that he was blind to red, as our friend is here, and he was twenty-eight years old before he knew what ailed him. After that, experiments were made and all the civilized world over it was found that color-blindness was a universal defect of musculine sight. But never a woman. No woman has yet been discovered who was color-blind. Nobody knows why, either, and scientists have not yet solved the mystery satisfactorily. But one man in twenty is and it is an inherited weakness. A color-blind father may have all girl children and there will not be one who is color-blind, but if they marry and have any boy children, there is sure to be one or more color-blind. There is no pain or danger to the sight, and as I say, some color-blind people never know it, but on the retina are rings of color and when they are not as they should be, color-blindness will result, either part color-blind, or entirely so, some eyes seeing no color whatever, only grayish white. Neither is there any cure for it. The thing is than when the defect is discovered those who have it should allow for the defect and correct it as far as possible by not trying to conceal it. Only a few years ago, men in various employments where it was necessary to distinguish colors made many mistakes, and on railroads and watercrafts where seeing signals in correct colors mean life or death, fatal accidents occurred which were unaccountable until the color-blind experts explained the cause. Now, no man is permitted to hold such positions who has not full power of sight to distinguish colors. Every man ought to know whether he is color-blind or not, and I believe in some schools the sight of all boys is tested for color. It should be so in all schools. Testing is very simple, nothing being necessary but to have some bits of colored silk with the colors clear and correct and let the boy or man pick out the colors, as called for. If he can do it, he is all right; if not, he is color-blind, to what extent may be determined by further experiment."

Dragon Flies Hold Up Cars

Dragon flies temporarily stopped traffic on the Third Avenue surface line of New York recently. It is supposed that they came from New Jersey. When the swarm of wide-winged, long-tailed insects entered the car, the women became panic-stricken and the men gallantly came to the rescue. The flies lighted on the occupants and though they did no harm many of them were killed in the melee. The dragon fly is a fierce-looking insect and is commonly called the devil's darning needle; its wings while spread are five inches. A swarm can well spread fear. They are quite harmless and feed on mosquito larvæ. It is a mistaken idea that dragon flies have a stitching needle in their tails.

Commonest Disease of Teeth Cured

Dr. Michael T. Barrett announced to the Pennsylvania State Dental Society in Philadelphia, his discovery of the germ of pyorrhea, and demonstrated its cure with emetine. Pyorrhea, one of the oldest and most baffling diseases, is shrinking of the gum until the teeth fall out. Dr. Barrett treated forty-six patients and all were cured. Pyorrhea has been known almost since records were kept and traces of it have been found in Egyptian mummies.

Immense Skeleton of Man

Three skeletons supposed to have been persons buried in prehistoric times, at Dysart, County Louth, Ireland, have been unearthed. One of the skeletons is ten feet in height. The three bodies were found incased in stone and buried in separate graves. From the crown of the head to the chin the skull of the giant measured eighteen inches.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE following poem was sent in by one of the sisters and as it seemed to convey such a message of hope and cheer, I am passing it along so that all may share it with me.

It lays stress on the fact that if we but keep our minds occupied with bright thoughts, there will be no room for the gloomy ones, with their depressing effects, to creep in.

Try it through your vacation when, unless you are a downright pessimist, the mind is more pliable and expects pleasant things, and the results will be so gratifying that you will want to continue the practise the rest of the time.

Try the Mind Cure

"Think health, and health will find you
As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
And lose you on the way.

Think love, and love will meet you
And go where'er you go,
And fate can no more treat you
Like some malicious foe.

Think joy, and joy will hear you,
For thoughts are always heard,
And it shall nestle near you
Like some contented bird.

Whate'er your sad condition,
Whate'er your woes or pains,
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition
As surely as God reigns."

CHULA VISTA, BOX 126, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This southwestern extremity of Uncle Sam's domain does not seem properly represented in our "Corner," hence my intrusion. It is my first attempt, so please be forbearing.

Chula Vista is a tiny village midway between San Diego and Tia Juana, the first Mexican town across the border, and is situated in the midst of the most beautiful and luxuriant lemon orchards. It is an ideal location. We came here nearly three years ago, in search of "climate" for our invalids, and have found our anticipations more than realized.

Our home faces bay and ocean. We can see incoming ships, and often watch the war vessels maneuvering beyond the Strand, or steaming out to target practise. The views from all this section of country are magnificent. Coronado, the great tourist resort, lies a short distance to our west, and beyond it is North Island where the Government Aviation Camp is located.

We have grown accustomed to seeing the air ships above us, yet I have not yet overcome the thrill which I always experience in seeing one come in from the ocean, like a giant bird winging its way homeward after a weary flight. One must see them many times before one can contemplate without emotion the stupendous importance of their influence on the future life of the world. Many already carry passengers.

As you know, this is Exposition year with us. We are about ten miles from the gates of the Panama California Exposition in San Diego, and from our windows can see its towers by day, and its electric display at night. It opened last New Year's eve, and will close next New Year's eve, one year later. Many of you will doubtless have visited it ere this letter reaches print (should it be so fortunate). For those who come later, or who merely hope to come at some future time, perhaps I can give a little information or encouragement. Many fear to go to an International Exposition because of the expense. The conviction is of maximum charge with minimum return. This was true in the infancy of big "Fairs." I remember as a young girl, going to the Centennial Exposition, where one had to pay ordinary hotel fees for sleeping on a cot in the crowded "parlor" of a private house; but such conditions are past. San Diego is a small city of only about eighty or eighty-five thousand inhabitants, and its fair may be said to be its own enterprise. For those who desire to see a great "Fair" —one built by the millions of Government and State appropriation, San Francisco's Panama Pacific Exposition is the place to go. But after going there, come here also. That is grand, almost beyond words to express, but it lacks the quaint old-world beauty and serenity of this. San Diego itself is a most picturesque and unusual city. Much of it is built on canyons and hillsides, among sage brush and boulders and overlooking a panorama of bay, ocean and islands, mountains and valleys, lakes and streams, white hills of salt in the marshes, and such profusion of flowers the year round as only California can produce.

In the younger days of the city, a tract of 1400 acres was set apart for a Park, at its outskirts. This was mostly wild country of hills and canyons, and is now practically in the center of the town, a perfect gem of the combined beauty of nature and art. Six hundred and fifteen acres of it are occupied by the Exposition. It is so accessible, yet so secluded, so embowered in blossoms, so reminiscent of old Mission days in California, that the time spent in its enclosure is inspiring. Its attractions do not depend on its "exhibits" which are small, but on their uniqueness and their setting. Hotels are abundant and most reasonable, and there are apartment houses everywhere. One may secure a good hotel room at ten dollars per week, and eat at one of the numerous "Cafeterias." There may be some in our "Corner" not familiar with these establishments; for their benefit, I will say they are merely restaurants where one waits upon oneself. One passes along an aisle-way where there are stacks of trays, napkins and silver, from which one helps oneself with utensils needful for dining. Still farther on are long tables, heated from below, filled with most perfectly cooked food of every description and kind. White-capped and aproned men carve the meats and lay on one tray in appropriate dishes as one selects; pretty girls in dainty dresses, serve the vegetables, salads, fruits, desserts, and drinks. One passes along

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes

Adulterated Food Products

THE subject of pure food, which has been discussed frequently on COMFORT'S editorial page, especially concerns the readers of our cooking department and calls for a further word of caution here; for it is the housewife, who does the marketing and cooking, that must stand guard to protect the family from fraudulently and injuriously adulterated food.

Food adulteration, though accomplished in a thousand different ways, is of two principal classes; the one, which is simply fraudulent without being injurious to health, consists of substituting in whole or in part an inferior or worthless substance or mixture that is harmless; the other, which is both fraudulent and injurious to health, is by means of the substitution or admixture of a harmful ingredient.

To illustrate; cottonseed oil and peanut oil are as wholesome and nourishing as olive oil (sweet oil), but they are much less costly and are not so appetizing to some tastes; therefore when you order olive oil and pay the price for it but get cottonseed or peanut oil or olive oil mixed with those oils you are simply cheated. Likewise if you buy ground spices containing ground cocoanut shells, or whole spices that have had a part of their essence extracted or African ginger is substituted for Jamaica ginger, you get an inferior article of less strength.

Good flavoring extracts and essences necessarily contain a certain portion of alcohol which is harmless in the small quantities used in cooking, but those sold by pedlers or of unknown or unreliable manufacture may contain wood alcohol which is very poisonous, deadly in moderate quantities while in very small doses repeated it acts as a slow poison injuring the nerves and finally causing total blindness.

You can't be too careful in buying your baking powder, cream of tartar and cooking soda, all three of which are indispensable as many recipes call for baking powder, others for cream of tartar and soda, and still others for soda only—with sour milk always soda.

"Pure cream of tartar," as previously stated by COMFORT'S editor, "is one of the chief constituents of high-grade baking powders but, as it is costly, you can't expect to find much of it in the cheap ones. The latter are likely to contain some inferior substitute, even alum which we believe to be unwholesome. We have known cream of tartar to be heavily adulterated with alum."

Buy a baking powder that is guaranteed to contain no alum.

Go to the druggist and buy your cream of tartar by the pound and see that you get the pure potassium bi-tartrate, as the druggists call it. The price is high because of the war, so there is greater temptation and larger profit in adulteration. A half or a whole teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a glass of water makes a wholesome and refreshing summer drink; it flushes the kidneys and has a mild laxative action on the bowels—but it must be pure.

Get your cooking soda at the druggist's, also. There are two kinds, the carbonate and the bi-carbonate. Be sure you get the sodium bi-carbonate; it has twice the raising power, is pleasanter to the taste and more agreeable to the stomach; it is also a good home remedy for sundry ailments including sour stomach and rheumatism. But get the pure bi-carbonate—it is not expensive.

We will have another talk, in this department, on pure food, for it is a great and important subject.—Ed.

Recipes

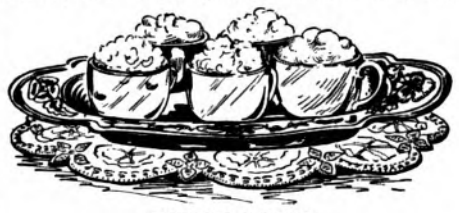
CREAM RICE PUDDING.—One cup of rice, one cup of cold water, let boil until it has absorbed the water (about seven minutes), then add one quart of milk, pinch of salt and some grated lemon rind. Let boil slowly on the back of the stove for about thirty minutes. Follow directions and you will have the most delicious rice pudding you ever tasted. Eat with whipped cream.

BELLE CHADBOURNE, Augusta, Maine.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—Line a pie tin with a rich crust. Wash and remove stem but do not peel, four green tomatoes. Slice thin, add one half cup of granulated sugar, pinch of cinnamon and allspice, dot several places with butter, sift a little flour over top, wet over with milk. Bake in moderate oven to a rich brown.

MRS. JOS. PELKA, JR., Bark River, Mich.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Scald two cups of milk. Mix four tablespoons corn-starch, four tablespoons sugar and a little salt, to a paste with one quarter cup of milk and add all to the hot milk. Cook ten or fifteen minutes; add several spoonfuls, a little at a time,



PINEAPPLE PUDDING.

to the beaten yolk of two eggs. Return to the thickened milk and cook several minutes longer. Remove from the fire and add the beaten whites of two eggs and one half cup of grated pineapple. Serve when cold with whipped cream.—Ed.

SWISS COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter one egg, one half cup sour milk, scant one half teaspoon soda, flour enough to roll very thin; bake in a hot oven.

CLARA ANDERSON, Crawford, Texas.

SPICE CAKE.—One third cup of soft butter, one and one third cups of brown sugar, one half cup of milk, one and three quarters cups of flour, two eggs, put in whole, three level teaspoons of baking powder, one half teaspoon of cinnamon, one half teaspoon of nutmeg, one half cup of raisins or figs and one half cup nuts. Mix all together and beat three minutes. Bake forty minutes.

MARTHA'S PATTY CAKES.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoons of bacon fat or butter, two eggs, one and one half cups of flour, one and one half teaspoons of baking powder and three quarters cup of milk. Take sugar, eggs and fat and beat quite smooth with an egg beater; put in flour and baking powder, sifted together; after that is in mixture add the milk and beat again. Bake in small patty or muffin pans in moderate oven till light brown. They may be served with fresh berries over them.

MISS MARTHA WASHINGTON KRAUSSE, Walla Walla, Wash.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of lard, one cup of buttermilk, three teaspoons of baking powder, flour enough to thicken and flavoring. Bake in layers. Caramel, chocolate, or cocoanut on this cake makes it very nice.

MRS. FLOSSIE URBAN, Shelburn, Ind.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of butter and one half cup of lard, one cup of sour milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, in milk, one teaspoon of baking powder, in the flour, one half cup of melted chocolate and three eggs, the yolks with sugar. Beat the whites and put in last as you place it in the pan to bake.

COOKIES.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, one tablespoon of ginger, three teaspoons of soda, stirred in milk, and flour enough to roll out.

ALICE CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, one cup of cream, salt, two cups of flour, and one heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Flavor.

MISS INEZ WILE, Whitetop, Va.

CHERRY ROLL.—Sift together one pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, two tablespoons of sugar. Into this mix one tablespoon of lard, adding milk to make dough as for biscuit. Roll thin and line a pan, place over this a pint of cherries, either fresh or canned, well sweetened, to which add small pieces of butter. Fold the dough over the cherries and bake.

MRS. F. O. LEWIS, Salem, Ind.

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE.—Two cups granulated sugar, one half cup sweet milk, two heaping tablespoons peanut butter. Boil exactly five minutes. Remove from the stove and stir until it thickens. Pour into buttered pans and cut into squares.

MRS. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrerd St., San Francisco, Cal.

CHERRY FOAM.—Boil two cups of granulated sugar and one half cup of water together without stirring until the syrup threads from spoon. Add one quarter teaspoon of vanilla and pour it slowly upon the beaten whites of two eggs beating until stiff enough to drop from a teaspoon on butter paper. Before the candy cools press one half of a candied cherry into the top of each. Roll in little balls and place on buttered paper.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Take juice from one can of pineapple, add juice of six lemons, three oranges and a cupful of preserved cherries; sweeten to taste and let stand for two or three hours. Add one quart ice water and one cup chopped ice. If too rich dilute with ice water, though it should be rich and not too sweet.

BETTER THAN FUDGE CANDY.—Three cups of light brown sugar, a small lump of butter and a five-cent can of condensed milk. Cook this until it will form a small ball when dropped in cold water. Add flavoring and chopped nuts. Cool just a little then beat until creamy.

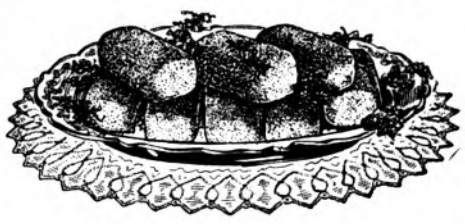
MRS. FLOSSIE URBAN, Shelburn, Ind.

Delightfully refreshing for hot summer days are fruit punches and as they contain no alcohol there need be no hesitancy in serving.

BEEF LOAF.—Two eggs, one pound of beef or pork, ground, one half cup of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Put your meat in a pan and stir in your eggs and cracker crumbs and mix into a loaf as for bread, and place in pan with a little water to start it and bake one hour. If preferred add cut-up onion.

CORN CHOWDER.—One quart of corn, one quart of sliced raw potatoes, small piece of fat salt pork, one onion, sliced, two cups of milk and as many crackers as desired. Fry the pork and cook the onion in the fat. Strain this into a quart of water in which the potatoes were scalded, then put in a layer of potatoes and a layer of the corn pulp which has been previously heated; season with salt and pepper and allow to simmer for twenty minutes. Blend one tablespoon of flour and two tablespoons of butter together, add the milk and keep stirring until it boils. Pour it over the chowder. Turn the chowder over crackers, which have been slightly toasted to dry dampness.—Ed.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.—Press through a ricer sufficient hot baked sweet potato to measure one pint. Place over the fire, add one rounding tablespoon of



SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.

butter, the beaten yolks of three eggs, pepper and salt to taste, and beat well with a fork. Cool slightly, and form, roll in bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg, roll again in crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.—Ed.

SALMON LOAF.—Scald about one half cup of milk and small amount of mace together. Mince one can of salmon and add one half cup stale bread crumbs, salt and pepper and a little parsley, also two eggs, well-beaten, and pour in the milk a little at a time, taking care not to get the mixture too soft. Turn into a greased mold or bowl and steam nearly an hour.—Ed.

CLEAR CALF'S FOOT JELLY.—If you require only a small quantity of jelly, an ox's foot or two calf's feet will make a pint and a half, or perhaps more. Take care to select nice, large, white-looking, fresh-boiled feet, and if you can buy them ready cleaned and scalded, it saves a great deal of trouble. Cut them into pieces, taking out any dark-looking bits; put them into a stew-pan with six pints of cold water and the rinds of two lemons peeled very thin. Let them boil without ceasing five or six hours, until the liquor is much reduced. Strain it through a colander or sieve, and let it stand all night. Next morning, take off all the grease you can with a knife, and wipe up the rest with blotting paper. Put your rough jelly into a stewpan and melt it over the fire. If the jelly is for an invalid to whom wine is not allowed, add the juice of six or eight lemons; if not, the juice of three lemons, three quarters of a pint of sherry, and a tablespoon of brandy. Sweeten to taste. Mix these together, and let them just boil. Then take the jelly off the fire, and let it stand no more than milk-warm. Then set it on the fire again, and stir in the whites of six eggs without beating them, and half the shells broken small; keep stirring it constantly with a tinned iron wire whisk until it boils up with a fine white head. Let it stand to settle a few minutes. Have your flannel jelly-bag, quite clean, ready at hand; dip the pointed end into boiling water; squeeze the water out again, and then with a teacup take out the egg shells and what jelly comes with them, and put them first into the bottom of the jelly-bag; after that, pour the jelly very gently by cupfuls into the bag, and let it strain into the basin placed under it. If at the first straining it is thick and cloudy, it must be passed through the bag two or three times until it runs clear.

JULIA TABOLA, 1216 Jackson St., Houston, Texas.

TOMATO CURRIE.—Fry two tablespoons of chipped onion in two tablespoons of butter; then stir in slowly two tablespoons of flour till creamy; add two cups of either canned or fresh tomatoes and let come to a boil and add four eggs, without breaking the yolks, and let the whites set; then stir all together and add salt and pepper.

MRS. JOSSIE CRAWFORD, Indiahoma, Okla.

SALMON SALAD.—One can of salmon, one half cup olives mixed with salad dressing. Place on lettuce and dot with olives.

ESCALLOPED ONIONS.—Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of cracker crumbs, a layer of onions that have been cut up and boiled, bits of butter, salt and pepper. Continue till dish is filled, having butter on top; pour over sufficient milk to moisten. Bake one hour. —Ed.

MUSTARD.—Four tablespoons mustard, two tablespoons flour, one tablespoon sugar, one cup vinegar. Put mustard, flour and sugar in pan, mix, add vinegar and let it come to a boiling point.

MRS. KATIE PADGETT, Griffin, Ga.

WASHINGTON FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of butter, three cups of brown sugar, four cups of browned flour, five eggs, well-beaten, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar. Mix as usual and stir in at the last one half pound of raisins, seeded, one pound of dates, seeded and chopped, one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake slowly and steadily until done. If any fruit is omitted, add more flour.

CARROTS IN TURNIP CUPS.—Pare small, white turnips. Cut slices from the stem end and remove the flesh, leaving a cup. Cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water, take out carefully and turn upside down



CARROTS IN TURNIP CUPS.

to drain. Have ready a filling made of carrots cut into dice and cooked twenty minutes, to which has been added salt and pepper, one half cup cream. Cook together until hot, fill turnip cups, garnish dish with parsley and serve.—Ed.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three well-beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; the last thing pour on one third of a cup of hot water; beat well; flavor and put in hot oven and it will bake in about fifteen minutes or bake in two layers, and serve with sweetened whipped cream between layers and on top.

MRS. P. S. HENDRY, Loxley, Ala.



The Man Who Helped Make Summer

The Van Camp chef.

He prepares many a meal for countless homes. He saves millions of hours in the kitchen for women to spend on the porch.

And he does more.

He makes Pork and Beans more delightful than they ever were before, and more digestible.

But why argue? Won't you, for your own sake—and the man's sake, too—let this dish tell its story?



VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

Baked Beans is a dish to serve often. It is heartier than meat, more appealing and cheaper.

But not home-baked beans. They are hard to digest. And not hard beans, crisp, broken or insipid.

Van Camp's are the Beans to serve often. They are mellow and whole. They are thoroughly baked. And the sauce we bake in gives a tang that's resistless.

You don't know this, else your pantry shelf would be full of Van Camp's. But won't you find it out—and today?

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

holding one's tray and nodding or pointing to anything desired. There is such a clatter of dishes, canaries singing, and an orchestra playing oftentimes in addition to the talking and laughing of the diners, one doesn't try to ask many questions. When one passes the checker who lays a printed slip of the cost on one's tray, and on to a little table, usually seating four, and shining in white linen and silver, where one sets one's food from the tray to the table. The tray is instantly seized by a "tray-boy," and one is left with dinner steaming hot, and all without trouble and but few cents of expense. Tea, coffee, and chocolate (often in little individual, silver pots), are but five cents each. All vegetables five cents, and given most generously. Salads range according to their ingredients, usually ten cents. Cakes, ices, puddings and pies of all descriptions, five cents each. Meats and fish usually ten cents per helping, fowls higher according to kinds and season. My husband and I go frequently to the Cafeteria, rather than come home after a long drive to prepare dinner. Our united meal seldom costs us fifty cents, often less than forty cents, but we are not meat eaters. The helpings are so generous that where two go together, they can divide with each other, and enjoy a great variety. When we had a room at the hotel and lived in this way, we found twenty dollars per week an abundance for the two of us. Where one desires to remain a month or longer, one may take an apartment. These vary from sixteen dollars per month to almost as much as one may desire to pay, according to location, furnishing and service. If one goes out a little on one of the car lines, one may get a beautiful "three-room apartment" for twenty-four dollars per month, with hot and cold water, steam heat, gas, electricity, and telephone. The "three rooms" translated, mean living-room with wall bed, kitchenette, and bathroom. There is a cot for a third person, and here three may live and do their cooking just as conveniently as in the most modern home, all very cheaply. This applies not only to Exposition year, but to all the time, for San Diego is rapidly becoming a great tourist resort. It is the most perfect climate we have ever experienced, and we have tried several cities down the coast. My husband says it is the cheapest place we have ever lived, not because food is so reasonable, but because we need so little fuel, and so little change of wearing apparel the year round. Then one can live in almost any kind of a house; many live exclusively in "tent houses." If one has a small income it can be made to go farther here than in most places, and there is always the opportunity, if one owns or rents a home, to add to it by the growing of vegetables, poultry, and Belgian hares.

I fear my letter is already too long, so will only add that the fruit of our experience is this: Where people are in poor health and need a mild climate for recuperation, where they have reached the "decline" of life, and desire to spend the remaining years where they never need suffer from "heat" nor "cold," where they have delicate children and want to bring them up where they may run wild and barefoot, almost the year round, or where they have sufficient of this world's goods, and seek only the enjoyment of life, this climate and location are ideal. But it is not a place for money making. Those who have their fortunes to carve would better go elsewhere.

I cannot answer letters, although I would gladly do so, did time and strength permit. Would I could send you a whole cart load of flowers (including orange and lemon blossoms) for decorating our "Corner." Or better still, would I could toss you each an orange! We have bought them here for the past five months at fifty cents per box of one hundred and fifty big, juicy, sweet Navals! Many have rotted on the ground, not paying for picking.

With kindest greeting to our dear editor and each member of our corner, Sincerely,

FLORENCE H. HARKINS.

Florence Harkins. If "all roads lead to Rome" so too do they lead to California this year and all who can are on their way, by rail, automobile or boat, or else planning to go, and I wish it were possible for all of COMFORT'S readers to be there. Doubtless a great many of them will attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Gannett have just returned from California, and a tour of the South and West, where they were much impressed with the fairs and particularly with the educational possibilities they presented and they corroborate all your statements. They were much interested in the outdoor organ at San Diego and in the pyrotechnical and searchlight display at San Francisco, as well as many other things too numerous to mention. Each person who goes there will see something that some other person will miss,—probably something they are more interested in or which pertains to their work,—and I am sure the readers who are not so fortunate as to visit the Exposition will like to hear an account of it from them.

MILTON, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

This is my first letter, but I have read COMFORT for years. I, too, am interested in Mission work, and would be glad to offer a few suggestions for the benefit of Ruth Knapp and others. Our pastor here suggested that the members of our church and others who wanted to help, save their Sunday eggs for a certain length of time and sell them for Mission money. Most everyone entered their name. If a church is in debt, as many are, the women folks can work up a fair. Each make some article, aprons, handkerchiefs, collars, men's shirts, children's dresses and fancy articles of many descriptions could be named, but the best sellers are vases, jugs, odd-shaped glasses, dishes, boxes, etc., made of salt work; these when carefully made in many beautiful colors find ready sale. If this work is not understood by anyone who is interested I can send in directions for making.

While building the new church here we gave ice-cream suppers at our homes, also rice suppers. In this way young men will help that would help in no other way.

I don't want to be called a crank, but I must tell of one more plan, this is the Dainty Sock Social. Either have this printed on cards or write it:

"This dainty sock we send to you,
Is not for you to wear;
Please multiply your size by two,
And place therein with care,
In pennies or in cents,
Just twice the number that you wear,
So don't forget the time and date,
We'll answer when you knock,
And welcome you with open arms,
But don't forget your sock."

Give date and place and add that this is for church or mission as the case may be. Take cambric or some cheap cloth and make a small sock, put a draw string in the top and send to everybody that you think would help. Many will send in that cannot come. The evening can be spent in singing and refreshments may be served. I hope this may help in the good work.

I was interested in Alice Warner's letter. I have earned quite a lot of spending money in many different ways. I like to sew and make fancy work. I would tell you of some of my ways, but my letter is getting lengthy. Let us have more ideas and suggestions along this line. I would like to hear from some of the sisters. Best wishes to all. IDA M. HICKS.

DUGGER, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in for a little chat?

I am not a stranger, I have visited our cozy corner before, and know many of you and isn't it nice of Mrs. Wilkinson to allow me to call again? I have many COMFORT friends, whom I have formed acquaintance with through the Sisters' Corner. COMFORT is one of my companions; there is nothing I enjoy more than to sit by the fire, in the long winter evenings, and read COMFORT, and the Sisters' Corner is always the favorite page.

When I read a letter from a sister that praises her home and family, and praises her children and does not look upon her home cares as merely a stern, cold duty, but rather finds a pleasure in her home and her home tasks, and in her children, I always want to take that woman by the hand, and say, "You just suit me." It has been said so often, "What would the home be without the children?" Ah, very lonely I fear, for some of us. My three children have made my home worth while since my husband's death, almost three years ago.

Sisters, you who have been left as I have, with your children to support, do not think for a moment that you would be better off if you did not have these children to care for. Far from it, I am glad that I have the responsibility of my little family, I am glad that I have these children to care for. If it wasn't for them I would have no one to make a home for. When I am inclined to feel blue or discouraged, it is always the responsibility of the little "home nest" that keeps me brave, keeps me courageous and contented, and instead of sitting down to worry, over what might have been, I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

ROSEMARY A Forlorn Cherub in Search of Heaven

By Jerome Adams

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"I CAN'T possibly forgive him," sighed Miss Terrain, as she sank into a rustic chair, and opened her book upside down. "I distinctly forbade him to do it, and he had no right to disregard my expressed wishes, even if I had just promised to marry him."

Her handsome brows were drawn together in a frown, her eyes still fastened upon the pages of the inverted book, when an anxious little voice at her elbow piped out:

"Is this heaven, lady?"

Miss Terrain turned and surveyed the scrap of humanity before her with mingled pity and amusement—a forlorn little figure in an ill-fitting brown gingham dress, surmounted by a cherubic head and face, the latter somewhat soiled and slightly troubled.

"This place is called 'The Haven,' dear," she answered. "Is that what you mean?"

The hint of trouble vanished from the soiled cherubic face, the curly head nodded emphatically.

"I thought it was. 'Cause he said heaven was such a bootiful place." A pair of serious brown eyes wandered approvingly over the magnificent Terrain park. "And he said if little girls are good, the gates of heaven would be wide open, and they was. So I came in."

A beautifully manicured hand was extended and a grimy little fist instantly thrust into it.

"Who told you all this, little one?" asked Miss Terrain gently, drawing the forlorn little figure close to her side.

"Why the man what came to the Orph'nage yesterday. He told us all about heaven and God and the angels. Are you God, or one of the angels?"

"I'm just—just Ida, dear," replied the haughty Miss Terrain, with a sudden accession of modesty.

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed the child excitedly. "Then I guess you must be my Aunt Ida. She died and went to heaven, and then I had to go to the Orph'nage." The big brown eyes inspected Miss Terrain critically. "You don't look just zackly like her, but the man said we'd all be bootiful when we got to heaven. May I call you Aunt Ida, like I used to?"

"Call me anything you like, dear," murmured Miss Terrain, more touched than she would have cared to admit.

"And can I stay right here with you, Aunt Ida, or will I have to ask God first?"

"You may stay right here until you are rested, little one," temporized Miss Terrain, lifting the child to her lap. "What's your name?"

The brown eyes were wide with surprise. "Don't you 'member what you used to call me? It was Rosemary. Don't you 'member?"

Miss Terrain's arms tightened involuntarily.

"How did you get here, Rosemary?" she evaded.

"Why I just walked and walked, all the way from the Orph'nage. You see after the man told us about heaven, Mary Bains said there was a bootiful place right down this road what was called 'The Heaven,' and there was lions on the gate posts. So I just kept on till I found it. And I'm so glad. Now I can stay right here forever and ever, can't I, Aunt Ida?"

"Suppose we go into the house now, and get something to eat, and a nice rest," suggested Miss Terrain, undecided as to just what course she ought to pursue.

She felt exceedingly loath to dispel little Rosemary's illusions, but of course the Orphanage authorities must be notified and the child returned. Arrived at the house, she took the little girl to her own apartments and put her in charge of a maid to be bathed and fed.

Presently the maid returned to the room.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Terrain, but the little girl insists that she is not to put on that clothing again. She says she is to have her heaven clothes, whatever she may mean by that. So I thought I'd better ask."

"Quite right, Marie," agreed Miss Terrain, looking slightly puzzled. "Wrap her in one of my dressing gowns for the present and put her here on the couch."

"Heaven clothes!" she murmured as the maid left the room. "You poor little waif, you shall have them."

Going to the telephone, she called up the Orphanage, told of the child's safety, and asked that she might remain at The Haven for a few days' visit. Permission was readily granted, and Miss Terrain immediately dispatched a maid into the city for clothing. Her directions were few but to the point: "Get everything the child will need for a few days, and get the best." Miss Terrain never did things by halves.

During the next few days a certain young man called at The Haven with amazing frequency. But as Miss Terrain did not wish to see him (or at least, if she did, her pride forbade it), he was invariably denied admittance to her presence.

In fact, Miss Terrain was "Not at home" to a good many callers during those few days. She was restless and ill at ease, and not in the mood for entertaining. She found it infinitely more soothing to take little Rosemary and go for long rambles in the park. The child's quaint sayings and bewitching little ways were a never-failing source of interest to her, and did much to distract her mind from unwelcome thoughts.

The little one was happy as a bird in her absolute confidence that The Haven was to be her permanent home. Having found the gates of "heaven" wide open and entered in, there was not the slightest doubt in her infantile mind that she would be permitted to remain.

Miss Terrain was puzzled to know how to deal with this phase of the affair. Time and again she had thrown out hints in an effort to convey gently to the child's mind the fact that her stay at The Haven was to be a limited one. But the little one utterly failed to comprehend. It was soon evident that nothing short of the baldest statement of facts, would pierce the armor of her perfect faith, and this Miss Terrain hesitated to make, feeling that it would be an unnecessary cruelty.

As the days drifted away, one by one, she found herself becoming much attached to the cherubic little waif who called her Aunt Ida, and frankly idolized her.

One day, as Miss Terrain sat by the fountain making a pretense at reading, with the child as usual, playing nearby, a plan popped, full-fledged, into her mind, whereby the little one need not be sent back to the Orphanage. But the plan required the sanction of someone else, and that someone was the certain young man who had been making such strenuous efforts to see her. At least it would have required his sanction, had he not been under the ban of her displeasure. As it was, of course——

Miss Terrain fell to dreaming. In her heart she knew that any plan of hers would be acceptable to him, simply because it *was* her plan. But that was not what she wanted. She found herself wishing (always provided the young man were not under the ban of her displeasure) that Rosemary might make his acquaintance accidentally, and tell him her touching, guileless little story as she had told it to her. Then she felt that she could unfold her plan to him without the slightest hesitation.

Miss Terrain started up irritably. After all the young man *was* under the ban of her displeasure, and could have no possible connection with her plans. So why this idle dreaming?

She glanced around for Rosemary, remembered seeing her run down the path some time ago, and strolled off in search of her. Almost arrived at a sharp turn in the pathway, she heard the child's voice. Peering through the foliage of some tall rose bushes that screened the speaker from her view, Miss Terrain beheld a picture, which for the moment held her spellbound.



"Then you'll have to 'fess," she told him firmly.

Just on the other side of the bushes sat a certain young man on a rustic bench, and standing between his knees, gazing earnestly into his face, was Rosemary. Miss Terrain had no desire to advance and make her presence known. Neither could she go back, for the path she had just traversed was, in places, plainly exposed to the man's view. It seemed almost miraculous that she had escaped detection as she came along it, but evidently the man had been absorbed with the child, and had not happened to glance up. From the look on his face, Miss Terrain felt almost certain that Rosemary had been telling him her story. An instant later this impression was confirmed.

"So now I'm going to live here in heaven forever and ever," the child said. "Wouldn't you like to do that too?"

The man glanced away toward the rose bushes. Miss Terrain trembled, though she was positive he could not see her through the leafy screen. If there were only some way for her to escape!

"Well—er—to be explicit, little one," began the man slowly, "my idea was to transplant heaven, so to speak, to my own home."

Rosemary regarded him an instant with puzzled eyes, then evidently decided that he had answered her question in the affirmative.

"Then why don't you ask Aunt Ida?" she queried.

"Why—as a matter of fact, I did, Goldilocks."

"Did she say yes?" eagerly.

"Well, I certainly understood it that way. But, you see I—displeased her, Curlyhead, and she sent me away."

"Put you out of heaven?" In her sympathy the child laid a dimpled hand on his knee, her troubled eyes searching his face.

"That sums up the situation exactly, little friend."

"Maybe if you said you're sorry you did it, she'd let you come back," suggested the child presently.

"That would not be strictly true, Midget. You see, I'm not sorry I did it."

"Oh-h! Then I'm 'fraid she can't let you come back." There was reproof as well as disappointment in the tone. "'Less maybe if you promised never to do it again," she added with returning hope.

The man shook his head slowly. "Out of the question, Goldilocks. I'd be sure to do it again, the moment I got near enough."

Disapproval was written clearly on the childish face, but evidently sympathy urged her to seek extenuating circumstances.

"What did you do to 'splease Aunt Ida?" she inquired with simple directness.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, little Inquisitor, I—er—stole something from her."

The child's answer came instantly, and with authority. There had been several cases of petty theft at the Orphanage.

"Then you'll have to 'fess," she told him firmly. "And give back what you stole from her."

"Well, now, do you know, little one, that's just the plan I've had in mind all the time, but you see I've never been able to find her."

"Have you got it with you?"

"What?"

"What you stole from Aunt Ida."

"Surest thing you know, Goldilocks."

"Come on, then. She's round by the fountain."

But she wasn't. She was just on the other side of the rose bushes, and as she could neither advance nor retreat, she perforce remained where she was, and pretended to be picking roses. And not a blossom on the bush could put to shame the roses that were blooming in her cheeks.

"Oh, Aunt Ida," cried the child as they came suddenly upon her. "He wants to come back into heaven. And he's ready to 'fess now, and give back what he stole. And he——"

"By Jove, Goldilocks," interrupted the man with sudden animation. "There goes that little red squirrel you were chasing. See him?"

"Where?"

"There he is! There! See?"

The child was off like a flash, and the man turned to face the indignant eyes of Miss Terrain.

"How could you say such things to that child?" she demanded, immediately taking the initiative. "It was shameful. Did you know I was here?"

"Well, I—er—strongly suspected it. I saw you coming down the path."

"If there had been any possible way of escape——"

"You wouldn't have listened. That's just the point. I had to seize my opportunity. It's the first time you've let yourself come within listening distance since——"

"If I'd only known you were here!" flamed the woman, turning aside toward the roses.

The man came a trifle nearer.

"And speaking of opportunities," he murmured softly, "perhaps I'd better 'fess now, and——"

But Miss Terrain suddenly turned upon him with a very serious face, from which all signs of self consciousness had vanished. Apparently the subject under discussion had faded entirely from her mind.

"I'd like to consult you about something, Arthur," she said gravely.

Though the man could not have been particularly pleased at the interruption, he immediately fell in with her mood.

"I wish I could make you understand how completely I am at your service," he answered with a gravity equal to her own.

"It's about Rosemary. I haven't the heart to send her back to the Orphanage now. And besides, I've grown fond of her. I—I'd like to adopt her."

"Good idea!" agreed the man instantly. "I'll adopt her too."

"Please be serious."

"I am—thoroughly."

"Then you wouldn't object to having her round, if—if we—marry?" Miss Terrain blushed gloriously.

"Say 'when,' Ida. 'If,' in that sentence, is not a satisfactory word."

"Please be serious, Arthur. I'm asking advice."

"I'm giving it. My advice is that we adopt the child mutually. It would be brutal to send her away from you now. You see I know what it is to get a taste of heaven, and then be thrust outside the gates."

Miss Terrain's eyelids drooped and she turned away.

"Shall we go find Rosemary now?" she murmured.

But the man caught her hands.

"I can't possibly face my little mentor," he insisted, "until I've cleared my conscience, and——"

"Don't you—dare—Arthur—please——"

Apparently the man was possessed of a very exacting conscience. It was some minutes before he succeeded in getting it cleared. When the burden of his guilt finally rolled off, however, it seemed to carry all Miss Terrain's troubles along with it. She was laughing when, presently, the child returned to them.

"Did he give it back?" questioned the little one anxiously.

Miss Terrain nodded rosily.

"Where is it, Aunt Ida?"

A New Use for Cats

Trained to Track, Point and Retrieve Game

By C. L. Chapman

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UP in Sturgis, Michigan, lives a man seventy years old, a Mr. Nimmo and his only and unmarried daughter. They probably have the strangest "pack of hounds" in the United States, if not in the world. It consists of two huge domestic cats, which Mr. Nimmo has been training for more than three years, until they trail, point and retrieve small game as well as any dogs. The cats are named Tom and Jerry, and are used principally in hunting rabbits, tree squirrels, and quail, though they have tracked and helped kill opossums and raccoons.

According to their owner, who began training the cats when they were kittens, on sight of a rabbit, squirrel or quail, they assume rigid positions, like that of a pointer, except that they move their tails slightly, and wait for him to come up and shoot the game they have found. They have never, since their training was finished, rushed forward to kill the game, or to attempt to stalk it themselves. When the shot is fired they retrieve the fallen animal or bird, and if it is not quite dead give it a quietus by biting it in the neck.

Mr. Nimmo and the cats keep the family larder full of meat. The felines are never allowed to hunt alone, and are kept as carefully in the house as any petted Maltese or Angora cat of high degree could be cared for.

The task of training was extremely arduous, and many times their owner felt that the animals would never learn to lie back and wait for him to shoot. Finally, however, by filling a number of dead birds and rabbit skins with fiery red pepper he persuaded Tom and Jerry not to seize game until they heard a shot fired.

The especial value of these cats, Mr. Nimmo says, is their ability to trail, capture, and kill wounded squirrels which flee to the tree tops after being shot.

He estimates he has secured some two hundred squirrels which otherwise would have been lost to him during the past season by the aid of these cats. When he takes his shotgun from the rack in his home the cats leap about him, like hunting dogs, only they meow their pleasure at going afield, rather than bark, as would a setter or hound.

Their owner claims they are better at trailing coons, those well-known game animals of the South, than the best coon dogs.

Only last December he captured twenty-two raccoons with the aid of these cats, and neither cat got so much as a scratch from the animals. "Tom and Jerry," said he, "will follow me like dogs for miles through the woods, until they see or scent a rabbit, bird or squirrel. Then they squat down close to the ground, wag their tails from side to side, and remain motionless until I see the game and shoot. Then they dash forward, seizing the animal or bird and holding it until I arrive.

QUANTITY OF RADIUM.—Radium worth about $91,000 was recently turned over to the National Radium Institute at Baltimore by the government. Within a four weeks' period, the Bureau of Mines produced over 288 milligrams of radium, which has a market value of $35,000. All of this was sent to the Institute, which is under the control of Dr. Howard A. Kelly. Most of the radium refined by the government goes either there or to the Memorial Hospital of New York City. The government department has just announced that shipments worth between $36,000 and $48,000 will be regularly made hereafter to the above institute.

"AL FRESCO"

A Mid-Summer Night Fantasy

(See Title Page Illustration)

By Joseph F. Novak

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"O, wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!" —*Lowell:—Midnight.*

ORRIN FLETCHER stood at the open window of his office on the eighteenth floor of the big city sky-scraper, and looked afar across the roofs and sky-lights of the surrounding buildings. In the West, the sun was sinking, a fiery yellow globe.

The day had been extremely hot, he was tired and fagged out, and he longed for some escape from an evening on the hot city pavements with their screeching noises and enervating breath.

He took out his engagement book and glanced at the date. He had no engagement for that evening. Most of his friends would attend Mrs. Browne-Ludlow's garden soiree, from which he had been conspicuously omitted, since he had beaten young Browne-Ludlow to a "frazzle" in a recent lawsuit, thereby straining social relations.

Fletcher didn't mind being left out of the affair. He was utterly indifferent to it, though it did leave him in a lurch since all those people whom he cared anything about would be there, and in justice to Mrs. Browne-Ludlow, it must be said that she did give the most delightful affairs.

For some time he pondered, then a happy thought struck him. He would attend the symphony concert at Canyon Park on the North Shore. He had often motored past the place that summer, but had never stopped in, though he had gone there often in previous seasons.

Satisfied that he had made a plan for the evening, he went to the office lavatory and washed up. He took a clean collar and tie from the stock he always kept on hand for any emergency, and after putting these on, he decided that his light tan suit, Panama hat, and oxfords were well enough.

He left the office and went to a restaurant where he had a solitary but enjoyable dinner, after which he went to the railroad station where he boarded the Canyon Park Special.

In about three quarters of an hour he had arrived at his destination, and entered the beautiful park, well named, for the region thereabout abounded in pretty little canyons and ravines. Down the cool, dimly lighted paths he walked to the substantially constructed, open-air pavillion with its comfortable seats and soft illumination from the electrics hidden within the large, fanciful Japanese lanterns suspended from the ceiling.

The orchestra was already in its place, and the tuning and setting of pitch was a mass of inimitable sound.

Fletcher dropped into his seat with a comfortable sigh. The place was delightful. A soft wind from the lake cooled the pavillion and set the fanciful lanterns in soft, soothing motion.

The audience generally was large, but tonight, somehow it wasn't. Fletcher looked about, scanning those present, and in a moment his eyes lighted on a party in a box nearby. He bowed, smiled, and the party smiled back at him. He glanced at his watch, it was still ten minutes before the music would commence, so he rose and wet to chat for a moment with his friends.

"Good evening, Miss White," he commenced, and then he went about the little circle. "I hardly expected to see you here tonight." His remark included the whole party.

"Meletta wanted to come, and so we got ready a little earlier, so that we might go directly from here to the Browne-Ludlow affair," young Mr. White responded. "Of course you are not going?" He winked significantly, for he knew of the strained relations between Fletcher and young Browne-Ludlow. "You're in luck," he went on, as he glanced enviously at Fletcher's neat and comfortable dress. "Don't I wish I could go to the affair tonight clad in this fashion," and he pointed to a picture in the program, advertising a mineral water. The picture was that of a Satyr with scarcely more than a drape of goat-skin upon his nude body.

Fletcher laughed. "Looks very comfortable, I admit," and he glanced at young White's spotless evening attire, "but fancy the mosquitoes! Wouldn't they feast?"

"Not at all. I'd get rid of them by plunging around in the lake. This moonlight night would be just the time for a swim."

"See how you torture your brother in forcing him to escort you, Miss White," and Fletcher smiled at the young lady.

She was a very beautiful young woman, but too reserved to be really interesting. She was gracious, yes, and cordial, but there was something in her attitude which bade men keep their distance. Perhaps it was natural, perhaps it was assumed, at any rate, while Fletcher had often danced and spoken with Miss Meletta White and did admire her tremendously, he was not, in slang parlance, "gone on her."

"Jasper is making matters worse than they are," she said, smiling between even teeth. "Mrs. Browne-Ludlow's home is situated right on the lake, and I've no doubt that everyone will find it very pleasant. I am very sorry you will not be present, Mr. Fletcher, and many will miss you. I would not remark about the matter were not the strained social relation between you and the Browne-Ludlows a matter at which we all must smile."

"I appreciate your kindness, Miss White," he replied, pleased, for Meletta seldom unbent to the degree she did when she made that speech.

She smiled in reply, a sunny, pleasant smile, but he thought there was a little more soul to it than usual.

"Shall you stay and hear the whole program?" he queried.

"We shall stay only to the intermission. We came in the car. It is parked 'till then. Mrs. Browne-Ludlow's is only a few miles beyond Canyon Park, you know."

As the orchestra conductor then appeared, Fletcher excused himself, bade them good night, and went back to his seat.

By this time, the hand-clapping which had greeted the director had subsided, and the concert commenced, and though Fletcher was dimly aware of the beauty of the music, somehow most of the time he was gazing at Miss Meletta White, and thinking thoughts of her such as he never thought before. How beautiful she was! But then she was considered one of the beauties of his social set. She was one of those girls, who, in spite of many proposals, clung to their happy single-blessedness, though their years were passing or were past the quarter century mark.

He fancied Miss White must be about twenty-six, yet to him it seemed just the right age, and he felt she would look the same ten, fifteen years hence. And how well she dressed! She seemed to know just what was becoming, and tonight she looked stunning in a gown of some soft white spangly material with coral chiffon draped in a manner that at once fascinated and bewildered him. She wore only a few jewels, just the diamond affair on her modestly low-cut gown, and the glittering bandeau with its attractive "stick-up" resting on her dusky golden hair. On the seat lay her evening cloak, a flimsy light affair, and its silken lining of a rather pronounced shade of yellow, made a striking background for her figure.

Fletcher's eyes kept wandering to their cynosure during most of the concert, and it was only when the lights were turned low, that he gave his attention to the stage, which was being prepared for the advent of Miss Ruth St. Venus.

For some moments the pavillion was in darkness, but outside, seen through the pillars which supported the roof, the dark trees rose, their branches net-worked against the silver globe of the moon. The locusts and crickets sang merrily, the air was filled with the soft noises of the night, and a strong smell of Chinese incense mingled with the fresh green of the outside.

The stage illumined, and Miss St. Venus appeared. Her flat black hair, extremely formal eyebrows and powdered, dead-white skin did not make her a beautiful woman, but they made her interesting. Her dances were wonders of interpretation and one could easily follow the stories they told.

Fletcher admired graceful dancing, and applauded generously. The whole of the appreciative audience did likewise, whereupon, Miss St. Venus relaxed and treated them to a sprightly dance which was more a cake-walk than anything else. The audience sat up and thrilled with pleasurable excitement as the charming lilt of Victor Herbert's delightful "Al Fresco" resounded. And as Miss St. Venus danced to the exhilarating music, Fletcher thought how delightfully in point the tune was. *Al Fresco!* In the open air! Truly the music seemed composed for just such a dancer as Miss St. Venus and deserved to be danced to only by a person of Miss St. Venus's skill, and in an open air pavillion like this one at Canyon Park.

Miss St. Venus was generous, but all delightful things must come to an end sometime, and so did the dancing.

The lights went up, and the orchestra members and the audience rose in ones, twos and groups to stroll out in the open 'neath the trees of Canyon Park, or in the dewy grass of the Stadium or to quench their thirst under the electric canopy above the little tables where only soft drinks were served.

Fletcher looked toward the box where the Whites had been sitting. But they had already gone. He sighed, and why he did he could not understand, then he arose too, and after a soda with lime, he strolled down the road, past the parked autos, and out on to the public road, down which he wandered.

On either side, the dark trees spread their branches against the light of the moon; in their midst, fireflies flashed their little lamps.

Many people were not about that night, and he was almost alone as he leisurely strolled down the road, engrossed in his thoughts and a cigar. Now and then he stepped to one side to let some snorting, monster-eyed automobile sweep by with a rush and roar; or again, he was thrown into the spotlight as other machine lamps flashed upon the road as they suddenly turned into it at the bend below.

He struck off across the heath toward the lake and reached the bluff which descended in a sheer drop to the lake. Below, the water lay a shimmering, heaving sheet; above, the sky stretched. The constellations glowed and once a meteor swept the vault of heaven.

The response of his nature to the great outdoors was voiced in a deep sigh of pure content. Then as he stood there, the faint note of a bugle—the signal that the second half of the concert was to commence—came from among the trees. But it was too glorious to leave the witchery of the night, so he sat himself down on the stump of a tree, and leaning against the trunk of another, he sat for some time, his eyes fixed upon the moon, while the hazy smoke of his cigar curled about his head.

As he sat gazing with contented mind at the moon, he suddenly observed a petite little form rising within it. Really, it was most extraordinary. Then as he continued to watch in bewilderment, the little form stepped from the confines of the moon, and with a graceful lilt accompanied with the sound of a sprightly little cake-walk that sounded tremendously like what he had heard but a half hour ago, the figure tangoed down a moonbeam!

"Why this is most extraordinary!" he observed to himself, as he watched the figure rapidly growing larger, "to think of the lady-moon tangoing from her abode to the earth. It is the most curious thing I ever observed. I wonder what she looks like? And they say there is no lady-moon!"

His wonder was not long unsatisfied, for just then, the lady sprang from the beam which immediately rolled up like a carpet and disappeared within the precincts of the moon!

"Well, did you enjoy my performance?" the arrival queried.

"Very much," he replied, "but will you tell me who you are?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, a little petulantly. "I'm surprised." She stood with her flimsy garments blowing gently about her, her hair, loose and falling about her in tantalizing waves.

"No, I don't," he said flatly, "or rather, yes I do, but I can't tell you because I'm puzzled."

"Why?"

"Because you look exactly like Miss St. Venus, except that your hair is brown and wavy, and yet I know that you are Miss Meletta White."

"Oh, is that it?" queried the Moon-lady. "Well, I am Miss White."

"Are you? Thanks so much for enlightening me. Isn't it strange that I know you are Miss White and yet you take on the personality of Miss St. Venus?"

"It is indeed," returned the Moon-lady, "but for all of that, I am Miss White. By the bye, won't you dance?"

"I should love to, but what would people think if they saw me? It seems quite all right that you should dance from the moon, for you seem a sprite, but I am clad—well, holy smoke!"

The vulgar expression escaped him, and then for a moment he was too dumfounded for words. He stood gazing down at himself for many, many long minutes and finally ejaculated:

"Where are my clothes?"

For he observed that on his feet were a pair of sandals and that his limbs were bared to up above the knee. About him was a lion skin with the great head resting on his left shoulder. His bared arms and right shoulder showed strong and muscular under the light of the moon.

"Why, this is utterly inconceivable!" he ejaculated. "I was properly clad just a moment ago. Great shade of Cæsar! And I must return to the city in the train! Had I my motor, I wouldn't care! Well, this is——" he stopped helplessly, and rumpled his hair in perplexity. He looked about. Yes, there was the road; there was the gleaming electric sign, "Canyon Park," and off to the left lay the heaving, tumbling lake.

"If this is a joke——"

"Oh, I wouldn't bother about it," said the Moon-lady, "why not enjoy the evening while you can? You've never had the opportunity of a tete-e-tete with me before, for it isn't my custom to exhibit my likes and dislikes. But come, let us have a little dance. Come," she repeated, and stood with her arms partially extended, in a manner so inviting, so that while she had the personality of Miss St. Venus, he knew her to be Meletta White, and he caught her joyously in his arms. What was the difference? It was mid-summer night and if Miss White chose to encourage him, how much less the human he would be if he could resist, especially when the invitation accorded with his wish!

Now, truly, it was amazing that the orchestra should again play the fascinating "Al Fresco!" but how absurd for people to sit in the pavillion when they could hear so much better down at the lake in the open!

Fletcher did the tango to a certain extent, but he was amazed at the wonderful evolutions and gyrations he performed, for he considered his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



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EVERY product of National Biscuit Company is the result of a fixed purpose to send the best of biscuit into American homes.

When you buy biscuit baked by National Biscuit Company, you are buying the best of flour and sugar, butter and eggs, flavors and spices, fruits and nuts.

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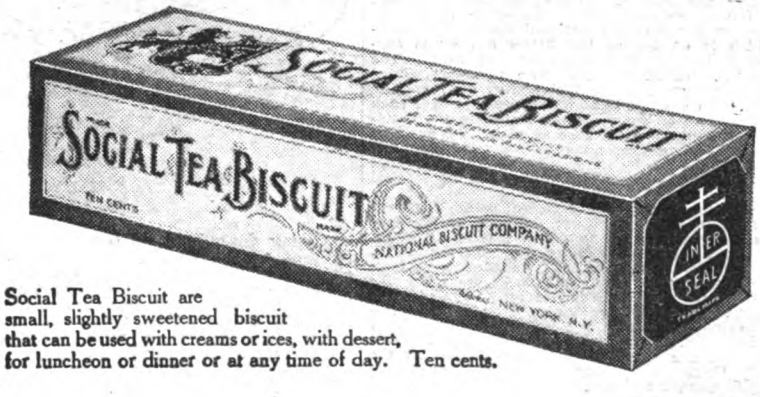
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Social Tea Biscuit are small, slightly sweetened biscuit that can be used with creams or ices, with dessert, for luncheon or dinner or at any time of day. Ten cents.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

am striving to accomplish what may be. But this story of mine is only one of the many thousand of such stories and doesn't really benefit anyone.

Thanks, Mrs. Wilkinson, I hope I have not intruded too long, but before I go allow me to leave a whole bushel of best wishes in our cozy corner for each and every COMFORT home. MRS. DAISY AZBELL.

GAINESVILLE, P. O. Box 352, TEXAS.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have just finished reading Mrs. Schiller's letter in the June COMFORT. She is a woman after my own heart. Why everyone doesn't like to read good books is a mystery to me. The happiest moments of my life, almost are when I am reading. I am alone so much of the time that if I didn't like to read I would be very lonely.

I like "The Harvester," by Gene Stratton-Porter. To those who haven't read this book, I say, "Read it if you possibly can." It is a story of the great outdoors.

My husband is chief engineer for the Texas Power and Light Co. He can't be at home very much and sometimes I get very lonesome.

We have been living here nine months and like very well. Gainesville is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, has good schools and churches. The State Training School for Girls will be built here in the near future. There is an opera house and three moving picture theaters.

Let me introduce a new subject which I don't remember being discussed before: What harm is there in going to a moving picture show? Some people don't go to them at all, but in the small towns, nearly everyone does. Some say it is harmful; some take the other side of the question. I will not give my opinion now. I think I have done enough for this time in mentioning the subject, if the sisters will only discuss it I will come again sometime and tell what I think of it. With love, MRS. H. M. HOVIS.

Mrs. Hovis. I can see no objections to moving pictures provided they are of the right sort and it is the duty of every father and mother or public-spirited citizen, to impress upon the minds of each manager of a "movie" theater that if the patronage of the younger set is desired, films of the right sort must be shown, and no others. Let the people form themselves into a "Board of Censors" not only for the morals of the children but for the public in general. Many films are of great educational value both to young and old and these should be insisted upon.

Another matter of almost equal importance is that of ventilation and cleanliness which is sadly neglected in the average small theater. The manager desires the patronage of the public; in fact, it is necessary if he is to do business, and if the public objects to the sanitary side of his theater, and tell him so, he will endeavor to give them what they want, if he is an up-to-date business man, so really it rests with the people whether our moving picture theaters attain and hold the standard of excellence necessary to the well being of the patrons.—Ed.

DAYTON, 1128 Wyoming St., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often wondered if anyone in Dayton takes COMFORT, for as many years as I have taken it I have never seen a letter from here. It may be they are all too busy to write letters for Dayton is a very busy city.

Of course everyone knows that it is the home of the National Cash Register works which supplies nearly every city in the world with cash registers. It formerly employed between eight and nine thousand people but the European War has interfered somewhat with the output.

Dayton is also the home of the Wright Brothers Aeroplane factory, who are both natives of this city; they have just received a large order from Europe for aeroplanes to be used in the European War, and are working hard to fill the order.

Another large manufacturing plant has just received a big order for Shrapnel shells for the Russian government and allies.

The Recording and Computing Company has a contract to fill a $15,000,000 order for shell timers to regulate the velocity and explosive period of Shrapnels, not a very laudable enterprise, but as the old saying goes, "all is fair in love and war."

Dayton is called the "City of a Thousand Factories."

The National Military Home is also situated here, then last, but not least, we had the biggest flood two years ago that was ever in this section of the United States, lives lost, property destroyed, suffering, privation and general devastation.

There have been hard times this winter but if one could down town to market some morning or go in some of the big stores and see the crowds buying, you would hardly think of hard times.

Concerning the much discussed subjects nowadays, what do the sisters think of sex hygiene being taught in the public schools? I, for one, think it should be taught there and have the proper kind of teachers for it, for there are a lot of parents that hesitate to talk to their children about such things; they just cannot and will not, so it is far better for the young to have it taught to them in a proper and scientific manner than to have a lot of rot instilled into their minds by bad companions of which there will always be plenty—I know whereof I affirm.

I almost forgot to say that I like to read the sisters' letters and enjoy trying the recipes. I cannot send any recipes but will send a little verse which I think is suitable for everyone.

"Don't look for the flaws
As you go through life.
And even if you find them,
Be wise and kind
And somewhat blind.
And look for the virtues behind them."

Ever so much love for all. MRS. E. C. HALL.

LEXINGTON, 1015 Arlington Hts., KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As my letter which was published in the March edition of COMFORT caused some of the COMFORT readers to request more description of Lexington and Elmendorf Dairy, I will describe one of the skyscrapers, the Fayette National Bank building, and then answer the questions, to the best of my ability, concerning the dairy.

Towering two hundred and twenty-five feet above the sidewalk on the northeast corner of Main and Upper streets, stands one of the tallest buildings in Kentucky, outside the city of Louisville. It is as nearly fireproof as modern architectural engineering can make it, the entire frame work is of the best structural steel used in the construction of such buildings. The exterior on all four sides is of beautiful cream colored pressed brick. Up as far as the third story Bedford stone is used; the Main street entrance is ornamented with four large circular polished stone columns, also extending as far as the third floor, two on each side of the entrance. From the twelfth to the fifteenth floor, the exterior is of glazed terra cotta and copper. The interior of the offices (of which there are two hundred and twenty-five) is of mahoganized brick wood; the corridors are trimmed in marble and tile. Each suite of rooms contains hot, cold and ice water. All drinking water is filtered, sterilized and refrigerated by model ice machines. The main stairway is constructed of fireproof material, with Kalamein doors opening on each floor. All windows next to adjacent buildings have hollow metal frames with wired plate glass. There are three high type electric elevators, running at the rate of four hundred and fifty feet per minute. The entire first floor and basement (which extends under the whole structure) are occupied by the Wayette National Bank. The roof-garden which is on top of the fifteenth floor is surrounded by a high wall, about four feet high. The view from this height is fine. The Cemetery, Race Tracks, Fair Grounds, State University, etc., can be plainly seen. An electric light which projects over each of the four corners of the roof-garden enables the building to be seen at quite a distance at night, the building is cleaned by the vacuum process; all dirt, dust and waste being carried out by the suction system and swept into the city sewer automatically, without being touched by a broom.

To all who asked questions concerning the "Elmendorf" dairy. It is situated six miles from the city on the Paris electric interurban line and is noted for being the finest and most sanitary dairy in the world. The herd contains four hundred cows that have been subjected to the most rigid tuberculin tests by the "Elmendorf" farm veterinary before they were accepted for the dairy. No person is employed as milker without first having undergone a medical examination. A barber and manicurist are also employed at the farm to whom the men are required to report daily. In the dairy barn there is a large bathroom, completely equipped with shower and other paths for the use of the attendants, who are required to don clean white suits and caps each milking time. Bacteriological tests are

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HER VACATION AMUSEMENT

or, Playing with Hearts—*By Harry S. Morris*

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LITTLE JIMMY O'REILLY sat in the warm spring sun at the door of his shop, and whistled like a bird as he worked away. Very much like a bird Jimmy looked, too, with his blue overalls for feathers, and he whistled for the bird's own reason; the knowledge that spring was with him, that the storm clouds of winter had passed, and the grass was pushing its green blades through the damp soil, that, taken altogether, it was good to be living that morning. These things Jimmy thought, as he whistled the gayer for them, grinding away busily meanwhile on the valves of the big cylinder block he held between his legs. Yes, Jimmy was undoubtedly happy, which he had reason to be. For the little shop was all his own, he owed not a penny to any man, there was just enough work coming in to make an occasional hour of leisure agreeable, so he was neither short of money nor over-worked.

Welburger, the owner of the village grocery store, a few doors down the street, came out to take down the shutters from his windows and waved Jimmy a cheery greeting, which was returned in kind.

"There's a good old fellow," mused Jimmy, "and that little daughter of his; well, I think I shall arrange to see even more of her in the future than I have in the past. Ah, there she comes now."

Jimmy brought his musings to an abrupt end and sprang hastily to his feet to greet a dainty, young golden-haired miss as she passed by on the way to her father's store.

"Good morning, Jimmy," she replied in answer to his greeting. "How is business nowadays?"

"Excellent, Ruth, excellent," said Jimmy, holding his wonderfully soiled cap in his hand, and gazing down on her (she was about the only girl in the village he could gaze *down* upon) with a teasing smile. "Your father told me yesterday that I was getting so prosperous it was high time I took a wife."

Ruth blushed in confusion at the plainly apparent meaning of his speech, then stated precisely and mockingly:

"Father is usually right, well I must be going," and with a bright smile she continued on her way.

Jimmy seated himself once more and attacked the valves vigorously. He must finish them that morning, he figured, so as to have the Big Six ready by tomorrow, at most, and he reckoned the shop could stagger along without him while he took Ruth for a ride.

Down the street a steady chug-chug, caught his ear, and he looked up with a broad grin. It was Bates, his helper, coming along in his one-lunger. The spectacle of the tiny car with the huge man in the driver's seat always seemed amusing to him, yet Bates cared not a whit, rather liked it, in fact.

"The toap av the marnin' to yez, Misther O'Reilly," he called in a highly exaggerated brogue, as he turned his "Betsey" into the broad doorw y.

"The same to ye, Misther Bates," answered Jimmy, gravely, "And many iv thim."

"Hey, Bill," he shouted, after Bates had placed his machine. "Bring out that other block and the valves and we'll finish them up this morning."

"Now doin' it," came Bill's ready response, and soon he appeared at the door, carrying the big trio of cylinders as easily as a bobo can carry a can of beer, almost as easily anyhow. Seating himself beside Jimmy he began his work, first helping himself to a generous chew of tobacco.

They were as opposite as the poles in body, these two, for Jimmy measured five feet four, and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds with all his clothes on, while Bates stood nearly ten inches taller and was almost twice as heavy, yet they were boon companions, and a perfect working pair in spite of it all.

Presently the 'phone bell rang, and Jimmy rose to answer it, for Bates, like an elephant, was slow to get down and very much slower to get up. Bill paused in his work to listen.

"Yes, ma'am," he heard Jimmy say. "This is O'Reilly's—yes ma'am,—on the post road?"

Bill clambered to his feet and picked up a cylinder block. "Six miles?"

Bill picked up the other block and set them both aside. "Yes ma'am, we'll be there right away." He hung up the receiver and turned away, calling, "Hey, Bill, crank up Betsey, there's a lady out in the post road with her car gone dead."

"I get you," said Bill, as he whirled Betsey's crank. "Who is she?"

"Milton Gregory's daughter, she said. You know he came in last night to see about getting a summer home in the colony back on the Flint hill. Get a wiggle on, and we'll see whether she looks as good as she talks," and Jimmy, with his pockets full of tools, trotted up, jumped aboard Betsey as Bill turned toward the street, and away they went, chugging, and roaring, leaving the shop freely open, for a thief was unknown in the village.

When they finally reached the stranded car, Jimmy sprang out and hailed the young lady, who sat in the seat calmly reading a magazine as if it were quite her habit to rest in this fashion, six miles from anywhere.

"Well Miss Gregory, we are here."

The calm young person lowered her magazine, to reveal a small aristocratic face, surmounted by a mass of black curls, and set off by a pair of sparkling brown eyes. "That fact is beyond dispute," she remarked drily. "Well," in a more serious tone, "I can't tell what's wrong, it just stopped, that's all."

"Highly descriptive, but rather indefinite," said Jimmy, falling in with her mood. "Test her for the highly requisite spark, Bill."



"The spark is perfectly satisfactory, Mr. O'Reilly."

Jimmy took hold of the crank and Bill took hold of a plug to remove the wire. The young Cely, his eyes on the girl, not noticing Bill, whirled the crank. The engine fired a few times and quit. Bill rose in the air several inches, made some rapid revolutions, then sat down on the cold, damp unfeeling road with far more emphasis than grace.

"The spark is perfectly satisfactory, Mr. O'Reilly," he announced, judicially, examining his finger. "Huh," he grunted, seeing the others convulsed with merriment, "If you'd got what I did you'd be singing a different tune."

"All right, Bill," said Jimmy, when his laughter had subsided to a broad grin, "see about the gas." Bates rising slowly and painfully, flooded the carburetor. No results. "Gas line's clogged," he said laconically, dropping down as he spoke, and sliding underneath the car, while Jimmy, pulling out his pliers, began to remove the gas line at the carburetor end. He finished his work with a few deft twists, and after which he called to Bates to "Blow 'er out." A clot of dirt and water gushed from the pipe, proving the correctness of Bates' surmise. "All very easy when you know how, isn't it?" said Jimmy with a smile, looking up from the work of connecting.

She smiled in reply, then as Bill slid out from under and moved around in front to crank up, she held out her slim white hand, saying, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "Well it seems our parting is at hand, Mr. O'Reilly."

Jimmy, not in the least embarrassed as she had expected, promptly took her hand in his not overly lean fingers, expressing a hope that they might meet again under circumstances happier for her. She released his hand and gazed ruefully at the grime upon it. Jimmy laughed, whereat she blushed, murmured an acknowledgment of his words, let in the clutch, and soon was out of sight up the road. Jimmy stuffed his tools slowly in his pockets, took his seat beside Bates and rode to the shop in deep silence. Only when Bates started to work on the Big Six did he speak, then it was only to tell him to leave it alone. He felt no pressing need for the big striped car now. All the rest of the day he was silent and preoccupied, but Bates noticed that he washed his hands very, very clean that night.

Jimmy saw but little more of Miss Gregory until



A very big and a very little man standing out in front, taking turns playing with an outrageously fat baby.

summer, when she came to her father's summer home in the Hill colony. He met her father that summer, a keen-eyed old eagle of Wall street, and who took a prompt liking to the merry-hearted young son of Erin, and invited him to the luxurious Gregory "cottage" on Flint Hill, which invitation Jimmy was far from slow to accept. He found it pleasant, for his ready wit and even temper made an excellent impression on the bored-to-death society on the Hill. They found out somehow that Jimmy was not dependent on his business, being possessed of a fairly large inherited income, so they considered him a rather entertaining specimen of their own kind. It was all new to Jimmy, though he never showed it, and very agreeable, too, as all new things are apt to be.

So the early summer passed, with Jimmy paying less attention every day to his work, and driving his striped "Six" up to the Hill almost every day. The more he saw of Marie Gregory, the more wonderful she seemed to him, until his ardor bubbled over one June night as he sat alone with her in the soft moonlight on the veranda. He took her hand in his and told her that old, old story which always seems so new to young lovers.

But to his surprise she gently repulsed his advances, murmuring, "No, Jimmy, I can't marry you, I really can't."

"But why?" came Jimmy's puzzled voice. "There's no one else is there?"

"We-ll," very slowly, "It's—it's the life you are living here."

"What's wrong with it?" Jimmy was deeply on the defensive. "I don't make much money, it's true, but then I don't have to, I'm satisfied."

She broke in quickly, "That's just it. You are too well satisfied. You are content to putter away at old automobiles in your shop down there——" she made a gesture of contempt toward the sleeping village far below them. "When you might be out in the world, really accomplishing something—doing something worth while."

Jimmy was stunned. He had never thought about his business and his home in that way. He had liked it. Why shouldn't he? His living was good his friends were many, and his enemies,—he didn't have any. But for Marie——, he took her hand again.

"And if I give it all up Marie, and go to the city, and engage in something really 'worth while'—what will your answer be then?"

"That question must wait, Jimmy, until you have proved yourself," she replied firmly, and with that he had to be content.

Jimmy lost no time. The next morning he packed his trunk, paid Bates for a month in advance, and took the train for New York. On his way to the station he passed Ruth standing in the door of her father's store, but only paused long enough to bid her a civil good by. She stood for a long time watching his trim figure before she turned again into the store. It was many weeks later that Jimmy, having finished putting on his newly acquired *dress* clothes, seated himself at the window of his hotel room to smoke a cigarette and while away a bit of time before taking Marie to the theater. He gazed out over the brightly lighted city, and mused as he smoked, thinking of the changes that had so recently come to him. On coming to the city his first step had been to put a small interest into a thriving Real Estate firm, where he was now spending his time, grimly sticking to his task of learning the business. But somehow it had failed to hold his interest, despite his close application, or perhaps because of it, the business seemed to grow dryer and duller every day. Moreover, the hotel galled him, for its cold reserve and strict formality contrasted illy with the homelike friendliness of his old boarding house, where he had always been able to find kindred spirits ready to join in a rollicking song, or play a quiet game of set-back, just as the notion struck him. He had had Bates bring up the big six to the city, but driving it had palled as an amusement after paying fines for fracturing half-a-dozen laws which he did not know existed. Then he tried making friends with young Reading, the junior partner of the firm, but had given him up after passing a few evenings out with him, which evenings always consisted of champagne and chorus girls, occasionally varied with chorus girls and champagne. Well, anyhow, there was a better day coming now, for Marie had returned, and all the summer colony folks would soon be back in town, *so* it would not be long before he would have plenty to do in the evenings. Ah, but Marie was beautiful. He sighed, and across his mind came the vision of a face, a wistful pink-cheeked little face, which he had left behind when he came to the city. Ruth! strange he should be thinking of her. She was probably "keeping company" with some farmer by now. The thought did not seem agreeable, somehow.

Jimmy rose, passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away his thoughts, picked up his silk hat, and passed out of the room, down to the street, and thence to the garage where he kept the Big Six. With a wave of greeting to the night man he cranked up the old darling of his heart, and sprang into the seat. She carried no uch effeminacies as steps or fenders.

As soon as he arrived at the Gregory mansion he was greeted by Marie, very cordially, but not with half the warmth he had hoped. She was ready to go, so they proceeded at once to where the Six was standing.

When Marie sighted the big striped car, looking so incongruous in the aristocratic street, she halted and *gasped* in an amazed tone, "Why Jimmy, we can't go in *that* machine."

A flush, not altogether embarrassment, mounted Jimmy's forehead. "Why not? She's not very stylish I'll admit, but she's the sweetest running thing on four wheels."

"I know that Jimmy," she admitted, "but as a town car it's just impossible. Wait I'll have them bring my electric coupe, and we can go in it." She tripped up the steps into the house.

Jimmy gazed after her a moment, then scratched his head reflectively, and stepped down beside the Six, to remove his switch plug, a very wry smile on his lips.

The ride to the theater was made in strained silence, for Jimmy detested electrics, and Marie did not seem inclined to conversation. Once he started to tell her how *lonely* he had been in the city, but just as he started to speak she pressed the gong to warn an unwary pedestrian, and at that hated reminder the impulse died. So altogether the evening passed in a manner far from satisfactory, and they parted sulkily.

A couple of days later Jimmy was sitting at his desk sharpening a pencil, when young Reading came in.

"Hello Jimmy," he hailed. "I saw your friend Miss Gregory last night. She was with Boyd Peyton, the Wall Street Millionaire, in his big limousine."

"Well, what of it?" Jimmy was apparently uninterested.

"Oh, nothing .I heard they were to be married soon, and I thought that you might be sort of concerned about it." Young Reading passed on to his desk.

Jimmy said not a word. His eyes were fixed on the pencil, nevertheless, he whittled off chip after chip until there was nothing but the stub left in his hand.

That night he called on Marie, and found her in quite a gay mood, so they chatted quite amiably for a while, until Jimmy caught sight of a diamond solitaire on her left hand.

"Marie?" accusingly, "whose ring is that?"

"Why, it's Boyd Peyton's of course," she answered, with eyes averted.

"Boyd Peyton's," Jimmy's tone was bitter. "Then why have I never seen it before? You let me think—— Oh, what's the use!" He dropped his head wearily in his hands.

Marie laid her hand on his arm, and her tone was tender, for she really liked, though she had never held a deeper feeling for him.

"I'm sorry Jimmy, truly I am," she whispered. "It was only a summer romance, and I didn't think you would take it so seriously. Boyd wanted to keep our engagement secret until I came back to town. You're not angry with me are you?"

Jimmy rose slowly to his feet, and took her hand in his. "No Marie, I'm not angry, just—a—little—hurt, that's all," and he was gone before she could speak again.

* * * * * * * * * *

Where did he go? Well, that all happened quite a while ago, so you see, you never can tell. He might have jumped in the river, or he might have driven the Big Six into a telegraph pole, or he might have stayed in New York and become a real estate multi-millionaire. Anyhow I passed his old shop the other day, and there was a very big and a very little man standing out in front, taking turns playing with an outrageously fat baby, while Mrs. Ruth O'Reilly, now a plump little golden-haired matron, looked on with a smile.

This Monkey a Waiter and Loves His Tips

By C. L. Chapman

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IF only Darwin could have lived to know it a brilliant chapter might have been added to his "Descent of Man."

Another and important link has been added to the chain of confirmation of his theory which binds man and ape in a bond of relationship forged eons upon eons ago.

Apes like tips.

An ape trained to wait on table shows intuitive appreciation of the fact that tips should follow a meal and accepts such with every show of satisfaction and appreciation.

To a traveler sojourning in Batavia, a city of 120,000 inhabitants on the island of Java, we are indebted for the evidence.

Augustus W. Dougherty, England, is the man.

Mr. Dougherty sat at his table in the dining-room the first day of his arrival in Batavia in an equible frame of mind and strictly sober.

Of a sudden he saw a big, manlike ape shuffling across the dining-room floor headed in his direction.

"With my heart in my throat and fairly trembling with fear," runs the traveler's tale, "I cast a side glance at my shaggy attendant. From his upright attitude and the calm eyes displayed by other guests it appeared there was no real cause for alarm. Then it dawned upon me that the hairy creature had merely been sent to take my order.

Instantly I grasped a pencil and hurriedly marked several articles on the menu card and handed it to the tarrying ape. He clutched the printed slip tight in his fingers, turned and ambled across the spacious apartment and disappeared through a rear door.

After a short interval I saw the hairy monster making his second approach, this time bearing in his brawny hands a wide tray filled with smoking dishes. Placing the burden on a nearby stool, he proceeded to set before me dish after dish of food; then with a napkin he scrubbed the plate and placed it on the table.

"Later on he brought the dessert and then the coffee, and I offered him a tip. The ape grabbed the money with every sign of pleasure and understanding. I learned afterwards that the money went to buy him nuts."

Mr. Dougherty was told that these trained apes not only waited on the table, but did chamber work and even went marketing.

Written instructions were given them describing purchases to be made, and they came back without ever making a mistake. They gathered fruit and picked vegetables in the garden.

LARGEST LOAF OF BREAD.—The largest loaf of bread in the world was baked in Austin, Texas, by Andrew Newberg. This gigantic mass of the staff of life weighed 140 pounds and was two feet high, three feet wide and twelve feet long. After the ingredients were mixed the baking process consumed over an hour, a special oven being used for the purpose. The loaf was sent to the barbecue at Moulton, where it was cut and distributed for a large crowd. Mr. Newberg accompanied the bread to its destination to see that it was safely carried. By making the bread, Mr. Newberg broke his former record of 100 pounds.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.

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HOP up into my lap and snuggle down close. There are six millions of you in my family and I can accommodate you all. I wish I could get the whole bunch of you in a great big room and lock the door, and after I had locked the door, you bet I would not let any of you out until I had got you to endorse certain fundamental truths, certain noble and exalted principles which you've got to understand, got to absorb, got to believe in, got to live up to, and got, if necessary, to fight and die for, unless you want this old world to slip back into chaos and barbarism. It's a mighty mistake to believe that no matter what men do to push the world back it will go forward anyway. I've often told you that God Almighty keeps His hand on the throttle of the steam roller of progress, and that is true, but when humanity openly flouts God and starts to act the beast, God Almighty doesn't desert the steam roller, *but He does shut off the steam!* Look at the wonderful heights of learning and culture attained by the Romans and Greeks. In many respects their civilization was superior to ours, but it died dead and was succeeded by centuries of dreadful savagery, and there are enough benighted, king worshipping, ignorant fanatics in existence today to overturn whatever of civilization we possess and force us back a century or two into the black hideous night of barbarism—if we'd let them. Now if I were the father of a large family and came home from business and found a room full of kids, snapping, snarling, biting and fighting in spite of all I had done for them, in spite of everything I had given them to make them happy and contented, I could of course wade in and knock the stuffing out of the whole bunch and restore order. I could do that, but the odds are I wouldn't. What would I do? I would give the children a little talk like this: "I am utterly disgusted with you kids, not angry mind, but just disgusted. If I were really angry, I would throw you all out of the house and have nothing more to do with you. I'd disown you utterly. But as I am merely disgusted, I'm going to close the door on you until you come to your senses, and bear this in mind, you are the children of a humane and loving father, instead of wild beasts. Now remember when you are tired of fighting and see the folly of acting as you are doing, when you come out of this orgy of blood and beastliness, contrite and penitent, I will take you to my heart once more. I have warned you time and again to respect one another's rights, but you have disregarded my warning, and you see what the result is, hate and madness. Now when you come to your senses call me and you will not call in vain."

Now honestly I believe this is just about the way God must feel right now toward his warring children here on earth. Progress is halted, but not permanently. The further we swing back into darkness, the mightier will be the rebound when the rebound comes. But remember the pendulum may not swing back again for many years, and it may take years of horror and bloodshed to force it back. It was a long time swinging back during the Dark Ages, many centuries in fact—and just how far into the darkness that pendulum is going to swing, just how many years we are going to stay in the dark and be made to suffer in blood and tears, depends largely on the attitude of the United States in this world crisis. If I had locked you in that great big room that I mentioned, I should talk to you freely and though some of you would want to rend and tear me because I trod on the corns of your prejudice and racial stupidity, all the samee before I got through with you, I would have you at the mourner's bench, confessing you were wrong and I was right. I am not infallible, I would not want to be. To err is human, but to continue to err isn't, and it is those who insist on treading the pathway of error, that make progress for the rest of us so cruelly hard. There are some fundamental truths and principles and certain lines of national policy that this country must follow, both in regard to home and foreign issues if we are to lead the world out of the pit of horror into which it has fallen, and we are the ones that should and the only ones that can properly undertake the task.

Now there is one principle that all irrespective of creed should stand for and that is the democratic American ideal of liberty, freedom and justice. Now don't tell me that if there is such an ideal you haven't seen much of it, and we don't live up to it. I know that just as well as you do. There are a good many reasons why that ideal is so often obscured. We have such a big country and we have been so busy developing it, so busy trying to wrest a living from nature and often so busy in our new-found opportunities for creating wealth (piling up dollars without giving a thought as to whether they were honest dollars or not) that we have smothered the pure gold of character, fair play, honor and honesty that lie concealed even in the poorest of us, under a mountain of selfishness, avarice and greed, and it is these qualities that have made our industrialism ruthless and crude and our politics venal and corrupt. But it is we who have defiled our own hearth, it is we who have put the national conscience in mothballs, while we ruthlessly exploited one another for profit. We have been foolish because we lacked experience. Ours have been the faults of headstrong youth rather than the studied wickedness of old age. That we are not wholly corrupt, wholly material, was proved in the bloody days of the 60's. We are just as ready now as then to cast profit-mongering aside and stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to give our last drop of blood in order that government for, of, and by the people shall not perish from the earth. I am writing at a time of great national stress, when it looks as if nothing could stop us from sliding into the hell pit of war in which more than half the human race is already engaged. In a crisis of this kind people should forget racial animosities and think only of what concerns humanity as a whole. "Why should I fight for America," said a man to me, "the land of Rockefeller. I've had no work for months. Why should I fight for a land that will not give me a chance to earn my bread? Why should I fight for a land that is rotten with graft? I prefer an honest monarchy to a dishonest republic. This is a country of fraud and shame. It is not a democracy, it is a plutocracy. I'm tired of the humbug of it all."

"All you have said is true my friend," said I, "but you forget one thing. You can stay here and with millions more who are as discontented as you are, mould this country into anything you want it to be. It is your country, absolutely yours. You can vote the rascals out and put the honest men in. But you won't do it. You won't think right or vote right. You could fill Congress with the representatives of the toiling masses, with men from mine, mill and factory. Other nations do it, but you won't and don't. You fill Congress with Trust lawyers and self-seeking, axe-grinding politicians. You sow stones and expect to reap bread. You left Europe to escape militarism and monarchies and to have a chance to rule yourself and do your own law making, and because you make a miserable failure of the job, you want to break up the whole works and send for a parasite king to boss you and put a uniform on you and make you into cannon fodder. You poor peanut-headed, dull-witted, henbrained, low-browed, human grasshopper, you want to punish me and mine and all the others who are awake to the golden opportunities this country presents, because you won't use the brains God Almighty gave you, except for the criminal purpose of forging more chains for your weary limbs to carry."

"If this country presents such golden opportunities, why, Uncle Charlie, are you always knocking it?" said my friend.

"Pardon me," I replied, "I don't knock the country, I knock conditions. I knock conditions that peanut brains like yours have brought about, and if I want to knock the way the country is run, I can do it, because it's *my country*, our country, but if you returned to your native land and started knocking your king and government and conditions generally, you'd be put in jail for two thousand years and then sent to the trenches to be shot. Here you have an opportunity that you could never have in the old country, the opportunity to absolutely change all conditions unfavorable to human development, and to remove all obstacles that stand between you and the highest ideals of human freedom and happiness, and you've cast the opportunity aside and are now crying for a king and conditions our Pilgrim Fathers left the old world to escape. Shame on you. Say, my hyphenated "American" friend you have a son. Do you realize that your son can be President of the United States? Of course he won't be if you dope him up with old country ideas, and fill your home with nothing but papers printed in a foreign tongue. But in spite of all the drawbacks you've imposed on him, he can be the head of one hundred million people. Doesn't that enthuse you? Why actually those vacant, sleepy eyes of yours are beginning to sparkle. You're actually waking up, actually absorbing a great democratic idea for which humanity has fought and bled for millions of years, the right to elect one of their own as a head, instead of having a privileged class push a Divine Right parasitical hereditary monarch on them. Now in the country you come from, if you do vote, your vote amounts to little. If every man for instance in your country were to vote for the abolition of monarchy and the installation of a democracy, as millions of them already have, the ruling, aristocratic, military class, led by your King could crush every one of you as a steam roller crushes a hickory nut and not only could they do it, but they would do it. A paternal government such as you have been used to, only looks after its people with a view to keeping them in good, healthy condition, so as to make the best possible material for the fighting machine. You are looked after much as a fighting game cock is looked after, just with a view to winning battles; industrial battles in time of peace, battles of blood and conquest in time of war. In your own country you are a mere pawn on a checker-board, to be moved around at the will and convenience of those mighty powers which rule your destiny absolutely. Over there you are just the plaything of a king, here you can be a king yourself, and have your son a king of kings if you want to. Directly you vote your new party into Congress here, your rule is absolute, and whatever army and navy this country possesses is yours to use and command. It isn't the lack of liberty that has ruined the United States, but a false conception of liberty that degenerates into license, the idea that laws were made for the other fellow and not for ourselves. But you and millions more with your grouch, and with plenty of reason to grouch, can alter and have things here to your liking whenever you want to, and that's something you can't do in that old king cursed land across the sea."

Now what I said to that man I say to you all. The fundamental ideals on which this nation is reared are all right. Clouds of greed have obscured us from the life-giving rays of the sun of liberty and justice. That is why so many millions of immigrants who have come to this land are still aliens, still foreigners even unto the second and third generation. Not to have absorbed these elements is a sign of national weakness. If our Americanism had been of the genuine kind, most of these racial groups, most of these hard, indigestible racial lumps that we find in the national melting pot, would have been absorbed long ago. There are however, I regret to say, some people in this country who refuse to be absorbed and who glory in the fact that they are non-absorbents, and rejoice that they are more racially loyal today to certain foreign countries, than were their parents or grandparents who brought them here or bred them here. This element is about as welcome as a cannon ball would be in a plum pudding and about as useful and digestible. These elements are a menace to this country and its institutions. They are a menace to humanity for the only hope of the world, the only hope for human happiness is the gradual elimination of racial prejudice and the development of those assimilative qualities necessary to complete absorption into God's great human family, in whch love and brotherhood shall yet reign.

"It is an ill wind which blows no man good," and this war in Europe has done one very valuable thing. It has brought us face to face with the great danger of hyphenated citizenship, unrestricted immigration and indigestible immigrants. This land must write another declaration of independence, revivify its democracy, and purge its citizenship of king-worshipping fanatics. We must blaze the trail of a new freedom and drive it clean through the miasmatic swamps of industrial despotism, and we must allow no man to take up his residence here who will not hit the trail with us, and be one of us, and furthermore let it be understood that those who are not with us are against us. Those who put the land of their birth before the land of their adoption should be given forty-eight hours to hit the trail for home, and if the walking isn't good, they should be invited to swim. No military reservist of any foreign power should be allowed to land on these shores unless he intends to stay here permanently. This running home to fight for crazy kings should be stopped forever, and the activities of an alien press, spreading the propaganda of foreign powers and stirring up race hatred on these shores, is a menace that should be stopped once for all. Right now and here the door should be shut tight that leads to the old world, and kept tight until every man has a job and every man swears solemnly to give the best that is in him to the upbuilding of this nation along lines of the purest democracy. We do not want the clamor, strife and contentions of the old world transplanted to and reacted on this soil. We are all immigrants more or less, and the man who lands today may be a better American than he who has been here a hundred years. It all depends on his ideas, on his point of view. If he is an earnest seeker after liberty, truth, righteousness and brotherhood, if he is a hater of kings and monarchies, caste and oppression, drum beating and sword rattling, he is a genuine American in heart and instinct, and these are the kind of men we want on these shores, and the only kind that should be allowed to get here, or remain here, and if we had a hundred millions of them today, real thinking, progressive, humanity loving souls, we could see this war in Europe settled and settled right, and by settling right I mean that our influence would be great enough to banish monarchies in Europe from the face of the earth forever, and to give freedom and democracy to all peoples, little or big, with the view that everybody's racial rights may be respected, and that every man may feel free to take up the duties of world citizenship so we can have a nation of nations, a federation of the world, with peace and love alone reigning in the hearts of men.

Let me beg and beseech you not to let any of your children sing that piffling, idiotic, drivling, nauseating ballad "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." I blush to think that a dear old friend of mine by the way is the publisher of that song. Anybody who sings or circulates sickly slush of that kind is an enemy of civilization. What the world needs above all things just now is soldiers. Do you get that? Soldiers! I don't mean pirates, fiends, butchers, beasts or murderers, but Christian soldiers, not men who go into battle singing "Tipperary" or "Uber Alles," but men of the caliber of Cromwell's embattled hosts, crusaders in a righteous cause, moving to victory with a psalm to the Most High upon their resolute lips. Whatever mankind possesses that is worth while he has had to struggle for, fight and die for. That has been due to the fact that the forces of might have always been stronger than the forces of right, and what is true of the days of old is equally true of today. If you don't want to fight for your own country, your own hearths and homes, your own ideals, don't think for one moment that your fool doctrine of passive non-resistance will save you from slaughter, for it won't. Directly you are conquered, your conquerors will turn you into miserable conscripts. You will be uniformed, drilled, armed and made to fight your own kin, just as the poor wretches in Poland are doing today. If you don't fight for your own country, you'll be made to fight for another country, but fight you will and fight you must. Just watch what Japan will do to China. The Chinamen are peaceful people and care nothing about fighting, but when the time comes and Japan feels it necessary she will arm the Chinamen and make them fight her battles, and make them fight one another. Do you want to turn this country into another China? Do you want your enemies to make you wear queues, long hairy pigtails, as the Manchu conquerors made the Chinese wear so they can the more easily jerk you around and cut off your heads when they feel disposed? Don't fool yourself with any idea that you are living in a civilized era, for you are not. The cancer of greed and militarism are abroad in the world. You cannot stay bullets with puff balls, platitudes, prayers or driveling doggerel about "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Napoleon cynically said (and if anyone knew what he was talking about Nap did) that Providence was on the side of the big battallions. We don't want mothers to raise their boys to be soldiers, neither do we want them to raise them to be cowards, curs and slaves. We want mothers to raise their sons to be strong men who will do their duty to their country, their God and civilization whenever called upon. It is madness to talk of peace when there is no peace. This is not a world in which we can have just what we want whenever we want it, though we could have such a world if all the mothers in the world had a vote and could vote the devil and his works entirely out of existence. But, alas! the spiritual side of humanity—which is the woman side—has never yet been allowed to assert itself, except in a few progressive spots on the globe, and so we must face conditions as they are and we must either be trampled into the dust, and our poor, pusillanimous, shrunken, cowardly, mean little carcases thrown to the war dogs or be strong and make the war hogs of the world respect and fear us. The time is not yet here when we can pray or wish wrong out of existence. The only way we can do at present is to chase it out with shell and sword, and if we stand ready with shell and sword to do the job in the approved twentieth century manner the job won't have to be done. The powers of greed and might will come to the conclusion that the jig is up and will return to the paths of peace for good and all time. We have a big part to play, we should be the world policeman throwing all our weight and might on the side of the oppressed. We can do that job only in one way and that is by being strong and giving all our moral support to right and righteousness as God gives us the light to see the right. Providence looks to us to restore peace and sanity on this earth. If we cannot restore peace and sanity by an appeal to reason, decency and common sense we must stand ready to use stronger methods and if we are ready, good and ready, sanity will return and force will not have to be used. I have been asked what I would do if I were President of this republic. This is what I would do and I would lose no time in doing it: I would make this country safe from enemies without and then bet your sweet life, I would make it safe from enemies within. Then in the history of this country I could stand with Washington and Lincoln, and both our national heroes would say: "Uncle Charlie you have seen your duty and you did it, and we're mighty glad to have your company."

Remember having an army and navy is not militarism but just plain common sense. Militarism is an entirely different thing, a hideous and evil thing. Militarism is not the possession of force but the worship of force as the only worthy, manly means of obtaining one's ends. This is the doctrine of the devil, a doctrine which can never find endorsement in the land of Lincoln. Militarism too means the dominance of the civil power by the military. We will have none of that and for that reason we have plain citizens at the head of our army and navy. Now wise up and don't let anyone fool you on this all important point.

That is my fifty-second birthday message to you. Read and ponder it. Whether we are at peace or at war it is just as timely and fits the occasion, and should go right to the hearts of all who want to see this country lead the world, not in its ability to heap up profits and to build up wealth but in the enormous possibilities it affords for producing high-minded, Christlike, God-loving, happy men and women.

I shall be very glad to hear from those who feel like writing me a birthday letter—there is plenty of time as that event doesn't materialize until the 25th of September. Those Golden Keys I told you about last year and which have been the source of my knowledge and the inspiration of my life, can still be had by all who send me a stamped, addressed envelope. Always sign your name when writing. I take no notice of unsigned letters. If you feel like giving me a roast do it by all means, and don't be so cowardly as to fear to sign your name to what you write. You needn't be afraid of me I'm quite harmless. Don't be like the sneaky street urchin who rings a doorbell and runs away. The more I am reviled by some people the more I feel complimented, for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Where Do You Spend Washday?

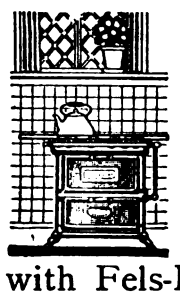
At the tubs all day? No matter how big your wash is, you can do it in half the time, with less than half the trouble, if you use Fels-Naptha Soap.



For instance—this isn't just a tubful of dirty clothes, soaking. It's a tubful of clothes soaped with Fels-Naptha, and put to soak for 30 minutes.



That's the reason why this woman isn't hard-rubbing the life out of them on a washboard. It's the reason why her work is easily done in half the time it used to take. Not yet noon and most of the washing done.



Because she used Fels-Naptha Soap is the reason there's no steaming washboiler on a red-hot stove. Clothes washed with Fels-Naptha don't need boiling or scalding.



She uses Fels-Naptha for all kinds of soap-and-water work. It takes out stains, and is as good for dainty laces as for heavy blankets.



It makes dish-washing a pleasure—china and glassware glisten. It does all your housework easier, better and quicker.

Fels-Naptha Soap keeps you rested and well; keeps your house bright and shining and your clothes sweet, clean and white.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Orpingtons: Black, White and Blue

IN 1911, only one person in this country owned Blue Orpingtons, and I remember telling you last December about the interest and admiration they excited at the New York Poultry Show. Now, after four years, they are thoroughly established, and have taken their place among the other varieties of Orpingtons in the Stardard of Perfection for 1915, which is just out.

Like all the other varieties of Orpingtons, they originated in England. It was a Mr. A. C. Gilbert who created the Blue Orpington. He crossed and recrossed Black, White and Spangled Orpingtons with diligent care for several years before he succeeded in getting this new variety, which is gaining so much favor in this country. Perhaps one reason for its rapid advance in general favor is the fact of its being a blue fowl, for Blue Andalusian is about the only blue fowl of that color generally known.

It is not much over eighteen years ago that Mr. Cook, one of the best experienced breeders in England, started experiments that resulted in the creation of the Orpington breed. At that time Plymouth Rock did not breed as true to type as they do now, and there were often one or more black chicks in a brood. Such birds were watched, and it was found that they matured about a month earlier, and laid from thirty to forty eggs more in a year than their barred sisters of the same brood.

Mr. Cook, being a very shrewd and experienced breeder, took note of these facts, and decided to collect the Black Plymouth Rocks and breed them to Black Minorca roosters. Minorcas were chosen because they are very good layers of larger sized eggs. That is, in a mild climate, and during warm weather in any part of the world, but they are not rugged enough to withstand cold winters and still maintain their egg-laying qualities. By crossing the two breeds he hoped to get an improved egg strain with the strength of the Rocks. Then, to get a better table bird, the pullets of that cross were mated to Black Langshans, which have been for years England's best winter layers and roosters.

When these three birds were blended, the new fowl was ready for the table from one month to six weeks earlier than either of the separate breeds, and pullets laid from a month to six weeks earlier than any of the ancestral breeds. It was the above mingling and perpetual selecting and breeding which produced the Black Orpington. It has taken years of careful selection to do away entirely with the feathered legs of the Langshan, besides the special peculiarities of the other breeds not wanted in the Orpingtons. After seventeen years it can be truly said that they breed perfectly true to type and color.

The White Orpington was the second variety produced, and came out two and one half years after the Blacks. Many experiments were made to find out the best methods of producing white fowls that were up to date. White Leghorn cocks were crossed with Black Hamburg hens, and the pullets from this cross came very white and with four toes on each foot. Next was used a single comb White Dorking cock, mated with the offspring; some of the birds were blue, some barred like Cuckoo Dorkings. It was several years before white birds could be produced. Even now occasionally some will come with color on them. The White Dorking blood is seen sometimes when a five-toed bird is produced. By careful breeding the white Orpingtons were developed into a breed which produce quick-growing, vigorous birds, with good laying and table qualities.

The Rose Comb White Orpingtons were made by using a Rose Comb White Dorking cock instead of a Single Comb. The blood in the Rose Comb and Single Comb White Orpingtons is exactly the same, and there is no difference in size and qualities. The White Orpingtons have neat combs, either single or rose, white beak, red face and earlobes, white plumage throughout, white legs, and four toes on each foot. The cocks should carry their tails fairly well back, much as a Dorking, only the tails are a trifle smaller and are carried higher. In the hens the points are the same, only the comb and tail are smaller. They lay a nice brown egg of good size.

Mr. Cook remembered that many people like buff colors. The Buff Cochins were held in favor a long time, even though they were fond of sitting, inactive, had feathers on their legs, and as a rule did not lay well between their broody periods, which, fortunately, lasted only a short time. To improve their egg production, Mr. Cook made a careful selection of their best layers. He found that some would lay twenty-two eggs in twenty-two days—even forty-three eggs without missing a day. This was the class of Cochins selected. Mr. Cook made many experiments for years before he found the best blood to blend with the Cochin. He crossed Cochins with every variety of bird, and after five years of such experiments his ideal was fully formed. He began by taking a Golden Spangled Hamburg cock and dark Dorking pullets. The product of the pullets was mated with a Buff Cochin cock of the highest laying strains. This makes the Buff Orpington.

He selected Hamburgs because they laid more eggs than any other variety in England, were non-sitters, but too delicate for winter layers in their pure state. They were the best shaped birds of any living variety. He took the Dorking to get length of breast-bone, and quality of table meat. The English Dorking has always been considered one of the best table fowls. From the first cross he selected the pullets that came of a dark brown color with white legs and the very best layers of these. Buff Cochin cocks bred from the very best layers were selected for making the last cross. Note that the Hamburg has blue legs, large black tail and white earlobes; the Dorking, white legs, large black tail, and five toes on each foot; the Cochin yellow legs, with an immense amount of feathers to the toe ends. Mr. Cook had ten years' breeding before he showed the public a single bird. From the beginning to the finish required fifteen years—five years in experimenting and ten years in perfecting the variety. The perfected Buff Orpington has pinkish-white or flesh-colored legs; no black or white showing in wing or tail when the bird is at rest, bay eyes, bright red face, comb, earlobes and wattles; clear legs; light flesh, and lays a brown-shelled egg of good size and shape.

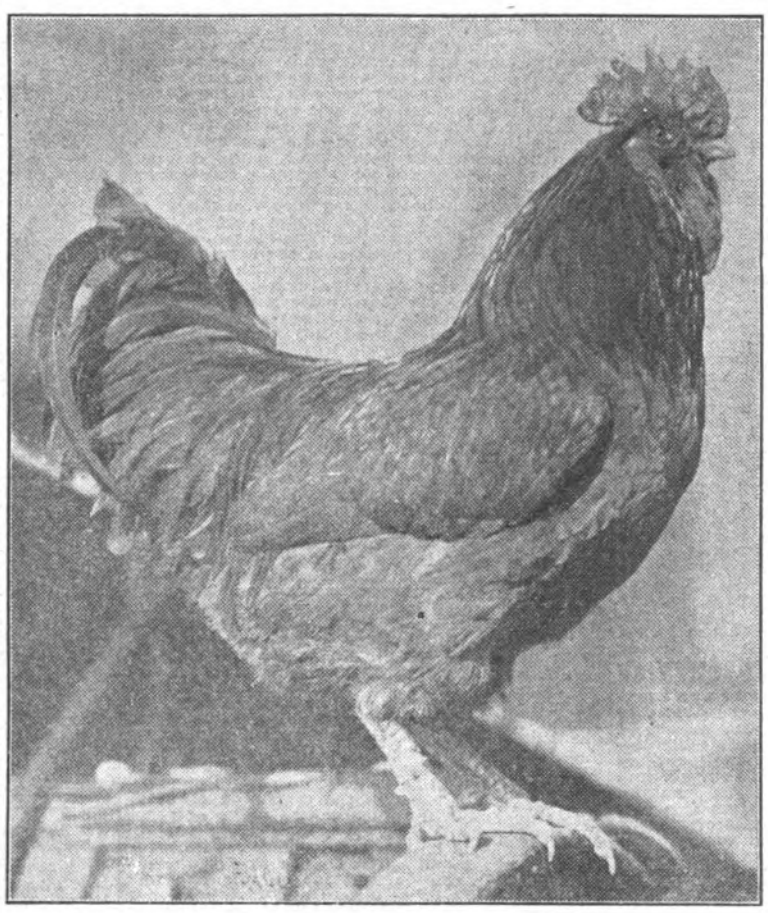
The next in order of production by Mr. Cook was the Diamond Jubilee Orpington. As far as color is concerned, it is a revival of the old Speckled Dorking, one of the prettiest birds known. They were produced much in the same way as the Buff Orpingtons, only that a Speckled Dorking was used instead of a Colored Dorking. The cocks have white legs, four toes on each foot, long breast, with a single comb; well-serrated, standing erect; red face; a white beak, occasionally showing a brown shade. The neck hackles are reddish-brown, rich in color; the center of the feathers should be black, edged with brown, and just the fine tips at the ends are white. This is the coloring of a dark bird.

Many of the cocks have what is termed a light-colored breast, the body color being brown, and then a black mark across the center of the feathers down near the end, while the extremity of the feather is tipped with white facing; the color has a brown black-and-white-speckled appearance all over the bird, the black showing a little less on the buff over the thighs. Old hens get whiter as they advance in age. The tail and the wings are of the mixed brown broken color like that of the cock, the wing flights showing a good deal of the white. The rose comb should be full of work, but the colors are just the same. The Diamond Jubilees were brought out in 1897, and the colors are not yet fully fixed. They lay tinted eggs of good size.

The Spangled Orpington was brought out in the autumn of 1899. The plumage is different from any of the other Orpingtons. They are considered the most remarkable layers of all the English breeds. They lay large numbers of tinted eggs of good size. They breed very true, and present a fine, handsome appearance. In some instances they weigh nine pounds at eight and one half months old. In order to produce this fowl, Mr. Cook had in his mind a still better layer, if possible, than any of the other varieties. He completed his task within eight years. To make the Spangled, a Dark Dorking cock was mated with a Barred Plymouth Rock hen. This first cross gave pullets of great size, but almost black, with very little white in them, and a trifle brown on the breast. These pullets were mated with a Silver Spangled Hamburg cock for shape and laying quality. The Dorking gave size; the Hamburg, eggs; and the Barred Plymouth Rock, hardiness.

The second cross produced pullets of black and white, and cockerels of drab or straw color, with scarcely any white in them. It took several years of close selection before the black and white required in the cockerels was produced. In some cases the pullet has dark legs, which grow lighter as the bird grows older, dark-plumaged birds being darkest in the legs. They are quite clear in the head, with no muffle. The single combs should be evenly serrated and stand erect. The cocks and cockerels should be white on the wing, and have much more white on the tail, but the principal tail-feathers should be white, edged with black, the breast being the same color as in the hen. The neck-hackles and saddle-feathers should correspond black and white. The eggs are tinted or brown, not so deep as the other Orpingtons. The pullets begin to lay at five and six months old. They are capital table birds, plump, very hardy, stand confinement well, and are good foragers when at liberty. The plumage is black and white—that is to say, the ground color is white with black spots upon it, so that it is really black and white. The pullets and hens should have an even marking all over.

Now comes this beautiful new variety, which bids fair to become the most popular of the whole Orpington family.



FIRST PRIZE BUFF ORPINGTON COCK, CHICAGO POULTRY SHOW.

Correspondence

J. A. S.—I had two Rhode Island red pullets not a year old that would jerk their necks after eating. Their crops were very much enlarged and soft and if carried by the feet water would run out of their mouths. It had a very bad odor. I finally killed them. This was during the winter and last spring. During the winter my chickens were fed whole corn, some wheat, potatoes and other table scraps cooked and thickened with ground barley (uncooked). They were free to run about and had oyster-shells. Hens were all heavy and layed quite well. Please tell me what was wrong with the ration. Am now feeding wheat, dry bran, green Alfalfa and a little table scraps. Chickens have had some sour milk at all times. Am keeping them penned. I killed the rooster and he was very fat. Would his being so keep the eggs from being fertile?

A.—The birds had indigestion and sour crop, caused by too much rich food and not sufficient green vegetables, corn, potatoes, table scraps and barley, which are all very fattening. Birds given such rations will lay well for a time, but sooner or later the digestive organs will be affected, and they are almost sure to develop some form of crop or liver trouble. Oyster-shells provide lime for the shells of the eggs, but it does not take the place of grit in helping them to digest their food. The rooster being fat may have made him lazy but the hens' condition is far more likely to affect the hatching of the eggs, and what is almost worse, the constitutional vigor of the chicks. Don't feed any corn, potatoes or barley during the summer or early fall. Give the birds free range, and just a little oats or wheat night and morning, and all the sour milk they can drink, then they will have a chance to exercise and be in a condition for next winter's laying. Read the notes for feeding pullets at the beginning of last month's article.

T. O.—I have just started in the poultry line and have bought thirty little chicks hatched from an incubator. They are White and Barred Rocks with one Brown Leghorn, and are taken care of by one hen. They seem all right when they go to bed but in the morning they cannot get their eyes open. Their droppings cling to the down or feathers, sometimes preventing a movement. The pen is large and the ground upon which they run has never had chickens on it before. The rooming box is cleaned and sunned every day and clean, fresh water before them constantly. I feed ground chick-feed, table scraps and green stuff, such as onion and radish tops, grass and clover all of which I chop fine. I give them wood ashes and sulphur in which to dust.

A.—Never use wood ashes for chickens. They contain caustic properties which would be very liable to cause bowel trouble, and the dust getting into their eyes would burn and make them water. Fine coal ashes or dry earth are the best materials for dust baths. It is not safe to give young chicks table scraps. They are like babies and young children—unable to digest rich food. Chickens from an incubator must be kept very warm. One hen could not brood thirty well. Some of them would be beyond the warmth of her body, and would surely get chilled. Refer to your back numbers of COMFORT, and in some of the spring numbers you will find full instructions for feeding baby chicks. In all cases of ordinary bowel trouble give them rice water to drink and boiled rice to eat, or soak bread in milk which has been scalded, and after it is cool, squeeze very dry, and feed. If they paste up behind, bathe until the droppings can be removed, and keep the chicks in a dry, warm place.

L. M. S.—I never fail to read the poultry page first and receive much benefit from it. What is the matter with my chickens? A few days ago about a dozen hens grew sick, their combs turned black and they had a high fever. Their craws were filled with gas and their droppings were a dark green streaked with white. They lived two days. We cut two of them open; they looked healthy so far as we could see. Their livers were a dark red.

A.—The hens must have eaten some irritating substance which caused gastritis. In such cases, hold the bird by the feet, letting the head hang down, and work the crop gently from the breastbone downward, to force out any sour water or gas that may have accumulated in the crop. Let the bird have a few minutes' rest, and then administer a tablespoonful of Castor or sweet oil, to work off any poisonous matter in the intestines. Give them rice water to drink, and feed very sparingly on bread and milk.

M. A. B.—My hens seem to be sick and when they drink they throw it up. When I pick them up the water has a bad odor. They have a diarrhea of a greenish cast and as they get worse they just drag around. Those that have died were swollen. I could not hold their feet together, they were so swollen. Their mouths become ulcerated like roup. My little chickens also have a diarrhea. (2) Can you tell me how to use waterglass for putting down eggs or where I can get directions?

A.—For reply to your question about hens and little chickens please read answer to T. O. and L. M. S. in this number. (2) To preserve eggs in waterglass they must be strictly fresh and quite clean by which I mean, not more than twenty-four hours old, and laid in clean nests, for washing eggs removes the natural coating which helps to preserve eggs, and you must remember that the shells of eggs are quite porous and likely to absorb germs, if they come in contact with dirt of any description. The liquid form of waterglass should be quite thick, like syrup, and should be used in the proportion of one part waterglass and ten parts water. It is best to boil the water, and let it become cold before mixing with the waterglass. Pack your eggs carefully in a crock or keg, and pour the solution over them. Or, if you have only a few hens, and must collect your eggs from day to day, they can be added as gathered for a week or ten days, if they are carefully deposited on the lower ones. The last layer should be at last an inch below the top of the solution. Keep them in a cool, well-ventilated place. The hens have a very severe case of inflammation of the egg passage, a condition which may arise from excessive use of stimulating powders or concentrated food sold to promote egg production, or some accident causing the egg to be broken before it is laid. In the case of old hens, excessive intestinal fat may bring about the trouble. As your birds are only a year old, and you feed sparingly, it may not be either of the first causes, so you must investigate along the line of the broken egg, which may happen if the birds fly from a high roost, or are frightened from the nest when about to lay. Watch your hen closely, and if any come off the nest, or show signs of uneasiness it would be advisable to use a small syringe and inject a little sweet oil into the vent, and give them a tablespoonful of sweet oil. Repeat the treatment two or three times, if necessary. When the trouble has advanced as far as you describe, doctoring is useless.

M. E. O.—From the time my chickens were hatched this last spring they have held their heads back against their back and kick and turn round and lie on their backs with their feet up. The male bird is some cross and we had to cuff him. Would that have anything to do with the chicks?

A.—There is no cure for the chickens. It is an affection of the nervous system. The parent stock being inbred, old and fat, or otherwise out of condition, may cause it. Or if they are incubator chicks, uneven temperature during the hatch may be answerable. I don't think anything you did to the roosters would cause it.

D. E.—I have ninety Rhode Island Reds. They are healthy and lay well and are on free range. I don't know how to feed so they will moult early. COMFORT has helped me.

A.—As the hens are on free range, don't feed them at all for two weeks, then commence gradually to give them a little grain night and morning for two weeks, after which start the regular rations given to laying hens.

J. K. K.—What shall I give my little chicks? When they are about one week old they get some stomach trouble. Their bowels run constantly.

A.—Read answer to T. O. in this number.

J. F. D.—I have seventeen hens and a rooster which were hatched in May, 1913. I have a nice, roomy henhouse and feed oats in the morning and evening and a mixed feed at noon, also plenty of clover and grit. I got eggs during the winter,—an average of five per day and about nine a day since Feb. About two weeks ago I got only three or four a day and felt there was something wrong as the droppings looked green. They were the color and thickness of cream-colored paint for a day or so, then the next day were a bright green and thicker with a strong odor. I got up at daylight to examine the pen and found something resembling clay or chalk, and something else which seemd to be plaster strewed around. One hen has a roll about an inch thick and three inches long, extending down from the vent. There is a putty-colored discharge. She sits around and sleeps nearly all the time and eats but little.

A.—As you have found foul material in the henhouse, there is little doubt that that has caused the illness. You should have taken some of it to a drug-store, and found out what it was. In any such cases of suspected poison, it is a good plan to administer a tablespoonful of Castor oil to each bird. Put a good lock on your chicken-house door, and cover the front with muslin instead of wire netting. This would prevent people throwing things in to them.

L. P. R.—I have very good success with all kinds of poultry raising but turkeys; they hatch well and grow fine until they commence to feather, then they droop and die. Would it be advisable to give permanganate of potassium as recommended for old birds in January issue?

A.—The address you ask for has been sent by mail. Permanganate of potassium in the drinking water would not help your young turkeys. It was recommendeded for old birds in the fall, to kill microbes in the intestines.

T. P. F.—I have a flock of White Leghorn chickens, raised last year. I would like to have them moult early. What shall I do?

A.—Please read answer to D. E., but, as your hens are confined, give them a very small quantity of oats night and morning.

A. D. S.—What is the trouble with my geese? Two got so they could not walk; their legs seemed helpless. They got well in about a week, but would not eat very much. They had oats, free range, plenty of grass and running water. My goslings have all died but one. I kept them in the sheds when it rained but they seemed to get weak and die. I fed clover and chopped grass when it was too wet for them to be out.

A.—You don't tell me the age of your geese, but I judge from the fact that the goslings seem weak and die, that they are young birds. Goslings hatched from eggs laid by geese under three years of age, are often wanting in strength, and usually die off before they are three months old. The geese going lame suggest damp sleeping quarters. They must have a dry place to sleep in. If the floor is damp, cramp and rheumatism are sure to be the result.

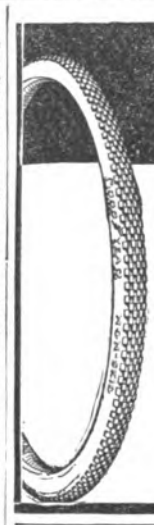
B. M. L.—My young chickens have a white diarrhea, sometimes nearly like milk. Some of my chickens are six weeks old and are still dying. I have lost nearly all I have hatched. My chickens died the same way last year. I would be glad to know a remedy and how to clean up the grounds so I could raise chickens next year.

A.—I fear you have to fight white diarrhea, a most infectious disease, which may develop from four distinct sources. The most common cause is a bacillus which affects hens and the eggs they lay. Chicks hatched from such eggs will show signs of the disease within a few days. Their droppings contain the microbes which become scattered on the ground, are carried on the chicks' feet to drinking and feeding dishes, so breeding contagion through the flock. The second source of infection is a chronic disease which affects birds and small animals, but is rarely noticeable, though eggs laid by affected hens carry the germs that mean death to little chickens hatched from them. The last cause is a fungus which develops in dirty places, and in damp, mouldy bedding. Old bran, chaff, or other light material, are all apt to contain the spores, and if eggs are packed in such material, they will be infected. I have given you the different causes to show you how thoroughly the work of cleaning up and prevention must be. Houses and fixtures, incubators and brood coops must be all thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Plow up yards or ground where poultry has usually congregated, and sow some quick-growing crop. During the fall add fifteen grains of catechu to a gallon of water, and fill the drinking dishes with it for a month. Before using eggs for hatching wipe them with a cloth moistened with alcohol. After the chicks arrive, should there be any sickly looking ones, any that peep constantly, or huddle together in corners, kill them at once.

L. A. S.—I have bought thirty hens within a month, buying three to ten at a time from different places. Three days ago I added seven hens and one rooster to my flock. One day later I found one of these hens dead. She had many lice on her. I found them on the rooster. What can I do to prevent others from having them, and how can I kill and rid them of lice? (2) Should whole corn be scattered on ground or in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Fate of the Fleur-de-Lis

By Gertrude Hockridge

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HUNGRY-HEARTED, so homesick that she almost forgot her weariness, Joan Marineau came upon it one morning in early spring. It was in the very heart of the great city, far back from a street on which her discouraged feet had never wandered before.

She had been out of work ever since the glove-makers' strike began. Through the early autumn and gloomy fall and biting winds of winter she had struggled, living on a pittance, all the while hoping and praying for a settlement. Spring came. The strike was lost. Immediately she set out to find other employment.

For two weeks she had gone the rounds, receiving everywhere the same answer. This morning, hearing of probable employment at the Lehner Box Factory, the largest in the great metropolis, she had started early on her long walk. Wearily she dragged herself across the viaduct which spanned the numberless tracks where the great engines were puffing clouds of grime and smoke.

She was thinking of France this morning; of sunny France; of the flowers which bloomed about her father's cottage; of Pierre, with whom she had parted in anger.

They had been sweethearts ever since they were children. On Michaelmas Day, Pierre had whispered that their cottage was completed. He had begged her on that spring morning nearly a year ago to marry him and she had promised that she would; but afterward the opportunity to go to the new land where she could find a fortune came to her, and with all a girl's hope of success, Joan had listened.

A contractor had visited her home town in search of lace-makers. To Joan, one of the best, he came first, offering transportation, and wages which seemed a small fortune. She was to go to America with a number of other girls she knew to help launch a new venture—the starting of the first lace factory in America. He promised that they should share in the profits; that as he prospered, so should they.

When the contractor went away, giving her three days in which to decide, Joan, glowing with hope, rushed to Pierre to sketch in brilliant colors pictures of the wealth she would win, of the glorious future which would be theirs. Pierre, manlike, hooted at the idea, refused to be convinced that the offer was a good one; so they had parted in anger. The next week Joan and a half dozen other girls from her home town set sail for America, and she had never seen him since.

At first all went well. After six months the factory closed for lack of funds, and the helpless French girls were turned upon the streets of a strange land, without resources.

Joan had fared better than others. Her dainty embroideries brought her work almost immediately. The prices paid were small, but sufficient to provide a living and a little besides.

All hope of the fortune of which she had boasted gone, Joan was ashamed to write to Pierre; with the fear of the fortune looming up between them, Pierre was ashamed to write to Joan. A year had passed since one had received word from the other; and now, this morning, the girl stood upon a bridge in a cloud of coal-smoke, dreaming of a white cottage which her lover had builded for her among the blood-red grapes in a vineyard of southern France.

The striking of a clock in a nearby steeple aroused the girl. Almost running Joan hurried down the hill, but at its foot she paused again. Here was purity in the midst of the city's grime.

A great, old-fashioned, pale yellow brick house stood on the hill in the center of an immense wooded, grassy lawn which was radiant with an array of gorgeous spring flowers. Hyacinths tossed their silver bells, tulips swayed their gaudy heads, and snowdrops and narcissus and jonquils bloomed by their side.

As Joan came nearer, she heard the sound of running water, and then she saw. Her breath came fast. What could it mean?

In a hollow beneath a great laurel tree, Joan Marineau saw a round basin formed by blocks of pure white granite. A fountain was throwing jets of clear water up to the blue and it fell again—Joan could scarcely believe it—into a basin edged with tall green rushes, luxuriant and beautiful; and mingled with those satiny spikes were the glorious blossoms of a fleur-de-lis such as was found nowhere except in her father's garden.

A year ago she had held the dainty lavender blossoms, flecked with purple and buff and red, in her hands, and kissed them as she handed Pierre a flower "for remembrance." She had told him to keep it to remember her by until they met again. That scene had been enacted thousands of miles from here, but now the fleur-de-lis was here, blooming in a stranger's garden. Could she still be dreaming? A sudden gust of April wind tossed the branches of the trees, bringing to Joan's nostrils a whiff of delicious fragrance, such as no other flower possessed but hers.

She remembered her sixteenth birthday, when her father had led her to a secluded spot in the garden and uncovered a wonderful flower which was blooming in a tub of marsh mud. She remembered his words—her father was a gardener and florist of no mean ability—"I have been experimenting for months little daughter, to produce a flower lovely enough to present to you on your sixteenth birthday. Here it is, pure and sweet and beautiful as the precious dawn of young womanhood. Guard your womanhood more carefully than I have watched this flower, daughter, and some day the two shall be a precious heritage for a king and a nation."

A homely, shaggy, black and yellow dog, barking fiercely and leaping high against the heavily barred gate, interrupted Joan's dreams. Telling herself that it was a wretched mistake, but cheered by the fragrance and beauty of the flowers, the girl quickened her steps.

It was yet a mile to the great factory, but Joan scarcely noticed the distance, the dirty streets, or the street cars with their clanging bells.

She entered the office of the great building, a misty smile upon her face. It was so charming a face, and so sweet a smile, that the clerk in the office took the trouble to introduce her to the forelady himself and to speak a good word for her.

It chanced that the girls were engaged this morning in filling a large order for a very exclusive candy house. They were to use their ingenuity and originality; to make no two boxes alike if they could find so many styles. Joan listened to the instructions, smiling dreamily. How fortunate it was that lavender paper and paint and ribbon lay before her!

All the girl's artistic ability came to her finger-tips as she fashioned a mammoth fleur-de-lis. With a song in her heart, she darkened the lavender in spots of purple, laid on the gold and red just as they were painted in by the hand of Mother Nature. And when the box was finished and lined with moire paper, edged with imitation lace so like the dainty web which Joan had been weaving that it was hard to tell it from the real article, she carried it to the forewoman for inspection.

The woman's cold, hard face lightened like a November sky suddenly kissed by the sun of June. "It is lovely!" she cried delightedly. "You are an artist, girl! Make one hundred just like this! Begin at once!"

So, dreaming Joan returned to the workroom to fashion hundreds of copies of the purple fleur-de-lis.

That night when she passed the great old house, she stopped long enough to throw a kiss to the nodding blossoms, which seemed to beckon as they wafted a fragrant message.

"Dear little flower, you brought me good luck this morning," whispered the girl. "Bring my Pierre back to me!"

Every day, so long as the flowers nodded by the fountain, Joan paused for a moment of silent worship. Things were going better now. The lucky choosing of the pattern that morning had brought her into the notice of the superintendent. The delivery of the boxes had brought an order for ten thousand more at a much better price than that factory had ever been able to command. Different designs were to be used, but the fleur-de-lis was still the favorite, and the company had stipulated expressly that this box was to be sold to no one but themselves.

Roses—French roses—and violets and buttercups were added to Joan's list. From boxmaker she was advanced to instructor, and from instructor to designer. Her wages were raised; her shabbier clothing and shabbier boarding-place changed for better; and with the era of prosperity she thought of home.

Before the Christmas season she had written to Pierre, intending to send him a present; but she received no reply. Through the dull weeks of January and February, when other girls were idle, Joan worked steadily. Another springtime glided swiftly upon her. She was surprised, one day, to see the fleur-de-lis again blooming beside the fountain.

It was Saturday, and with well-filled purse but an aching heart, Joan started home. When she reached the great house, she saw that something unusual was happening. The gates were thrown wide open. The windows of the house were open too. As she crossed the street the clanging red auto fire-engine dashed through the gateway and up the drive, trailing the hook-and-ladder wagon and the firemen behind it.

Dazedly Joan joined the procession of people, and a moment later stood with them by the fountain. A stream of smoke was pouring from the roof of the old mansion. The first crash of the firemen's axes brought a rush of flame. A crackling and an ominous roar greeted the onlookers. The current from the fountain was turned into the hose, and the firemen's heavy heels crushed down the fragrant flowers.

Protestingly, as if to protect them from injury, the girl gathered the lilies to her heart. With a feeling of curious content she stood watching the busy streams of water which were fast subduing the flames.

"The family is in California; they've been away since January," Joan heard a man's voice explaining. "No one knows what caused the fire, but the chief attributes it to defective wiring. The house is not greatly damaged, thanks to that Frenchman. I suppose Wilson will give him a good reward. The old house is filled with valuable historic relics; have been in the Wilson family for a hundred years."

"Who is this man? One of their employees?" Joan heard a woman's voice ask.

"He is their gardener."

"Oh, that fellow who came here two years ago!" It was the woman who spoke, and Joan held her breath lest she should not catch every word. "I remember now. It is such a pathetic story. Mrs. Wilson told me herself. The poor fellow, who is very handsome and bright and all that, came here in search of his sweetheart, who had come here with the hope of making a fortune. It seems that, having not heard from her, he grew uneasy, came here to hunt her, bringing with him a peculiar kind of a fleur-de-lis which the girl's father had developed from a lily which grows wild in France. He hoped that the flower might be the means of bringing them together.

"It is truly a gorgeous blossom, so beautiful that Mrs. Wilson was delighted when he grouped them around the fountain. A few months after the first flowers bloomed, Taylor's candy store brought out a bonbon box which was an exact reproduction of the lilies which grew by the fountain. Poor Pierre was wild when he happened to see the ones which came to the house for Mrs. Wilson's party. He thought that his sweetheart had made them, that she was found, and went at once to the store to find out where the boxes had been purchased. They refused to enlighten him, so Mrs. Wilson, to whom he had told the story, tried to secure the information for him, but without success."

"What a story! I'd like to see those wonderful flowers! Where are they?"

Joan heard the woman's voice reply, "By the fountain; there to the west of the house."

A sharp turn of the path brought man and woman directly in front of Joan Marineau, who stood as if turned to stone, her arms filled with the wonderful flowers.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the woman in a low whisper. "What a beautiful girl! How romantic it would be if that were the Frenchman's lost sweetheart! Let's question her!"

"Clear the way!" shouted a mounted policeman, suddenly. Before the man could reply, the fire company, their work done, puffed down the drive, and behind them stalked the faithful Frenchman.

The gates slammed shut. The man turned his weary, thoughtful face toward the fountain to learn the fate of his lilies. They were gone. But in the foreground, her great eyes wide with wonder, stood a girl, and in her arms were the purple fleur-de-lis like the withered one which he had carried so long against his aching heart.

"Joan!" one bound brought the young Frenchman to her side.

"Pierre!" the flowers fell forgotten to the earth.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A band was playing. Friends on shore waved handkerchiefs and tearful good bys to those on deck. Over the rail leaned a young girl and a handsome man, chatting joyously in French. They were planning for the furnishing of a white cottage which had waited three years for its mistress.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

to me every knock is a boost. No man can please everybody and no man should try to. A man who starts out to please everybody as a rule ends up by pleasing nobody, not even himself; a man who has the courage of his convictions and dares to freely express his opinions, is bound to make a few enemies, but to one enemy he makes he gathers in a million friends. The world is sick of trimmers who shift their sails to suit every wind, and so keep revolving in a circle without succeeding in getting anywhere. I am fighting the battle of the masses, the battle of humanity, and the masses have no quarrels, at least they shouldn't have any. Your interests and mine are identical. The last twelve months have been months of anguish, physical and mental for me, for from seven A. M. until midnight eight days a week and then some, I have been planning how I could help to advance the cause, of you my fellow humans, my brothers and sisters, and what I am doing now I shall be doing until my last breath. Hold up my hands and encourage me in my work and rally round COMFORT, and increase its circulation, for it is the only medium of its kind in America that would allow me to open my heart and talk out to you from the depths of my soul, as I am now doing. These are hard times for everyone and that is why you should rally round the best friends you have, COMFORT and your old college chum, Uncle Charlie.

Now for the letters.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR SIR:

Having read the COMFORT for several years I am going to write a letter to you and ask you about these germs you speak of. In your letter you spoke of germs on the hands, in the water and so forth. Learned men are trying every kind of experiment to try and find more germs. I am sixteen and think I have a good view of these things.

And another question I have to ask. Do you think that it is the mother's fault for a girl to wear slit skirts and go wrong? No! it is not! Since I was thirteen I have studied women and I think I have a good view of them. Now about germs. Our forefathers did not go to the trouble of boiling the water and wash their hands every time they turned around and why is it that they lived as long (and longer than the people who boiled water, washed their hands every time they touch anything). Can you answer that question? No! I think not. (Can't I? You wait and see. —Uncle Charlie.)

Well, I suppose you think I am a knowitall, but I think I know just about as much as the next one.

So will close hoping you will print this and tell me all about what you think.

Very respectfully, PHILERTA DALTON.

P. S. Do you think I write good? (No, your writing is very hard to read.—Uncle Charlie.)

So you are interested in the germ business, Philerta, are you? You say our forefathers didn't go to the trouble of boiling their water and washing their hands every time they turned around, and you think they lived as long a century or two ago as we do today, and you say you think you have a good view of these things. My dear child you have a very poor view. Your ideas are those that are held by millions who simply refuse to profit by the wonderful new light science has thrown into every corner of the world. These people have a habit of comforting themselves thus: "Oh, well, if father ate with dirty hands, I guess I can do the same. If father didn't bother about germs why should I?" The only way the world can advance is by one generation knowing a little more than the one that preceded it. From your letter I gather you do not want to know any more than grandfather did and believe me our grandfathers on the whole knew mighty little. If you follow your reasoning to its logical conclusion we could abolish railroads, flying-machines, telephone, telegraph, wireless telegraphy, antiseptic surgery, anæsthetics, the sewing-machine, typewriter, phonograph, automobile, agricultural machinery, ocean greyhounds, electric light, electric power, the bicycle, fountain pen, and hundreds of other things that father knew nothing about. Why not go back still farther to our troglodyte ancestors of the stone hatchet period living in caves and eating their next-door neighbors, and away back beyond that to where our ancestors were clinging by their tails to the trees in the forests, or away, way back to where they were fish, swimming in the sea, or away, away beyond even that to where they were just colloidal slime. It is evolution that carries the world forward. Evolution is God's steam roller and it goes pounding on, refusing to be halted by the never-thinks, thrusting ignorance aside, crushing the bad beneath its all-powerful wheels and pushing the good a little further onward and upward. You can be very thankful that you are living in an age that has just learned the wonderful fact that everything about us is swarming with invisible life. As you are so very fond of the days of your forefathers, we'll put you back there. See what would happen if you had a leg crushed or had appendicitis or cancer of the stomach. If they had attempted to have removed that crushed leg there would have been no ether or chloroform to have given you, and the pain would have been so agonizing you would probably have died from the shock. I can hear you crying out: "Oh, Uncle Charlie, give me ether or chloroform," then I'd have had to harden my heart and say: "No, little girl, your forefathers got along without such things, and as you are such a great admirer of what your forefathers did, we'll let you get along as they did." Suppose you rallied from the shock of the operation, the surgeons who operated on you, knowing nothing about aseptic surgery would cut and saw with instruments reeking with germ life. If they washed your wound at all it would be with water teeming with poisonous germs. It's a hundred to one blood poisoning or tetanus, which is lockjaw would set in and finish you off. You'd perish miserably because you preferred the methods of your great grandparents. Suppose you had appendicitis. No surgeon in these dear old days of yours would dare operate and open up the abdomen. If you had any trouble there in the old days you just died, and poor ignorant people referred to it as inflammation of the bowels, because they didn't know any better. Today a good surgeon could remove your appendix, or cut away a cancerous portion of the stomach, remove half a yard of intestine and connect the several parts and restore you to health. In a few weeks you could be playing football. Medicine is largely guesswork, but surgery is an exact science, and we have to thank Lord Lister for making it an exact science, for he it was who introduced antiseptic surgery. He used certain solutions, such as carbolic and bichloride for instance, which kill all the germs on a man's hands, for of course you can't boil the hands, and he boiled all the operating instruments, subjected all the bandages to a high temperature, thus killing off all germs and allowing nature to start its process of healing without being hampered by millions of invisible enemies ready to prey on the tissues, start inflammation and suppuration, pus and gangrene. You would have had a pretty sad time of it young lady, if you had lived in those bad old days. There are some foolish sentimentalists who think that the old days were the good days, but there never were any good old days, they were all bad old days. These are bad days too, but they are the best the world has ever seen and every day is a better day than the one preceding it. You ask how it was our forefathers lived so long. They didn't live long. As I told you before when I wrote upon this subject, they died like flies, and whereas centenarians, people who live to be a hundred years of age, are quite common today, very old people were a great rarity in the days that are gone by. Few people actually knew how old they were. All the reports of people who lived to be a hundred and over are just plain buncomb and rubbish. In fact the people didn't know when they were born, as few records were kept, and so as the years rolled on and senility set in, they lost their count and in the early eighties began telling people they were a hundred or a hundred and twenty. It is a great wonder that people lived at all and the reason that they did live is due to the fact that weaklings perished at birth or soon after, and only those with the most robust constitutions survived. There was a city in France not so very long ago, and though it contained over thirty thousand people, it didn't have a living soul in it over thirty-five years of age. In the days of our forefathers whole continents were swept by epidemics that carried off people by the million. Whole communities were completely wiped out. Those were the dear, good, sweet, lovely old days when there were no sewers, no sanitation, and all the filth, sewage and garbage were thrown out of the windows into the middle of the narrow streets. The law compelled the people to give a warning cry before emptying their buckets, so that pedestrians in the streets could duck and run before the avalanche came. The stench was intolerable and death worked overtime. During our war with Spain, thousands died of disease, died like rotten sheep, of typhoid. I saw them die with my own eyes, had them dying all around me. All that death and suffering could have been easily avoided by sanitary science and ordinary precautions, by boiling water and keeping flies away from the men's food. Even in our camps here in the United States, before men were sent abroad, they died like flies. Those are the good old days that you, Philerta, would have immensely enjoyed. Recently we had some twenty thousand men strung along the Mexican border for many weeks, and scarcely a life was lost from typhoid and other filth diseases. Our army has learned its lesson. In their campaign with Russia the Japs taught the world how big armies could be handled, losing scarcely any men from disease and thanks to antiseptic surgery, very few from wounds. The germ of tetanus or lockjaw lurks in the rich, black soil of northern France. Shells after hitting the ground, explode, and hundreds of fragments scatter in every direction, carrying dirt along with pieces of steel into the bodies of unfortunate soldiers. This dirt causes lockjaw, a terrible disease which has almost entirely baffled science. Those who are familiar with the Bible remember how the Jews were admonished to be careful about the washing of hands and the preparation of food and the cleansing of various vessels. You must remember that the Jews lived in a tropical climate where food quickly went bad, and where there were no ice boxes or refrigerators. It was the strict observance of these laws that kept the Jews strong and healthy and saved them from annihilation. It is true that scientific men are looking for germs. They are looking for the germ of cancer and other diseases. As soon as the germs are found steps can be taken to destroy them or render them harmless. There are good germs and bad germs. If it were not for the good germs in our bodies the bad germs would soon put us out of business. On the trains and in schools the public drinking cup has been abolished. This is a splendid step in the right direction. If this step had been taken twenty-five years ago, I shouldn't have had to spend three months in a hospital with typhoid fever. Oh, those good old days! That deadly source of infection, the common drinking cup, is being put completely out of business. Now the Pullman porter hands you a paper cup, and so that no germs from his hands can touch the cup that you drink from, it also is wrapped in paper. Epidemics of disease are now practically unknown, because sanitation has given us a clean world and men can no more wallow like beasts in their filth as they once did. Filth was the breeding place of the germ, and the more filth there was the more germs could get into the human body, with the result that epidemics swept the land. Today epidemics are rare and if started are soon got under control. The fool hath said in his heart "There is no God," and there are some present day idiots who think there are no germs. Thank Heaven the majority of us know better. Philerta, my dear, you say that you know just about as much as the next one. Probably you do, but are you sure that the next one knows any more than you do? If he does not I'm afraid he is a very poor teacher and knows nothing of science or sanitation.

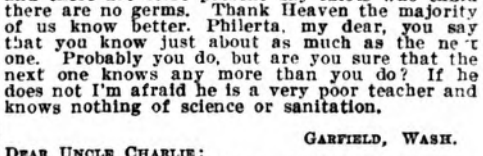
GARFIELD, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a country girl and have black hair, gray eyes, am five feet six inches tall. I have not been to school

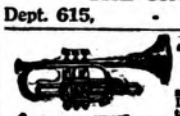
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)





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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Soft White Arm

ONCE a year, at least, all the members of the Pretty Girls' Club have one big wish in common, and that is when summer-time with its transparent fabrics and shortened sleeves makes every girl from one end of the country to the other sigh for pretty arms.

How to have pretty arms, then shall be our subject this month, and we will consider how to make thin arms plump, and fat arms thin, and all arms pretty to look upon.

Every once in a while, I get a letter from someone of my girls, saying, "Between my elbow and my wrist my arm is smooth and soft, but from the elbow to the shoulder it is rough with goose flesh. What can I do?" Since the question is such a common one, let's get it answered and out of the way before we go on to the other problems in connection with pretty arms. The cure for the rough skin of which my girls complain is—guess! Just a bathbrush and soap and water! It usually means that the daily bathing of the body has been a bit hasty. You can buy a camel's-hair bathbrush (a small complexion brush will do) at the drug-store for a very small sum, and every night or morning of your life you should use it, with hot soapy water, to scrub the arms thoroughly, especially the elbow and any roughened patches. After scrubbing, you should rinse thoroughly, and then moisten with this soothing lotion:

Lotion for Arms

Rose-water, one pint; tincture of benzoin, one fluid dram; tincture of tolu, twenty drops.

The next thing to consider after we have scrubbed all the tiny flakes of dry skin away and started our arms on the road to a smooth skin, is the shape and size of our arms.

Very fat arms are more to be deplored than too thin arms, for the latter may be concealed, but the former are apt to be only too much in evidence. One of the simplest ways to get rid of the inconvenient and unbecoming flesh is to knead it off. Nightly massage—very vigorous movements—will aid in getting rid of the extra layer of fat; but in addition to this the flesh of the arms should be twisted and "worked." Grasp the upper left arm with the right hand, the fingers on the top, the thumb underneath. Now twist the flesh of the arms as far to the left as possible. Remove the hand, and grasp an inch further down on the arm, twist the flesh in the same direction as before, and so continue from shoulder to elbow. Practise this for five minutes at a time.

While massage will take off surplus flesh, it can also be used to increase the size of the arm; but to accomplish this end, it must be administered very gently indeed, the fingers being dipped in cold cream or skin food before being applied to the arm. Do not use the twisting motion for this, however, as that is primarily a reducing movement. Rather, rub the arm up and down, and around and around, with a gentle pressure.

An excellent exercise to reduce a fat upper arm should supplement the massage.

A Reduction Exercise

Stand with chin up, chest forward, heels together, and the arms outstretched horizontally from the shoulders. Now close the hands, and with the closed fist describe a circle at arm's length from the shoulders, keeping the elbows perfectly rigid, but moving the shoulder in its socket as well as the stiffened arm. Practise this first, with the right arm, with the left, then with both together. It will reduce a fat shoulder most satisfactorily, if practised daily.

An exercise which may supplement this is one which is given for strengthening the wrists. It will, however, also develop and improve the shape of the arm between wrist and elbow.

An Exercise for Pretty Arms

Stand with chin up, chest forward, heels together, and the arms outstretched horizontally from the shoulder. Now, close the hands tight, consciously exerting all the force you can; open them again, and stretch the fingers to their fullest length and wide apart.

If the arms are red or blotched, a whitening lotion may be used immediately after bathing and drying them at night. Rub it well in with the palms of the hands.

For Red or Blotchy Arms

Elder-flower water, six ounces; powdered borax, one and one half drams; glycerine, three fluid drams.

If the arms freckle easily, you should take the same precaution to protect them before going outdoors, as you do to protect the facial skin. Use a good cold cream, and before dressing in the morning rub it well into the arms, wiping any surplus off with a soft cloth. Dust with powder, and wipe with a cloth again. Before going outdoors during the day, rub cold cream again into any exposed portion of the arm, and dust with powder, as before. This does not mean you should let a thick layer of powder be visible. You should only apply a little, and that should be wiped off with a cloth immediately. Enough will remain to prevent any greasy appearance from the application of the cold cream.

With this precaution your arms are not likely to freckle; but if the skin is particularly sensitive, it is wise always to wear silk gloves which meet the sleeves. This year the old-fashioned fingerless mitts are fashionable again, and they look very quaint and attractive, besides protecting the arm while leaving the fingers free.

If your arms are already freckled, rub with the cut surface of a lemon daily. Possibly, this will not be strong enough. If not, have your druggist put up this freckle eradicator:

Freckle Eradicator

Rose-water, one half ounce; glycerine, one ounce; lactic acid, two ounces.

When applying, pour only a small portion at a time into a little small dish into which you can dip a cloth or bit of absorbent cotton. Use the cloth or cotton to mop the freckled places several times daily.

If you have any little brown moles on the arms, the freckle lotion may help to bleach them;



SUMMER GOWNS DEMAND A PRETTY ARM.

but, if not, try moistening salicylic acid with alcohol or glycerine, and apply to the mole for half an hour. Be careful that the acid covers only the mole, for the object of the treatment is to cause the acid to eat away the brown tissue. Three applications is supposed to be enough to destroy the mole, each one lessening it somewhat in size. It must be allowed to heal after each application.

Have I given you enough to do to keep you busy for a month? I guess so! And I hope I shall hear of dozens and dozens of pretty arms as a result.

Answers to Questions

W. W. W.—If your hips are too large, because they are fat, you can reduce them by exercise. If your frame is large, you can't alter its size. But I imagine your trouble is too much flesh. Practise this exercise night and morning:

To Reduce the Thighs

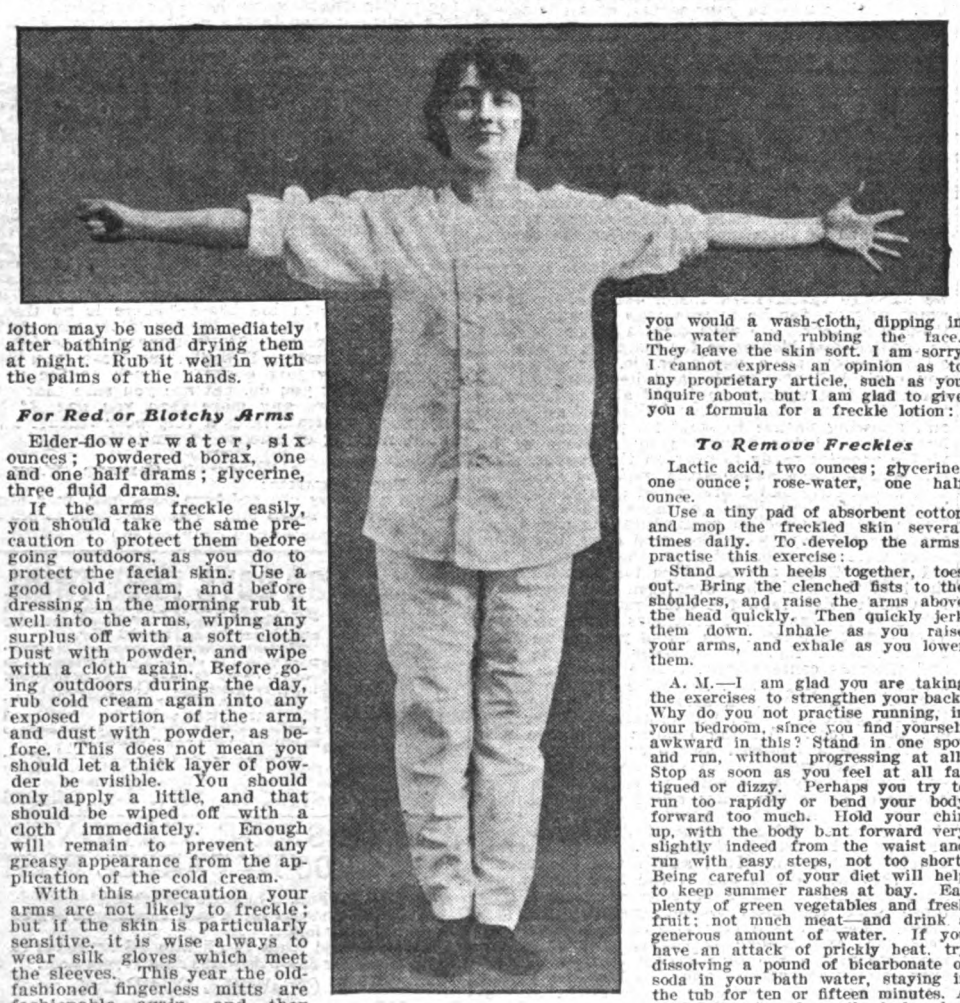
Stand with heels together, toes out; now, move right foot out about eighteen inches in front of you. Raise your arms above your head and bend the trunk to the left, aiming to touch the floor with your finger-tips. Bend the right knee slightly, but keep the left one perfectly stiff. Inhale as you rise, and exhale in bending.

For Too Fat Thighs and Abdomen

In another excellent exercise for your needs, you stand with heels together, toes turned out. Place your hands on the back of a chair, or any object that may be convenient. Rise on your toes; then, bending the knees, sink down to the floor slowly. Rise slowly to the standing position, again, without allowing the heels to touch the floor. The object of placing your hands on the back of a chair is to help preserve your balance. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting.

To Develop Calf of Leg

To develop your legs between the knees and ankles, practise rising on the toes slowly, hands on hips, then very slowly sinking to the ground again. Be sure you rise to the very tips of the toes. I am glad my directions have helped you to develop your bust to a good thirty-eight. If your skin is a little rough, you probably use too much or too strong soap on your face, and do not rinse it thoroughly. Try using bath-bags of table oats—little cheese-cloth bags three by three inches, half filled with oats. Use them just as you would a wash-cloth, dipping in the water and rubbing the face. They leave the skin soft. I am sorry I cannot express an opinion as to any proprietary article, such as you inquire about, but I am glad to give you a formula for a freckle lotion:



STRETCHING THE FINGERS TO DEVELOP THE FORE ARM.

To Remove Freckles

Lactic acid, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; rose-water, one half ounce.

Use a tiny pad of absorbent cotton and mop the freckled skin several times daily. To develop the arms, practise this exercise:

Stand with heels together, toes out. Bring the clenched fists to the shoulders, and raise the arms above the head quickly. Then quickly jerk them down. Inhale as you raise your arms, and exhale as you lower them.

A. M.—I am glad you are taking the exercises to strengthen your back. Why do you not practise running, in your bedroom, since you find yourself awkward in this? Stand in one spot and run, without progressing at all. Stop as soon as you feel at all fatigued or dizzy. Perhaps you try to run too rapidly or bend your body forward too much. Hold your chin up, with the body bent forward very slightly indeed from the waist and run with easy steps, not too short. Being careful of your diet will help to keep summer rashes at bay. Eat plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruit; not much meat—and drink a generous amount of water. If you have an attack of prickly heat, try dissolving a pound of bicarbonate of soda in your bath water, staying in the tub for ten or fifteen minutes. A good lotion to rub on the body when the heat has produced an uncomfortable rash, can be made by this formula:

Lotion for Summer Rash

Glycerine, three ounces; spirits of camphor, one half ounce; powdered borax, one quarter ounce.

M. L. A.—To develop the neck to conceal a prominent collar bone, practise rolling it on the shoulders; drop it first on the chest, then roll it toward the side, toward the back, the other side, and back to front again. Rotate it in this way ten or fifteen times before stopping, and practise twice daily. Better, also, practise some chest and arm exercises. I have given many in these columns.

H. T. A.—To reduce your large stomach, practise the exercises given "W. W. W." Also, be careful not to overeat. One good helping of each article of food which forms a meal is enough. At fourteen, do not consider darkening your hair. It will almost inevitably grow darker, itself. Just be careful to eat healthful food, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, and get plenty of outdoor exercise. This will put your blood in healthy condition, and that will keep your hair healthy and of good color. Your pimples will probably disappear under the treatment, although at fourteen young girls sometimes have pimples which are not especially affected by the diet, but which soon pass away. Don't eat many sweet things, and be careful to chew every mouthful until it is almost liquid before swallowing.

Rosa.—For blackheads and pimples, be careful of your diet, drink lots of water, see that the bowels move freely daily. Then scrub the face every night with a camel's-hair complexion brush (which you can buy of your druggist for twenty or fifty cents, or order by mail), using plenty of hot soapy water, and afterward rinsing the face in many waters, at first very warm, but at the last dashing cold water on to close the pores. For freckles, rub cold cream into the face and wipe off thoroughly before going outdoors, then dust on a very little powder and wipe softly again. This will protect the skin. See answer to "W. W. W."

Pine Rose.—About the only thing you can do for the scar caused by the burn from carbolic acid is to massage it very gently, indeed, each night with a little cold cream on the finger-tips. I think quite likely it will wear away in time, especially if you use cold cream nightly.

A Worried Louise.—The reason your breasts look small is because they lack firmness, and so sag and spread out. Dash cold water on, after bathing daily, to help firm them. Also, be careful to stand well, raising the chest a trifle. I suggest that you purchase a pulley exerciser, and attach it to the wall and practise with it daily. It will develop chest and help to make bust firm. Also buy a simple lawn or net brassiere such as is made by any of the corset companies, and wear it to support the bust and hold it in proper shape. Your figure will show a decided improvement.

M. V. L.—Electrolysis is sometimes effective in removing a scar. I suggest that you use massage nightly as recommended to "Pine Rose." The following paint is sometimes used to conceal a scar, or you can wet the scar, powder it white, put on a layer of flexible collodion and then powder again with flesh-colored powder.

To Conceal a Scar

Chalk, five drams; flexible collodion, four drams; glycerine, one and one half drams; rectified spirits, one dram; wood charcoal, one half dram; carmine, one half dram.

You can vary the color by using more or less charcoal, carmine or chalk.

A Young Girl.—The rings under your eyes are caused by your not being well in some way. Perhaps your bowels or stomach are out of order—perhaps these rings only come at special times, when you are more tired than usual or are not feeling well. They are a good warning to "slow up" just a little, be careful to get enough sleep, to eat sensibly, to see that the bowels move daily, and to be careful not to get chilled or to get the feet wet. At fourteen you need to be careful of all these things, that you may be a healthy, happy, attractive woman later. (2) Yes, indeed, your hair can be healthy at fourteen—it will be healthy if your body is healthy; so, eat three good, nourishing meals a day, not many sweets, but eggs (not fried, but boiled, scrambled, or poached, all very soft), and milk, and green vegetables, and fresh fruit, and good bread and butter. Do not eat fried meats—they are too hard to digest. Shampoo your hair once in two weeks, unless you are not feeling well, and take an all-over bath before going to bed at night, sponging the body quickly, a little space at a time, rubbing it pink and dry immediately. Buttermilk is said to whiten face and hands. Let it dry on the skin. But the best thing for the complexion is keeping the bowels open, being careful of the diet, and keeping face and body scrupulously clean.

Homely.—See answer to "A Worried Louise." Perhaps you are a little run down and need to add some flesh. This will increase the size of your bust, but in any case be sure to wear a brassiere. Try the milk diet if you need to gain weight: it will add from one to three pounds a week. I have given directions many times in these columns. The condition of your hair would indicate that you need some general building up. In the meantime, shampoo once in two weeks and massage the scalp nightly. You might use my Geranium Soap Jelly.

Geranium Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of white soap into three cups of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until the liquid has been somewhat reduced; then let cook until it jellies. Add two drops of geranium oil, if desired, and put in a jar to use as wanted. A good face bleach is as follows:

A Face Bleach

Buy a 50-cent jar of theatrical cream. To a teaspoonful of the cream add as much almond meal as it will take, and enough hot water to make a thin spreadable paste. Cut two squares of cheese-cloth large enough to cover the face, with holes for the nose. Dampen these and spread paste between them. Apply this mask to the face and pat close. Over this apply two small, wet hot Turkish towels, and as soon as cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then cold water. Repeat twice a week for three weeks. It will be safe to use for your face any standard advertised cold cream. If you want to make one yourself, this formula is a good one:

Skin Food

Melt one ounce each of lanolin, and cocoanut oil, one half ounce each of spermaceti and white wax, and two ounces of sweet almond oil, in a porcelain kettle. Take from the fire, add one ounce of orange-flower water and three drops of tincture of benzoin, fluffing it with an egg beater until cold.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
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Radium on the Farm

"Fertilizer for farm use at seventy million dollars a pound hardly seems reasonable," said the man with an Agricultural Department tone of voice, "but it is a fact nevertheless. Oh, you don't believe it, don't you? Well, maybe it isn't exactly fertilizer and what is used isn't quite the thing itself, but it is the next thing to it. I refer to radium which is worth that much, but instead of radium, radium ore tailings are used which cost about three hundred dollars a ton and contain enough radium which cannot possibly be extracted to produce remarkable results when used on land, not exactly as fertilizer, for radium is not a plant food, but for the radio-activity it produces in the plants to make them grow. On one experiment farm where the tailings were tried lettuce increased 29 per cent, lima beans, 17 per cent, cucumbers 35 per cent, varieties of squash from 35 to 44 per cent, Rock Ford melons 24 per cent, carrots 5 per cent, and radishes 70 per cent. From 25 to 200 pounds were used to the acre, mixed with ordinary fertilizer and results proved that an excess of the radium had a bad effect. It was also shown that the radio-activity extended for some distance beyond where it was placed in the ground and plants were affected by it and produced two or three times as much as those not affected. On radishes and turnips the most marked effects were shown and especially those varieties extending farthest below the surface. The effect of the radium on plant diseases is to the advantage of the disease and diseases developed where radium was used, while it did not where there was no radium. One application of radium is sufficient for years as it appears to remain in the soil. On lawns and flowers its effect is remarkable in their increased brightness of color. It also improves the quality of vegetables even more than it increases their yield. Just the same, none of you need be in a hurry about trying radium on your soil. By and by it will be ready when the price has been reduced and when its properties are better known. For the present you may wait and watch for results, but I want to say to you that the time is coming when radium will be making crops that we haven't thought about yet."



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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Garden Suggestions for August

WHILE it is a little late in the season to start new garden crops, there are a few that do need special attention during this month.

CELERY.—The late crop may be set early this month. The earlier crop needs careful cultivation and attention to blanching. This may be done with earth, boards or drain tile slipped over the plants while yet small enough to do this easily.

CABBAGE.—Give careful attention to cultivation and to keeping down insects. Paris Green may be used with good effect before the plants begin to head. Later this poison is dangerous to human life as already described in other numbers of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer. Use hellebore, if necessary, instead. Give good cultivation and gather the early crop for the market.

ONIONS.—Early onions will be ready for harvest this month. Do not delay but pull and let onions lie on ground until dry and well cured. Remove the tops about one half inch from the bulb and place the onions under cover until a satisfactory market can be secured. It is better to place them on the early market than it is to attempt to store them with the best of storage facilities available.

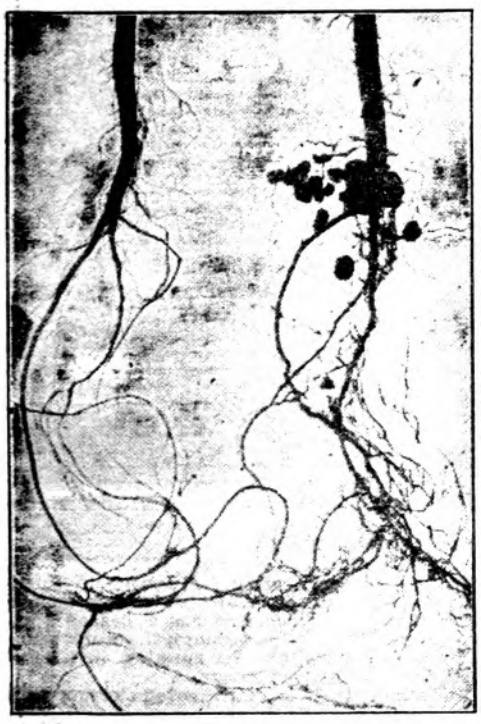
TOMATOES.—It is a good plan to stake up tomatoes before the fruit begins to set. Keep the vines pinched back and the suckers cut off so that the strength of the vine may be thrown into the best specimens of fruit. The ripening may be hastened by picking the fruit as soon as it begins to turn and placing it in the sun. This will tend to throw the energies of the plant into the ripening of the green fruit on the vine. The removal of a portion of the outside leaves which tend to shade the fruit will also aid in hurrying up the ripening process.

Fly Swatting and Weed Killing

Not only is this the fly-swatting time—and that is a business that should be kept up as long as flies are seen—but it is weed-killing season. We like to see the "old man" carry a "pizen weed" from a field and place it on the top of a fence post to die in the sun. Seldom does one see a boy or a girl do that, but "Ma" surely does—if she happens to be out on the land and not killing herself "putting up stuff" for the men folks. The quack grass patch we hope has not been allowed to go to seed. It has been mowed and fed to the cows, no doubt; but now it should be plowed two inches deep in hot dry weather so that it will dry out; then it should be plowed deeply, clear out of sight, so that it may never see the light of day again. All of the roots that can be raked and harrowed off the patch before the second plowing should be burned and when these things have been done not a green blade of this terribly hardy grass weed should be allowed above ground. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in destroying this weed. And so it is with every weed going to seed at this time of the year, or busy shedding seed to "smut" the farm and the neighborhood. The only weed we may except is ragweed in the pastures; for many a stockman will tell you that it shades the land and makes the grass come away green and sweet at the roots. Still it would be far better to have pastures free from ragweed and bull thistles and the newer farming is to have new grass each year and to depend largely upon the silo for succulent feed in the hot, dry months of the summer. The big burdocks will die readily now if the tap root is cut through and some salt poured on and those big plantains need attention in the same way and the Canada thistle patch must have just as good clean cultivation as the quack grass plantation. If all of us would but get after the weeds religiously and strenuously our farms soon would look much better and certainly return better profits and with far less labor than now is the case.

Inoculation for Soy Beans

Our Southern readers will be interested in the accompanying picture which shows the effect of



UNINOCULATED. INOCULATED.

SOY BEANS.

inoculation on soy beans. The nodules produced on the roots of soy beans are among the largest to be found on any kind of legume and because of this are much more striking than the tiny specks to be seen on the roots of Alfalfa. It is in these nodules, however, that the tiny germs live that have the power of taking nitrogen from the air and feeding it to the plant. This is the reason why inoculated soil produces the biggest crops of legumes.

Inoculation for Alfalfa

The value of inoculation for Alfalfa is strikingly shown by the accompanying picture taken



INOCULATED. UNINOCULATED.

ALFALFA.

from a recent publication. The large plant was taken from a field which had been inoculated with a bacteria favorable to the growth of Alfalfa. The small plant was taken from a nearby field not so inoculated. The pictures speak for themselves. They are not exaggeration. The same experiment has been repeated over and over again at the various state experiment stations with similar results. The Alfalfa and soy bean pictures are reproductions of photographs furnished by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Effect of Late Cutting on Alfalfa

In the Northern tier of states late cutting of Alfalfa is usually followed by disastrous results. If the crop is cut late it does not have sufficient time to mature a crop that will cover the ground and thus protect the roots during winter weather. If the first and second crops have been cut at the right time the third crop should be ready for cutting by the first week in September. If let stand for two or three weeks it will mature a heavy growth and may start to blossom. This crop is often tempting to the farmer and he harvests it, with the result that no later growth appears and serious winter killing is the result. Better let this third crop stand and go into the winter with a heavy growth on the ground than risk cutting Alfalfa in these Northern states after the first few days in September. Winter killing leaves bare spaces over the field in which weeds and grass soon make their appearance. These will soon do serious damage to the crop and may run it out altogether in the course of a year or two.

Cows in Fly Time

With the month of August the flies so annoying to dairy cows begin to be very troublesome. The cows have to spend so much time fighting flies that they do not get enough time to eat. This, with the annoyance of the flies themselves, soon begins to tell in the milk pail. There are some things, however, that can be done to counteract this loss.

There are several commercial sprays on the market that are proving of value in keeping flies off cattle. Stabling in darkened barns is a very satisfactory preventive, and blanketing the cows with light muslin does a great deal of good.

The Need for Extra Feed

Just at this time of the year the pastures begin to get short. Short pastures will further decrease the flow of milk. Flies and short pastures usually come together, hence the great need for extra feed.

In former numbers of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer we have emphasized the need of planting a solling crop to use when flies come and pastures get short. If you have not made provision for this, and are in the dairy business, it may be wise for you to cut some of your early corn for this purpose. There is nothing else quite so good, however, for use at this time, as a patch of Alfalfa. It grows rapidly, stands the dry weather well and a small patch will give a large amount of extra feed in a short time.

One of the best of solling crops is sweet corn. For this purpose a large evergreen sort should be grown. It provides an abundance of forage and is so sweet and juicy that cows eat it with great relish. Of course it is too late to think about it now for this year, but it is a good time now, while the matter is on your mind and you can feel the need so much, to plan for providing a good supply of crop to be cut green for your dairy cattle when fly time and short pastures come again.

Now Is the Time to Feed Grain

There is no better time than right now for feeding grain to your dairy cattle if they have begun to shrink in milk. If the farmer will watch the milk and as soon as he sees the results of fly time or poor pasture begin feeding grain he may be able to check the decrease. Let us remember that when a cow once shrinks in milk it is well-nigh impossible to get her back to a full flow again during that lactation period. Thus a decrease in milk means not only a loss for that month but for all succeeding months during which the cow is in milk. Let us make a few figures to see how this works out. Suppose a cow capable of giving an average of 30 pounds of milk daily for let us say 300 consecutive days. This is a very ordinary record for a good dairy cow and amounts to but 9000 pounds per year. Let us suppose that she has been in milk but 100 days when the time of short pasture comes around. She then has 200 days of her milking period left to run. Now suppose that from annoyance of flies and poor summer pasture she drops off only five pounds daily. Since her milk flow cannot be restored this loss will run through the remaining 200 days of her lactation period and amount to 1000 pounds of milk. If her milk shrinks 10 pounds per day, which by the way is not at all unusual, the loss will be 2000 pounds of milk instead.

A little extra care to prevent annoyance from flies, a small grain ration and plenty of green feed will keep the cow up to her normal flow. On a herd of twenty cows this may amount to all the way from $100 to $500. Is it worth while?

Feeding Wheat Bran at a Profit

One of our readers says that she has been feeding pigs nothing but wheat bran and skim-milk and she has bad luck in the work. Now that is not a good way to feed bran. It is a bulky feed and takes up much water, besides which it is somewhat irritating to the bowels on account of the grit it contains as well as the indigestible cellulose of the husk. It is not a particularly good feed for pigs. Fed in large quantities right along it tends to produce scouring and often causes piles or eversion of the rectum. If fed to pigs it should form a very small part of the ration along with corn-meal, wheat middlings and flaxseed meal or a little digester tankage. A mixed ration gives the best results in hog feeding and the bran in the mixture is most valuable as a regulator of the bowels and in furnishing bone-making materials which are very deficient in corn. Bran is better fed to the dairy cow and as an ninth part of the ration of whole oats for horses. It is a great milk producer and balances corn, regulates the bowels and stimulates milk flow. It acts in the same way as a feed for the brood mare and is fine for growing colts as it is a bone-builder. In the best Percheron producing districts of France the farmers feed their colts half and half whole oats and wheat bran, on grass and nowhere are draft colts better developed for their age than in that country. The old idea that a bran mash on Saturday night is a grand thing for a work horse is fast dying out. The better way is to fed bran daily along with oats. The mash often causes colic or less severe forms of indigestion. It is too much of a "surprise" to the horse's stomach. Feed three bran mashes in succession and it will be noticed that the third one comes away practically undigested in the manure and is bad smelling. It irritates the bowels so that little if any of the nutrient is assimilated. Feed it right along and it is digested and also acts as a regulator.

Letting Calves Nurse

A reader asks us whether it will pay better to separate milk and sell the cream to the creamery three miles away or let the calf suck for five or six weeks and sell it for veal in a neighboring city or ship it to a large city. This question cannot be satisfactorily answered as regards all districts, but where fourteen or fifteen cents a pound can be got for rough dressed calves of five or six weeks old it usually pays quite well to feed for veal instead of selling cream. Sixteen dollars or more is a good price for a fat veal and pays better than selling the cream at a cent or so per pound over the Elgin price for butter fat. This is particularly the case with ordinary dairy cows the milk of which tests say not much of anything over 3.5 per cent of butter fat. With rich Guernsey or Jersey milk, testing over five per cent of butter fat, cream may pay well, but it takes a mighty good cow to bring in as much as the fat veal in the time stated above. Then, too, there is the saving in not having to milk the cow. The calf is allowed to suck three times a day and if the cow is a big milker she may at first nurse two calves and make a profitable job of the work. This calf raising for veal is done in the months when grass is at its best and the rush of field work is on. At this time the men are too busy to bother with much milking and so that is an additional reason for vealing the calves. This should not apply to the heifer calves, however if they are by a fine pure-bred sire and from cows that have made fine records at the pail. It is a difficult matter to find good dairy cows for sale at reasonable prices. Usually the seller has some good reason for selling and it is not one that is favorable to the buyer. More than ever before it is going to be good policy to raise the heifer calves for dairying, as foot and mouth disease is not extinct yet and the introduction of strange stock is attended with danger on account of that disease, as well as tuberculosis and contagious abortion. A good plan is to let a calf suckle and see how the price obtained pays for the work and the time taken to raise the animal for veal, compared with what the cow would have yielded had her cream or milk been sold. Probably the calf will bring the most money in every case where there is a good market for veal.

Cultivating Corn Until Maturity

It is believed in some sections that it pays to cultivate corn after it is laid-by. Most farmers in the corn belt like to finish with their corn cultivation before haying and harvest begin and such would scarcely find time to cultivate corn throughout the growing season even though they were certain of getting an increased crop. Now are there seasons and localities when and where this should be done to save the crop? Yes, in dry seasons and in regions of light rainfall. It will not be worth while for the farmer to cultivate late in ordinary seasons. Neither will it for those living in regions having sufficient rainfall to mature the crop. But in dry years and in arid regions late cultivation conserves soil moisture. It creates a dust blanket and keeps the soil from drying out. The drier the season or place the more frequent should be the cultivation. Keep it up. Don't quit because the leaves roll. They will roll worse if you do. The dust mulch forces all the water to come up through the plant. It saves for the plant all there is in the soil. Hence in dry times and places cultivation should be shallow and frequent. Begin early and continue until the corn is near maturity, if good crops are to be secured.

Cutting Silage Corn

Don't be in a hurry to cut your corn for silage. Nearly ripe corn makes the best silage, for two reasons. At the ripening stage corn has its maximum amount of food matter in the form of oil, starch and protein. Earlier than this these substances have not been completely formed. The plant then contains a good deal of sugar which is later changed into the form of starch. This sugar ferments easily in the silo and becomes sour, producing an acid silage. Green corn always makes a slushy sour silage. It is therefore best to let the corn get ripe or nearly so before beginning to fill the silo.

We get so many questions from farmers about the kind of corn to grow for silage that we are reminded at this time that the variety grown for this purpose should be one that gets ripe in the locality. In the northern states it is the practise of many farmers to send South for silage seed corn because the corn is big and seems to yield heavily. They believe therefore that they get more silage. This is doubtless true but the silage that they do get is of poor quality. Good silage cannot be made from green corn. It is neither wholesome, palatable nor nutritious. While more can be made per acre by weight, a large part of this weight is water, hence it should not be considered. Farmers should always grow for silage a variety of corn that will ripen in their own localities.

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Getting Rid of Moles

Answering a correspondent we recently advised using traps to catch ground moles and added that it was sometimes possible to see the moles working and quickly throw them out of their burrow by using a spade or spading fork. We have since collected some other ideas on the subject and they may prove of interest while other readers may care to give their methods if they are not mentioned here.

One farmer mixes a small quantity of arsenic with bran and pours some of into the runs, through holes punched into them by means of a broomstick. Moles are said to be fond of bran and the poisoned bran proves destructive. Another farmer opens one or two places in the run making the openings ten inches long. He then sprinkles concentrated lye freely on the floor of the run, covers the holes with narrow strips of board and covers the boards with dirt. The lye gets on the feet of the mole and he licks it off and poisons himself. Another plan is to soak kernels of corn in a solution of Paris Green and drop them in the runs to be eaten by the moles. Arsenic is used as a poison by one farmer who administers it by rolling little flat bits of fat meat in the powder and dropping them in the runs. He says that people are wrong in thinking that moles are blind and also in imagining that they will not eat vegetable matters.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

CROSS-PLOWING.—Should land be cross-plowed? By which I mean: Plow it north and south one year and east and west the next year. Our land is mostly new and I would like to know how cross-plowing would affect it. MRS. WM. S., Black River Falls, Wis.

A.—Cross-plowing will not injure level land. If the land is hilly, plowing up and down the hill will cause it to wash. Side hill land should, if possible, be plowed one way. Cross-plowing is often advisable for level land if not too wet. Wet land should be plowed one way and in narrow beds with open dead furrows to assist drainage.

QUACK GRASS.—I would like to know how quack grass looks and how to kill it out. I don't know whether or not it is quack grass that is bothering me. It grows about as tall as Timothy and the seed heads are like wild oats; it is quite rooty. Please tell me how to kill out Canada thistle.

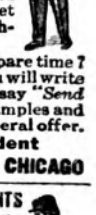
MRS. W. R. K., North Freedom, Wis.

A.—You should send a sample for identification. Quack grass does not have loose seed heads like oats, but has a seed head on alternate sides of the stem. It is best killed by plowing under in July and then deep plowing later and never letting the green leaves appear again, constant cultivation keeping them buried. Canada thistle is conquered in the same way.

RASPBERRY BORER.—I have some raspberry bushes that I set out a year ago. I kept them hoed all summer. I mulched them about a foot deep with barn

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Three Netted Doilies

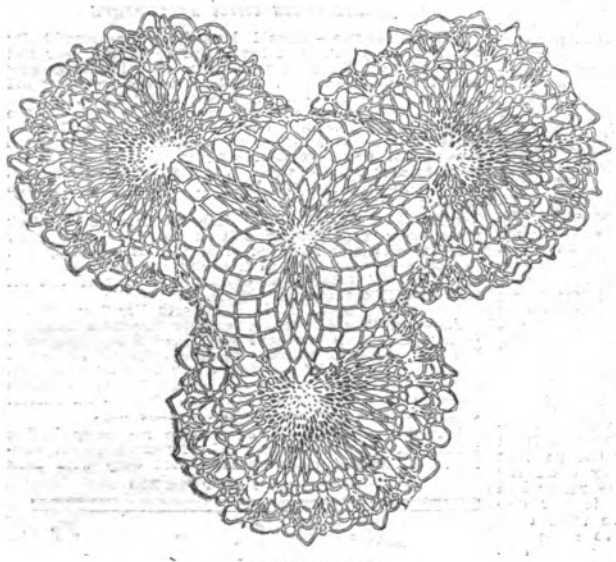
IN response to the requests of some of our workers who understand netting we are pleased to give directions for a square, trefoil and large doily.

For all of these one will need a mesh and a form, such as are here illustrated.

For the center of the large round doily cast on 30 stitches over mesh, tie the ends of the cord together and work the following rounds:

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—Net plain, over mesh.

4th row.—Net 3 into every stitch. Next seven rows net plain. There will now be 90 stitches.



TREFOIL DOILY.

This center can be used for different doilies as as follow:

Trefoil Doily

Cast on 27 stitches and net around 6 times plain over mesh. Once around over form once around netting 3 into every other stitch. Two rounds plain over mesh, one round plain over form.

Square Doily

Cast on 14 stitches and net 17 rounds plain over mesh.

For a doily with 5 scallops cast on 25 stitches for each scallop, over mesh.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—Net plain over mesh.

4th and 5th rows.—Plain over form.

6th and 7th rows.—Plain over mesh.

8th row.—Net 4 stitches over mesh into every other stitch of row.

9th row.—Net plain over mesh.

10th row.—Using mesh, net 3, sk. 1, net 3, sk. 1 all around.

11th row.—Net 3, * wind thread once around mesh, sk. 1, net 2, repeat from *. This completes one scallop.



MESH NEEDLE.

Having finished all the scallops required, apply them to the netted center with needle and thread. Divide the large round center into 5 equal parts. Be sure to have the center of each scallop in the exact center of each part. After all the scallops are applied, lay the work on an even surface and draw the thread in sufficently to allow the work to lie perfectly flat. After each scallop is evenly placed, fasten the center of each one firmly to the netted center; also fasten well the ends of the scallops, so they will remain in the right position. Divide the small netted center into 3 equal parts and proceed as directed for the large one. Sew a scallop around each corner of the square netted center, fastening each scallop well at each corner. If preferred, linen centers may be substituted for the netted ones. The measurements of the linen centers, after they are hemmed, are as follows: The large round center from edge to edge measures 6 inches; the small one 3 1-2 inches; the square one is 4 inches square.



BONE FORM.

Wide Apron Lace

Chain 91 stitches, turn.

1st row.—In 6th st. from hook work 1 d. tr. c., 3 d. tr. c., in next 3 sts., ch. 5, sk. 5, 1 d. tr. c., in 6th st., ch. 5, 1 d. tr. c., in next 6th st., ch. 5, 1 d. tr. in next 6th st., ch. 5, sk. 5, 7 tr. c., in next 7 sts. Now ch. 7, sk. 7, 7 tr. c., in next 7 sts., ch. 7, sk. 7, 1 tr. c., in 8th st., ch. 7, sk. 7, 7 tr. c., in next 7 sts., ch. 7, sk. 7, 7 tr. c. The foundation ch. should now be filled. As this end is the scallop edge make ch. 9, turn.

2nd row.—1 tr. c. in 7th st. ch., 2 tr. c. in next 2 sts., 4 tr. c., on 4 tr. c. As this is double block make 1 tr. c., on each remaining 3 tr. c. and 3 tr. c., under the ch. 7, or 13 trebles all together. Ch. 7, 1 block, 7 tr. c., made by skipping 3 trebles, 1 tr. c., on each 4 trebles and 3 tr. c., under next ch. Ch. 7, sk. the 1 tr. c., make block by working 3 trebles in last 3 sts. of next ch. and 1 treble on each first 4 trebles ch. 7, make another block in the same way. Ch. 7, 25 tr. c., working the first treble in 3rd ch. before the next single treble. This makes 1 treble in each st. over the 3 spaces and finishes the row. Ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 tr. c. in first tr. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 tr. c. on next tr. c., making 1 sp., 6 more spaces. 1 blk. made by working 1 tr. c. on each last 4 tr. c. and 3 tr. c. on ch. Ch. 7, sk. 3 tr. c. of next blk., 4 tr. c. on 4 tr. c., 3 on ch., ch. 7, sk. 3 tr. c., 15 tr. c., working in each st., sk. last, 3 tr. c., ch. 7, 3 tr. c. on ch. 4, tr. c. on tr. c., ch. 7, 4 tr. c., on last 4 tr. c., 3 tr. on ch., ch. 9, turn.

4th row.—Beginning the same as the 2nd row make 1 blk., ch. 7, 13 tr. c., (3 under chs. at beginning and end) ch. 7, sk. 3, tr. c., 9 tr. c. over center, 15 trebles, ch. 7, 1 blk. making 3 tr. c. on ch. before, ch. 7, 1 blk., made in same way, 8 sps., ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—9 sps., 6 tr. c. to complete blk., ch. 7, sk. 3, tr. c., 1 blk., ch. 7, 3 tr. c. in center of 9 tr. c., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 9, turn.

6th row.—1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk. ch. 7, 13 tr. c., (3 under ch. before and after next blk.) ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., 10 sps., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—11 sps., 1 blk., ch. 7, sk. 3 trebles, 15 tr. c. in next 15 sts., ch. 7, 1 blk., made by working on last 4 tr. c. and 3 under ch., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 9, turn.

8th row.—1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 3 tr. c., under ch., 12 tr. c., on 12 tr. c., ch. 7, 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—13 sps., 1 blk., ch. 7, sk. 3 tr. c., 3 tr. c., ch. 7, sk. 7, 4 tr. c., on last 4 trebles, 3 under ch., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., turn, sl. st. back over 3 trebles, ch. 5.

10th row.—3 tr. c. on 3 tr. c., 3 tr. c. under ch., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 4 tr. c. on last 4 trebles of blk. in last row, 13 tr. c., in next 13 sts., ch. 7, sk. 3 tr. c., 1 blk., 12 sps., ch. 5.

11th row.—11 sps., 1 blk., ch. 7, 3 tr. c. on ch., 14 tr. c., ch. 7, 1 blk., (3 tr. c. on ch. before,) ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., all made in this way. Sl. st. back and finish same as 9th row.

12th row.—1 blk., ch. 7., 1 blk. ch. 7, 1 double blk. of 15 trebles, ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., 10 sps., ch. 5, turn.

13th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 3 tr. c., in center of ch., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., turn as before.

14th row.—1 blk., ch. 7, 1 double blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., (3 tr. c. on each side of 3 tr. c.,) ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., 8 sps., ch. 5, turn.

15th row.—7 sps., 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 double blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., turn as usual.

16th row.—1 double blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 1 blk., (working on last 4 tr. c. and 3 under ch.,) ch. 7, 1 blk., ch. 7, 25 tr. c., ch. 6 turn.

17th row.—Same as the first row.

Scallops

These are made by working 1 d. tr. c. in the end of a row, ch. 3, 2 d. c. in the first ch., 1 d. tr. c. in same st. with last, ch. 3, 2 d. c. as before. Repeat until 5 d. tr. c. have been made. Sl. st. to end of next row and repeat.

A. O. L. WERTMEN.

Crocheted Quilt Block

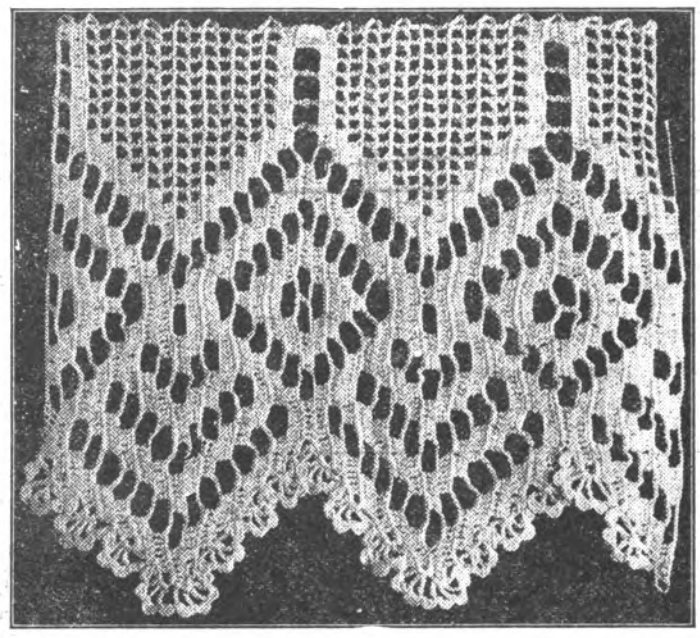
This attractive square is easily made although in a rather unusual way as it is started in the center. Hard twisted or a mercerized cotton can be used, as one prefers. Begin with a chain of 12 stitches, join in a ring.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 3 d. c., * ch. 3, 4 d. c., repeat from * twice ch. 3, join.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, 3 d. c. on d. c., 1 d. c. under ch. 3, * ch. 5, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, 4 d. c. on d. c., 1 d. c. under next ch. 3, repeat from * twice, ch. 5, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, join.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, 7 d. c. last two worked under ch. 5, * ch. 5, 2 d. c. under ch., 6 d. c., on d. c., 2 d. c. under ch., repeat from * twice, ch. 5, 2 d. c. join.

4th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 5th d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, * ch. 8, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 4, 1 d. c. in 4th d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. in 8th d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, repeat from * twice, ch. 8, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 7.



WIDE APRON LACE.

5th. round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c. on first d. c., ch. 4, * 5 d. c. under ch. 8, ch. 5, 5 d. c. under same ch. 8, ch. 4, 1 d. c., this will be known as a space, 2 more spaces, repeat from * twice 5 d. c., ch. 5, 5 d. c. under ch. 8, ch. 4, join.

6th round.—Same as the fourth excepting the corners, which have 8 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c. worked on the doubles and corner chains of 5 of last row.

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th rounds.—All the same simply increasing the doubles in each corner by putting 1 d. c. on each d. c., and 3 d. c. under each corner ch., ch. 5, 3 d. c.

13th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. on first d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. on fourth d. c., 1 d. c. on each d. c., to corner, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 d. c. under ch., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on all but the last 3 doubles, ch. 4, 1 d. c. on last d. c., repeat for each corner.

14th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. on first d. c., last row, ch. 4, 1 d. c. on fourth d. c., 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch., ch. 5, 1 d. c., under ch., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in all but the last three doubles, repeat for each corner.

15th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. on first d. c., 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch., ch. 5, 1 d. c. under ch., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on all but the last 3 doubles, repeat for each corner.

16th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 3 times. Ch. 4, 1 d. c., on first d. c. of last row, ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 3 times, ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat twice, ch. 3, 1 d. c. on all but last 3 doubles, repeat for each corner.

17th round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 4 times, 1 d. c. on each d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 4 times, ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 3 times, ch. 3, 1 d. c. on all but last 3 doubles, repeat for each corner.

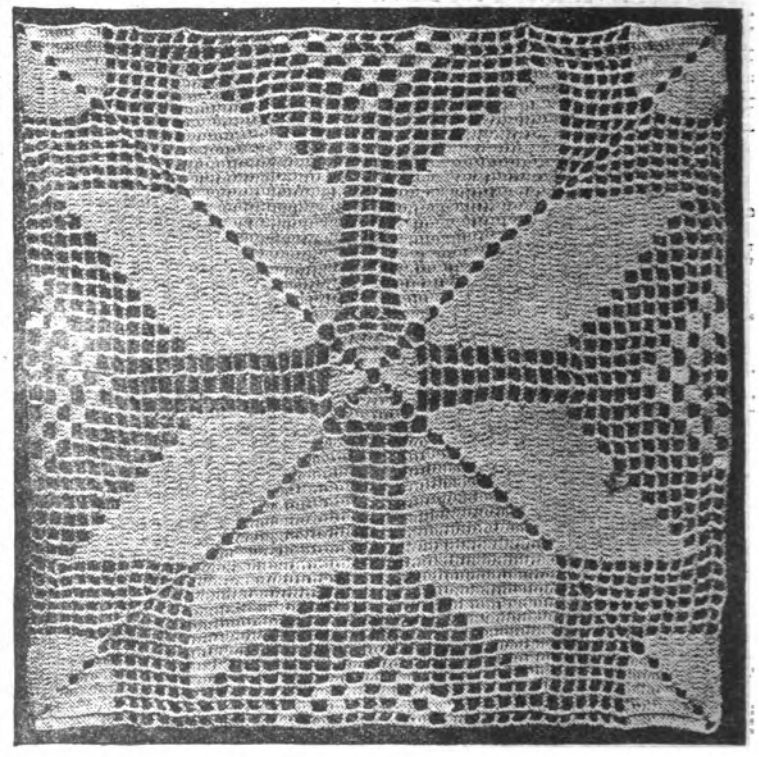
18th round.—Ch. 7, 3 d. c. under last ch. 7, * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 5, 1 d. c. on first d. c. and each following d. c. Ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 5 times. Ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 4 times, ch. 3, 1 d. c. on all but last 3 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. on last d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, 3 d. c., ch. 3, and so on.

19th round.—Ch. 7, 4 d. c. under ch. 4, * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 4, 7 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 4 times from last * ch. 4, 5 d. c., ch. 5, 5 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat from last * 4 times, ch. 3, 7 d. c.

Ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat 5 times, ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. Repeat for each corner.

20th round.—Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 4, 4 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat from * 4 times, 5 d. c. on d. c., 3 d. c. under ch., ch. 5, 3 d. c. under ch., 5 d. c. on d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. repeat from * 4 times, ch. 3, 5 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c. repeat from last * 5 times, ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. and so on.

21st round.—Ch. 7, 4 d. c. under ch. 4, ch. 4, 4 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c. repeat from * 5 times, ch. 4, 2 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat from last * 4 times, ch. 3, 8 d. c. on d. c., 3 d. c. under ch., ch. 5, 3 d. c. under ch., 8 d. c. on 8 d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c. and so on.



CROCHETED QUILT BLOCK.

22nd round.—Ch. 7, 1 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c., * ch. 4, 1 d. c., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat 4 times, ch. 3, 1 d. c. on each d. c., 3 d. c. under ch., ch. 5, 3 d. c. under ch., 1 d. c. on d. c., * ch. 3, 1 d. c. repeat from last * 4 times and so on.

23rd round.—Same as 22nd round excepting, that there are only 2 groups of 4 d. c., 5 spaces and 2 more groups of 4 d. c. on each side of the square.

These blocks when made of carpet warp will be about 18 inches square and 20 blocks will be needed for a good-sized spread.

The single block here shown gives one but a partial idea of the design as a whole as the work in the corners and sides of the blocks when joined, form additional squares, and all joined together make up a very pretty pattern.

Four blocks made of silkateen make a very pretty sofa pillow. Ribbon can be run in and out, diagonally, across each block and tied into rosette bows which will make an attractive finish for the sides and corners.

Mrs. Etta Fuller.

Wide Knitted Edge

Requested

Use No. 60 linen thread and No. 18 steel needles.

Cast on 38 stitches. Knit across plain once.

1st row.—Slip 1, k. 1, fagot (which is over twice, purl 2 tog.), n. o. twice, n. fagot, k. 1, * o. n., repeat from * 2, n. o., k. 2, o. n. 3 times, fagot, n. o. twice, n. fagot, k. 1, o., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 4, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 17, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 6, n. o., k. 1, o., n., k. 6, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2, o., k. 2.

4th row.—K. 5, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 17, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., n., twice, n., o., k. 3, o., n., k. 1, o., n., twice, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., twice, n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—K. 5, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 17, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 4, n., o., k. 5, o., n., k. 4, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 7.

8th row.—Bind off 4, k. 2, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 17, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., n., n., o., k. 2, n., o., twice, k. 3, o., n., k. 1, o., n., fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., k. 2.

10th row.—K. 4, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 8, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2, n., o., k. 1, n., o., twice, n., n., o., twice, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 2, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2, o., k. 2.

12th row.—K. 5, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 7, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 6, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, n., o., k. 4, n., o., twice, n., k. 4, o., n., k. 1, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., twice, n., o., k. 2.

14th row.—K. 5, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 9, p. 1, k. 8, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 3, o., n., n., o., twice, n., n., o., twice, n., n., o., k. 3, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 7.

16th row.—Bind off 4, k. 2, fagot, k. 7, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 6, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

17th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, n. o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., n., k. 1, o., n., k. 1., n., o., twice, n., k. 1, n., o., k. 2, o., n., fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., k. 2.

18th row.—K. 2, fagot, k. 2, p. 1., k. 1, fagot, k. 9, p. 1, k. 8, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 5, o., n., k. 4, n. o., k. 5, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2, o., k. 2.

20th row.—K. 5, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 18, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

21st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., n., o., n., k. 1, o., n., k. 2, n., o., k. 2, o., n., o., n., fagot, n., o., twice, n., fagot, k. 1, o., twice, n. o., k. 2.

22nd row.—K. 5, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 18, fagot, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 2.

23rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 7, o., n., n., o., k. 7, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 7.

24th row.—Bind off 4, k. 2, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 8, n., k. 8, fagot, k. 4, fagot, k. 2.

Now repeat the pattern from the first row.

This lace is very pretty for household linen such as pillow slips, scarfs or towels or for under clothing. The lace has a beaded top, a diamond like pattern through the center with a pointed edge, suitable for running in a ribbon, if used on corset covers.

If desired directions for turning a corner will be given in these columns.

COMFORT readers having knitted edges of any width or doilies are requested to submit the same for use in this department. Each pattern must be accompanied with correct directions. Address all communications to the Editor.

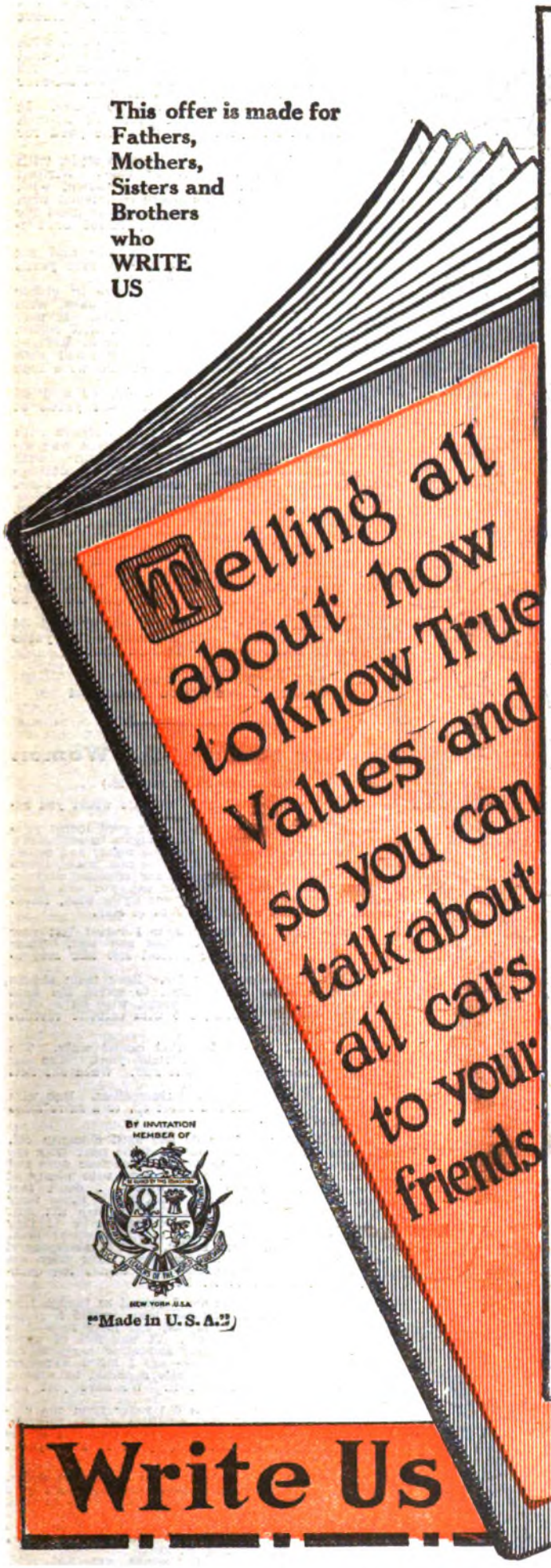
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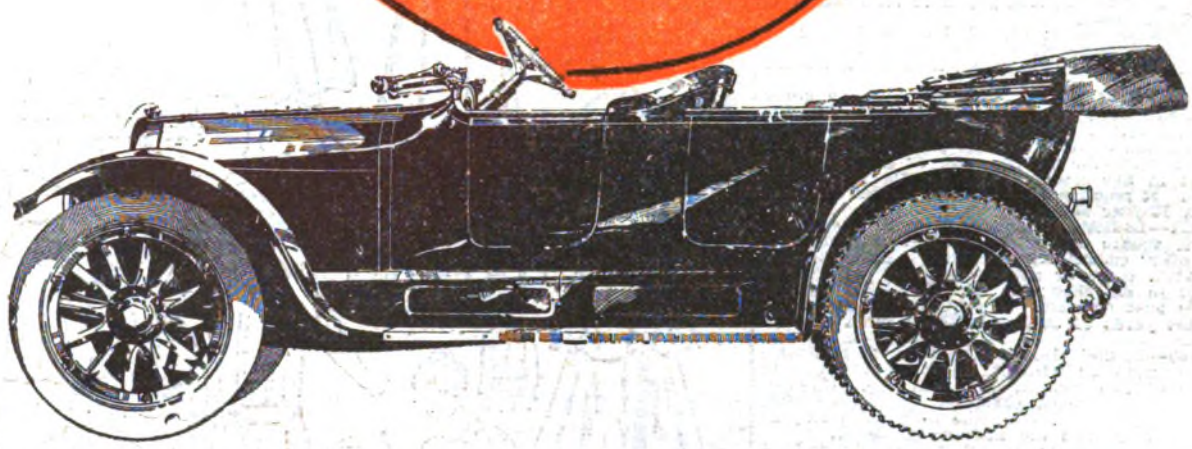
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



ALL the girls are delighted with the smart suspender dresses, which are lovely in pique, linen or corduroy, with a pretty blouse of crepe or voile.

There is a strong tendency toward Princess effects in the new fashions, but for summer fabrics, the fluffy, ruffly, full skirts, with full waists and short sleeves are much admired.

For sport or outing wear the simple tailored styles are to be preferred. These are also nice for business wear. They lend themselves readily to gingham, chambrey, linen, lawn, tub silks, taffeta, and the new fabric called goline.

For "little girls" there is nothing more effective than the short-waisted dresses in suspender or "button on" style. There are also pretty over blouse styles, to be worn with a guimpe, and like the dresses for grown ups, the skirts have pockets in jaunty styles.

Fashions for children have never been more picturesque or dainty. Even the boys have their share in the new modes.

There are new blouse suits in "smock" style, three-piece jacket suits, and best of all, shirts and blouses with short sleeves.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1352—Girls' Suspender Skirt and Guimpe. As here illustrated, brown plaid gingham was used for the skirt, with white lawn for the guimpe.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1346—Suspenders, Girdles and Vestees for Ladies. The suspenders may be made with or without the belt or girdle, and are suitable for velvet, silk, cloth, linen, taffeta, gingham and percale. The vest or vestee may be of lawn, linen, pique, batiste, mull, organdie or chiffon.

The pattern including all styes illustrated is cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for No. one and for No. two, three quarters yard of 36-inch material, and for No. three, seven eighths yard of 27-inch material, for the medium size.

1349—Girls' Dress with Plaited Skirt, attached to an under waist. The blouse may be finished with a regulation middy sleeve in wrist length, or with a neatly pointed cuff turned back over the sleeve in elbow length. The skirt is a straight plaited model. Pique, linen, linene, poplin, batiste, dimity, lawn, gingham, galatea, percale, chambrey or serge are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1348—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in either of two lengths. For batiste, lawn, madras, gingham, crepe, linen, ratine, silk, poplin or voile this style is very pleasing.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1340—Girls' Apron. This model has a gored skirt, the front of which is cut in one with the bib and bertha portion. It will develop nicely in gingham, cambric, lawn or percale, and is also good for sateen, alpaca, drill, or jean.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

9821—Ladies' One-piece Corset Cover, in round, square or "V" neck edge. Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe or silk.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires one and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1366—Ladies' House Dress with reversible fronts, with or without collar, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with cap. Galatea, seersucker, gingham, chambrey, percale or lawn are good for this style. The neck finish may be collarless or with the neat rolled collar.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The cap is cut in one size only medium. The pattern for the dress requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. The cap requires three quarters yard of 27-inch material.

1371—Girls' Dress in Empire style, with or without bodice. As here shown, white batiste with Swiss "all-over" and bands of insertion were used. It is also good for challie, crepe, gingham, organdie, mull or wash silks. The bodice may be omitted, and a ribbon sash or girdle substituted.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1367—Child's Rompers and Cap. The front has waist and bloomer portion cut in "one." The back has the waist separate. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length or short in kimono style.

Cut in three sizes; two, four and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size. The cap requires one and one quarter yard of 24-inch material.

1342—Ladies' Apron, with or without band trimming. This design is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams, and has a belt over the back. The free edges of neck, sleeve, pocket and right front may be trimmed with bands of contrasting material; (pattern for these bands are furnished with the model) or the edges may be underfaced, bound or hemmed.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1321—Ladies' Eight-gored Skirt, in regulation or short length, and with raised or normal waistline. For broadcloth, serge, wool or silk gabardine, linen, crash, linene, gingham, chambrey, voile or poplin, taffeta or cheviot, this style is excellent.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

1359—Junior Dress with skirt in raised or normal waistline, two styles of sleeve and with high or low neck edge. White batiste, with Swiss embroidery is here shown. The waist may have a yoke of contrasting material, of net, lace or embroidery, or it may be finished low and round. The skirt is a three-piece gathered model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1252—Ladies' "Envelope" Drawers. The back portion is cut with a pointed extension that laps over the fronts and forms the closing. Buttons and buttonholes are best for fastening.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires two and one half yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1350-1336—A Charming Summer Dress. Composed of ladies' waist pattern 1350, and ladies' skirt pattern 1336. The waist has new style features. The sleeve in short length is finished in bell style. The skirt is composed of double flounce sections. For poplin, linen, organdie, lawn, dimity, voile or crepe this design is very attractive.

The waist is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with one and one quarter yard of lining for the foundation skirt, for a medium size. There are two separate patterns, price 10c for *each* pattern.

1379—Girls' Dress with Bloomers, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The dress is a one-piece model and has a convertible collar and fronts, so that it may be closed high or rolled open at the neck edge. The bloomers may be made to button to an underwaist. It is good for linene, linen, galatea, percale, taffeta or tub silk, crepe, pique, corduroy, gingham, seersucker or chambrey.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It will require two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for the dress, and one and one quarter yard for the bloomers, for a six-year size.

1344—Ladies' House Dress with or without collar, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length, and with skirt in raised or normal waistline. This neat and trim model is good for linen, lawn, gingham, repp, poplin, voile, chambrey, ratine or percale. The skirt is a four-gored model, and may be joined to the waist at raised or normal waistline.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1382—Ladies' Costume in one or two-piece style, with or without chemisette, with vest cut high or low, and with two styles of sleeve. As here shown, embroidered crepe and cluny lace are combined. The vest and broad collar and the crush girdle are of soft satin. It lends itself nicely to gingham or chambrey and is also good for taffeta.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1339—Ladies' Kimono perforated for sack length in straight or pointed outline. This design shows a waist in Empire effect, finished with a heading at its lower edge. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and will require four and one half yards of 44-inch material for the full length style, and two and three quarters yards for the sack length, for a medium size.

1357—Girls' Dress with two styles of sleeve, and with or without peplum. As here shown, white linene was used, with dotted percale for trimming. In galatea or seersucker it will make a serviceable school dress.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1378—Boys' Blouse Suit. The blouse has a new feature,—the short sleeve,—and a jaunty flat collar. As here shown striped gingham and white percale were combined. The trousers may be of serge, or cloth and the blouse of wash material.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, six and eight years. It requires one and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the blouse, and one and one eighth yard for the trousers for a three-year size.

1331—Girls' Dress with or without bolero and collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style may be developed as a simple comfortable school frock, in gingham, percale, lawn, or poplin, or, for more dressy wear, as a "best dress" in linen, batiste, voile, crepe or silk.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size, without bolero it will require five eighths yard less.

1351—Dress for misses and small women with or without bolero, with two styles of sleeve, and with skirt in raised or normal waistline. As here shown, white batiste was used, with all-over embroidery and insertion for trimming.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires seven and one half yards of 27-inch material for an 18-year size, with one yard for bolero.

1343—Boys' Blouse Suit in Russian style, with trousers having straight lower edge. Striped madras in blue and white is here shown, with collar of white linen. The sleeve is finished with neat tucks at the wrist. The design is good for all wash fabrics, cloth, woolens, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a five-year size.

1363—Ladies' Costume, with sleeve in either of two lengths, with or without over back, with two styles of collar, and waist fronts. It may be made with a flaring or a low rolled collar. The fronts may be shaped in points or in straight outline, and closed at the side, or finished with a rever. The skirt is cut circular and with four gores.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1347—Child's Coat with yoke, and sleeve with shirring or with cuff finish. This style was attractively developed in white gabardine, with pipings of black satin. It would also develop well in sand colored gabardine, taffeta, black satin, broadcloth, pique, serge or poplin.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, four and six years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1375—Ladies' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths and with eight-gored skirt. As here shown white taffeta was used, with black and white striped silk for trimming. In voile, crepe, lawn, gingham or ratine, this style would be equally smart.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

a dish for hens to eat? (3) How late would you advise me to set eggs for hatching?

A.—Use Dalmatian or some other good insect powder on the hens themselves, three nights in succession. Then skip three nights, powder one night, and repeat one night for two weeks. Paint the nest boxes, roosts and fixtures with sheep dip or any creosote mixture. If you want chickens for table use, you can hatch until the end of September, but for laying hens, chicks should be hatched before the 15th of May.

B. H.—Nearly all the chickens I raised last year are affected with scurvy on feet and legs. Their legs are about twice their natural size and sore to the touch.

A.—The birds have scaly leg. Soak their shanks and feet in warm soapy water, to soften the hard skin, then scrub with a soft brush, wipe on a clean rag, and while still moist, rub with carbolic vaseline or sulphur ointment.

P. M. B.—I have a hen that cannot walk. The trouble seems to be in the right joint. The leg slants out from the body and is stiff. When she lifts her foot the toes drop limply.

A.—The bird has cramp and rheumatism. Rub with a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil, or a salve made of lard and pepper.

H. D. H.—My goslings do fine until a month old. They are all right one minute and the next they are kicking and yelling. Some live three or four days and die at once. They have a large yard with plenty of grass, shade, grit and fresh water. I don't feed them. They roost on a dry board floor. From forty eggs, thirty-eight goslings hatched. I have ten left.

A.—Goslings must have some feed, even if they are in a large yard. Ground oats and wheat bran, made into a mash, should be fed, about a tablespoonful to each gosling night and morning, after they are two days old, for two weeks; then double the quantity. Read answer to A. D. S.

P. R. S.—My chickens stand around as though they were cold and do not eat much, mope around a couple of days and die. I opened one, and there seemed to be a skin covering its heart. It was full of water of a yellow color. Its liver and other parts looked all right. A couple of weeks ago I killed a rooster and his heart was twice the size it should have been. It also had a skin around it. We have just had a cold, wet spell.

A.—Probably the chickens did suffer from the continued damp weather. The condition of the roosters' and chicks' hearts shows an abnormal condition of the individual birds, but not a symptom of any special disease.

B. I. G.—I have a lot of nice geese and ducks. After they are two or three weeks old they can't walk and die in a short time. The ducks' eyes seem to stick shut. They eat and drink good, have free range, clean water and mother hens with them. I have fed them chick-feed, scraps from the table and cottage cheese, twice a day and corn-meal at noon.

A.—Corn-meal and table scraps are not good for little ducklings and goslings. Read answers to H. D. H. and A. D. S.

L. R.—Sometime ago I noticed one of my hens with her crop full as it could be. I cut her crop open; it was full of food which had soured and had an offensive odor. Another hen took the same disease. The last one that took it is still laying. Would the eggs be fit to use?

A.—Lime, paint-skins, and such irritating materials often cause inflammation of the crop. Empty the crop as much as possible. See answer to L. M. S. and follow treatment advised. It will not, however, affect eggs laid before the hen was sick, as it is not a constitutional disease.

HER MOMENT

By Juliette Augusta Parnson

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MOLLIE MARTIN was sulking. She herself would have admitted that she was bored. She would have said that a houseful of people who insisted on playing bridge through the whole evening, when there was moonlight and a whispering summer night breeze and the ripple of running water outdoors, was a stupid thing. And she was right. Nevertheless, Mollie was sulking.

Weldon had been making love to her through practically the whole month of her stay at his brother's house. And when you know that the Weldon house was the only house on a five-acre island in the middle of the St. Lawrence river, and that the people who made up the party were not too many and were nice, understanding people who rowed and fished and bathed and flirted, each after his own manner in these things, and generally minded their own business, you can see that Weldon's opportunities were plenty.

Mollie had liked him the very moment when Sarah Cummings, her school chum who had married the elder Weldon brother, had introduced him. From the beginning she had had her suspicions that Sallie had designs upon the two of them. She had resented that a little. But it was not easy to hold the resentment in the face of his big shy devotion.

Several times he had gotten to the point where it seemed that she could not keep him from seizing her in his arms and declaring his love. He was just that uncomfortable, direct sort of person. You could see just what he was going to do. He did not care who saw. And it was very hard to keep him from doing it. But Mollie had succeeded in evading the crisis.

She had never fallen in love before. And, what was more, she did not expect ever to fall in love again. And she knew that if she were once caught in those arms of his the process of falling in love would be past. It was a creepy, delicious period that she wanted to taste to the very last of its sweetness.

Now on this last night of her stay he had taken to play bridge and to flirt—yes, positively flirt—with the Carton girl! It was true that she had been out on the river the whole afternoon with Jim Dayton, while Weldon mooned about the house alone. But what business was that of Weldon, she argued. She was not engaged to him. He had no rights.

So, I say, Mollie was sulking in a dark corner of the veranda that leaned right out over the rush of the Gallou rapids where from the beginning of things they had been trying to tear away the rocks of the north side of the island.

She saw Weldon come out on to the veranda. He looked very fine and big and strong as he stood there under the light, looking about eagerly—for her. She rose and slipped deeper into the shadows as he started toward her. He came straight to her, though it was hardly possible that he saw her. Then, the moment he did see her surely, she felt the difference in him. His step was the hungry, hunting step, nothing would stop him or hold him back. She knew that her time of falling in love was over. The next moment she would be swaying in his arms, in love.

She was standing facing away from him out over the water. She felt herself caught almost roughly in one of his great arms, while the other stole around her neck and lifted up her chin so that his big brown head came over her shoulder and his lips caught hers and held them. She could not resist, and she found, and gloried in it, that she had no wish to resist. The kiss, her first kiss, the startling, unknown ecstasy of it, thrilled down into her throat where the blood from her heart came leaping up to meet it and to send it tingling through her whole being. She stood swaying happily for a moment, her great moment, the moment of love's awakening, the moment that never comes again.

He had not spoken. He was taking everything for granted. Suddenly she remembered that he was yet to be castigated. She stiffened in his arms and began to push him away.

"Mr. Dayton!" She stormed in a fine fury. "How could you dare!"

Weldon's arms dropped as though they had been struck by iron bars. His face went white as his linen. A shiver ran through all his length. Then he pulled himself up sharply and said grimly:

"Dayton? You wanted Dayton? I'll send him to you." He turned on his heel and was gone.

Mollie knew that she had taken—and given a love kiss. No man or woman, however inexperienced, could mistake it for anything else. And she had sent the man she loved away believing that she had intended it for another man! She had thought that he would stay and quarrel a little. She had forgotten Tom Weldon's direct, unflinching ways with men and women.

She had thrown away her heart's desire for a whim. She raged out over the swirling waters of the north channel and tore viciously at the palms of her hands. The sullen, rushing water challenged her. It was a big murderous thing. In her desperation she wanted to fight it, battle to death with it.

She turned and ran down the steps of the veranda and through the dark toward the head of the island where the canoes lay drawn up on the shingle. Picking the lightest one she shoved it into the water and in a moment was paddling and whirling madly in the surge of the water.

In good daylight a man who is prepared to swim ashore may, by shooting his canoe from left to right and back constantly, climb the successive white rollers and come safely through the rapids. Probably he will lose his canoe, but he need not drown. For a woman to make the attempt in an evening dress is—barring miracles—plain suicide. Mollie had no thought of drowning. She was in a towering, mad rage with herself and all the world, and she struck wickedly with the paddle at the churning waters.

As she shot and whirled down toward the veranda where they had been, a man was standing there. He had seen her and was tearing off his coat.

It was Weldon. He had come back! Why? Then she forgot to wonder. She had slackened her paddle one instant, and the first roller caught the canoe playfully and turned it over on top of her.

For ages she fought and clawed her way back to the surface, to air. Her lower limbs, swaddled in the folds of her gown were so much dead weight. She was not yet afraid, she still fought angrily.

When she breathed and saw a little again the canoe was running swiftly beside her. Foolishly she grasped it, and the next roller picked it up and dropped it deftly back upon her. This time she did not fight. She struggled weakly back to the air and as she feebly shook the water from her face a voice that was all earth and heaven to her said; almost at her elbow:

"Stay up, darling, and leave the canoe alone. I'll have you in a second."

He grasped her hand and keeping well away from her, fixed it into the band of his shirt.

"Don't cling, please, dear. Just stay up and—duck for this roller, quick!"

Together they went through the roller and came out, gasping but sure in his strength. He struck out quickly, she holding his neckband and paddling meekly with the other hand, and in a moment he was floundering to his feet in the shallow water of the eddy at the foot of the island.

When she knew that he was standing firm, she reached up her other arm around his neck and confessed to his ear:

"I knew it was you, Tom, dear; all the time."

He caught her and kissed her again and again, and again, until her chilled blood ran warm. And, Lo! her moment, her great moment came back to her.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

made regularly, in order to keep the milk up to the highest standard of purity. I can give no more information concerning machinery, buildings, etc., than was published as I visited "Elmendorf" only once.

Sisters, you to whom I failed to reply with a letter, please consider this as an answer, as I received quite a number of letters and have not time to answer all. Am sorry I cannot write to each. Best wishes to all,

MISS AGNES PIERCE.

UPPER MATTOLE, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In the March number of COMFORT I read two letters from sisters that wanted to know about homesteads, and as my husband and I are living on a homestead in Humboldt County I thought I would write and tell them through COMFORT about our homestead, and others near us.

We have one hundred and sixty acres of land, which lies in the southern part of Humboldt. The land is not all level, but slopes in one direction. One cannot expect level land in the country. The water supply is fine; there are springs and brooks on the place, and the land can be irrigated very easily.

The soil is good and will raise almost anything with a little cultivation. We have all kinds of berries and fruit trees planted on our place and they are doing fine.

Tan bark is another good export. On every homestead there is more or less tan bark and one can always receive a good price for it. Besides the tan bark trees there are a great many pine trees, which are used for many things.

One good thing about a homestead and in the country, you get all your wood and water free, where in the city the coal and water would amount to a good deal. You can raise all your vegetables, and can them for winter use. My mother always cans enough fruit and vegetables to last until there are fresh fruits and vegetables the following year. If you were in the city there would be the cost of buying your fruit, vegetables and meat. Out here one can most always have fresh meat, and it does not cost a great deal to get it either.

Of course there are not so many amusements, and entertainments as in the cities, but here we have the good old-fashioned country dances during the fall and winter (the rest of the time we are all too busy to dance) where everyone goes and meets all their neighbors, and has an enjoyable time, either dancing or playing games. Everyone comes to one of these parties before dark and does not go home until midnight or later. The parties are given at the neighbors' houses. Each neighbor gives a party until everyone in the neighborhood has had a party at their home. These are given about once in two weeks.

I am five feet eight inches tall, a blonde, wear glasses, and am nineteen years old. Have been married one and one half years to the dearest William and have one brother and sister. My brother is at home with my father and mother, and my sister is a school teacher. She is away from home now, teaching.

In our house we have three rooms; a living-room, bedroom and have a kitchen and dining-room combined. We are very comfortable and cozy though and would not exchange our little house for any large one.

I belong to the COMFORT League of Cousins, and enjoy the letters and Uncle Charlie's answers very much.

If any of the sisters would like to hear more about the homesteads around here I will try to answer all letters received.

Best wishes to Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, Mrs. Wilkinson and dear old COMFORT.

Your COMFORT sister, MRS. WM. K. D. REYNOLDS.

MONTANA.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you move over a little and let two girls in your circle? We are twins, eighteen years old, and orphans, but we still have our home in this wide, wide world. Mother was taken from us two years ago and father several months after.

We live in the country, but we speak of the city every day. Do the sisters think it would be all right for us to go to the city to live?

We have fifty head of cattle and twenty-four head of horses so you see it keeps us busy looking after them.

We are five miles from the nearest neighbor. We go to dances. Do you think it is wrong?

We can do any kind of work, indoors or out of doors and have muscles like a man and are healthy and strong.

We have no relatives, so we don't know of whom to ask questions but the dear COMFORT.

With best wishes to COMFORT and sisters,

MISSES DOROTHY AND NANCY.

Dorothy and Nancy. To protect you from possible trouble I have witheld your name and address. The world is full of unscrupulous people who would not hesitate to take advantage of your unprotected state, and still I want you to have the benefit of the sisters' advice. You didn't really ask mine, but that doesn't matter for people seldom wait to be asked for advice but administer it gratuitously and I am no exception so here's mine—stay where you are. Don't think because I am no longer young that I am trying to deprive you of pleasure but if you could compare your lot with that of many, many girls who work in the city, you would understand better, and the contrast would make you appreciate your country home more than ever. There you are practically your own boss and you need not worry about being discharged or laid off during a dull season. With the right management your farm and stock should yield you more than the starvation wages so many girls work for and even if your nearest neighbor is five miles away, you never can experience the loneliness a girl can feel in a crowded city where the people are too busy to know or care. Greater than all other blessings, you have good health—due largely to your outdoor life—and that alone is enough to make hundreds of tired, sickly city girls envy you,—girls grown old long before their time from hard work in factory or store and in ill health because the wages paid them will not permit of enough nourishing food, if clothing and other incidentals are to be considered. To be sure, there are exceptions and lots of girls make good, but it is a gamble with very few chances of winning.

You would enjoy an occasional trip to the city perhaps, but I wouldn't advise you to go for any length of time without relatives or friends, whom you could trust, to help you. You gave me very little idea of your home life, but if you will take up some particular study, music or reading, for spare time, you will find that it will help you in more ways than one. As to dancing—that depends, but I feel safe in assuming that you would not go to any that were not all right.

You have my sympathy in the loss of your parents; otherwise, if you keep your head, I do not think you need pity but if at any time I can be of assistance I hope you will not hesitate to come to me, by letter, which you may rest assured will be given full consideration.—Ed.

OGEMA, R. R. 2, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have never seen any letters from this part of Wisconsin, so may I enter your dear, friendly circle?

Ogema is just a small town with a population of about five hundred. The farmers here grow mostly potatoes, oats and corn. Only a few have silos. They have a Farmers' Union, which is a good thing, as the farmers ship their products together and get better prices then they would in Ogema. They send for flour and other products and get them much cheaper.

I have taken COMFORT for only two years, but I am already very fond of it.

I have two bright boys, one is two years and eight months old, the other one is just one year old. Dear little precious gifts from God, how I love them. I will try to do the best I can for them, so that when God sees fit to take His gifts back, I can give an account of the way I have taken care of them.

How many of you mothers are keeping a diary for your children? I do, and don't you think that they would like to have some references from their childhood? I am sure they would, especially in cases where the mother dies, so that they have no other remembrance of her. Would they not prize that book above everything where they in their imagination can go back to their childhood and live over again, all the happy times with their fond and loving mother. I also write down in their books, how much they add to my happiness and how dearly I love them, telling them that my dearest wish is to see them grow up to be good, honest men. I have also one of the best Johns. We have been married four years and three months. I am twenty-six years old, weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and I am five feet five inches tall.

Was born in Sweden, where my parents still are living. Was only seventeen when my sister and I came over to this country, to try our luck. I worked as a servant girl until I got married. I wonder how many of you sisters, have come to this country without understanding one word of English, to work for your living. If some of you have, you know it is no pleasure at first. The families certainly take advantage of those "green ones" too. At least, most of them do. The hardest of work, for the smallest of wages. I know now that I would not stay one month where I stayed nine, when I first came. Had to get down on my knees and scrub the kitchen floor on Sunday forenoon or afternoon, if I did not get time to do it in the morning. I was "green" and didn't know any better. And with the children making fun of me, for not understanding, and homesick besides, you can imagine how happy I felt. There was more than one night at first that I cried myself to sleep. Sometimes yet I get lonesome for home, but if we ever get the money to spare we are going to take a trip over there. It certainly does not look very promising at present, as ours seems to be a from hand-to-mouth business.

We have tried both the city and country, and are just renting a house here as we have no land, and my husband is working in the woods. His home is here. We have been trying to buy some land, but it's hard without the money. It is the money that rules this world. Wish some of the sisters could tell of some good place where a man could get a good job and make good.

Well, this is getting rather tiresome for you, I presume, so I better close. Maybe I won't even be admitted, but I know that Mrs. Wilkinson has a good heart.

A Lullaby

"Sleep little baby of mine
Night and the darkness is near,
But Jesus looks down through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear,
Shut little sleepy, blue eyes,
Dear little head be at rest,
Jesus, like you, was a baby once too,
And slept on His own mother's breast,
Lullaby, lullaby, sleep my baby sleep."

I hope to hear from some of you. With love to you all,

MRS. JOHN E. CARLSON.

RICE POINT, P. E. I., CANADA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you push over and make room for a Canadian sister to join your happy circle. I have been a reader of COMFORT for almost four years and think it one of the finest magazines printed.

I suppose you are wondering what I look like. I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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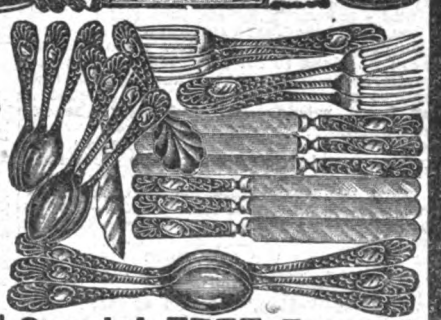




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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die, Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

Mr. Richard Burdon and Edward More, brother of Sir Cyril More, in legal consultation, learn the contents of John Weston's will and the fortune awaiting Sir Cyril More which Edward More regrets. Aunt Martha and Edna are announced. Previous to Mr. Burdon reading the will to Edna, he explains its purport. —John Weston, grateful to Sir Charles More, who saves him from financial ruin, and desirous to enrich his descendants devises the scheme of disposing of his vast wealth by the marriage of his niece Edna Weston to Sir Cyril More,—the fortune going to either Edna Weston or Sir Cyril More or to both in equal shares on one condition, that they become man and wife, leaving each free to decline or accept, without depriving the other of his or her chance of it. The choice resting with Sir Cyril, Mr. Burdon sends for him. He comes reluctantly not knowing a fortune awaits him or the conditions to which he must comply. Learning them he declines to marry Miss Weston and writes her a letter withdrawing any claim he may have had or may still have to the money accounted for in the deed. Returning to the hotel her aunt cannot understand why Edna takes all so quietly.

CHAPTER XIII. (CONTINUED.)

THEY parted at the doors of their respective bedrooms, which adjoined each other, and Aunt Martha made haste to dream in real earnest. As she was going off into her first troubled sleep, she fancied she heard something like low, stifled sobbing in the next room and murmured drowsily:

"Poor child! It has been a trying day for her. I've read of people being killed by a too-sudden joy."

Was it the too-sudden joy, or an overwhelming sense of loneliness that opened the floodgates of Edna's tears?

When she woke in the morning from a broken, dreamful slumber, it was with a confused sense of mingled pleasure and pain that was not dispelled when she remembered the events of yesterday. The sleep, short as it had been, had been of service, however, and she came down to breakfast still a little pale, but with a firmer light in her expressive eyes. While they were finishing the meal, a very elaborate one—could the landlord have got an inkling of the new importance of his guests?—Mr. Burdon was announced, and came in full of apologies for his early intrusion.

"But I felt that you had a busy day before you, and that you would perhaps like to see me before you commenced on it," he concluded.

Edna smiled and put her hand upon a coffee cup.

"May I give you a cup?" she asked, and so sweetly that the lawyer, who had breakfasted two hours ago, felt that he could not have refused if she had offered him belladonna. To him she looked more beautiful this morning than yesterday, and while he sipped his coffee and chatted, he could not help groaning inwardly at the insanity of poor Sir Cyril.

"A picture in herself!" he declared to himself over and over again, as he watched her sweet, pensive face, and listened to the soft music of her voice, which gave to her words the slight clipping foreign accent which renders our English so subtly enticing.

"And now," said Mr. Burdon, "let me trouble you with a little business," and he produced a formidable black bag, and proceeded to explain what the French would call "the situation." He did it very well, and very clearly, and in half an hour he had given the young heiress some idea of her possessions. Edna sat speechless, with downcast eyes, Mr. Burdon enjoying, in a quiet way, her amazement.

"The extent of the fortune it is impossible to calculate, but you see it is immense," he concluded, rustling his papers.

"And all this, you say, is mine?" said Edna.

Mr. Burdon nodded.

"And would have been Sir Cyril More's"—she colored faintly at the name—"if—if——"

"He had fulfilled the conditions—that is to say, half of it would have been his."

"The whole of it would have been his if I had refused to comply with the conditions," said Edna, raising her eyes and looking him straight in the face.

Mr. Burdon nodded. He did not quite see the use of going over all the ground again after the exhaustive explanation of yesterday.

There was a moment's silence, then Edna looked up with the same steadfast expression in her eyes.

"Mr. Burdon," she said in a low voice, "I feel that I have no right to all this money; it is not that I undervalue it or that I am careless and indifferent to my uncle's wishes, but because I feel that I am robbing—yes, robbing," she repeated emphatically, "a—another person."

"My dear young lady," began Mr. Burdon, but Edna stopped him by going on a little more hurriedly:

"You know Sir Cyril More, he is a friend of yours; will you—I want you, Mr. Burdon—I want him to have half this money. I want you to offer it to him—to make sure that he takes it!"

In her earnestness the eyes filled with eager tears, the dainty, budlike lips trembled. Mr. Burden stared aghast.

"My dear Miss Weston," he said at last; "you said quite right that I knew Sir Cyril, you do not, or you would not suggest such a thing as this I am afraid you have heard nothing but ill of him"—Edna looked down—"or have judged his character from the few words let slip by Mr. Edward More, who, who—well, who is no friend to his brother. But take it from me, that Sir Cyril More would rather starve—if such a ridiculous misfortune could happen to a British baronet—than take a penny of this money from your hand after declining to comply with the conditions. Yes, I know Sir Cyril More."

Edna's voice trembled.

"Is he so proud?"

"Proud!" repeated Mr. Burdon; "well, yes, all the Mores are and were, but Sir Cyril is something—he is simply indifferent to money—actual money, and he is equixotic in his way of looking at some things—such circumstances as these for instance. The fortune is yours, my dear young lady, and you must keep it, difficult as it may be;" and Mr. Burdon smiled.

Edna looked at him reproachfully.

"I see," she said in a low voice, "you think I am silly—one more question. Suppose"—and her voice trembled—"that there had been something which would have prevented me and made it impossible?"

Mr. Burdon was rather staggered for a moment; Aunt Martha had gone out of the room for something or other. Was this innocent, childlike girl going to make a confession—a confidence? His face grew pale.

"Had there been any such obstacle on your side, and Sir Cyril had professed himself willing to conform to the conditions, then the estate would have been his instead of yours."

Edna's hands clasped and unclasped themselves as they lay white and soft looking in her lap, something, some revelation seemed trembling on her lip; but the impulse to speak passed away, and she leaned back with the air of languid weariness that follows an inner struggle, and Mr. Burdon went on, emphasizing each word:

"But the choice rested with Sir Cyril, and he distinctly and decisively refused to comply with the conditions on his part; therefore, such a question as you have now put is quite beside the issue. The estate is yours."

Edna smiled.

"You will not refuse to convey my offer to Sir Cyril," she said, almost imploringly. "I would do it myself—if I had courage—but you would do it so much better. Tell him—tell him anything, so that he will consent to accept it."

Mr. Burdon smiled.

"Very good. I receive this as your first instruction. I've been a lawyer all my life and been accustomed to do with people who were only too eager to get other people's money; now, here is the novel experience of two persons who seem obstinately bent upon refusing to accept their own. Plan of the estate in Berkshire," he went on, as if anxious to dispose of the subject. "It occurred to me that you would, of course, like a country seat, and might prefer one of your own—I mean already yours—there are several."

Edna put her hand to her head.

"Of course, they have been let during your minority. The lease of one has just expired—last Christmas—and if you fancied the place you could not do better—if I may advise—than keep it as your own residence. It is a beautiful place—I might say a magnificent one if it were not so thoroughly English, situate in the prettiest part of Berkshire. I can show it you on your own map," and he spread out a plan, upon a table, of the Weston estate in that county.

Edna leaned forward and regarded the map with something approaching a smile.

"What is all that red part?" she said.

"All the parts colored red are yours," said Mr. Burdon, with a smile of enjoyment. "A very nice slice, and beautifully chosen. John Weston knew how to buy land as well as everything else. That is the estate I spoke of—exquisitely placed, you see, on a rise above the river; plenty of wood, a very fine view, and for the rest, as complete as a gentleman's seat could be. The last tenant was a man of taste and spared no expense. There is a magnificent avenue of limes—that is it, that dark line, leading up to the house; splendid preserves—I have shot many a brace there in the old time——"

"Perhaps the birds are not all gone yet," put in Edna, quietly.

Mr. Burdon bowed, and looked pleased.

"Well, it is a beautiful place, and I think, considering its nearness to town and other things, as convenient as any you could choose, and there is a good choice there—the place in Yorkshire, one in Scotland— too far that for a regular residence—and the park in Herefordshire."

"Are all those mine?" asked Edna.

"All yours—I hope I may be allowed to show them to you before long; but this Rosedene you could see at once."

Edna thought a moment.

"What is the place painted green?" she asked, laying the tip of a taper forefinger on the sketch of a mansion and land adjoining Rosedene.

"That, of course, is More Park. John Weston bought Rosedene that he might be near his dear friend, Sir Charles More."

"And Sir Cyril lives there?" asked Edna.

"Not just at present," answered Mr. Burdon, with some little hesitation.

"Is it let?" asked Edna, apparently more interested in her neighbor's property than her own.

"No, unfortunately, not; Sir Cyril will not let it."

"Nor live in it?" said Edna, curiously. "Is it not pretty?"

"One of the most beautiful places in England," replied Mr. Burdon, promptly and almost proudly. "In fact," he went on, with apparent reserve, "it is too large for Sir Cyril; he—I do not know that it is worth while endeavoring to conceal from you what you will learn from county gossip in a week—Sir Cyril has been careless in money matters, and cannot afford to keep up the park."

Edna looked dreamily out of the window, and then back to the plan.

"He is poor and proud," she said; "poor, and yet he refused——"

She stopped, with a blush. Poor, but refused to secure a fortune that was to be obtained at the price of sacrificing himself by marrying her!

Mr. Burdon made haste to move the subject to a more pleasant ground.

"Sir Cyril is rather a strange young man—there is no accounting for his actions. He will not let More Park, although he wants the money very badly. It is a beautiful place, and makes Rosedene all the more valuable by its proximity. Perhaps you will fix a day on which I can have the honor of accompanying you on a visit of inspection—if you decided to reside there you would wish it got ready at once?"

Edna thought a moment, looked across at Aunt Martha, who had reentered, and was sitting listening with half-bewildered nervousness.

"This Rosedene is very large, is it not?" asked Edna, with a smile. "What would aunt and I do in it, two women alone in a great English mansion?"

Mr. Burdon thought to himself, looking on the sweet, ingenuous face, "You will not be two women all alone long if some of the male members of your county neighbors can help it." But he said aloud, "It is very easy to overcome that objection; you can ask your friends——"

"I have none," said Edna, shaking her head; "no relation in the world but Aunt Martha."

"I think you will find that you are mistaken," said Mr. Burdon, significantly. "I will wager, my dear Miss Weston, that before a month has passed a horde of relatives, distant and near, will have arisen to claim kinship, and as for friends!" He raised his brows and smiled, adding, "let me name two at least—Mr. and Mrs. Edward More."

Simple Edna didn't know whether he was in earnest or cynical; but she had been deciding while he had been talking.

"I am sure we should like Rosedene, should we not, aunt?"

Aunt Martha, thus appealed to, gave ready assent.

"So I think we will decide to live there at once."

"You will take my word for its advantages," said Mr. Burdon; "very good. Then it only remains for me to make the place fit for you as quickly as possible. You will want a steward and servants——"

At this moment a servant opened the door and announced "Mr. and Mrs. More!" and Mr. Burdon rose with a smile.

"Here are two friends who will be of more assistance to you in these matters than I can be."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

As he spoke there entered a tall-looking woman, whose still rather youthful beauty was set off by a Parisian costume of the last autumn fashion, and many of the best approved tinted preparations of the day. Behind her trailing skirts, Mr. Edward More was effectually concealed, but he came forward in time to say good-day and good by to the departing Mr. Burdon.

Mrs. Edward More came forward with hands—fair sevens squeezed into six and a half of Jowett's best—extended, gushingly exclaiming:

"My dear Miss Weston—how glad—how delighted I am to see you! I shall never forgive that horrible bilious headache"—Edward had declared it to be neuralgia yesterday, as Edna very well remembered—"for keeping me from your side yesterday! And this is Mrs. Weston, your dear aunt," ran on the lady, in her most charming manner, turning to poor Aunt Martha and overwhelming her with a most affectionate smile. "How delighted I am to see you both at last! Ah, you can never guess, my dear Edna—I may call you Edna, may I not?—how often we have talked of you"—which was literaly true, for if Edna had guessed that Mrs. Edward More had thought or talked of her once, she would have guessed once too much. "Often and often, Edward—where are you, Edward?—and I have vowed that we would come and see you in that dear—dear—Italy."

"We were in Switzerland," corrected Edna, gently.

"Switzerland, I mean, of course; as if I could forget dear Switzerland—Tell and liberty, and all that! But we never came, did we? No, and I am almost glad we did not, for then I should have missed the delight of welcoming you, for the first time, in dear England—the—garden of the world, you know," and, brought up short for lack of breath, not words, Mrs. Edward More sank into a chair, and delicately wiped her lips, smiling all round.

Edna was glad to take breath, too, and shake hands with Mr. Edward, who, if himself restless and fidgety, was not quite so exhausting as his charming wife.

"And now I have come," continued Mrs. Edward, outstretching her hands again, with the little strip of lace that did duty for a pocket handkerchief held out in one of them, "to place myself at your disposal—absolutely at your disposal. I know what a fearful—what a terrible amount of work you must have, and I mean to help you—don't say a word: it will be of no use; here I am by your side and here I mean to remain while I can be of the slightest use to you. I said to Edward this morning: 'I must go to that dear young creature—nothing shall prevent me!' did I not, Edward?"

Mr. More grunted something like corroboration and resumed pulling the button off his glove.

"And so we ordered the carriage and came. Don't say you are not glad to see me, my dear?"

Edna colored at the direct appeal and made a suitable response, and Mrs. Edward took up the thread.

"Of course, my dear Edna, you and dear Mrs. Weston will come to us for the present, that's settled." It seemed to be so thoroughly that Edna had not courage to venture a refusal. "What will you do about a place after a time——"

"I have decided to live at Rosedene," said Edna, gently.

Mrs. Edward looked overjoyed.

"My dear child, the very place I was about to suggest! We were talking about it last night—were we not, Edward?—and saying how delightful it would be to have you near us—that is, I mean near More Park——"

"I thought—Mr. Burdon told me that no one lived there," said Edna, wonderingly.

Mrs. Edward looked rather confused, but only for a moment.

"No, of course. I meant so near the park, which of course, will not always be empty. Cyril"—with a little hesitation—"Cyril may come back or—or—a hundred things."

Mr. Edward grunted and looked rather annoyed, and his charming wife hastened to gloss over her mistake.

"It is so nice to think that you are near the dear old place, although no one is there. So like a relation; you are a relation, of course!"

"Not that I am aware of," said Edna, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, indeed you are; I am certain of it," retorted Mrs. Edward, not at all doubtfully. "Well, and you are going to Rosedene, and that's settled. Of course, Mr. Burdon—one of the most charming men I know, now isn't he dear?—will see to getting the place ready."

Edna had time to incline her head, not to speak.

"But, of course, there are hundreds of other things to see to—servants, furniture, horses, carriages—and that reminds me that I told the coachman to keep the carriage at the door, in case—only in case, dear—you would like to go with me and see about a few things—remember, I place myself at your disposal," etc., etc., etc., to such an extent that Edna, utterly unable to stand up against the gushing torrent—gushing in two senses of the word—found herself in her modest little bonnet and jacket, and with Aunt Martha, in Mrs. Edward's neat pony carriage, and out of one large establishment and in another, from carriage builders in Long Acre to Jackson & Graham's, in Oxford Street, and on to Swan & Edgar's, and from thence to half a score of other fashionable shops, before she could find her breath. But through it all she was conscious of the new power that came within her reach; she felt rather than saw the obsequious deference, which almost amounted to awe, with which she was received everywhere, and noticed, almost with amusement, how, at the mere mention of her name in connection with Rosedene, the stateliest of attendants grew round-backed and deferential. It was well—exceedingly well that pounds were to be counted merely as so many pence, for Mrs. Edward More had helped the heiress to spend a few before the day had closed. By the time Mrs. More's ponies had turned their heads toward Richmond, Edna was possessed prospectively of a brougham, a traveling chariot, a barouche, the horses to each of which Mr. Edward had kindly promised to procure for her, a variety of dresses—morning, walking, dinner and evening; a choice collection of millinery, some articles of jewelry—the three latter items including those required by Aunt Martha—and a variety of other things too numerous to mention.

As Mrs. Edward insisted that they should return with her to Richmond that very evening, Edward More had gone on to the hotel to prepare the landlord for Miss Weston's departure, and the carriage was to pick up him and Edna's small

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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SILK MUSLIN SCARF

Premium No. 331

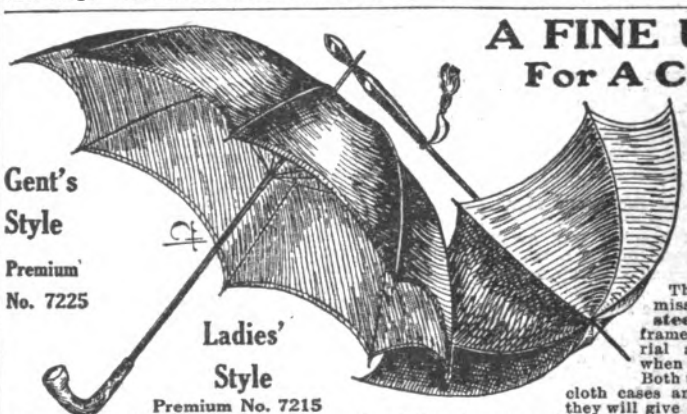


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"AL FRESCO"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

talent limited in that direction. Yet here he was, doing the hesitation, the grape-vine, the one-step and other steps too numerous to mention.

While he had always considered himself light on his feet, dancing with the Moon-lady he scarce seemed to touch the ground. Round and round they spun, galloped, dipped or stepped, each time coming closer to the edge of the bluff, then with a sudden dash and dip, they went over the edge!

Ordinarily this would have been a calamity! But it seemed quite natural now, and when they landed, Fletcher found they were sailing on the bosom of the lake in a circular affair. Meletta was reclining opposite him in a restful pose, as if she enjoyed the rest after the strenuous dance.

Their odd ship gently swung over the little waves of the lake which glinted with moonbeams.

"What are we sailing in?" queried Fletcher after a bit.

"Why, in a Japanese umbrella, of course! What else do people go sailing in?" the Moon-lady replied.

It did seem the thing to go sailing about in, that night, and Fletcher looking cautiously about, saw that they were indeed, in a large Japanese umbrella, of striking design, and what he formerly thought was a mast, was in reality the long ebony handle with a gay tassel waving in the breeze.

"Well, it seems natural enough, somehow," he remarked. "It seems quite like the three men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl. How gentle the lake is, and it surely is queer that the waves do not wet one," and he smiled as a big, whitecapped breaker dashed over the side of the umbrella and broke without doing any damage or causing discomfort.

"I thought you'd like to sail about a bit," the Moon-lady went on. "That's why I danced over the cliff with you."

"It was thoughtful of you, Miss White, and I appreciate it. I didn't think you cared for me at all, but tonight you have changed wonderfully, from a cold image to a warm-hearted girl who has set my heart to dancing. Do you really like me?"

"Why, of course, though under other circumstances, I wouldn't admit it. But really, did you ever show me that you cared for me? Haven't you been lax? Did you ever attempt to play the gallant, the lover? No, you did not, and I am woman enough to know that men prefer to do their own wooing. Isn't that correct?"

"Yes, to a certain degree. But I criticize you for not unbending a little. Now, tonight, when you sat in the pavillion, you spoke so unusually kind, that you quite made me love you. In fact, I then decided that I would seek the first opportunity of finding out whether there was any chance for me, and if I could win you, for after years of bachelorhood, I find that love is very sweet, and were I to win you, my happiness would be complete. May I tell you now that I love you, Miss White?"

"Haven't you done so already?" she asked with a mocking little laugh, which, somehow, seemed just the encouragement he wanted.

He leaned forward and clasped the Moon-lady in his arms, for though she came from the moon, and had the personality of Miss St. Venus, he knew her to be Meletta White, and he loved her. He sought to kiss her lips, as she laughingly, teasingly evaded him, with an artless coquetry for he knew she would surrender in the end. And then, then—just as she lay in his arms, and he was to take the struggled-for kiss——

A sudden terrific racket like the crashing of the welkin about his ears, resounded. The umbrella disappeared, it seemed to sink, the Moon-lady flew from his arms, up, up, toward the sky, somehow his clothes flew about him, and he opened his eyes.

The sky was gray, the stars were pale. He was leaning against someone with dusky golden hair. He looked about bewilderingly. He was completely dressed; the scene looked like the road near Canyon Park; a big automobile with its glaring arcs stood motionless on the drive. Out across the lake a streak of dawn showed.

Now he looked up into the eyes of the lady against whom he rested. Why, it was the Moon-lady, but the personality of Miss St. Venus was gone—it was Meletta in her own beautiful self.

"Ye gods, what has happened? Miss White, you—I—the Moon-lady—did you enjoy the voyage in the Japanese umbrella?"

The girl looked up in terror. "Oh, Jasper, he's raving," she cried.

The sound of her voice brought Fletcher to his senses.

"Good heaven! Don't mind what I just said, Miss White. It was simply the after effects of a dream!"

"Are you hurt?" she asked with tender concern.

He roused up. There was a sharp pain down the whole of his leg. He got to his feet unsteadily, then keeled over into Jasper White's arms, for he could not stand up.

"What has happened?" he managed to gasp out.

The men helped him into the automobile, gave him some water, and when he was comfortably installed, they started away. His senses were his own now, fully.

"Please tell me what has happened, Miss White?" he begged again.

"We were returning from Mrs. Browne-Ludlow's, when we turned into the road at Canyon Park. Though the morning was graying, we still kept our electric lamps burning. As we came down the road, we noted you—though we didn't *know* it was you—walking along the road. Brother honked, but you kept steadily on. We supposed you heard our signal and we continued on, when suddenly, without any warning, you stepped in front of the car and were struck. Imagine our amazement when we found out who it was! I'm awfully sorry that it occurred."

"I'm not," thought Fletcher, but he didn't say so. Instead, he said: "It is just what I deserved. if I don't know any better than to go to sleep in the open and start doing somnambulistic stunts, I must take the consequences. Gracious, what a dream I had! Canyon Park, you, Miss St. Venus, Japanese lanterns, moonlight and program ads. were all mixed up in a heavenly hash! It was some glorious nightmare. I'll tell you about it later."

The car was flying along like Jehu, and reached the Whites' home in an incredibly short time. Jasper jumped out on the run to phone for a doctor who was there shortly after Fletcher had been helped to his room.

Fletcher thanked them for their kindness, but Jasper said he was doing what he was merely to mitigate the damages which he felt sure Fletcher would be awarded in case he decided to sue!

There were no bones broken, but there were several severe scratches, bruises and a damaged ankle. The Whites insisted that Fletcher must stay with them until he was entirely recovered, and Fletcher did not demur at all, for somehow Meletta's actions seemed a continuation of the Moon-lady's delightful ways, though not quite so free.

It was not long before he could walk about with the assistance of a cane, and so he decided to learn his fate, the first opportunity that afforded. This would not be hard to find, as it was his custom to sit out upon the lawn with Meletta, in the evening. Their home was on the lake also, just outside the city limits. It was a beautiful place, and tonight it seemed unusually so, for the air was filled with the scents of summer, and the little waves sobbed on the beach where the lawn ended.

They were sitting out there in the dark, Fletcher and Meletta. The girl was a dusky white silouette before him.

"I mean to tell you all about that dream, Meletta," he began, using her Christian name as he often did of late, "for," as he said, "being for the present as one of the family, it seemed more natural to do so."

And so he did, telling it in a merry little way, until he came to the part where he told the Moon-lady who looked like Miss St. Venus but whom he knew was her own dear self, that he loved her. Then he stopped.

"Well, what did she say?" queried Meletta quietly.

Fletcher's heart fell with a thud. Meletta was getting conventional again.

"Come, now, Meletta," he begged, "are you displeased? Listen to the outcome, and don't speak of it so coldly. Why, of course, the Moon-lady looked upon my proposal with favor. Won't you listen favorably also? You know why I am telling you all this. It is to let you know that I love you. that I've loved you for a long time, and that that love only needed to be awakened. My heart is gone; it is in your possession. Can you, won't you give me any encouragement?"

He caught her hand which was lying loosely in her lap. and held it in both his own. He tried to pierce the darkness and see the effect of his words.

She let him hold the hand he had captured, and then in a voice, so demure, so encouraging, so electric, she said:

"In the dream, what did I allow you to do?"

"You—you let me kiss you."

"Oh," and he didn't know whether she was shocked or pleased or what. But in a moment she said, with a merry little note in her voice: "Well, convention doesn't sanction a display of affection, but—but——" her other hand closed over his. "Suppose we pretend that this is still the dream?"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

much. We take COMFORT and like to read it.

We have a large family. I got a pony, it isn't a Shetland either. We have eight cows and get lots of milk and butter. We have fourteen horses, a dog and six cats. I have a piano, but can't play. We play cards at night, our favorite game is pinochle. I went to town and had my pitcher took last week, they ain't very good, am going to keep them though. I would like to see this in print. Will close hoping Billy the Goat won't criticize too much.

Your niece, SUSIE BROWN.

P. S. Uncle Charlie, will you write a poem about Washington? We read your poem about Texas and liked it very much.

Susie, I am awfully sorry to hear that you had your pitcher took, or rather taken. I was playing baseball once and the pitcher threw a ball through a window, then the policeman came and arrested the pitcher. That was another occasion on which we had our pitcher took. I knew a lady who married a baseball player. He was the pitcher of the team. One day a very fascinating dame came along and wiggled her left optic at the ball tosser. He did not wait for the female submarine to fire a torpedo at him before he hauled down his flag, threw up his hands and surrendered. That's where another pitcher got "took". Now I want to tell you, Susie, you are taking a lot of chances when you go to town with a pitcher. It's ten to one if a cop happens to flash his lamps on that pitcher, he'll conclude that you are toting around a gallon of old Kentucky, or a barrel of Budweiser. That's where you are liable to get your "pitcher" took again. If I were you when I went to town the next time, I'd take a chain and padlock, and hitch myself up to the pitcher, and then you won't get your "pitcher" taken quite so easily. The Goat says he thinks you mean picture and not pitcher. Of course that alters things entirely. However, I don't see how you are going to keep your pictures, if as you inform us you have already had them took. Now for that rhyme.

There was a girl in Washington,
Lived all day on half a bun,
Broke and hungry as you may suppose;
But soon she made a heap of "mon"
In the wilds of Washington
Washing tons of clothes.

I hope that will hold you for a while Susie.

WEST GRAHAM, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

May I ask you to do what I regard as a great favor to not only me but the whole U. S. by publishing in the COMFORT paper your opinion of card playing in and around the home. I have a right to believe that you are against it, judging by your previous articles. I have talked to several members of the church about it, but you see they can't afford to say anything very strong against it for fear they are playing themselves or have friends who play. But will say I'm bitterly opposed to it. Had a young man say to me not long ago that two thirds of the United States were practising card playing and this included church members and the "best of folks." Now Uncle, I have three young children and I am very anxious for them to reach maturity in a pure and natural state of mind and heart. But I think if they are taught such degrading games as Set back, poker, I doubt it, etc., that they'll never reach the goal. Please give me and the world light on this subject. I shall await the next number of COMFORT with great anxiety. Don't disappoint me for the sake of my home and children, also of thousands of others. Please omit my name as I wish to keep peace in the home and community.

Yours respectful niece, ANXIOUS.

Some years have elapsed since I discussed card playing and I won't apologize for returning to the subject, as new members are constantly coming into our family and old questions have to be threshed over for their benefit. There are lots of people who regard cards, dancing, the theater and a number of other things which broader minded people see no harm in whatsoever, as inventions of the devil. I won't say that the person who sees danger in cards is narrow-minded, and the person who thinks cards all right is broad minded, for it just all depends on the way you look at it. It depends on the point of view. Cards in themselves are innocent enough things they are just slips of paper and they help to while away spare hours very pleasantly and some people have a lot of spare time, alas I have none. The fact that some people use cards to gamble with is of course to be regretted, but we can't blame the cards any more than we can blame a horse because people will bet on it in a race. If we are to abolish cards then abolish horses. Abolish baseball, too, for people bet on our national game. For one person who bets on a game of cards there are several thousand who don't. Shall we stop card playing because some people make boobs of themselves? Shall we stop the pleasure of millions to save a few crack brained ginks from their folly and stupidity? Personally I never cared for cards. If I spent an evening with friends and someone suggested cards, I went into the game only as a matter of courtesy, and I've only played in one game in my life where money was involved. When I was visiting and card games were going on, I always preferred to get a book and sneak off to an easy chair, or seek out some congenial soul and exchange ideas with him or her. Cards always seemed to me a dreadful waste of time, an excellent pastime for people who find time hanging heavily on their hands. Time never hung so heavily on my hands that I wanted to find a vehicle for killing it. Conversation with intellectual people and plenty of good music, that is my idea of spending a social evening but that's only *my idea*. Because cards don't interest me, I'm not going to start out and deprive other people of the enjoyment they get out of them, and because a few boobs find in cards an excuse for gambling or neglecting other and more important matters is no reason why those who enjoy a quiet rubber of whist and find enjoyment in displaying their skill in the manipulation of painted pieces of cardboard should be robbed of that pleasure, and I do not think anyone has any right to interfere with them unless they start gambling. Gambling, I believe, in any form is prohibited by law, and the law should be enforced to stop it. In these nerve racking days people want, and will have relaxation, change, entertainment and amusement. These things are as absolutely necessary as are food and raiment, and without recreation most of us would become morbid and go crazy. The fact that some people can get along without cards proves nothing. Some people find a morbid delight in getting along without anything and foolishly think they are pleasing God by talking in whispers and acting as though life were one long funeral at which they were the chief mourners. We must be careful how we interfere with the liberty and enjoyment of other people. Tens of thousands of people would close up the theaters, if they could, and the Bible is the only book some would allow to be read. Now did you ever stop to consider what difference there is between a theater and a novel by one of our best authors. In a story by Dickens you read what the various characters say and do. On the stage you do not read what they do, but you see them do it. The characters come to life. There is no more harm in a good play than there is in a good book. The theater where good plays are acted is just as necessary to the social health of the community as many a church, and a good play is of far more moral value than a good sermon—it goes deeper and reaches more people. It is a good thing to remove temptation from anybody's way, but it is a finer thing still to have character strong enough to resist temptation. If I were a minister I should never mention hell and the devil, I should never tell people they couldn't play cards, shouldn't dance or go to a theater. What I should do is this: I should try to interest them in the great big facts of the universe, the great big, fundamental principles of life. I should try to broaden their vision so that life would take on a wholly and entirely new aspect. I should try to build up and reinforce their characters to such an extent that even the smallest act they did would seem to have a noble purpose back of it. I should say: "Play cards if you want to, but after I've talked to you for a few months I think whenever you and your friends meet at one another's homes you will find so much more delight and satisfaction in living in the enjoyment of one another's intellects, that cards will seem stupid and trivial. You won't want to kill time, you will want to hoard it and save it as a miser hoards gold." There are various ways of obtaining the ends one seeks without starting a campaign of repression—antagonizing and making enemies of everyone. Those kinds of methods simply make people more determined to have their own way. None of the card games, except the gambling games, is degrading. In the winter evenings, when I was a child and we got tired of reading, checkers, chess and other games, we played cards and got lots of enjoyment out of them. If I had children I don't think I would give them cards, as cards merely amuse, they do not educate or get us anywhere, and I always like to think that no matter what I do I'm being helped as well as amused. If I were in your place dear friend, I wouldn't take this card question quite so seriously. There are so many much more serious things to be considered, and you don't know how much good you might do if you were to get all the members of your church together and submit to them some of the scores of letters I get from your fine old state, letters from people who have not enough clothes to send their children to school or to church presentably clad, and there are other people who have sickness in the family and can't pay for medical attendance or provide proper nourishment. There are thousands of illiterate people in your state and all other states who need education and there are thousands of children being worked for profit that ought to be in school. There is a dead level of mediocrity everywhere. There are tens of thousands of peo-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

COMFORT Home Prizes Paid
300 Pictures to be Published

My Dear Friends:

The splendid results of our "COMFORT Home Prize Contest" have far exceeded my expectations.

As stated in our May number, my purpose in offering the fourteen cash prizes ranging from one to fifteen dollars was to obtain photographs of homes of our subscribers from which to select a series, representing all the States, to be reproduced in COMFORT.

The pictures and descriptions sent in were much more numerous and averaged better than I had looked for and included so many really excellent ones that I have retained

Over 300 of the Best Pictures and Descriptions for Publication

These are many more than I had intended to use and would make too long a series to run in COMFORT, so I shall publish them all in book form under title of

"COMFORT HOME ALBUM"

and shall give it as a subscription club premium in order that all our readers who wish may obtain a copy free.

I am doing this at the suggestion and urgent request of some of our subscribers who express their belief that there will be a very large demand for such a unique and extremely interesting book containing over 300 pictures of homes and many pictures of the owners with their families and pet animals, and describing how they live in city, town and on the farm in every section of the country, representing the luxuriant farm mansion, the sod house of the western homesteader, the hospitable home of the southern planter, the log cabin of the Michigan pioneer, the California bungalow, the ranch house of the owner of a princely domain of 3,500 acres in Colorado, the modern city dwelling and even the houseboat home of a family that live and make their living on the water, and in fact all kinds and conditions of homes.

COMFORT subscribers in every walk of life are of the busy, active, energetic, wide-awake, progressive class that constitutes the backbone of the nation and their descriptions of how they have carved their own fortunes in the world, built up their homes and acquired and improved their properties tell the story of the marvelous conquest of the wilderness, development of the country and up-building of the nation during the last quarter of a century.

Some of these pictures and descriptions will also be printed in COMFORT from month to month as I have promised, beginning with the coming November issue which will be a special Home Number and contain several pages of the home pictures and descriptions.

I have awarded and paid the fourteen prizes which I offered, and besides I have given eight special prizes that I did not offer or promise. The following are

THE PRIZE-WINNERS

Wilma Wolverton, Ore., 1st	**$15.00**	**Ethil Seaton, N. Dak., 8th**	**$2.00**
Anna Dressen, Nebr., 2nd	**10.00**	**Mrs. N. Shears, Minn., 9th**	**2.00**
Mrs. Elmer Popanz, Wis., 3rd	**5.00**	**Hatty Bucky, Md., 10th**	**1.00**
Mrs. L. E. Gordon, N. C., 4th	**3.00**	**Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Iowa, 11th**	**1.00**
Ella M. Enzian, Mich., 5th	**3.00**	**Mrs. Dolly Sentier, Mo., 12th**	**1.00**
Mrs. M. L. Brooks, Kans., 6th	**3.00**	**Mrs. Florence Cassel, Calif., 13th**	**1.00**
Mrs. S. V. Grow, Utah, 7th	**2.00**	**Mrs. John L. Miller, N. Y., 14th**	**1.00**

8 SPECIAL PRIZES GIVEN TO

Mrs. Wm. Barth, Iowa,	**$6.00**	**Mrs. W. S. Bennett, W. Va.,**	**$3.00**
Gladis W. Kivett, N. C.,	**5.00**	**Mrs. W. Y. Peebles, Tenn.,**	**2.00**
Mrs. Julia Graham, Okla.,	**5.00**	**Mrs. Geo. S. Cady, N. Y.,**	**2.00**
Mrs. A Hawkins, Wash.,	**3.00**	**Mrs. C. B. Bouck, Oregon,**	**2.00**

The homes of these 22 prize-winners and of 300 or more others, to whom I have paid $1.00 each for the privilege, will be pictured and described in the "COMFORT Home Album" which I shall publish in book form as soon as possible for a COMFORT subscription club premium, and a considerable number of them will also appear in November COMFORT, which latter will give you some idea of how very interesting, entertaining and instructive the Home Album will be.

I was intensely interested in this contest and have given it my personal attention all through; I have carefully considered every picture and description that has come in.

The contestants entered were so numerous that, although I gave the matter my entire time, it took me over two weeks after the contest closed to examine and compare the pictures.

Awarding the prizes has been a difficult task, for there were so many excellent pictures of very attractive homes that it was hard to choose. I have tried to judge them fairly according to my own standard of attractiveness which rates mere size and costliness as not the most precious factors of the home.

I am proud of the thrift and neatness of the homes of our subscribers as shown by the pictures they sent me; they were better than I expected and I kept more of them than I had intended, and I would have retained still more if there had been room for them in my proposed Album, as there was scarcely one that did not possess attractive features worthy of commendation. So I hope that those whose pictures I could not use will understand that my returning them is no disparagement of their cozy homes.

I thank you all for your kind interest and hearty cooperation in this undertaking which I believe will be helpful in its results.

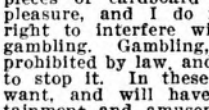
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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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THE MISSING LINK.

Probably all our readers have noticed that an important link in the chain of events that make up the plot of this story was missing. The accident to Alice Weston, which resulted in the happy discovery that she is the real and only daughter of Mr. Fletcher, is referred to in chapter twenty as though it had been already described although there is no previous mention of it in the narrative. A considerable number of our readers have written us calling our attention to this omission; but we had already discovered it. It was not our fault. We bought the serial right of Mrs Sheldon's publishers who own the copyright, and we printed the story just as it was furnished us by them. We wrote them for the missing part but did not receive it in time to print it in its proper place, which should have been at the end of chapter nineteen. So we print it here, better late than never, as follows:

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

We now take the reader back to the closing scene of the trial in the courtroom.

The judge then dismissed the case, adding his regrets that circumstantial evidence had caught Mr. Fletcher in its grip, and finished his brief address by declaring that there was not a stain on the defendant's character.

The excitement was so intense that few heard his words. All that Alice knew was that Mr. Fletcher was free, and there was sublime elation in her heart as the crowd surged about her.

One other thing she knew—that Will had come in and pushing his way through the mass was at her side holding her hand and looking down into her eyes with a gaze that spoke his pride and his love.

But the strain on her nerves had been very great and she felt physically tired. In something of a daze she was borne forward to the exit doors.

Then occurred one of those mishaps, little in themselves, but which have sometimes changed history; a mishap that was destined to have wonderful results for her. A painful accident, yet it was to bring great joy.

On the steps of the court she slipped and unable to regain her balance by reason of the pressing crowd which had now separated her from Will, she stumbled to the sidewalk with a little cry.

Will shouted a warning to "Keep back!" and bent to raise the girl, while Mr. Fletcher strove to clear a space around her. But when Alice essayed to rise a deadly nausea overcame her and she fainted.

Tenderly she was carried to an adjoining room, where they revived the fainting girl.

But it was evident that Alice was still suffering acutely, and she moaned: "My ankle! My ankle!"

With businesslike promptness Will whipped out a knife and slashed the silken stocking; then with gentle but firm fingers he began to massage the creamy flesh.

"A sprain, but not a bad one," he said pleasantly. "You feel easier now, don't you, dear?"

She smiled—a little ruefully but still brave. "Much easier, thank you," she answered. "Now if you could possibly carry me to a carriage ——"

"Of course we will, my darling," broke in Will impulsively. "We'll have you home in a trice." And he rushed away to clear the entrance of the curious people who still lingered, and to see after the carriage.

"I'm so, so sorry to make such a fuss," said Alice, looking up into Mr. Fletcher's face with a child's expression of contrition.

But Mr. Fletcher was not looking at her face. His eyes were fixed unbelievingly on the bared ankle. On the inside of the ankle joint was a tattooed cross!

What memories that mark in India ink revived in his mind! It took him back to the time when he had tattooed that identical mark on the tiny ankles of his own babe long, long ago.

"Excuse me for asking, my child," he began huskily, the words coming with an effort. "But—that mark on your ankle! Is there—is there one on the other ankle also?"

"Indeed yes," she answered smiling. "It's curious, isn't it? But I don't worry about it, for you know the fashions haven't yet decreed that a lady's ankles shall be shown in public. But why do you ask?"

"It's—it's a strange coincidence," he stammered. "I'll tell you about it—some time."

By this time Will had returned, and Alice, feeling greatly relieved, was borne to the carriage where Buxton was waiting with the reins in his hands.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

ON his arrival at Beechcote, Mr. Fletcher found Alice even more comfortable than when he left her a few hours previous, and sitting up, although her foot was still badly swollen and too lame to admit of her moving about. She greeted him with a flush and a strangely fluttering heart, for she had not forgotten his caress of the morning and was still wondering what had prompted him to bestow it. He sat down beside her and inquired if she felt able to listen to a somewhat lengthy, but very interesting story. She looked considerably surprised at the question, but said she was perfectly able and would like to hear it.

"You will remember that you thought it strange I should ask you this morning if you had another mark on your right ankle like the one on the left, and I told you I would explain the matter to you later," Mr. Fletcher began.

"Yes," Alice assented, and at once gave him her earnest attention. Then the gentleman proceeded to tell her the story of his life, of his marriage to Judge Ashburton's daughter, of his being ordered to Italy shortly afterward, and where a little girl had been born to him, how, a little later, his wife had become a hopeless invalid, and this trial was followed by one even greater in his being called to another country, whereupon he had determined to send his child to her grandfather in America. He described how, moved by some unaccountable impulse, he had pricked a small cross into the tender flesh of each ankle of his little one before consigning her to strangers to make the long voyage across the ocean. Then he went on, taking up, point by point, every circumstance connected with the thrilling tale until all was told, while Alice and his other listeners sat spellbound throughout the recital.

The wondering girl grew very pale and grave as she listened, and every now and then she raised her eyes and swept her mother's face with an anxious glance.

When, at length, Mr. Fletcher concluded, she tremulously remarked:

"And am I really that little child who was born in Italy?"

"There cannot be the slightest doubt about the matter; it has been proved beyond dispute," Mr. Fletcher replied.

"Mamma, it does not seem possible! I cannot realize it!" Alice exclaimed, as she turned to her mother and yearningly searched the dear face, which bore the stain of many a tear that had fallen during the revelation just concluded.

"I do not wonder, dear," the woman replied, meeting her look and trying to smile bravely, "but the story is all true, and, since the time had come when it must be told, I am proud and happy to find the revelation so propitious for you."

The girl's eyes filled and for a moment she could not control her voice to speak.

Then she turned with a frank and charming smile to Mr. Fletcher.

"Yes," she said, "and I, too, am proud and happy to know that you are my father. Now I can understand."

"Well, dear, what can you understand?" he eagerly inquired, as she suddenly paused and flushed.

"I can understand why I have experienced such peculiar sensations. I have sometimes felt the same thrill of my whole being when listening to impressive music, whenever I have met you," Alice explained, and her father exulted to know how thoroughly her heart acknowledged the tie of kinship between them. "But," she continued, with trembling lips and an appealing look into his eyes, "mamma must still be mamma and May my sister."

"By all means; I would not have it otherwise," Mr. Fletcher earnestly responded, while both May and her mother were utterly overcome by this evidence of love for and loyalty to them; "they have indeed been mother and sister to you, and I would not have the slightest cloud mar the relationship."

The whole party then fell to chatting socially, and the hours flew swiftly by, until it was nearly time for dinner at Castleview, when Mr. Fletcher arose to take his leave, but promised to come again on the following day.

Will accompanied him, and they dined by themselves, Olive sending word that she had a headache and did not feel able to come down, and when the meal was over Mr. Fletcher retired, feeling as if he had lived a month in that one day, so many and varied had been the events that had been crowded into it.

The next morning he led Olive to the library, directly after breakfast, and kindly and gently rehearsed to her all that we already know, remarking that he felt it would be wrong to leave her in ignorance of the facts. The girl was stricken dumb—almost paralyzed, in fact,—at first, but as the story was unfolded more and more, she bowed her face upon her hands and sat cringing and shivering until it was concluded.

"My dear child," Mr. Fletcher said, tenderly, when all was told, "do not be so overcome, and I hope you will not feel that my affection for you will wane because of this discovery, or that our attitude toward each other will be changed, and you shall be as tenderly shielded and cared for in the future as in the past. We have too long known and loved each other as parent and child to admit of any break in the relationship. But, of course, my own child must hereafter share our home and substance and be acknowledged as my daughter before the world. I sincerely hope, dear, that you will receive Alice in a sisterly spirit, and that we shall continue to be a peaceful and happy household."

He was wholly unprepared for the reception which his kindness and gentle sympathy met with.

Olive bridled like a serpent suddenly surprised and aroused to strike its deadly blow.

"Then I am no longer Miss Fletcher, of Castleview," she exclaimed, sitting erect and facing her father with blazing eyes.

"Certainly, Olive, you shall retain the name if you desire," he said, in a soothing tone.

"But I am no longer to be regarded as the heiress of Castleview," she persisted.

"Not the sole heiress, of course, Olive, but I have too long looked upon you as my child not to wish you to still be so regarded, if that is also your wish; and you shall share with Alice all that I have. Your grandfather will, no doubt, also feel the same," Mr. Fletcher gravely returned, but with a pang of disappointment in view of her selfishness.

"How about my mother? Oh, I cannot make it seem real that auntie is my mother!" the girl interposed, passionately. "Will she remain here with me? Will all this dreadful story have to be sown broadcast?"

"Not necessarily, but I hardly think that Mrs. Ingraham will feel disposed to remain at Castleview after the revelations of today," he concluded, stating the fact as inoffensively as possible.

Olive understood him and threw back her head with an angry air. She looked a veritable little fury, just ready to explode in a torrent of jealous wrath and hatred.

"When will that girl come here?" she demanded through her tightly locked teeth.

"Olive! to whom do you refer?" questioned Mr. Fletcher, coldly.

"That Weston girl, of course."

"My daughter, I am deeply pained and displeased that you should manifest such a spirit of resentment and so little sympathy with me in my joy that my lost one is found," returned Mr. Fletcher, with a regretful sigh, but with some sternness. Then he aded: "But I shall bring Alice to Castleview just as soon as she is able and willing to come."

"Then let me tell you that she and I can never live under the same roof," Olive burst forth, in a white heat of passion. "I hate her! She has been a marplot and an eyesore to me from the first moment of our meeting. She has mesmerized you. She has wormed herself into grandpapa's affections. She has stolen Will's love. She has ruined my life, and I will never live in the same house with her. I wish I need not live in the same world with her."

With these bitter, malicious words, she started to her feet, darted past her father and out of the room before the astonished man could fully comprehend all that her wildly uttered sentences were intended to convey.

Even when he did realize their full import, his kind heart tried to make excuses for her, for he could well understand that the hitherto petted girl must be keenly sensitive to the great change which the recent discoveries would make in her life, while he sincerely grieved over her hopeless attachment for Will.

But he hoped that time would soften the blow and everything become harmonious after a while.

A few days passed, and Judge Ashburton was once more perfectly well and able to go out, and his first act was to repair to Beechcote and literally take to his heart the girl he had grown to love, and claim her as his granddaughter, the child of his lost Alice. Imogen had also improved, but she still remained in her room. Olive had had an interview with her, and a stormy one it proved to be, for the girl had expressed herself in no tame or limited terms regarding her agency in the humiliating romance of her life.

Mr. Fletcher was only awaiting a few necessary preparations before bringing Alice to Castleview.

Already he had given the main facts regarding her relationship to and her early separation from him to the public, although he had carefully refrained from having anything published that would wound Olive; he did not even state that there had been an exchange of children, but that Alice had been stolen from him during infancy, and Imogen's agency in the affair was also withheld.

Of course, there was a great sensation for a time and much curiosity manifested regarding details, but these were courteously met and evaded, and then the world settled down and went on as before, while Miss Alice Weston Fletcher was most warmly welcomed, as the daughter of her distinguished father, by the circle which had hitherto ignored her existence.

One afternoon, about a week after the trial, Judge Ashburton sought Imogen in her room, for she still secluded herself, as did Olive also, much of the time.

"I have come, Imogen," he began, "to talk with you about your future. Of course, under existing circumstances, it will not be agreeable to you to remain at Castleview. I have a proposition to make to you. It is that you return to the United States and I will settle upon you an annuity that will enable you to live comfortably, during the remainder of your life; this to take effect immediately and upon the condition that you never again meddle in this household in any shape or fashion."

"And Olive; what is to become of her?" the woman questioned, in a stifled voice and white to her lips.

"That remains for Olive herself to decide," said the judge, and losing a shade of his own color. "I am bound to confess that I am greatly disappointed in Olive of late; she does not manifest a good spirit. If she chose to do right, Roland will be only too glad to still regard her as his daughter and be the kind and gentle father that he has ever been, while I shall not forget that for more than twenty years I have loved her as the child of my lost Alice."

"Oh! I cannot give her up," moaned Imogen, "I cannot be separated from her."

"Of course, I can understand that such a separation would be hard for you," her companion replied, in a kinder tone than he had yet used. "But Olive's interests must be considered. Roland has done everything possible to make matters smooth and easy for you both. Olive, having been reared as the child of the house, can retain her position if she wishes, and will conduct herself as a good daughter should; and if you are a true mother you will advise her to do so and not stand in her light in any way. What do you say to my proposition?"

"I suppose I have no alternative but to accept it," said Imogen, wearily. "I have nothing, and no one to care for me, and so I am obliged to take what I can get."

Judge Ashburton was sorry for her, for she seemed wretched beyond expression, but at the same time he could not fail to observe that she did not appear to be burdened or to utter one word of regret for the great wrong of which she had been guilty.

"Very well, then, I will settle a thousand dollars a year upon you, and that will give you a very comfortable living," he said, as he drew a folded paper from one of his pockets.

"A thousand dollars a year!" the woman repeated, while she glanced yearningly around upon the evidence of luxury all about her. The judge colored at the slighting tone and greedy look. He was ashamed for her; for her selfishness, her heartlessness, and the ingratitude which closed her lips to the slightest expression of appreciation of the fact that her whole future had been most generously provided for.

"I trust you will see the wisdom of acting at once upon my suggestions," he coldly observed, as he arose to go, "I will leave this paper for you to look over; it states clearly the terms of the agreement, and I shall hope to receive your decision by tomorrow."

The moment the door closed after him Imogen tore open the paper he had given her and read it through with frowning brow and tightly compressed lips.

Then she rang her bell and ordered the maid to send Miss Olive to her.

What passed between them was never known by the other members of the household, but, a little later, Olive sought an interview with her father and grandfather and informed them that she had decided to go with her mother for the present. She was somewhat subdued in manner and language while she talked with them, and, while both gentlemen were pained by the coldness she manifested and the selfisness which evidently governed her decision, they finally agreed that it might be best for all concerned for her to accompany Imogen.

They made her a handsome allowance—a provision with which she appeared to be greatly satisfied, although she, like Imogen, uttered no word of grateful acknowledgment.

The next morning both left Castleview, going to London, whence, the following week, they sailed for America, while it was announced among the society items of a local paper that Mrs. Ingraham's physician had advised a sea voyage and a rest and change, and Miss Olive Fletcher was to be her traveling companion during her absence. Immediately after this exodus, the family at Beechcote removed to Castleview, Mr. Fletcher having insisted that Mrs. Weston and May should become his guests until the marriage of Alice, the date, at his request, having been set for three months later than had at first been proposed, in order to give time to prepare a proper *trousseau* and enable him to give a fitting wedding to the future Lady of Leith.

When Lady Marchmont was informed of all the wonderful things that had happened, her astonishment was only exceeded by her delight.

"Will, my dear boy," she said, with shining eyes, "I was already prepared to receive your lovely bride most cordially, and love her with all my heart, for her own sweet sake, but I must confess that I am very, very happy to have you marry the daughter of the distinguished Roland Fletcher."

The wedding at Castleview, three months later, was a very brilliant affair, and, although Mr. Fletcher sighed over the thought of parting with his recently recovered treasure, he gave her with his heartiest blessing to the dear boy whom, for many years, he had loved as a son.

The bride was munificently dowered by both her father and her grandfather, and Lady Marchmont presented her with an array of diamonds which a princess might have envied. May was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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DISEASED COW.—I have a cow that wouldn't eat last spring and began to fail in giving milk. When the weather changes she gets stiff and swells in her joints; around the tops of her hoofs are cracks. Her ankle joints are swollen and appear to be hard and feverish. A sore formed on her hip. I lanced it and it discharged freely. It hasn't healed and is still running. The cow is in pain. She runs with the herd, but none have taken it. E. C. P.

A.—Kill the cow at once as she is in an incurable condition, suffering and a menace to the other animals of the herd. In all probability you will find that she is badly diseased with tuberculosis when you open her, or if that disease is absent we suspect that internal tumors or abscesses are present.

GROWTHS IN TEATS.—What is the matter with my cow? She has her first calf. The second morning the milk was caked on the end of one front teat. I pulled it off and that night we could hardly get any milk. I ran a hairpin up it to start the milk, and it is harder to milk each time. (2) I have two calves that suddenly got so they can't suckle at all. They don't lose their appetite, and seem as hungry as ever. They grit their teeth and lick out tongue. I. R. S.

A.—Growths in the teats cause the obstruction and bleeding. If they are close to the tips of the teat they may possibly be rimmed out with a small, sharp scalpel, or removed by means of a special instrument used by veterinarians. If you cannot get at the growths in this way dry off the milk flow in that quarter, as infection will be likely to cause an abscess and spoiling of the udder if you continue the present treatment. (2) Examine the mouth for foreign bodies or ulcers which will have to be removed or treated. Without an examination we are unable to say just what is wrong.

LAMENESS.—I have a five-year-old gelding which appears sound and healthy. He has had three attacks of what I call rheumatism but one of my neighbors says he has worms. His coat is shiny and he eats good. About the first of April in the spring of 1913 and 1915 he had an attack of stiffness in the shoulders lasting two weeks. With these attacks he sweats easily. He cannot climb up a little bank, run or trot. When I turn him out in the correll he will lie flat on his side for half a day, having hard work to get up. I feed him mixed wild hay and Timothy and two quarts of oats three times a day. I drive him on a stage, thirty miles each trip Tuesdays and Saturdays. F. M. S.

A.—The symptoms indicate founder, in the feet rather than in the shoulders. If founder is present the fore feet will be stuck out in front of the body and hind ones advanced well under the body when the horse starts to walk. If that is so we should clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them, one at a time, with a mixture of two drams each of powdered Spanish fly and biniodide of mercury rubbed up in three ounces of lard. Repeat the blister in two weeks. To do the work you mention a horse should have four quarts of oats three times a day, adding one ninth part of wheat bran by weight. Cut down the grain during idleness. For worms mix in the feed night and morning for a week, a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of salt, sulphur and copperas, by weight; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur.

INFECTED NAVEL.—I had a young calf that would not nurse on first day. Then for four days he appeared all right. The following morning the left front leg above the knee was soft and swollen and he could not stand on that foot. Later in the morning he breathed quickly and died about noon. What was wrong and was there a cure? MRS. N. P. M.

A.—The calf died of pyemia or pus poisoning (absorption) from infection of the navel at birth and consequent formation of abscesses in the joints. This would be sure to prove fatal, but might easily have been prevented by saturating the stump of the navel at birth with tincture of iodine and then applying slaked lime twice daily. Do this with all new-born animals.

LUMPS.—I have a mare eight years old. In the morning she was in the pasture and all right. At noon when I went after her she had soft knots on her joints. D. F.

A.—Change to grass feed probably caused urticaria or nettlerash which is akin to hives of children. It is not serious and soon disappears when the new feed is stopped. Also bathe the affected parts with a lotion of one ounce of baking soda to a quart of soft water as often as found necessary. The horse may be given a light dose of physic.

SORE TEATS.—What is the trouble with my cow? Last August her teats broke out in large blisters. In about twenty-four hours they burst and left them in a solid sore. I used different remedies and they healed. They have broken again. It is hard to milk her. The milk is yellow and lumpy. She is a good Jersey and ten years old. MRS. A. L. F.

A.—Bathe the udder twice daily with a solution of one ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda and one quart of water and then apply freely a mixture of equal quantities of bay rum and glycerine. If any spot is obstinate in healing swab it with tincture of iodine every other day and once daily paint it with glycerite of tannin. Isolate the cow and milk her last.

BLACK TONGUE.—I have lost four dogs with the same trouble. They become lame in their legs and their tongues appear to be sore, and they can't eat food or drink water and die in four or five days. I feed them such food as I eat myself and they stay indoors sometimes. H. W.

A.—This no doubt is the deadly disease of dogs known as "black tongue" in the Southern states and for which no cause or cure has been found. Keep dogs from eating carrion or garbage of any kind. See that they do not range at night. Keep all food utensils perfectly clean and sweet. If the trouble starts swab the mouth twice daily with a saturated solution of boric acid and try the effects of salol in five grain doses every four hours.

TUMOR.—I have a young heifer two and one half years old. She has a hard round lump, under the skin on her left jaw. It is flattened on two sides and does not appear to be fast on the bone. It does not discharge and isn't sore to the touch. Can the lump be cut out, or can a medicine be given, in the feed, that would cure it? She will eat clothing of any kind and old felt boots if she can get where they are. Is the milk safe for household use? MISS J. M. B.

A.—Lump jaw apparently is coming on and the lump should be removed by a trained surgeon. If you cannot have that done swab the lump with tincture of iodine every other day. Iodide of potash in dram doses twice daily is effective for lump jaw, but it dries off milk flow, causes great emaciation, may cause abortion and is an expensive remedy. The heifer needs more mixed feeds. Give her wheat bran freely and she will be less liable to show a depraved appetite. The milk is safe for use.

ECZEMA.—I have a rabbit that has sore ears. He has great scabs. Is it contagious? D. D. B.

A.—Cleanse the ears with peroxide of hydrogen and then apply an ointment of one dram each of sulphur and compound tincture of benzoin to the ounce of lard. Isolate affected rabbits.

SICK CALF.—I have a fine heifer calf four months old. One morning she appeared weak and shivery, as though cold and wouldn't eat. I thought the calf had been poisoned and gave her a dose of Japanese oil. She appeared better, but the next morning her eyes were swollen and the white of them red. The calf seems weak, dragging her hind feet when walking. F. M. B.

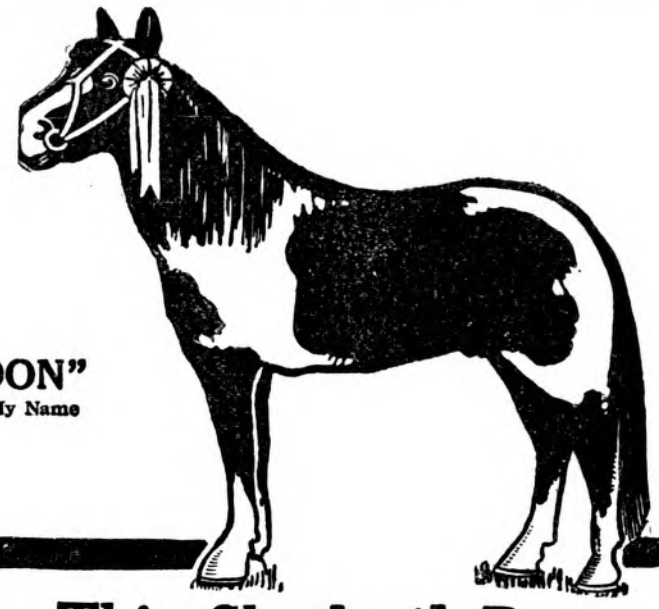
A.—The calf should have had a full dose of Castor oil, two or three ounces, shaken up in milk as it was evident that it had indigestion or stoppage of the bowels. The physic in such a case might be followed with a dose of whiskey and ginger in coffee three times a day.

CURB.—My three-year-old mare has a curb that makes her go lame when trotting. (2) Also a mule that has a hard collar boil on the point of the shoulders. W. C. F.

A.—Clip the hair from the part and blister twice, at intervals of three or four weeks, with a mixture of two drams each of powdered Spanish fly and biniodide of mercury rubbed up in three ounces of lard. (2) Have the tumor cut out if it is a hard lump, or badly swelling. Otherwise paint it with tincture of iodine each other day and twice daily apply a little carbolated vaseline, if the mule has to be worked.

ENLARGED KNEE.—I have a cow that has had a large lump on her knee for several years. It is hard and will spoil the sale of the cow. It doesn't appear to hurt her any. MRS. S. C. M.

A.—The enlargement is of such long standing that it has become organized and there is no remedy.



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Cubby Bear's Picnic

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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BUSY BEAVER came to little Cubby Bear one afternoon and said, "I want a picnic!"

"A picnic?" asked Cubby Bear. "I don't think I *quite* know what a picnic is! Where will you get one?"

"Why," Busy Beaver explained, "you find a nice, shady place, and ask your friends to come, and everyone brings something nice to eat, and you play games, and——"

"Oh, I see," said Cubby Bear, "a picnic is something like a party! That will be great fun! May I go to your picnic? And may I bring my cousin, Bonniebelle Bear? And will you ask Shinyblack Crow?"

"Yes, I want you all," answered Busy Beaver. "You must help me plan. We will ask Brother Binny Beaver, Molly Muskrat, Bunny Rabbit and his Baby Bunnies, Chirpy Chipmunk——"

"Yes, and Redtop Woodpecker, and I think Squilly Porcupine would like to come. Brownie Whippoorwill does not like the bright sun, so he would not come—he likes the quiet night, when there is only the pale moonlight. That is when he sings his song."

"Where will we have the picnic?" asked Busy Beaver. "I stay always by the Big Brook, where my home is. You go about more, so you may know of a good place."

"Oh, I know!" cried Cubby Bear. "Please have it under the little tamarack trees, at the edge of the big pasture! It is a pretty place, and then Kiddie Goat and Little Lambkin could be there."

"Listen!" warned Busy Beaver. "I hear Redtop Woodpecker tapping at a tree. We will tell him about the picnic now, and I think he will ask the people for us."

Redtop Woodpecker kindly flew about to give the invitation and everyone was pleased.

Bonniebelle Bear was visiting her cousin, little Cubby Bear, and was delighted when she heard about the picnic.

"You do such nice things here!" she said. "How glad I am that I came to see you just now! The last time I was here, you had a party. I would like to live here always, if my mamma would come, too!"

So Bonniebelle Bear was at the picnic, sweet and smiley, wearing her gold locket tied round her neck with a blue ribbon. All the others who had been invited were there, too.

Everyone had brought something nice for the picnic dinner, and Mamma Bruin spread it all out temptingly on a big, flat rock. There were blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, a fine collection of bugs and worms, clover-tops, juicy leaves and tender twigs, four large angel cakes and plenty of ice-cream.

"You said we might play games! I love to play," whispered Lillie Lambkin bashfully to Cubby Bear.

"What game shall we play first?" asked Cubby Bear.

"I know the very thing!" cried Wollie Woodchuck, "'Hide the thimble!' Only," he added soberly, "we have no thimble. 'Colors' is a good game, too, but we need a thimble for that!"

"I have my pretty new thimble here in my pocket," Bonniebelle Bear told them. "We will use that. Shall we play 'colors' first?"

Bonniebelle filled the thimble with water, and asked:

"What color am I thinking of?"

"Red," guessed Chirpy Chipmunk.

"White!" said Kiddie Goat, "the color of Lillie Lambkin's pretty wool!"

"Pink!" cried Mollie Muskrat.

Then Bonniebelle tossed the thimbleful of water into Mollie's face, for she had guessed the right color.

How they laughed!

Then Mollie filled the thimble with water, and the game went on.

They played "hide the thimble" next, then "come to supper" and "chase the squirrel."

While all the fun was going on, Cubby Bear's tender little heart was troubled. Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel had not been invited, because, as Busy Beaver had said:

"They are not good, they are not polite, and they would be sure to spoil all the good time!"

"I believe," said Cubby Bear to Mamma Bruin, "I believe I should like my dinner better if I took some good things first to Woozie and Foxy."

Mamma Bruin agreed, and cut two large pieces of angel cake, and filled a little pail with ice-cream.

Cubby looked back longingly to where the others were playing. "I do hope I shall not have to go far to find them!" he thought.

He had gone only a little way when suddenly he tripped and fell over a stout piece of wild grape-vine, the ends of which had been tied around two trees a little way from the ground.

He heard loud chuckles, and Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel called out, "Ho, Cubby Bear! We can have some fun if we are not invited to picnics!"

Cubby Bear picked himself up, and brushed the dirt from the angel cake. He had hard work to keep from being cross—just for a few minutes. Almost, he would have been glad to throw the pail at Woozie and Foxy—almost, but not quite.

"I'm afraid your fun is not very good fun," he said, "but I am glad I have found you before the ice-cream melts. I was looking for you both, and have brought you some nice angel cake and a pail of ice-cream. I was afraid I might have to hunt for you a long time."

Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel could not look at Cubby Bear. They looked at each other, then down at the ground. They were ashamed.

"Thank you," said Foxy. "You are a kind little bear. I am sorry you fell, and hope it did not hurt you. We will take the grape-vine down, so that no one else will fall."

Woozie Weasel was already untying the vine.

"I like ice-cream," was all Woozie said, but he thought, "Cubby Bear is better than I am. He is always doing kind things—that must be why he has so many friends. *I* have not many friends—I do not try to have!"

Cubby Bear went back to the picnic, and was the gayest of them all!

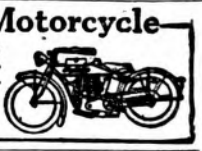
"Perhaps," he thought, "perhaps Foxy and Woozie would not be so bad if only they had someone to love them!"

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YOUR HEART



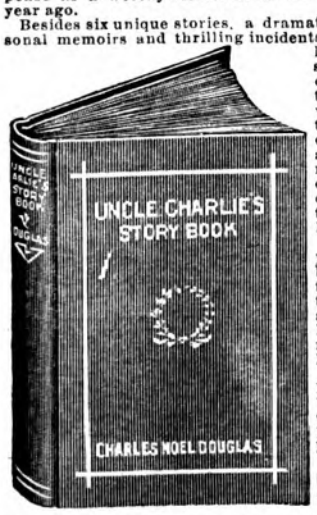
Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

F. Z., Bay City, Texas.—Most engaged girls think it is very nice for them to kiss their beaus after they are engaged, and we have seldom heard any objection to it, especially from the beaus. Sentiment permits it, etiquette permits it and you may kiss your beau, or be kissed by him. But don't make pigs of yourselves, though, come to think of it, we don't believe pigs kiss each other at all, do they?

Twins, Atlanta, Ill.—A lady may go out every night in the week with a different gentleman, if there are so many at her disposal, and be strictly within the bounds of propriety. A girl of nineteen is not too young for a "boy" of 28 or 29, and a widower or bachelor of 45 is not too old if he is intelligent and interesting and not silly over young girls, as men of that age and older too often are. It is the lady's duty to teach the gentleman caller what time to go home, if he doesn't know, or does know and will not use his knowledge.

B. T., New York Mills, Minn.—You say you tried to kiss the school teacher good night after going with her for two weeks, and ask us if we think she loves you. How do we know? You only say you tried to kiss her. Did you succeed? If you did and she did not object, we think you might risk continuing your attentions and by and by win her highest regard. Still, we give no guarantee in such cases.

Wondering, Pleasant, Mo.—When a married couple is leaving after a call on another married couple it is proper and hospitable for the home couple to ask the visitors to call again. Ordinarily the hostess does this and her husband adds his invitation to hers, or not as it happens, and the visiting wife thanks her and says they will be glad to call again, to which the husband may or may not respond, though it is more courteous if he does. It would be extremely rude if the visitors made no response to the invitation, and they could hardly remain silent unless they wished to insult their hostess and host. Of course, there are some people so ignorant of ordinary social usage that they would say nothing in response to such an invitation, but they are scarcely civilized. Callers who are good friends knowing each other well are not so formal as others, but it is always expected that other calls will be made. Naturally, when the visitors are asked to call again they extend an invitation to the others to come and see them. This is the most elementary good manners which everybody ought to know. (2) If a person out in company alone asks another she meets to call, the other must make some reply or it will be a positive breach of good manners. When no reply is intentionally given, it is known as a "snub" and it is not polite in public, nor is it often done, except in very high society, and usually then there is an evasive reply. At a club meeting there is a little more latitude because clubs are often made up of people who are not all of the same social circle, and people are not expected to invite everybody they meet to call. The only etiquette literature COMFORT issues is the Manners and Looks column and if you will read that carefully you will learn a whole lot.

H. O. R., Bradford, O.—Your best plan to get a housekeeper is to advertise in your local newspapers for one, or in the papers of your nearest city. You can put a Want Ad in the Cincinnati Enquirer without cost. But we advise that you get a housekeeper near home, so that if she doesn't suit you you can send her home easy. It's a risky business, this of a lonely widower hiring a housekeeper, because as like as not you'll be wanting to marry her, or she will be wanting to marry you, and the chances for trouble are great. Go almighty slow about it, and be sure you're right before you go at all.

Troubled, Rowlesburg, W. Va.—If you are so unhappy at home with your stepmother and your father is not good to you, why don't you learn stenography, or to do some other work by which you can make your own living, and go out for yourself? But don't go out unprepared for then you will be at the mercy of the world. Thousands of girls are earning their living at all sorts of honest occupations and you can do the same if you will learn to do some kind of work well. The trouble with most working-girls is that they are inefficient or lazy, or both, and they can't, or won't do their work right when they get it to do.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

ple all round you, good church members too, who never in their lives felt the thrill of one holy enthusiasm. Oh, if you only knew what I know about your state and all the other states you would find that card playing was a very small issue. They say that life is made up of little things. That is only half true. Life is made up of little things for little people, but when one starts to really live, life is made up of big instead of little things. There is an old saying that if you take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves, and if all our good ministers, all our church people and all well disposed people whether church goers or not will only tackle the great big problems that press for solution, and press never more acutely than now, all the little petty propositions will take care of themselves. We are great hands at dealing with effects and ignoring causes. I consider card playing an effect. The real cause back of all these troubles, these little human frailties is the lack of proper education for life, the lack of real growth, real development of body, soul and spirit. Get at the causes. One of the first steps towards it, at least in my opinion is to get men and women thinking along right lines, lines that will lead to right action, and right action will lead to woman suffrage and woman suffrage my dear friend, will give you a weapon that will protect your boys from enemies far more serious than little slips of cardboard, enemies such as the saloon and liquor traffic, white slavery, vice, the black plague, industrial slavery, child labor, graft corruption, ignorance and the dollar-a-day wage, so very prevalent in certain sections of our country. As I said before this card playing business all depends on the point of view, and I have given you my point of view fairly and honestly as I can. Those who live another twenty-five years will I think find my point of view isn't far wrong.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

J. W. Bennett, Jr., Northville, N. Y. Helpless invalid for thirteen years. Great sufferer. No means of support. Highly recommended. Give him a boost. Jennie Spencer, Campbell, R. R. 1, N. C. Great sufferer from rheumatism for over forty years. Unable to work. Parents dead. Send her a dime shower. Well recommended. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 20, Va. Invalid for thirty years. Lives on milk and crackers and needs money to buy them. Send him some help. Mrs. Lillie M. Kelsick, Sidon, Ark. Badly afflicted with rheumatism. Husband also an invalid. Send them some cheer. Miss Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, R. R. 2, N. C. Shut-in for twenty-seven years. Has spinal trouble and rheumatism. Depends on charity for support. Remember her. James Thorm, Mingo, Miss. Twenty-eight years of age. Shut-in six years. Unable to move even a finger. Poor and needy. Send him some help. Mrs. Minerva Durham, Price, R. R. 2, Box 76, N. C. Mrs. Durham is taking care of three orphans, a boy aged twelve, who is nearly blind, a girl of six and a boy of four. She is poor and would be grateful to anyone who would send clothing for the children. Well recommended. Blanche Simpson, Volga, R. R. 2, W. Va. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards.

No shut-in can have his or her name published in our mercy list more than once a year, and for that reason you ought to give liberally. Few except at Christmas time, get more than a dollar or two. When that is gone there is a grim disheartening wait for twelve months, possibly longer before any further assistance can be obtained, so once more be generous in your giving, for you are the only friends these poor souls have. Plenty of others give sympathy, but you alone give bread. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Celebrate Uncle Charlie's Birthday by Getting a Book of His Poems!

Between now and the 25th of September you will have ample opportunity to get up a club of only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. The only way to get thoroughly acquainted with Uncle Charlie is to have his books in your home, and you have them all without cost to you. Uncle Charlie's Poems is an exquisitely artistic 160-page volume, bound in lilac silk cloth, gold top and autumn leaf-lining. It's a scream from cover to cover, with a few tears dropped in for good measure, also a sketch of the author's life, with splendid half tone pictures. It's a duty you owe the young folks as well as yourself to get this book under the family roof tree. Every copy is autographed by Uncle Charlie's own hand. Work for it today. The young folks will help you.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Are Sung All Around the World.

Uncle Charlie's song book is the musical wonder of the age. It is distinctly novel in its make up. There are no dead ones in this beautiful volume. Every song is a gem; gems for all occasions with beautiful haunting melodies. Get up a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each, and you will get twenty-eight superb songs with full music for voice and piano free. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

manure. This spring they are growing well and full of buds, but now and then I find a branch that wilts and dies, and on examination I find a worm in the stem and some have several eggs. What can I do to stop them? My bushes are set out on the hill system. Is it best to cut off all young shoots that come up between the rows or let them grow?

P. E. W., White, S. Dak.

A.—The cane borer is a rather serious pest of the raspberry. Since the grub works inside the cane, about the only effectual remedy is to cut out the wilted canes and burn them. This will prevent their multiplication. Keep rows open so that plants may be cultivated. It is also much better for picking fruit and giving the patch other necessary care.

WANTS DRIED BEET PULP.—Would you kindly inform me where I can buy dried beet pulp to feed to my stock? F. E., Walkerville, Mich.

A.—Ask your elevator man or local feed dealer to make inquiries of dealers in Detroit. We cannot supply the name and address of a firm near to you but they may be able to do so.

FOR SUCKING COW.—A subscriber advises the following remedy:

Editor COMFORT. Miss D. C. asks for a remedy for sucking cow. Take a cow halter with an iron on it to which I make fast a hard wood stick, three feet long; put a ring in other end of stick through which pass a surcingle and make fast round her body, back of the shoulders. She will not be able to get her head around to suckle; otherwise it will not incommode her. Yours truly, ANNA WALKER.

MOLES AND GOPHERS.—Please tell me how to rid my garden of moles and gophers. They have run under nearly all the peanuts and vegetables I planted, cutting some of them off at the top of the ground and cutting off the roots of others so that they died.

MISS H. F., Jay, Okla.

A.—Gophers can be poisoned with corn soaked in strychnine solution and placed where the vermin will get it. See article relative to destruction of moles in this issue.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write today and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

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FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 245M. Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

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CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. **D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.**

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. **J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.**

$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamps. Send 10c For New List. **A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.**

MOTHERS Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. **BOX FREE.** Zemeto Co. D 11 Milwaukee, Wis.

Freckles Removed Will send prepaid full size Margarita Face Cream and "DREAMS OF BEAUTY" book for 25c. **ZACK CO.,** Humboldt, Kansas.



GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted **Coulter Optical Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.**

CANCERS We Guarantee to remove CANCERS or no pay. Health Herald FREE. Address, Dr. S. A. Boynton, & Co., Lawrence, Mass.

LADIES RUBBER If it's rubber, we have it. A full line of Rubber Goods. Send stamp for list. **National Toilet Co., Muncie, Ind.**

OLD SCRATCH Kills Eczema and other skin diseases, first application stops the itching. Trial size 10 cents, by mail. **ADAMS NOVELTY CO., WESTMONT, N. J.**

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC. are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. **W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 116 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.**

DROPSY Treated One Week Free Short breathing relieved in a few hours—swelling, water and uric acid removed in a few days—regulates liver, kidneys and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. **COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO. DEPT. 20, ATLANTA, GA.**



WATCH RING and CHAIN FREE SELLING NEEDLE BOOKS. We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, RICHLY ENGRAVED WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, Guaranteed 5 yrs. & Beautiful Im. Diamond Ring for selling only 20 Needle Books at 10c. Each book contains 3 packs needles and 8 darning needles. Order 20 books, when sold send us $2, we will send you Watch, Chain & Ring. **Willard Watch Co.** Dep 853, Chicago

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If your eyes are crossed do not despair, I will cure you without pain. Let me show you testimonials from hundreds of cured patients who testify to my practical method of curing by removing causes. Permanent cure guaranteed. 18 years experience in Chicago. Write for testimonials.
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AGENTS



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33 Presents FREE if you remit Cash with order. SEND us $3.98 Special wholesale for One Box (50) of our Regular $80.00 per thousand CIGARS—ten Cent Sellers which we want INTRODUCED QUICK, Staple Brands, and we give in SAME PACKAGE this S. & W. Mod. 32 or 38 Cal., REVOLVER, Safety POLICE- any length barrel at no Extra price, also Genuine Stem wind Watch worth $3, together with **33 Additional Presents Free** which we have not space to mention but consists of Knife, Scissors etc. if you send Cash with order. Will ship C. O. D. $3.98 by Express or Parcel Post but you only get the REVOLVER as PREMIUM. No Examination can be had by Parcel Post, but can be EXAMINED by EXPRESS. If offer is not as we say return goods and we return your money—That's all. Name Express office. **DIXIE CIGAR CO., Dep't. 8, Jacksonville, Fla.**

Four Wheel Chairs in July

292 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am sending out four wheel chairs this month of July, although the total wheel chair subscriptions for the month fall some short of the requisite 800, because I know how these poor cripples suffer who are held prisoners in the house through hot weather for want of wheel chairs. As I have often told you, I do my part a little faster than you do yours. I frequently anticipate the future to some extent,—this month to the extent of 90 subscriptions in order to send out the fourth chair at once. You will appreciate the feeling of sympathy which impels me to do this when you read, below, the description of the sad condition of the recipient of the fourth July chair. I could not bear to make the poor little fellow and his brave mother wait another month for a wheel chair.

The four July wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their respective friends in their behalf.

Tolie Edith Cramer, R. R. 2, LaFontain, Ind., 204; Vergol Barber, Memphis, Texas, 200; Annie Opal Beck, Dryden, Ky., 96; Elwin Hale, Kingfisher, Okla., 94.

Tolie Edith Cramer is severely affected with spinal trouble believed to have been caused by a fall when she was six years old. She is now seventeen and, although she has been a great sufferer, she has managed to attend school most of the time until last March when she lost the use of her legs and since then has not walked a step. The neighbors took hold and in one week got 204 subscriptions for a COMFORT wheel chair and sent them to me all in one bunch and I ordered the chair shipped at once to Mrs. W. Breckner who was the moving spirit in this good work. The Cramer family had nothing to do with this undertaking; the neighbors did it all with the understanding that it was to be a community chair to be loaned by them to Tolie Cramer so long as she might need it, and if she ceased to need it, it should be passed around for the use of any other person that might need it in that community. I think this an excellent arrangement under the circumstances and might well be adopted in similar cases in which a neighborhood joins to get a wheel chair for an invalid. It would avoid the difficulty which was the cause of a recent complaint to me. In that case the neighbors got the subscriptions to provide a much needed wheel chair for an old lady who died soon after receiving it; they wanted to pass the chair on to another cripple in their community, but the old lady's son, who had refused to help get the chair for his mother, insisted on selling it for his own benefit. I wrote and told him plainly what I thought of him.

Vergol Barber is a little five-year-old boy who is entirely helpless. Mrs. C. O. Jones, who sent the entire 200 subscriptions for his chair all in one club, describes his condition as very pitiful.

Little Annie Beck is ten years old and has never walked, and of course there is no hope that she ever will. Her mother and Ada Beck have sent all the 96 subscriptions for her chair.

Elwin Hale is another little five-year-old sufferer that has never walked and is a hopeless, helpless cripple. His mother has been trying ever since last October to get the requisite subscriptions to obtain a COMFORT wheel chair for him. She wrote me that she was very anxious to get the chair for her little boy before hot weather. I am very glad she comes in line for a chair now.

Here are four cases of child cripples this month, and to me they are unutterably sad.

We have sent out 34 COMFORT wheel chairs in the first seven months of this year, and now let us keep up the good work in spite of the present hot weather. If it is hot to go out and get subscriptions to help the shut-ins just remember how they suffer for want of wheel chairs at this season. We have lots of hard cases on our waiting list, just as sad as the four I have described above, and they all need your help. Don't forget and don't neglect to do what you can for them this coming month of August.

My talk is so long that I have little space left for letters of thanks, but you will be interested in the Roll of Honor which follows.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Like the COMFORT Wheel Chair for Little Girl It Will Help Mother in Caring for Her

CALHOUN, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Jessie's wheel chair arrived in good condition and we like it fine. It is a great help to me in taking care of her. We want to thank you and all kind friends who helped us get the chair. Will send you a few more subscriptions when we get them all together.

Very truly yours,
MR. and MRS. JAMES JOHNS.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Pleasure and Help to this Little Crippled Girl

BRADLEY, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept thanks for the nice wheel chair sent me by COMFORT. I also want to thank Mr. Gannett and the many kind friends who helped me to get it. Certainly it is lots of pleasure and help to me.

Your little crippled friend, KATYE SANDERS.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. W. Brechner, Ind., for Tolie Cramer, 204; Mrs. C. O. Jones, Tex., for Vergol Barber, 200; Mrs. A. H. Michael, S. Dak. for Mrs. Margaretta Ellis, 58; Z. C. McNeil, Tex., for F. L. Potts, 23; Edward Buck, Iowa, for own wheel chair, 22; Mrs. H. H. Gries, Ga., for own wheel chair, 22; Mrs. J. M. Irven, N. C., for Owana Hudson, 20; Etta McFarland, N. C., for Owana Hudson, 20; Wm. Bartell, Mo., for his wife, 15; Lizzie Shook, N. C., for Ethel Shook, 13; Mrs. C. M. Snyder, N. Dak., for John Boren, 12; Ada Beck, Ky., for Annie Beck, 11; Mrs. Louie Scarbrough, Ky., for Mollie Graham, 8; Mrs. Bert Covert, N. Dak., 7. Mrs. F. M. Wear, Va., 7; Mrs. L. E. Brownfield, Ark., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 6; Mrs. Cora Connolly, Tex., for Mrs. Saloma Young, 6; Mrs. J. Hagenah, Mo., for Mrs. Wm. Bartell, 6; Miss Bethel Sheridon, Kans., for J. W. Nolte, 5; Mrs. Edna Vance, W. Va., for Mrs. Virginia McGuire, 5; Mrs. Ina McCoy, Tex., for Saloma Young, 5; Miss Ruby Bishop, Wyo., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 5; Mrs. W. E. Garnes, Ohio, 5; Ethel Angel, N. C., 5; Hattie Woodburn, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 5; Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Ohio, for Mrs. Julia Love, 5; Mrs. Carrie D. Bisel, Ind., 5.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. D., Pennsylvania.—We cannot advise you in the question you submit in relation to the conducting of a testimonal correspondence club.

Mrs. A. E. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if your adoption was a legal one under the judgment or decree of the proper court you would have the same intestate rights by descent from your foster parents' estate as any lawful child would have, and that their estates would go to you in preference to parents, brothers, sisters or their descendants; we think under your laws children may be disinherited by will, and that in this way your foster parents, if they so elect, can bar you from any share in their estates.

R. R., South Carolina.—Under the laws of Georgia, we are of the opinion that a clerk of a court of record under the seal of such court, has power to take acknowledgments to deeds.

M. B., Washington.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that a wife should join in the deed of conveyance of her husband's real estate, but that this is not necessary if at the time of the making of the deed she has never been a resident of the state, unless the land in question is the homestead; but the signature of the children is not necessary to the deed of conveyance of their father's real estate.

Mrs. S. J. H., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a bond and mortgage would be outlawed after the lapse of twenty years from the time of the last evidence of indebtedness.

G. P., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the transfer of property from the husband to his wife would be legal and binding as against the claims of children in such husband's estate provided the deed was legally drawn, executed, acknowledged and delivered and provided that at the time the transfer was made the husband possessed mental capacity and no undue influence was exercised upon him.

Mrs. J. C. M., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and two children as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children.

N. W., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts, would go to his widow if one survive him.

Miss F. B. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Nebraska, we are of the opinion that the signature of children is not necessary for the conveyance of good title of real estate belonging to a widower.

Mrs. H. M., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children of the husband by a former marriage have no interest in the property of their stepmother; we think however, that, in the absence of a will, they would inherit an interest from their father's estate upon his death, and that the father's estate would include such property as the stepmother may have turned over to her husband during his lifetime even though such property may have in the first instance, been the separate property of such stepmother; we think real estate held by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety upon the death of herself and family while she may reside thereon, does not go into, or form any part of the estate of the one who dies first.

L. W., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and the whole of his personal property after payment of his debts, and in addition thereto the homestead of the value not exceeding one thousand dollars for the use of herself and family while she may reside thereon.

Mrs. J. E. B., California.—Under the laws of Minnesota we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no will, his estate, after payment of debts, would go to his father and mother in equal shares, or, if but one survive, then to such survivor, and if both be dead then in equal shares to his brothers and sisters, the descendants of any such who shall have predeceased him taking their parents' share; we think his undivided interest in a partnership together with any other property he might own at the time of his death would constitute his estate.

Mrs. A. C., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we think you have a legal right to dispose of your property by will in such a manner as to provide a life estate therein for your husband with the remainder over to your daughter and her son; we think it would be better for you to employ some competent lawyer or other competent person in your locality to draw such will and to attend the signing thereof, as a mistake in this connection might invalidate the whole will.

Comfort Sister's Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

fifteen pounds; have dark brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion and am seventeen years old.

This is a small island, but it forms one of the provinces of the Dominion and is one of the most beautiful spots of the world. It is surrounded on the north by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the south by the Hillsborough Straits. It is called the "Garden of the Gulf" and sometimes the "Garden of Eden."

We have a good healthy climate with warm summers and medium cold winters. It is a fine farming country. Almost any kind of grains and vegetables grow here. Farming and fishing is the chief industry.

Every year thousands of tourists come from all parts of the United States to spend the summer here. The seashore is lined with summer resorts and hotels.

Charlottetown, the capital city and commercial center of Prince Edwards Island, has a population of twelve thousand; is situated upon a very extensive and perfectly safe harbor, formed by Hillsborough Bay and its three rivers, East, West and South, all emptying into the bay, which affords the best of bathing, fishing and boating. The city is located upon a beautiful hillside, gradually ascending from the water's edge to a height of one hundred and fifty feet above sea level.

Queen Square, located in the center of the city, adds very much to its attractiveness. It is, in fact, a public park or garden with shrubbery and beds of flowering plants artistically laid out and well cared for. Some of the most substantial business blocks are built facing the square. Here we also find the post-office, court house, the Provincial building, and the Market house, which should be visited on a regular market day by every tourist reaching the island.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters many years of happiness to continue their good work,

Your loving sister, MARGARET JANE MACEACHERN.



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Send for Free Style Book

Whether you order from this ad or not get our Style Book with money-saving prices on men's, women's, boy's and girls' clothing. Yours for the asking;

Open a Charge Account

Your credit is good with us. Easiest way to dress well at least expense. Only a little down and a little monthly.

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Pin a dollar bill or a money order to your letter and we will send you this beautiful outfit of latest style, fall garments, with our **absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.**

You pay only $1.00 down for this fine outfit. **Take 6 months to pay the balance.** That is our special offer. Your order for this outfit will establish your credit. Then you can have 6 months to pay for anything you buy later. You can clothe yourself and family on credit.

Send for the Outfit Now—5 Pieces In All.

Wool Skirt Guaranteed, pure, all-wool serge. Made in newest stunning style, with neat side plaits, trimmed with buttons. Belt 22 to 30. Length 37 to 44. Black or navy blue.

Sateen Petticoat Special quality, lustrous silked sateen. Wears like iron. Elaborate stylish flounce. Dust ruffle underneath. Black or navy blue.

Silk Waist Beautiful brocaded tussah. Trimmed with plain white tussah silk. White only.

Corset Cover Pretty, white muslin, with elaborate Swiss embroidered top. Finished with silk baby ribbon.

Voile Waist Very pretty. Collar and front richly embroidered. Full length sleeves. White only. Bust measure 32 to 44.

This complete outfit, 5 garments, only..... **$7.90**
Sizes for stout women, 95 cents extra.

$1.00 down. $1.15 monthly.

Be sure to give bust, belt, hip and length measurements. Also color of skirt and petticoat wanted. **Order By No. B-2**

ELMER RICHARDS CO., Dept. C304, W. 35th St., CHICAGO

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Use Epsom Salts to set color in goods.
MRS. J. BUCHANAN, Rickreal, Oregon.

Make small bags, fill with shot and sew up end on sewing machine. These make handy weights to hold a pattern on dress goods with while one cuts out the dress. MRS. B. E. ZEIGLER, Arnold, Kans.

TO CLEAN FISH EASILY.—Be sure the spine is severed so the fish is dead, but do not cut the head entirely off, remove top fin and split the skin from head to tail along back, then remove small fins and intestines, and split to the tail on lower side; then you can pull the skin from head to tail by holding to large fins adjoining the head. You can also skin a scaley fish the same way. And also, a large fish, if cut in small pieces completely around and not lengthwise of the "grain" will be more flaky and delicate.
MRS. W. B. ELMORE, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

When wash day comes, add to six gallons of boiling water one half cake of soap, shaved fine, two tablespoons of ammonia, two tablespoons of coal oil, one tablespoon of powdered borax, lye and oil of citronella. Wet clothes in cold or warm water, put in this solution and boil half an hour, stirring well. Take out and rub lightly over the washboard and rinse. ADDIE LEE MCGUIRE, Marble, N. C.

Turn the wooden chopping bowl upside down when not in use and it will never split.

Remedies

To prevent poisons being taken by mistake, buy the necessary number of small bells, the kind used for children's reins, and tie one firmly to each bottle containing poison. It cannot then be mistaken in the dark for other medicine, and then be sure to keep them where the children cannot possibly get to them.

RHEUMATISM.—One teaspoon of sulphur and two teaspoons of honey, taken before breakfast for five mornings; then omit five mornings and proceed as before. Continue till relieved. FLORA SMITH, Decatur, Tenn

NAIL WOUND.—Heat buttermilk as hot as you can bear your foot in it. Put the milk in a bucket then put the foot in it and hold it there till the milk is cold and the wound O. K.

TOOTHACHE CURE.—When suffering from toothache of any kind fill or bind to aching parts soda and remain still until the aching stops.

COAL OIL TOOTH CURE.—Take a small piece of cotton, soak in coal oil, warm it slightly, put on aching tooth. It pains and hurts a little while; the pain soon passes away and you get easy.
LILA MCALISTER, Stephenville, Texas.

Requests

How to pickle trout for winter use.

Will some COMFORT reader who has the paper from April 1914 to April 1915, please write to Mrs. E. J. Guinn, Eau Claire, 633 Spring St., Wis.

Miss V. Fern Liddle, Mt. Carmel, Ill., wants poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Emma Grothe, 1145 Spring St., Burlington, Iowa. John Sharp, Box 30, Broadwell, Ohio. Miss Cora Goodsell, 536 Bates Road, Medina, N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—News of my brother, Dell Petrie, heard from in Cheat Brige, W. Va., in 1914. Address Mrs. Edgar Owen, Glenfield, N. Y.

Wanted—Information of my mother, Mrs. Mary Schubert, have not heard from her for over twenty years. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Yorkville, S. C.

Information of Fred R. Robinson last heard of in Portersville, Cal., May 26, 1914, has light hair and blue eyes. Write to his sister Mrs. Adie M. Fulton, Loogootee, Ill.

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Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine percale house gowns free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to say what pattern and color you prefer and give your bust measure. Premium No. 7254.**

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Arrange the letters, shown in the circle, so as to form the name of a well known farm paper. Send in your answer, with your name and address, at once. You will then be entitled to be considered in the awarding of the $275.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes which we will give away FREE. If your answer is correct we will also send you a Certificate good for 1,000 Free Votes toward the Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes in our great Motorcycle Contest, ending **Oct. 20, 1915.** In case of tie for any prize, each tying contestant will get a prize same as the one tied for. Whether you win the Motorcycle or not, if you take part in this contest you will receive a Valuable Prize and Cash Reward for Everything You Do. The first thing to do is to send in your name and address and puzzle solution. Address

FARM LIFE, DEPT. C.F.A. SPENCER, INDIANA



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

MY dears, 'tis the last month of summer left blooming alone, all its summer companions have faded and gone, but August is with us and it can be hot as all of the rest of the summer lot and therefore you needn't put on your heavy clothes for a while yet. You know, the best thing about August is that it is the last month of summer and if you have weathered the other two all right, you are not much afraid of the one left. How has the summer been for all you summer girls? I hope you have had such a good time that when the work time comes around again you'll be glad of the change. Speaking of work reminds me that I have some to do this very minute, so here's to it.

The first letter is from Cousin K. T. of Aransas Pass, Texas, who is only fifteen and a man of thirty wants her to marry him. She is troubled about it and asks my advice. Of course she isn't old enough to marry anybody, but she is old enough to know that a man of thirty ought to have more sense than to ask a girl of fifteen to marry him, and if he hasn't any more sense, she certainly should not marry a man with so little. I suppose there is not one girl in a hundred thousand who marries at fifteen who does not many, many times wish she hadn't

Snowflake, Campaign, Tenn.—When a girl cannot trust a man fully, although he makes all sorts of protestations and promises, she should not marry him. Something is wrong with him and it will come out after a while. Don't try to find out if he is true, or not. Let him go. And don't try to convince a man you like him by letting him kiss you. He wants all the girls to like him that way.

M. L. O., Port Lyden, N. Y.—My dear, don't go with any of them at all. You don't know enough to have beaus and you should read books and magazines for a year to learn.

Nicht Wahr, Crawford, Texas.—I want to be as neutral as I can just now, but if your German father insists on your giving up the American you love and marrying a German of your father's choosing, you tell him to go back to Germany where they do things that way and you marry the American and stand by the Star Spangled Banner against all its enemies. Hooray!

Indian Maid, Ook, Texas.—I certainly do think you should go to school some more, even if you don't want to and you quit when you were eighteen. As you can't marry both the men you have promised to marry, don't marry either of them. Go back to school and go quick.

Lucile, Chattanooga, Tenn.—I am not much in favor of girls marrying soldiers unless they know exactly the life they must live and are willing to live that way for the love of the men they marry. Social lines are very strongly drawn in the army and the wife of an enlisted man can never rise above that. We understand the government does not allow marriage of an enlisted man during his term of service, and with good reason, we think.

L. M., Mathiston, Miss.—I am not a fortune-teller, my dear, and can't tell any better what he thinks or what he intends to do than you can. But don't give him up because some other girl is trying to get him away from you.

Brown Eyes, Brownington, Mo.—I am sorry you did not make more effort to go to school. You are a nice girl of good principles and I wish you all joy in marrying this worthy young man you will take by and by. But, my dear, when you have children and they see how you write and spell, they will not be as proud of their mother as they would be if she could teach them to write and spell. Now, as you will not marry for a year or so, suppose you and the young man, instead of making love to each other every evening, take up a course of writing, spelling, grammar and general reading to improve your minds. You won't love each other any less and you will be so much better fitted for the duties of home and of the community in which you live. Try it and see. Organize a night class among the other young men and women of your neighborhood and give a portion of your time to books. I hope other COMFORT cousins will take this subject to heart and do the same in their neighborhoods.

E. T., Upton, Wyo.—When you go with a young man "just to spite" those who don't want you to go with him, both you and he are doing wrong and if you continue with that motive you will do worse. To judge from your letter, you might much better go with a spelling-book and grammar.

Troubled, Remsen, Ia.—Some great men have been red headed and maybe this one who loves you is destined to greatness. Your parents should not object to him merely on account of the color of his hair.

Sad and Lonely, Lancaster, Texas.—Don't worry. You will get over it as you say you think you will. Girls always do at your age. But you were quite right in going to the show without him after you had waited an hour. Goodness knows how many hours you would have to wait meals for him if you married him. Can't you find a prompter sweetheart than he is?

G. A., Hilltop, Minn.—Being a Catholic you cannot marry a divorced man according to your church laws. His becoming a Catholic would make no difference. His former wife being married again I think would make no difference. Anyway, the case is too complicated for me; you and your church must settle it.

Troubled, Clay City, Ind.—I should think that after waiting two years to hear from the young man and he has not cared enough to write, or make any inquiry, you would stop thinking about him and put your mind on one who was not that kind. Why worry about a man who doesn't worry about you?

Reader, Worthington, Minn.—If every girl, who accepts the attentions or the proposal of a man who does not stop to think until after he has lost his temper and acted like a fool or a crazy person, would stop to think before she married him, there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world. Your young man was that kind and it was all right to break the engagement if you keep it broken. Otherwise you will deserve any unhappiness that may result.

Lonely, Marsh Hill, Pa.—I should think that you wouldn't have much time to be lonesome having the work of nine at home to do, but all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and I can understand how home must be dull if your father will not let you go out and meet people. Every young person needs company so much that they will take any kind, good or bad rather than none; so it is the duty of parents to see that they have good company. You will get into bad company sure if you look for it through unknown correspondence. Stop that, now. Did you ever try reading good books for company? There is none better and a young girl who will read and improve her mind will be worth something socially when she is old enough to meet sensible people. Borrow books, if you can't buy them, and try them when you are lonesome. They are ever so much better than silly beaus.

Y. Y. Z., Clark, S. Dak.—Don't bother about the young man who listened to gossip instead of you and doesn't write. "I have never saw anything what I wanted to know." Ask the nearest school teacher what is wrong with it, if you don't know.

M. C., Larimore, N. Dak.—It is too late now to answer questions about graduating dresses and anyway I don't answer fashion questions. As for the beaus you ask about, there's time enough for that after you are out of school.

There, my dears, your questions are answered as far as my answering goes. Some of you insist upon asking me questions which are not for me and I have to send them to other departments of the paper. But you girls with heart troubles, I have answered your questions and the very best thing you can do is to take my advice. You see, I know so much more than you do and that is why I have to scold sometimes to make you learn. Anyway, by, by until we meet again. COUSIN MARION.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

amount of luggage on its way home. As it pulled up at the hotel door, with much stamping of hoofs and clanking of bits and curb-chains, Edna, who had been rather listless and weary since they had left the last shop, happened to glance at Aunt Martha's face, and something in its still bewildered expression amused her against her mood.

"Well, aunt," she said, "are you still undecided as to whether it is a dream or not?"

"My dear Edna," replied the old lady, "I'm more confused than ever; nothing that could happen would surprise me, no not if Mrs. More"—that lady was talking to her footman, preparatory to alighting—"not if Mrs. More were to declare that we were going to Richmond in a balloon."

Edna laughed her soft, silvery laugh, and was still smiling as she stepped on to the pavement.

A small crowd of street boys had collected to see the grand carriage, with its powdered livery servants; and, as Edna appeared, a little murmur of admiration rose from the juvenile lips, and caused a tall, stalwart-looking gentleman, who had gone into the road because of the block, to turn his head. As he did so he saw Edna's beautiful face bright for the first time that day, with its smile. He stopped suddenly, as if he had been shot, and looked at her, with his hand thrust into the breast of his coat and his face pale and strained. Then, as Edna disappeared through the doorway, he dropped his head upon his breast, and hurried on, muttering hoarsely:

"Forgotten already! Is it the money? No, poor child! you never loved me, never. All the money in the world could not make me smile. Ah, Edna, Edna, may you be happy!"

He was gone in an instant, and there was no one to tell the great heiress that Sir Cyril More had been within arm's length of her.

The journey to Acacia Lodge, Richmond, was enlivened by Mrs. More, who favored her guests with an account of some of her future neighbors. Edna leaned back and listened—she had a slight headache and felt rather dazed—while Mrs. More ran on like a watch or a clock.

"Of course, the duchess takes the lead—you will be charmed with the duchess, I was!"—if report speaks truly the duchess was anything but charmed with Mrs. More. "The duke's place, Arleigh Castle, is only a drive from Rosedene, and he is almost always there. Then there are Lord and Lady Passington—he is an earl, my dear—Lord Mersey is his eldest son. Now, there, if I might make a suggestion; though they say that he will never marry until he is obliged, and then one of the blue stockings he is always associating with, for her ladyship goes in for social science and all that sort of thing. And then there are the Bromleys—Sir George and his wife and two daughters. I dare say you'll think the baronet a bore, I know I do; but Edward says he is the great authority on agricultural matters, and you might want his advice about the home farm some day or other, so you must put up with him sometimes—and oh, by the way, have you been presented, my dear Edna?"

"Presented! Oh, I beg your pardon!" said poor Edna, awaking from a reverie; "at court, you mean. No; this is my first week in England since I was a child."

"Of course; how stupid of me!" responded Mrs. More. "Well, that must be the first thing. I wonder whether her grace would do it? If she would, your position would be made."

Edna looked frightened, and murmured a modest doubt.

"Well, we shall see!" said Mrs. More, nodding confidently; "if she won't, I suppose I must," with a gracious smile.

Edna expressed her gratitude in suitable terms, and Mrs. More talked on until the carriage bowled through the gates of Acacia Lodge. Mr. More woke up and began grumbling without loss of time at the coachman at once for not driving slower or faster, the footman clanged down the steps, a maid with pink ribbons and a general air of Mrs. More about her came out, and Edna and Aunt Martha were carried off to their rooms.

There was a bright fire in Edna's room, and she dropped into a comfortable chair and looked around her, still asking herself if she were awake, and whether it was she, Edna Weston, who had spent the day in purchasing carriages and furniture for Rosedene, near the great duchess' castle. The maid coming in with warm water roused her, and having dismissed that damsel, whose ministrations would have made Edna, who had dressed herself since she had been able to tie a bow, exceedingly uncomfortable, she proceeded to array herself in her modest black silk. A long time seemed to have elapsed while she was doing this, as she thought, and she deemed it wise to descend in search of the drawing-room, in case dinner should be waiting. She had noticed a daintily decorated room on the ground floor as she came up-stairs, and she now turned into it. No one was there, as she thought, and wondering whether she had done right, when, going up to the fire, she came upon a little boy, who was curled up on a white mat before the fire reading a huge book, which he supported on his lap by clinching the top of the open volume with two tiny hands. As Edna came up to him he raised his head and looked at her, and Edna stopped abruptly in her approach, and stood with half pained and half pleasurable emotion. It was not the beauty of the child, and he was beautiful, with a fair, round face and long, flaxen hair, that made his dark blue eyes look almost brown, but a strange resemblance to someone, to—yes! with a throb at her heart she remembered. But that the face was that of a child, and was more dreamy and staid looking, it was identical in expression and meaning as Harold Payne's.

Edna recovered herself with an effort, and going up to him put her hand upon his silvery head, and with her own sweet smile, said:

"Well, dear, what is your name?"

The child looked at her with grave scrutiny, as if he were trying to decide whether he liked her or not, then he said:

"My name is Bertie More. What is yours?"

Edna turned pale at the sound of his voice, and quietly dropped into a chair beside him. The voice had the very ring and rhythm of that other's!

"My name is Edna Weston," she replied, bending toward him.

"Edna Weston," he repeated, looking up at her curiously, as if he was either surprised or disappointed. "Are you the lady who is so very, very rich?"

Edna smiled.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I am," and she sighed, why, she could not tell, neither could the boy for he looked still more curious as he said:

"Why do you sigh? Isn't it nice to be very rich? Mamma says that you are wonderfully lucky."

"I dare say mamma is right," said Edna, smiling now.

The child nodded.

"Yes, but you would not have been so lucky if Uncle Cyril had not been so stupid. Mamma says he was a great fool; do you think he is?"

Edna colored.

"I—I—don't know; I have never seen him."

"Haven't you, really?" said the boy with great interest; then, with a sigh, "neither have I for a long time! He doesn't come here now, and More Park is shut up. Have you ever been there?"

"No," replied Edna.

"I have," continued the child, raising his head with a dreamy, far-away look. It is a beautiful place; I used to go and see Uncle Cyril. I love Uncle Cyril—that is, I would if mamma would let me, but she says I am not to. She says he is very wicked; Jamieson the butler, you knows, calls him wicked Sir Cyril; I've heard him. I am very sorry he is so wicked, aren't you?"

"Yes," murmured Edna, fascinated by the strange child, and unable to keep her eyes from his beautiful little weird face.

"I think you would like him if you knew him, though he is so wicked; you couldn't help it, like me. He is so kind, and speaks so—so—nice and pleasant, and he can play tennis and climb trees; he could climb the highest tree you ever saw and think nothing of it. He is very clever if he is wicked."

There was a pause; Edna slid down on to the white fur mat, and looked over the child's shoulder.

"What are you reading?"

"'Froissart's Chronicles,'" he answered, slurring the name over with a childish attempt at the accent. "Mr. Bell, my tutor, you know, gave it to me. He says that I ought to read it and study it, because it gives an account of some of my ancestors—the Mores, you know. They fought in a great many battles. I am a More. I shall be"—and he raised his head with a strangely thoughtful look upon his face—"I shall be Sir Bertie More of More Park some day, perhaps, if Uncle Cyril does not marry."

Edna shrank inwardly. Was it wordliness or pure innocence? A glance at the child's unconscious face answered her.

"Do you so very much wish to be Sir Bertie More?" she asked.

He looked at her, and ruminated for just a minute.

"I couldn't be Sir Bertie unless Uncle Cyril died, could I?"

"No," said Edna.

"No, then I don't want to be Sir Bertie," he replied, with great promptitude; "I would rather Uncle Cyril lived always. You don't, I suppose, as you've never seen him?"

What sent that strange thrill through Edna, and sent the answer to her lips so earnestly?

"Oh, yes, indeed I do, although I have not seen him."

"I thought, perhaps," said the child, queerly, "that as you had taken all his money from him, you wouldn't care."

Edna looked down, pale and trembling.

The child, whose eyes were sharp, peered up at her.

"What is the matter?—what are you crying for? I can see you are crying, though you don't make a noise like Marie—that's mamma's maid, you know—does when she cries. Aren't you happy?"

"Not very," said Edna, smiling at him through her tears.

He looked at her curiously.

"That is strange, isn't it? You're so very rich, you know! Perhaps somebody you know has died, or perhaps—have you got a husband?"

Edna drew back trembling, and shook her head.

"I thought perhaps he'd died, like Mrs. Marweb's, the cook's; but I remember mamma said you were not married, because she said that you might catch Lord Mersey."

Edna's face went crimson, and her eyes flashed fire that dried up the tears.

"Hush!" she said, putting her hand upon his arm, "I don't think you had better tell me anything more mamma said."

"No? I am sorry for that—I like to talk to you."

"Yes, talk to me," said Edna, with a smile. "Tell me about yourself; do you go to school? Ah, no, you have a tutor. And have you any brothers and sisters to play with?"

The child shook his head, and sighed a little wistfully.

"No; I never play."

"Never play! Oh, come then, there's something I can teach you!" said Edna, with her winning smile.

He drew a little nearer to her, and let the book slip from his tiny legs.

"You can play then! So could Uncle Cyril! Oh, he could play at anything! He always used to play with me! I wish he hadn't gone away."

"So do I!" exclaimed Edna, involuntarily.

"Do you? You are not going away, are you?"

He said it with such a wistful eagerness that Edna was reluctant to answer him.

"Yes, I am going away in a little while; but that is no reason why we shouldn't play together. I am not going so far. I am going to a house near More Park; there are some trees there, but I'm afraid I can't climb them like—like——"

"Like Uncle Cyril, Sir Cyril More, you know," he put in, impatient for her to go on.

"But we can have a swing under them, and play at hide and seek, and tennis, and, oh, half a hundred games that you and I like!"

"Shall we?" he exclaimed, his pale face lighting up as he drew himself closer to her and rested his elbow on her lap. "And will you let me come and see you—just like Uncle Cyril did? You are quite sure—you are not promising me like mamma promises me sometimes—and then doesn't do it? I am so glad you came."

Then he looked up at her with innocent intensity and said, suddenly:

"Papa told mamma that you were pretty, but I think you beautiful—very beautiful; would you mind letting me kiss you?"

Edna shook her head, blushing and smiling at this piece of unconscious audacity, and Bertie slowly climbed onto her knees and deliberately took the precious boon, as the door opened and Mrs. More entered.

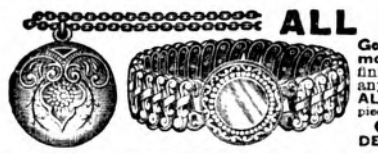
"My dear Edna!—and are you done already?—and plagued to death with that tiresome boy! Bertie, I declare you are always in the way! Martha must look after you more attentively. Why are you not in the schoolroom? I have told you so many times not to lumber the drawing-room with those dreadful books. There, take it up and run away before papa comes. Tut—tut! all over Miss Weston's dress!"

"Please do not mind that!" said Edna, earnestly, as the child, pale and abstracted again, bent and strained over old Froissart. "Let me carry it for you, Bertie, dear?—yes, if you please, Mrs. More," she pleaded, as Mrs. More floated toward her fussily, shocked at such an exertion for a troublesome child. "I like children, and Bertie and I are friends. Show me the schoolroom, Bertie—come along," and taking his hand, she hugged the book and got away with him.

Together they went up-stairs, and on the landing, Bertie took the book from her, saying, as he did so, with an air of conviction:

"Yes, you are very beautiful, and I love you very much."

SEASON'S SEAL CATCH.—The total catch of the seal fishery season was estimated at only 46,894. Last year's total was 223,768. This portends high prices for sealskin coats and other like commodities.



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Gent's Watch and Chain

Premium No. 399

For A Club Of Five!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, a dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** It is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as a watch that costs $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **A guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** a thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches without receiving a complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial of a home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 • • NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Reader, Cleveland, Tenn.—If we could tell you how to protect yourself and other people, as well as property from lightning our fortune would be made a thousand times over. But we can't, nor so far has anybody been able to do so, though lightning rods are some protection to property. The lightning is like the weather and when we have learned to control the weather, we will be able to control the lightning. However, when there is lightning it is safer not to stand under or near a tree or other high object, or cattle, or wire fence, or near an open door or window or an open fireplace, or stove, if you are in the house. Also keep away from the walls of the room, or chandeliers, if you have them. Lightning when it strikes goes at once to the ground and one is comparatively safe who is not in or near its pathway. One of the peculiarities of lightning is that it never seems to strike the extremely high modern buildings in cities. The Washington Monument, the highest isolated structure in this country, is protected by conductors of copper, and though it is believed to have been struck many times it has not been injured perceptibly.

Mrs. B. A. B., Birnamwood, Tenn.—Lincoln pennies are worth only their face—one cent each. Other COMFORT readers please note.

Vivian, Blythe, Ga.—You can never, no never, be an actress, Vivian, until you not only know where to apply to become one, but know how to get a job after you do know. There are hundreds of them waiting around for places these days, and they know more in a minute than you know in a year. Unless you want to go to wreck and ruin, Vivian, keep away from the stage until you have learned to act so well that managers will be crowding around your front door begging you to name the amount of salary you want. In other words, learn some common sense about the stage before you go crazy to try it.

G. F., Jackson, Miss.—The same talent is required to be a moving picture actor as to be any other kind. Indeed, many of the actors now in the movies got there only because they were good actors. A man of thirty years is foolish to attempt the stage unless he has had unusual amateur experience and by heredity or environment has the dramatic instinct. The only possible chance for a man of your age, inexperienced, might be on the vaudeville stage, if he had some musical or other stunt that was sufficiently unusual and well down to command an opening. Now and then that sort of talent comes in from the hayfields and makes good, but it happens mighty seldom. And all he gets out of it is a fair salary for a time, with no reputation whatever as an actor. Take our advice and keep out of the limelight. Note what we have said in this column to "Vivian" who also aspires to histrionic honors.

B. R. M., Norfolk, Va.—If you expect to make your living hunting and trapping in the North Carolina mountains, don't get information from anybody by mail, but go there and learn for yourself. You'll starve to death otherwise.

C. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—In our judgment matrimonial agencies are more or less a menace to public and private welfare and we beg to decline to give the addresses of any we know of. Isn't marriage risky enough with those you know instead of trying it with strangers?

Miss S. A., Marion, La.—The number of known madstones in this country and the stories connected with them make them objects of curiosity and as curios only can purchasers be found for them outside of their immediate localities. If you have one you want to sell advertise it generally in New Orleans newspapers, or in The New York Medical Journal, where some physician may see it and become interested. What it would be worth depends entirely upon what a possible purchaser wanted to give. Madstones have no established market value like sandstones or precious stones.

Reader, Sylacauga, Ala.—We have never heard of a school North or South, devoted entirely to the study of mathematics. Two leading civil engineering schools where there is more mathematics taught than the average human mind can master are Mass. Inst. of Technology, Boston, Mass. and Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. Civil engineering to some extent is taught in all general colleges and universities.

Mrs. A. R., Peyton, Colo.—The U. S. mints are located in the following cities with dates of their establishment: Philadelphia, 1792; New Orleans, 1835; San Francisco, 1853; Denver, 1862; Carson City, 1869—discontinued in 1893 and now conducted only as a government assay office.

T. W., Maxwellton, Texas.—Information concerning the preparation and sale of butterflies and moths may be had from L. O. Howard, Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. If you succeed or fail at it we should like to hear from you for the benefit of other COMFORT readers who have made similar inquiries.

Mrs. C. H., Salem, Ore.—Panama hats may be cleaned with hot water, soap and a brush. Oxalic acid in the hands of an inexperienced person will destroy the fabric. The best cleanser for all kinds of straw hats may be had at drug-stores at a small price with directions for using and we recommend that you use that. Also we may add that if you can get a Panama hat cleaned to look much like new, you will do more than we have ever been able to do with ours.

A. C., Doering, Wis.—The angleworm comes from the ground and not from the sky. Its real name is earthworm and it gets its other name from the fact that anglers use it for bait. The fact of its frequent appearance after a rain is that the water softens the soil and it can get out easily and take an airing, as it were. In this country its usual length is from two to four or five inches, but in Europe it is sometimes found to measure nearly that many feet.

Mrs. F. H., Fayetteville, N. C.—Lodestone is the literary or poetical name for magnetic iron ore. You can buy various forms of magnets made of steel at almost any store where toys and novelties are sold.

L. H. M., Tolstoy, S. Dak.—Pearls are frequently found in oysters by persons who eat oysters and if they are found in raw oysters they may have some value, depending upon their size and quality. If the oysters have been cooked, however, the pearl is ruined for sale, though you might have it set and wear it as a souvenir. Usually these pearls are too small to be worth seeking a purchaser for. Show them to your local jeweler.

H. J. D., Henderson, Md.—If you have not made a will you should do so as should every reader of COMFORT who has any property whatever to dispose of after his demise. We refer now especially to those persons who have only small properties, personal or real, to be distributed, as those having property of any great value realize the necessity of arranging for its final disposal, while the others are careless and don't think it is worth while. But it is, because heirs of small amounts can and do get into as much family trouble and litigation as do those where much is involved. Some persons have a superstitious dread of making a will, seeming to think that if they make a will death will come after them at once. This is really too foolish to talk about. The making of a will is a very simple matter and a lawyer's fee for making it is small. Every man and every woman who has any property to go to heirs should signify in a witnessed will how it is to be divided and that will in many cases save a lot of unnecessary trouble, especially, as we say, if the amount is not great.

Aner Eam, Rome, Ga.—A course in business college will give you stenography, all right, but to be a first-class stenographer you must be born with the faculty, for it is not a profession in which perfection may be acquired by study. You may be able to get it so you can earn from eight to twelve dollars a week, but there are so many girls now doing that that it is not easy to find a satisfactory position. First-class stenographers among women are few and far between, but they get good pay when they do show up, though never as good pay as first-class men stenographers.

I. T., Waverly, Iowa.—Write to the Mayor of Walla Walla, Wash., or to Secretary Board of Trade, for information about that section and you will be sure to get all you need before going out to see for yourself. COMFORT readers desiring information about any part of the West or Southwest especially, or the South, can get it by writing to the Mayor of the county seat of any county, or to the Sheriff of the county. These officials are interested in developing their localities and are always glad to give information to prospective settlers. Make your questions clear and don't ask for information you could only get by being there in person. And don't buy property of any kind until you have seen it.

Inquisitive, Dresser Junction, Wis.—There are several woman suffrage newspapers and magazines published. For information in detail write to Secretary National American Woman's Suffrage Association, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Don't be afraid to ask for what you want. That is one of the planks of the W. S. party platform.

Mrs. A. S., Macon, Ga.—Read the advertisements in COMFORT and you will find among them reliable coin firms who will supply you with coin books and other information along those lines. Lincoln pennies and Buffalo nickels are worth only their face value. The COMFORT reader who fails to read the advertising columns misses many a good thing.

Ruddy Steve, Utopia, Fla.—Our present national flag was adopted by Congress in 1818—thirteen alternate red and white stripes and an additional star for each new state admitted, the new star going in on the 4th of July following the admission of the state. (2) Vermont was the first state admitted to the Union, 1791. All the original thirteen states came in without an act of Congress. Montana means a mountainous region. Itasca is a word coined by Schoolcraft from the Ojibwa "tptosh," meaning woman's breast. The center of population by the last census (1910) was at Bloomington, Indiana.

L. S. K., Bennington, Ind.—Information about widows' and mothers' pension laws which have been passed by several states, no two of them alike, cannot be had from COMFORT as satisfactorily as it can from own local officials, town or county. Make your inquiries of officials who are on the ground and can, not only tell you definitely what the law of your state is, but can assist you in securing the benefit it affords. This is for all COMFORT readers in states where such laws exist. In states where they do not yet exist, information concerning them can best be had from the local officials.

The White Rose

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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OLD JOHN MACLARNEY had been gardener on the Guild estate for forty years. The wide gardens about the beautiful suburban home had bee his world, and he had learned to love the flowers as a man learns to love whatever is fragile and beautiful; but there was one however that he loved more than any other among the spacious aisles; that flower—he always thought of her as a rose—was the daughter of the owner. Her name was Alicia.

She was bright of hair, cheery of heart, and sweet of face. When John was young, she used to play at gardening with him; oftentimes he had threatened to plant her and change her into a rose. As she grew older and bloomed into young womanhood, she still spent happy hours with the old gardener. The feeling of protectorship that he had over her when she was a little tot continued and her interests were his interests in a close and personal way.

So it came about that when he heard disquieting news of her, he was sorely troubled, and many times he would pause in his work amid the flowers to ponder on the trouble that had come into her sunny life.

One of the maids in the house told him about it first. It seems that there had been a little quarrel between Alicia and Nathan Rutherford, the handsome young Southerner, who had been Southern agent for her father's firm. He was warm-blooded and hot-tempered; she was born with the pride of the North in her ways; and between such a little rift in happiness soon widens.

Old John was much worried. No shadow of unhappiness had ever come into her life within his knowledge. He knew she loved the impulsive fellow, and that he loved her; and it seemed a pity that anything should come between them. But what could be done about it as far as he was concerned, he did not know.

He pondered on the matter long as he busied himself, and he pondered in vain. Then, one day, he heard that Rutherford was going on a long business trip, a trip that would keep him in Europe for many months. Maclarney was still more worried, for such a trip at such a time seemed to suggest that Rutherford was going away in order to forget her.

Late one afternoon, John looked up to see the slender rose of a girl he loved standing near him. There were little shadows in her eyes where the little lights of fun and joy had been.

"Hello, Little Rose," he said gladly, for it did seem good to see her. "I was thinkin' o' sendin' you a spray o' rosemary."

"Why? Oh, I know; rosemary is for remembrance!"

"Yes," he answered, pleased. "I ha' told you so many you forget." But he knew she had made believe she did not know just to tease him.

She chatted a while with him, but the laughter had gone from her voice; and he, though he longed dumbly to speak, did not dare to ask what the trouble was.

When she left, he watched her white figure fade down the aisles of the garden that was rapidly growing dusky with the fragrant and soft-falling twilight. As he watched her, a sudden thought made his old heart beat rapidly. Did he dare, he asked himself. He had a plan in mind; he wished he could carry it out, but he hesitated.

He went into the summer-house and sat down to think. Thinking was a long and tiresome process to him, but finally he reached a decision. Trembling a little with the immensity of it, he picked up his old cap, his tools, and hurried to the garden toolhouse. From there he went on his errand.

The next afternoon just as the faint gray of twilight was coming again, she came to make him her customary visit. He had finished a day's work, but work that had not been up to his usual standard, for he had been in a peculiar frame of mind. When he saw her coming, he was a little fearful of what she might say or do if she knew what he had done.

But she did not know. She chatted with him as he gathered up his implements, her sweet voice falling like music in the silent spaces of the garden. She gathered a few flowers as he went back to the toolhouse.

After he had finished putting the trowels away, he turned to the door, and stopped stock-still, quivering with what he saw.

Down the garden aisle from the house was coming a tall figure with stealthy steps. She was bending over, breathing the scent of a rose uplifted for her kiss. Suddenly the tall figure seized her, and her white, slender figure was folded in the darkness of a deep embrace.

To John came the sound of broken voices, charged with emotion and a great, sweet joy.

"Alice!"

"Nathan!"

John listened, his old ears straining for the words, his slow-beating heart quickening. His secret must come out, and what would be the result?

The voices became clear.

"Nathan, why did you come?"

"Why—why—didn't you send me a white rose?"

"Why, Nathan, I—I—no, I——"

Setting himself for the supreme effort, John hastened down the walk. "Miss Alice, I—I sent to Mr. Rutherford the white rose, because—because once in the garden as you two were talking, I heard him say the white rose was the sign—the sign of forgiveness. I sent it to him. I hope I haven't done wrong; I thought——" He stopped, troubled with their silence.

Nathan put an encircling arm about Alicia, and she, after a glance into his face, leaned against him. The free hand Rutherford held out to John.

"I am glad you sent the white rose, Mac; I have been foolish."

She laughed softly, and the music was again in her voice.

"And I'm glad, too!" she said.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT
50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



Fair Bather: "I'm going to leave this writing in the sand and see if that skinny pair yonder won't take the hint."

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads COMFORT. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in COMFORT if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 12-H Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 12-H Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.

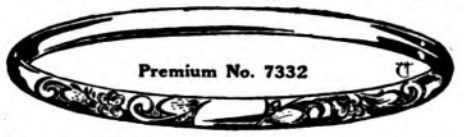
"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.



BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size. Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 6, East Boston, Mass.

TOBACCO HABIT You can conquer it easily in 5 days, improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew; or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. EDW. J. WOODS, M-147, Station E. New York, N. Y.

Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Given For Two Subscriptions!

THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine **rolled gold** plate and positively guaranteed **for five years**. It is beautifully **engraved** one half the way round it and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small club this is **not** a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Crochet Outfit

Premium No. 7352.

Given for a Club of Two!

THIS is an offer that will interest every woman and girl who takes genuine pleasure in fancy work. Irish Crochet has been extremely fashionable and its popularity is still on the increase. Every woman who sees the dainty articles in Irish Crochet exhibited in the art stores or in the homes of her friends is seized with an irresistible desire to learn how to make them herself. The work is very easy and the material required is quite inexpensive. With the directions and patterns given in the outfit offered here anyone may learn to make many attractive articles for the home. The designs are already stamped on fine quality **Holland Cloth.** The motifs are to be crocheted separately, then basted on a cambric pattern and joined by crocheting or sewing together. Following is a list of the designs:

One Pincushion, one Corner Table Cover, one Scarf End, one Laundry Bag, one Border for Towel Ends, Pillow Cases, etc. one Running border for Dresses, Petticoats, etc., one Handbag, one Baby Cap, one Lady's Collar one Large Centerpiece, one Bow Knot, one pair Lady's Cuffs. We will also send you **24 large skeins of Mercerized Cotton, one Crochet Needle** and full and explicit directions how to work the different motifs

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at **25 cents each,** or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, will send you this complete crochet outfit exactly as described above free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7352.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

No craving for tobacco in any form after the first dose.

Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's a losing fight against heavy odds and means a serious shock to the nervous system. **Let the tobacco habit quit YOU.** It will quit you, if you just take **Tobacco Redeemer**, according to directions, for two or three days. It is the most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit the world has ever known.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is absolutely harmless and contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff. Tobacco Redeemer will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY
Dept. 312 St. Louis, Mo.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

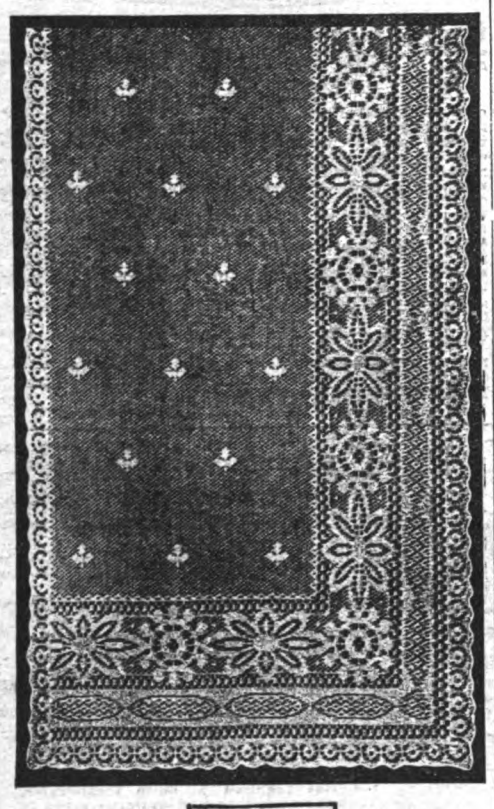
FITS EPILEPSY FALLING SICKNESS

Are you a sufferer from Fits, Epilepsy, Falling Sickness or Nervous Trouble? If so, send at once for Treatise and free bottle of W. H. Peeke's Treatment which will be sent to you **absolutely free.**

Thousands of sufferers have used W. H. Peeke's Treatment with the most beneficial results. Hundreds of testimonials on file from persons endorsing this treatment. Give express and postoffice address.
W. H. PEEKE, 4 Cedar Street. New York City

Asthma **Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed.** Trial treatment mailed free. **Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.**

Lace Curtains



Nine Feet Long **Thirty Inches Wide** **Premium No. 409** **Given For A Club of Four**

THESE Nottingham lace curtains are **thirty inches wide and three yards long** and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any home no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven one-year subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

R. M., Latham, O.—As dry air is considered a corrective of catarrhal conditions produced by damp air, the logical conclusion is that catarrh sufferers should go to the dry climate and as Florida is low and with the sea on both sides, there must be a dampness in the air which is not found in that of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and other inland sections. That is the theory, but in practise it might be that Florida would suit your case better than the other sections, just as there are certain medicines which are beneficial in ninety-nine cases, but are without effect in the hundredth. Try Florida if you prefer going there and if it does not benefit, then try the others.

D. L., Doylestown, O.—Chronic diarrhea is very often a symptom rather than a disease itself and acute diarrhea may soon become chronic if the patient is careless in diet and habits of living. The intestines, the liver or the kidneys may be the seat of the trouble and the attention of a physician is necessary to determine conditions and the proper treatment. Many serious cases are the result of patients considering the trouble of little consequence and treating themselves ignorantly, thus aggravating the disease. The patient may treat himself by regulating his diet eating sparingly and oftener than usual, milk, eggs, rare meat and rice if well cooked. Boiled milk is better than raw milk. Thoroughly toasted or stale bread should take the place of fresh bread. Drink no coffee. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing so as to promote digestion, indigestion being a cause of diarrhea. Avoid sudden cooling of the body, and especially protect the body while asleep from sudden cooling by throwing off the covers. With this self-treatment established, consult a physician for medical treatment, because certain medicines are necessary which the patient cannot determine and administer. Dysentery is different from chronic diarrhea in that it results from intestinal inflammation, is very painful and is more liable to result fatally.

B. G. F., Jensin, Fla.—You have nervous indigestion in a mild form and need rest and careful dieting more than anything else. Nervous troubles as you have learned are not simple matters and their proper treatment must be from a physician who can have personal knowledge of conditions and be competent to treat them not only scientifically, but sympathetically. This cannot be done by yourself through printed advice.

Puzzled, Clark's Corners, Conn.—Everybody's right and you are wrong. Everybody thinks you are healthy, but you do not. Mind is greater than matter. You only think you are not well. Stop that thinking and agree with everybody else and you will be all right. (2) Varicocele is not harmless. If you have anything like that, go to a doctor with it and get his advice and treatment after he has examined it.

Mrs. W. S. O., Hopkinsville, Ky.—That doctor we think was right who told you your child's tickling in the throat was due to "the bugle being too long," but he was wrong in not clipping it off. The operation is simple and sure. Take the child to another physician and have an examination made for an operation. Have it done at once if the physician so advises. (2) As to the tetter or eczema on your husband's hands, if the ordinary drug-store remedies have failed, he should consult a doctor, because while eczema shows on the surface and does not affect the general health, the cause of it is deeper and must be removed if possible. Eczema is very stubborn and many times it is incurable, though it may be held in check if properly treated.

H. M. B., Thorn, Miss.—A girl sixteen years old and bothered nearly all your life with your eyes and still never gone to a doctor for treatment. It is a wonder you are not physically as well as mentally blind. Why don't you understand how much good eyesight means and take the very greatest care of it? Now go to a good doctor just as fast as you can and have him examine your eyes and treat them as they should have been treated long ago. Other COMFORT readers whose eyes trouble them go and do likewise and go quick.

Mrs. A. W., Shively, Ky.—Hardening of the arteries is not at all uncommon among older people, men particularly, and in these hurrying times of ours more than ever, and among various causes are excessive mental or physical effort and great anxiety, these being probably more than any other the cause in your father's case. Nothing can be done toward effecting a cure, but a physician can be of great service who will see the patient at intervals and give such advice as may be necessary towards temporary relief and in checking the progress of the disease. Do nothing except by a physician's direction because one wrong move may end it all in a moment. By proper care your father's life may be prolonged several years, but he will never be capable of much exertion. The use of alcoholic liquor is one of the most common causes of the premature occurrence of this disease.

R. P., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—About the only remedy for fallen arch are the mechanical devices to be had in most shoe-stores. For sweating feet bathe them morning and night in water containing a few drops of ammonia, wear cotton socks and wear rubbers only when absolutely necessary. Shoes should be removed whenever possible and let the feet have ventilation.

Mrs. M. S., Augusta, Wis.—Don't wash your hair so often. Once a month is enough and then rub a little olive oil into the roots. Clip the splitting ends. Arizona or New Mexico has the warm dry climate which would relieve your catarrh, though you should be sure it is catarrh. Why wait till your eyes are "very bad" before letting a doctor examine them? Do you let your kitchen-stove go to pieces before you try to repair it? Go to the doctor now. Also go to him about those numerous other ailments you ask us to guess at and prescribe for. For constipation a tablespoonful or two if necessary, of pure olive oil at mealtime and before going to bed will produce the best results. It is food as well as medicine and a fine intestinal lubricant.

Miss F. L. R., Gowrie, Iowa.—If you have pleurisy the best thing you can do for it is to go to the doctor who told you you had it and let him prescribe for it. Why did you write to Maine to find that out? You may rest assured that it is not "chronic consumption" yet, but it may become chronic if you don't attend to it promptly.

Inquiring, Frederick, Md.—"Paralysis of the brain," as you call it is a loss of the possibility of transmitting impressions from the seats of their peripheric commencement inwards to those portions of the brain which are concerned with their realization in consciousness. The proper term for it, however, is sensory paralysis.

Mrs. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Do not worry about losing your sense of taste and smell from having a cold. It is so common that we supposed everybody who ever had a cold knew about it. It is caused by a catarrhal condition of the nerves of those senses which deaden them temporarily. The hearing is also often affected in the same way.

Worried Girl, Elizabeth City, N. C.—Why should we give you advice when you tell us that you didn't think it worth while to take the advice of the physicians from the Board of Health who examined you two years ago and told you what was the matter with your stomach? We think it would be very "wise to take into consideration what they said," though it may now be too late and nobody to blame except yourself. We cannot guess at your condition now and have no suggestions to make except that you see a physician. There should be some sort of remedy for such carelessness as you have shown, but unfortunately there is not.

Pimple, Wheatfield, Ind.—You'd probably lose your eyesight if you prefer to have a physician a thousand miles away guess at what is the matter with your eye, instead of consulting a physician on the spot who can examine it and prescribe properly. And you almost deserve to.

J. F., Gooding, Idaho.—Goiter in itself will not cause a mental breakdown, but to a sensitive person who can't get his mind off of it, such a result might follow. You know, many diseases could be cured if sufferers could keep their minds on something else. You should not let the goiter grow, but get the best treatment you can and stop it. What kind of water do you drink? In many localities goiter is very common owing to something or other not definitely known in the drinking-water. Drink distilled water.

Miss B. J., Cambridge, Mass.—Your feet are not fat. They are merely broad, out of proportion to their length and you should realize that and wear shoes wide enough to fit, even though they are not quite as shapely as you admire. Standing on your feet so much will broaden them, but that makes no difference if you will wear shoes broad enough for them. A shoe a half or three quarters of an inch too long may be a shade narrower than one the exact length of your foot, as the extra length will allow for a certain spread forward instead of lateral.

G. S., Peoria, Ill.—We fail to see any especial jerkiness in your writing and you certainly haven't writer's palsy. Also if there is anybody who has nerves hard enough not to jump at a sudden noise as a pistol shot, we would like to have his address. Get your mind on your cartooning and stop thinking about your nerves. Boys have no right to have nerves and they really haven't. They only think so

A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

maid of honor and Arthur Stamford was best man, while several friends of Alice and Will officiated as bridesmaids and groomsmen.

The young couple went to Italy for a few weeks, Mrs. Weston and May remaining at Castleview at Mr. Fletcher's earnest request, and where the former easily dropped into Imogen's position, while May just revelled in the luxuries surrounding her, especially in having dear old Chub to drive again to her heart's content.

More than this, the future began to hold much of promise for her, for Mr. Stamford became a very frequent visitor at Castleview, and it began to be rumored in society that the prospective baronet was likely to carry off Lady Marchmont's fair sister to Stamford Hall at no very distant day.

On the return of Lord and Lady Marchmont from their bridal tour, there was another grand merrymaking at Marchmont Court to welcome the master and mistress home. When the next season opened in London, the family took a fine house in town, where Alice and May were both presented at court by the dowager Lady Marchmont, and their beauty and culture were the subjects of special comment upon that and many following occasions during their sojourn in town. During this season May became the betrothed of Arthur Stamford, and their engagement was formally announced, the happy girl believing that no other was quite so blessed as she. Imogen and Olive made a home for themselves in New York, and, although both Mr. Fletcher and the judge tried to keep in touch with the latter by means of letters and occasional visits, the proud and jealous girl did not cordially respond to their efforts, and was always cold and constrained whenever they met. Two years after leaving Castleview, she married a prosperous diamond merchant, when the judge and his son-in-law gave her a generous dowry. It was accepted with cold and formal thanks, after which they drifted still farther apart, until finally all intercourse between them ceased.

Imogen always resided with her daughter, but, although she was surrounded with every luxury, she never wholly rallied from that last blow received at Castleview. Her proud spirit was broken, although she endeavored to conceal the fact, but her whole life was haunted by many bitter memories and wearing remorse, and she never again cared for society.

The detective, Reardon, was tried and convicted, and sentenced to ten years' transportation, in spite of Mr. Fletcher's efforts to have his punishment made light, in view of the fact that he had not intended to steal state secrets.

May Weston was married at the close of the London season, when the young Lady Marchmont gave her a grand wedding at the court and provided her with a *trousseau* befitting the position which she was to occupy, and thus the bright girl secured the opportunity for her long wished for nibble at society, which she enjoyed to the utmost, while, at the same time, she was a loving, lovable and helpful wife to her noble husband.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Weston was to reside at Stamford Hall with her daughter, but Judge Ashburton had been dismayed at the thought of losing their pleasant, ladylike and efficient housekeeper, who, he suddenly became conscious, had become very necessary to his comfort and happiness, and one morning he surprised her by quietly asking her if she would object to affixing his name to hers and walking by his side for the rest of his life.

She did not object, and the matter was speedily settled. This unexpected proposition created quite a commotion in the three families most interested.

They were all intensely amused, and many a sly joke was cracked at the expense of the venerable groom and his middle-aged, but still attractive, bride-elect; but everybody finally admitted that it was the nicest possible arrangement, Mr. Fletcher expressing himself as especially delighted over the fact that he would not be obliged to keep a forlorn bachelor's hall.

The judge lived to a good old age—long enough to trot three lovely greatgrandchildren upon his knees and to begin to instruct the promising heir of Leith in the elements of the profession he so loved, and upon whom he often declared the mantle of his mother's brilliant talents had fallen with such signal promise as to point to a coming star of the first magnitude in the legal firmament.

THE END.

GOITRE

$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

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Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
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I WILL SEND YOU A PROOF TREATMENT FREE—EITHER SEX.



My method reduces weight **3 to 6 Pounds a Week,** turns ill health into robustness, sluggishness into activity, relieves that feeling of fullness and oppression and gives other benefits in a great number of cases of overstoutness. No starvation, **no tedious exercising,** no absurd "drugless" lessons, nothing to ruin the stomach. I am a **regular practicing physician** and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, quickly removes double chin, large stomach and fat hips. Write to-day for proof treatment, book of valuable advice and testimonials, **all sent free.** Address: **Dr. F. T. BROUGH, 20 East 22d St., 9C, New York.**

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Thousands of satisfied women all over the country find the "Bee Cell" the only practical supporter. Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.00 and we will mail you one post-paid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write today for descriptive circular—fully illustrated. It's FREE.
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Ladies' Pure Silk Hose

PREMIUM NO. 287

EVERY woman and girl knows that to be **well dressed** she must wear **silk stockings.** COMFORT is able to purchase **direct from the mills** thereby eliminating three or four middlemen's profits and therefore is able to offer you for a very small club of subscriptions, beautiful **pure silk hose** in a great variety of handsome, fashionable colors such as **Black, White, Tan, Pink, Light Blue, Red and Kelley Green.** With so many colors to choose from you can easily pick out the right shades **to match your gowns or dresses,** this being the fashion nowadays. You run no risk of being disappointed if you accept this offer because we guarantee these stocking to be positively the **highest grade** hose made in America and they are just as durable as they are handsome as the upper part of each stocking to the depth of 8 inches is made of fine lisle with **double garter welt** and heel and toe are made of **four thread** lisle thus making it strong and durable where the wear actually comes and sheer and lustrous where they show. **Be sure to mention size and color wanted.**



Club Offer. For only **three** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair **Silk Hose** free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention color or colors preferred and size. If in doubt about your stocking size mention what size shoe you wear. **Premium No. 287.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies' and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are **genuine gold filled** so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with imt. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the **real gems** which would cost from $5.00 to $25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough **real gold** to give them **genuine wearing qualities,** and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift. **ORDER BY NUMBER THE RING OR RINGS WANTED.**



No. 52005

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful Imt. Sapphire and two sparkling Brilliants.

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful Imt. Amethyst.

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, handsomely engraved, set with finest cut Imt. Ruby.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.

No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved.



No. 52137



No. 51429



No. 51726

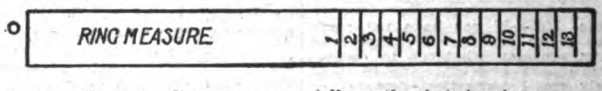


No. 52028



No. 51723

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!



By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line O and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.

Free Offer! By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you **FREE AND POSTPAID** your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. **Remember our guarantee** that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify **by number** the ring or rings you want.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Mesh Purse



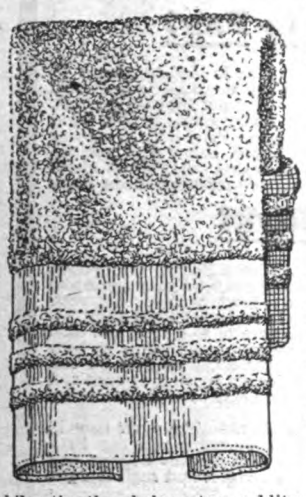
Given For Two Subscriptions!

THIS is the new "Fish Scale" mesh purse with **gate top** and a ten-inch wrist chain, made throughout of **German Silver**, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished [illegible] cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty [illegible] now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and [illegible] who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels



Premium No. 7302

For Two Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good **rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bath- or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **thick, heavy fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also great for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are **genuine Turkish** towels—not the imitation kind—and are **17 inches wide and 36 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished and are **in every respect** equal to towels that you would willingly pay **$1.00 a pair** for in any store. We will make you a present of **one pair** of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7302.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For A Club Of 8

Premium No. 7208



Your Choice Of Navy Blue, Cardinal, Or Kelly Green

Handsome Silk Parasol

COLORED parasols are stylish and also a great source of comfort to any woman or girl on hot summer days when walking or driving in the sun. No matter how hot the day may be they help to keep you cool and comfortable, therefore are just the thing to take with you on your trips to the seashore, the mountains, the country or wherever you happen to go. These parasols come in different colors—**navy blue, cardinal and Kelly Green**—have a mission handle with fancy tassel, a wooden rod and an all steel eight rib frame. When open they have a spread of 32 inches. You would have to pay about $2.00 for a parasol like this in any store but we will send you one free upon the terms of the following offer. **Be sure to mention color wanted.**

Club Offer. For a club of eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a parasol free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7208.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Transfer Outfit of Over 150 Designs!



Grandest Pattern Collection Ever Offered!

Premium No. 7281

Sent To You Postpaid For One Subscription!

OUR lady readers will welcome this new outfit consisting of a mammoth collection of popular transfer embroidery patterns—**over 150 designs in all.** The designs are absolutely new and right up-to-date and embrace the **latest ideas** in fancy-work and dress accessories. It would take too much space to name all the designs that come in this splendid outfit but here is a partial list. Remember however that there are over 150 in all:

1 Waist Design, latest style for solid or eyelet embroidery; 1 new style Corset Cover, for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 beautiful Poinsettia design for sofa pillow; 1 Collar and Cuff Set for solid or eyelet embroidery; 1 Scalloped border for lingerie; 1 Pretty design for pillow case for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Leaf design for corner of hemstitched piece; 1 Pair of Bootees for solid embroidery; 1 Bib for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Corset Cover for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Boudoir Cap to match; 1 Attractive design for Centerpiece, for lazydaisy, solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Design for Child's Hat; 1 design for corner of Handkerchief; 1 Towel End design for solid and outline embroidery; 2 Scallop Borders; 1 design for Small Centerpiece, for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Corner for hemstitched piece; 1 Design for Pillow Case or Towel End for eyelet embroidery; 1 Butterfly design for Pillow Case or Towel End; 1 Complete Alphabet ½ inch high for handkerchiefs, lingerie, etc.; 1 Complete Alphabet 1 inch high for lingerie, table linen, etc.; 1 Complete Alphabet 2 inches high for table and bed linen; 1 Complete Alphabet 3 inches high for towels, pillow cases etc.; 1 Conventional Design for towel end; 1 Anchor for Sailor Suits; 1 Bow Tie; 1 large Butterfly; and various other designs, too numerous to mention.

We will also send you with this outfit **complete instructions for transferring and an embroidery stitch book illustrating all the stitches used in embroidery.** This outfit is so entirely different than any other yet offered by us that we expect a big demand for it so be sure to send your order in early before our stock is exhausted.

OFFER NO. 7281 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this Transfer Outfit containing over 150 new up-to-date designs free by Parcel Post prepaid.

OFFER NO. 7281 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this Transfer Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7281.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Enjoy Solid Comfort In A "COMFORT" Hammock



Premium No. 391

We Will Send You One Prepaid for A Club Of Six!

ON warm summer days what is there that can afford more **real pleasure or satisfaction** than the quiet hours spent in a good comfortable hammock strung up on porch or piazza or in some cool shady spot under the trees on the lawn or in the orchard? If you do not already own a hammock, or if the one you now have is becoming a trifle worn, then here is an offer that should interest you. We will send you **without a cent of expense** a "COMFORT" hammock—one of the latest styles, strong, serviceable and handsome, 10 feet long and over 32 inches wide, in attractive interwoven colors of red, black, yellow and white. It is fitted with strong wooden stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock itself and **always in place** thereby giving it suitable spread for comfort. We can guarantee this hammock to give you real satisfaction because it is in no respect cheap or cheap looking but made throughout of high-grade material that will withstand the wear and tear of **constant use.** This handsome full size, guaranteed hammock is yours without cost on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the "COMFORT" Hammock as above pictured and described **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 391.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate!



Warranted For 5 Years!

MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** You could easily pay $5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 7213

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7213.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Photo-Button Camera

Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes

JUST **think of it!** A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture **in just two minutes.** To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures **while they wait.** And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera **does all the work itself.** You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does **away** with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures **in broad daylight.** You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a **complete outfit** consisting of **One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, developing tank and complete instructions** how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, and you can mount the pictures in the **pretty Brooch Button frames** like those illustrated above. The pictures are perfectly round and of good size measuring **1¼ inches in diameter.** And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply as we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them **free** in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, **according to what you order and how much.** Or, if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., at a low price. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following



Premium No. 703.

You Don't Have To Know Photography—You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light—Or Other Accessories—The Camera does it all!

CLUB OFFER. For only four One-year subscriptions at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 703.

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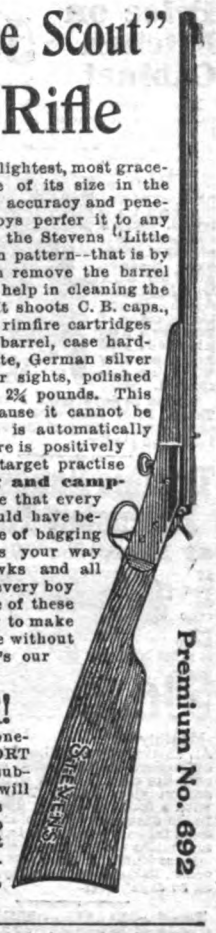
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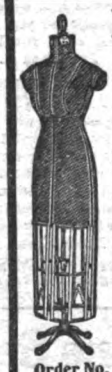
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VOL. XXVII — No. 11

September 1915



See story "BILLY DALE-COWARD"

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Crumbs of Comfort

Agreeable advice is rarely useful advice.

We take less pains to be happy than to seem so.

Chance makes brothers, but hearts make friends.

Men marry to make an end; women to make a beginning.

It costs more to be miserable than it does to be happy.

For every friend one loses for truth's sake he gains a better.

Every human being believes that he has a greater possibility.

It is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know.

It is for young men to gather knowledge and for old men to use it.

Too much effort to increase our happiness transforms it into misery.

Covetousness would take for itself that which was intended for all.

One of the greatest of human sufferings is to ask oneself, Does God exist?

We know truth when we see it, let skeptic and scoffer say what they choose.

He who will do good after a disappointment must stand still and do nothing at all.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be.

It is an ill thing for a man not to know the measure of his stomach, and knowing it not to respect it.

Visits are too often mere inventions for discharging on our friends something of our own unendurable burdens.

There is nothing that we fear which is so certain to come, as it is certain that many things which we do fear will not come.

How many casualties and difficulties there are that we dread, which upon further thought we find to be mercies and benefits.

Things are only ill that are ill-taken and it is not for a man of worth to think himself better or worse for the opinion of others.

How dear, how soothing to man is the idea of God, peopling the lonely places, lighting the darkness and effacing the scars and sorrows of our mistakes and disappointments.

Billy Dale—Coward

(See Title Page Illustration.)

By Clayton Heath

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HE was born to be afraid, even as a small boy such games as "Follow your Leader," "Stumps," and the like held for him none of the joy that they gave to his fellows. When he was dared to swing from the limb of a tree or jump from the roof of a shed to the ground his heart seemed to turn to water.

But the fact that he was able to hide his shame, that none of his playmates suspected his weakness, buoyed up his confidence, and it was balm to his soul to speculate on the emotions of others, wondering if perhaps all the world were not a coward hiding behind a screen of assumed courage. It was not until his fight with Joe Sands of the "Tough End" gang in his thirteenth year, that he really began to despise himself.

In the presence of a dozen boys Sands slapped his face, not once but three times. Flushed by his easy victory he called after the retreating boy:

"Always knew you was a coward Bill Dale, now I know you are just a yellow dog. You're a coward."

It was a fatal mistake for Sands. Dale turned on him with a throaty cry, and in three minutes it was over.

"Bill," queried one of his friends after the fight, "why didn't you let him have it when he struck you? What was you waiting for?" "But when you did go after him," commented another admiringly, "you were just like a 'cornered rat'."

Abruptly Billy left his companions and sought the privacy of his room. Now he knew what he was. "A cornered rat." A thing that would not defend itself unless its very life was at stake. He knew what would have happened had there been no witnesses to Sand's affronts. They would not have been resented. It was only when Sands called him coward that the rat's instinct to fight when cornered had come to his rescue and saved him from his friend's contempt. He was worse than a coward—he was afraid of being called one.

How he ever got through his school and college days without again having his physical courage questioned, only he knew. Only he knew of the subterfuges which he adopted to avoid playing football, basketball and other games for which a lad of his strength was in demand. But he kept his secret and when, after his graduation and admission to the bar, he met the girl, he forgot everything else but the fact that he must win her and one evening he planned that after taking her home from a certain musical comedy he would put the momentous question to her. He had reasons to believe that he would be accepted.

The performance that night was ordinary, but not even the presence of a famous and beautiful star could win Billy's attention, he had eyes only for the girl, but in the second act while the chorus was performing various evolutions his mind susceptible to quick impressions by many years of wondering what people thought of him, and if they knew of his cowardice grasped a certain uneasiness in the atmosphere of the crowded house. People were twisting in their seats, turning their heads from side to side as though to discover something of whose existence they were not certain, and the chorus seemed to be singing louder and dancing more vehemently than the character of their song required. And from the rear of the stage there fluttered a wisp of smoke.

But even before it had been observed, Billy had sensed its coming. He had the aisle seat and was out of it facing the exit before anyone else had time to move. His escape was easy; he had a clear field, and he was about to take advantage of it when he remembered the girl. He turned to her with a smile.

"Pick up your wraps," he said, "and come quickly."

Already the theater was in an uproar, shrieks, yells and curses filled the air, by this time murky with smoke, forced into the auditorium by the draft from behind the stage. The star was vainly trying to make herself heard, her gestures indicating that there was no danger. Ushers ran madly down the aisles exhorting people to keep their seats, and then above all came the clang of the fire engine. The panic could not be stayed.

Billy seized the girl in his left arm, and with his right arm forced a way into the aisle. Women and children and men were struggling madly to escape, spurned on with this greatest of human emotions, fear.

Steadily Billy forced his way to the space behind the orchestra chairs. There was no chance to get out; the terrified mob was blocking its own escape, and had jammed the door so that it could not be opened. With a roar like a maddened bull before its last charge, Billy turned on the grasping wild-eyed throng relentlessly forcing him on.

"Go back!" he yelled, "Go back!"

His right arm shot out and a man insane with fear dropped before the blow, another fell, writhing in pain as Billy's right leg lifted him from the ground, another seized in one hand was thrown bodily into the crowd, and now for a moment before this veritable madman, the theater goers gave way.

"Go back!" came the roar again, in a voice that the girl did not recognize. "Go back to your seats, there is no danger, the smoke is already gone."

A few of the cooler headed took up the cry and began forcing the people back and those in the rear, seeing that the smoke really had vanished and that the chorus was still singing and dancing reluctantly began making their way back to the main body of the theater. The panic ceased almost as quickly as it had begun and in five minutes people were actually laughing and joking over their recent fright, and were banteringly offering to exchange wraps which they had hastily picked up in their flight for their own property.

As soon as the panic had ceased Billy had made his way through the curious throng assembled outside and summoned a taxicab. Once inside the girl threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Billy!" she half sobbed, "Oh, my own Billy!"

"My God!" he groaned. "Don't make it so hard for me!"

"Hard for you, what do you mean? Why, Billy you don't mean that you don't care—what have I done? Offered you myself, and you have r——. I don't believe you," she cried. "I know you care. I've known it for weeks."

She loosened her arms and drew away from him.

"You've made love to me in every way except speech, you've been wanting to ask me every time we have met, and now—what do you mean? You're mine. I didn't know until tonight the real you. But now I know I love you, Billy."

"Dolly," his voice was strained, "that's just it, you don't know the real me, you didn't see the real Billy Dale tonight, for he is a coward, a cur, yes, just a common yellow cur. He was more panic stricken tonight than any woman in the audience, but he fought because he had to, like a cornered rat."

The girl switched on the light in the cab, and looked searchingly at his face which revealed as did his voice the bitterest self contempt.

"What do you mean?" she asked, wonderingly. "Tonight you saved the lives of perhaps a thousand people, you fought them into sanity, you brought me safely out of that mob, and, even, if they had not been quieted, I know that you would have brought me out or died there with me."

"That's just it Dolly," he groaned. "I was shamed into fighting just like a cornered rat. I could never have faced the world if I had left you there to die, I had to fight to keep my secret, to hide my cowardice. I had to force that crowd back that you might escape and in your escape give me the right to live. I tell you I am a coward, I have always been one. I thought to always hide it from you, but now that you love me because you think I am brave—Dolly I can't do it. I can't live an eternal lie. It was shame I tell you, it was the dread that the world would know me for what I am that made me do what I did. God, can't you see me shaking now, trembling with horror, terrified, frightened, pain-stricken? Could you love a man who confesses this?"

"Billy," her arms went around his neck again —"You are a foolish boy, you have only one fear and that is the fear of fear. If you are a coward I only hope," she hid her face on his shoulder, while face and throat were crimson, "that if we ever have a son he will be just such a coward as his father."

"You mean that Dolly?"

"Must I say it again," she whispered, and this time it was his lips that sought hers.

ROSE or VIOLET

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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LAMSON was asleep, and Ellen let her sewing drop into her lap as she leaned back and studied the face on the white pillow. Across the porch the scented wind from the garden and meadows blew. It was a drowsy afternoon, just the time for reverie, and her thoughts went back to the day when she had stood on that porch and seen a sight that chilled her into frozen horror.

Down the curving country road had come a great, plunging car, driven by a crouched figure; the car had reared and turned like a wild thing on the curve; hard against the stone wall it had crashed, writhed and stopped. From the wreck of it they had taken a battered human figure which, when given consciousness by the skill of the country doctor, cursed him bitterly. But the doctor had refused to let him die.

She had looked deep into Lamson's soul since that day, and she had learned much, but he was still a mystery. To her joy, as he grew better, he seemed to take an interest in the life of the farm about him; and when it was suggested that he go to a city hospital, he had begged to remain, and he did remain. He seemed to have plenty of money, but during the first days a shadow lay always on his face; now the shadow was gone.

He stirred a bit, turned and smiled at her from his cot with pleasant brown eyes that suddenly darkened. "Miss Ellen, I haven't rested in years as I have rested here. Do you know, you and this quaint, lovely, old place have made a man of me. Honestly, that is just the size of it. I wish I could stay forever."

She smiled. "But you will soon be leaving us; going back to that far-off city of which we country folk hear so much." He was a mystery, and she did wish he would tell her more about himself.

His face shadowed and brightened. "Yes, I suppose I must be going; but it has been next door to Paradise here. I wish——" But he did not finish his wish.

In another week he was able to walk about. From his face had gone the harsh lines of dissipation, the devil-may-care look, the cynicism which had been there before; it was the face of a man almost at peace.

They were walking in the garden one afternoon, when an automobile stopped in the road and three figures came forward, one a beautiful girl, who greeted Lamson with sudden joy, after a moment's scrutiny. He greeted her in turn, joyously.

Ellen stole away. It was evident to her that friends of his from the great city had found him. He would be lured back—there was no doubt about it.

And so it proved. He came in the house, excited a little, and announced that he was to return with the party of his friends. The girl in the automobile, regal and full-blown as a rose, came in with him, and Ellen met her.

That evening there came to Ellen the knowledge that during the days in which she had watched over the injured man, during the weeks when she had seen in his eyes the wish to die fade and the desire to live enter—during all that time she had been learning to love him. Absence and parting touch the eyes that see not and they see.

She watched the costly city car fade down the road, and turned from the window with misty eyes. The city would claim him, even the beautiful girl who had been first to greet him in the garden.

Only one memory she had of a purely personal nature: that was his farewell, "So long, Ellen." He said it smiling, and she knew he said it in the way he did, using her first name, because his heart was warmed within him at the thought of his return.

Two days passed and nothing was heard from him; some of his clothes were sent for. The farm life about her went on as usual; the usual news of the community was passed around; a near neighbor reported that he had sold his place, etc. But news of the one she loved came not.

Very sensibly trying to reason with herself, she put all thought of him, as far as she could, from her, and went about her duties. But when the long summer evenings came and the quiet afternoons, she listened for a voice and she waited for a step.

Then one evening, an automobile stopped in the roadway, and she saw a figure run lightly from it to the house. A clear voice asked, "Where's Ellen?"

She heard her mother answer, and the next moment Lamson was threading the garden aisles toward her.

"Hello," he said, cheerfully, his hand outstretched, "I want you to congratulate me——"

A shock went through her. Was he asking her to congratulate him on his engagement or marriage? Did he think she knew?

"Why," she said, drawing back, "what do you mean?"

His expression changed. "I mean; tell me you are glad to see I am wise enough to return."

"Oh, I do!"

He laughed. "Thank you. Will you come over here, and sit down with me?"

Wondering what he had in mind, she went over, and they sat down on the old bench under the apple-tree.

He was silent a moment, then he began, "I went back to the city, and I had a good time. Then the old feeling came back; I have done many things I ought not to have done there; the sins of it are on my soul. I was sick of life when I came tearing out here on the racing-car. Miss Vannorm was good to me—very good; but, someway, the old bitterness began to come back. Ellen," he turned to her suddenly—"I bought the farm next to this; and I've come back where life runs clean. The happiest days of my life have been here. Life means something now, if I may have you with it, Ellen. I know you were learning to love me—deny it if you dare!"

She made a weak attempt to, but her voice was muffled in his embrace. She did manage to say, "But Miss Vannorm—she seemed like a rose—you ——"

He stopped her speech again. "Between the rose and the violet—give me the violet!"

"THE LITTLE MARPLOT"

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon,

is one of the very best stories this popular author has written. The heroine is a live character that challenges the reader's wonder and admiration and stirs the heart's strongest emotions. Love, the greatest thing in the world, is the key-note of this as of all other great stories. It is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to the final solution of a baffling mystery. This story will start in October COMFORT and run as a serial through the fall, winter and spring months. Don't miss the thrilling first part in October COMFORT.

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is a beautiful, touching short story that will be one of the many attractive features of our fine OCTOBER HARVEST NUMBER.

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September, 1915.



Our National Awakening

AT last our leading citizens in public and private life, including those who are responsible for the administration of the government, have become impressed with the danger that threatens us because of having neglected to provide for national defense. The European war has forced it on their attention and recent investigations have disclosed the fact that our great country is practically defenseless against attack by any first-class power.

In view of present and prospective international complications it is an alarming situation which our government and our people have been reluctant to acknowledge, and even six months ago was denied by prominent officials at Washington.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels is organizing an advisory board of great American inventors and scientists, headed by Thomas A. Edison, to give the government the benefit of their inventive genius in devising the most effective weapons and other mechanical appliances for defending the country and especially for repelling attack by naval forces and air craft. But all their efforts will be in vain unless Congress rises to a patriotic sense of its duty in the matter.

We are glad to learn that President Wilson, according to recently published statements, will urge Congress, at its session which will open in December, to act promptly in providing adequate means for national defense. But, as Congress has persistently disregarded the repeated warnings of our generals and admirals in this respect, a public awakening is necessary to spur the people's representatives to drop their political game long enough to give effect to the President's recommendation which is supported by the far-sighted, broad-minded, patriotic men regardless of party affiliations.

The present war has demonstrated that though battleships and cruisers are necessary as ever they are of little use unless supported by a large fleet of submarines and air craft, and that an army is helpless without aeroplanes for scout duty. We have scarcely any submarines and practically no naval or military aeroplanes. Our army and navy are deficient in ammunition and equipment of all kinds. We haven't torpedoes enough for one round for our ships, and our coast artillery hasn't ammunition enough for two hours' firing. The navy needs more ships, and what ships it has cannot all be put in commission for lack of officers and enlisted men. But our army is even more wofully deficient than the navy, and Secretary of War Garrison is helping the President to formulate a plan to strengthen it.

Former Secretary of War Stimson has pointed out the most vital spot in our alarmingly weak system of national defense. He says:

"Today there are less than five thousand officers in the regular army excluding the medical corps, but including all others of all ages, all ranks, all manner of service and detail. This little force is scattered all over the world from the men on duty in the Philippines to the military attaches in the capitals of Europe.

"The most vital of all shortages is the shortage of trained men fit to be the officers of our citizen army —a shortage which is now crippling the efforts of England, which is one of the causes that has permitted Russia to be hurled back from the Carpathians—that is the shortage which in the United States transcends and exceeds all others."

In less than ten months of war the British loss of commissioned officers according to official figures totaled 8,812. The official figures of Germany are still more startling. In but six months of war the great central military empire lost in killed and wounded more than 30,000 officers. It will be readily seen from these statistics that Great Britain lost twice and Germany six times the total number of officers enrolled in the military service of the United States.

It takes the training of years to produce an efficient army officer. He can be no more extemporized or turned out in a day than can the other destructive engines of war, battleships, sixteen-inch guns and torpedoes. An ordinary private soldier after three months of training, Europe has discovered, is still a negligible quantity when opposed to seasoned troops. This being the case, of what use would be officers who had no more training than the raw levies under their command? They would be more likely a menace than a help in time of battle for it takes not only years of training, but actual experience in the handling of men, to give that confidence and steadiness which is requisite to win victories.

In a case of national emergency Congress would call for not less than half a million men, and the men would be quickly forthcoming; but where, pray, would we get trained officers to lead them? The officers we have could do no more than handle the tiny, widely scattered force on which we at present fatuously rely for protection.

The total mobile army within the United States is only about 25,000 men. It would be far better if they were all officers. Then we would at least have the nucleus of a fair fighting force. But they are not officers, and but few of the men in the ranks are qualified to hold commissions.

A little thought and enterprise on the part of those whose sworn duty is to provide for the protection of this country and its institutions would give us an ample supply of officers. Why cannot we have a military or naval academy in each State? It would, of course, be the primary duty of these institutions to fit their students for civil life, but sufficient military instruction could be given so that the graduates of these institutions could, in the event of a national emergency, be called on to drill and command our citizen soldiery, and work them into shape for the field. The military drill should constitute a part of the training of every able-bodied boy in the public schools.

While the world is in its present disturbed state, would it not be better for the favored sons of our moneyed class, who spend most of their time in chasing the athletic "bug" at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Pennsylvania and other universities, if they concentrated their superfluous energies on the drill and parade ground? If a small part of the time and activities of our youth can be directed into channels that will mean a wall of protection against the marauding spirit of the age, there need be no fear that the foeman will ever place his iron heel upon our peaceful shores. We want peace, and the only effective means of insuring it is by being thoroughly prepared for defense.

Armies and navies are expensive things, but they are incomparably cheaper than war. What is advocated is neither militarism nor navalism, of which there is no danger in a republic, but that we should be so strong in our preparedness for national defense that none will dare attack us.

The Latest Word On Pellagra

NEW diseases and new pests inimical to human, animal and vegetable life are continually appearing in the United States. They are mostly imported from Europe or Asia, and when they once get a foothold here it is usually impossible to eradicate them and often very difficult to control them.

Within the writer's recollection leprosy, the dreaded scouge of Asia, was unknown here, but Oriental immigrants have brought it and spread it and now there are many victims to its contagion among our native population.

More recently pellagra, known to have been prevalent in Italy for more than a century and a half, has been discovered in the United States and is spreading with considerable rapidity, some estimates placing the number of cases as high as a hundred thousand in this country at present. Most of these are in the South though there are not a few in the Northern States and some cases even in New England.

Very little is known about this mysterious disease except its awful effects which some authorities declare to be even worse than those of leprosy.

The ravages of pellagra were first attributed to the eating of moldy corn meal, but this diagnosis is now said to be incorrect. Its real cause is still a mystery. At one time it was thought to be contagious, but now it is believed not contagious.

In the earlier stages of pellagra it seems to be a skin disease and is at times mistaken for eczema and at other times for erysipelas. The sufferer is afflicted with giddy spells, singing in the ears and unbearable irritation of the skin, certain areas of which become livid and red.

The pellagra victim soon becomes unfit for work. During the first year there is a remission of the disease in summer, and the patient feels better. The improvement, however, is only temporary, for the old symptoms reappear in a more aggravated form.

From year to year this condition will go on, the sufferer growing gradually worse, the pupils of the eyes becoming dilated, the eyelids drooping, sight failing, the surface of the tongue becoming red and dry and the throat rigid. Finally the whole body looks as though it were mummified, the sufferer frequently becomes insane or an imbecile and sinks into the depths of melancholy until death ends his sufferings.

Several cases of pellagra have been found in Kansas and Professor S. J. Hunter of the University of Kansas is of the opinion that the germs are carried by sand flies.

The Federal Public Health Commission which has been investigating pellagra in various sections of the south, says in its report that this terrifying disease happily is not communicable but is due to some fault in the diet which has not yet been determined.

It is the opinion of the Commission that pellagra can be prevented, incipient cases cured, and sufferers in advanced stages benefited by substituting a nourishing, well-balanced and varied diet for the restricted, one-sided diet that so many millions are in the habit of daily consuming. The Commission recommends all who are afflicted and all who would escape affliction to eat abundantly of eggs, fresh lean meat, beans, peas, and drink large quantities of fresh milk. We hope these facts will prove of interest to our readers and be the means of restoring to health many of those who are suffering from this dread disease.

Foreign Intervention In Mexico

WHAT are we going to do to Mexico? Is our Vera Cruz fiasco of last year about to be repeated? It is less than a year since President Wilson withdrew our military and naval forces from Vera Cruz and abandoned that city to the tender mercies of General Carranza's army which entered as our troops retired.

Our forcible taking of Vera Cruz, the previous May, from General Huerta, the self-appointed president of Mexico, helped accomplish his overthrow by the insurgent armies commanded by Generals Carranza, Villa and Zapata. But what good did it do?

Carranza immediately proclaimed himself president; whereupon Villa and Zapata, each ambitious to rule the country, promptly declared war against him. And so the factional fight has continued with intensified bitterness and cruelty. It cannot be dignified as civil war, because neither faction has an organized government behind it. The three principal leaders and innumerable lesser chiefs, each with a little army or a band of brigands, have ravaged the country in successive campaigns of murder, robbery, rape and arson so destructive that large donations of food from the United States have been required to save the people from starvation.

Anarchy reigns in Mexico which has no government nor any prospect of ever having one. Most of its fifteen million inhabitants are the helpless prey of the hundred and fifty thousand armed plunderers that parade as revolutionists, and as there is little left worth stealing in Mexico large bands of these outlaws have recently crossed the border and at the present writing are plundering and murdering the people of Texas and even giving battle to the State militia and U. S. regulars.

The lawless condition of Mexico has grown to be an intolerable menace to the peace of our States that border on that country, and President Wilson is now convinced that, for the protection of our citizens as well as in the interest of the Mexican people who have no hope of deliverance except through foreign intervention, it is the duty of the United States to take vigorous action. At his request the governments of the leading nations of South and Central America have joined him in an effort to induce all factions in Mexico to stop fighting, agree on a temporary government, and then submit to the result of a general election. But as General Carranza has spurned this proposal and announced his determination to make good his claim to the presidency by force of arms, there is reason to fear that our army and navy may have to be sent to drive General Carranza out of Vera Cruz as the initial step in armed intervention to restore peace and establish a respectable, responsible, constitutional government in Mexico.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

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Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas C. Bailey Co., Desk P4, Chicago, Ill.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents--Large Manufacturer wants reliable Men, Women, to sell guaranteed Hosiery, Underwear, Shirts, direct to homes. Write for Free samples. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York.

Agents Make Larger Profits selling our Women's Wear, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear & General Dry Goods. Outfit and Salesmanship Book Free to agents. National Import & Mfg.Co., Dept.A.E.425 B'dway, N. Y.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Men And Women earn up to $3000.00 yearly distributing Guaranteed Hosiery from mill to wearer. All or part time. Repeat orders insure permanent increasing business. No capital or experience needed. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 219 North Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Are You Interested In Earning $30 to $60 every week taking orders for our "18 in 1 Handi-Tool. An Automatic Lifting and Pulling Jack, Fence Stretcher, Splicer and Mender, Post and Stump Puller, Tire Tool, Press, Vise, Hoist, Cable Maker, Wrench, etc. Saves cost of $160 worth of tools. Control this new business in your locality. Spare time or permanent work. Demonstrator free. Credit given. Ask for Factory Agency Offer. Chas. E. Benefiel Co., 393-I, Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Young Man, would you accept a tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 141, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

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Agents take no agency until getting Free Samples and plans Ro-Ro-Co Skin and Scalp Soap and Toilet Articles. Our proposition different. Rotho, 231 N. 2nd. St. Louis.

Big Textile Mills will employ Every-where reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear, sweaters, waists and skirts from samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No Experience. Permanent. Many making over $30.00 weekly. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Man to Advertise and Solicit for Rogers twenty-year Silver. $52.00 monthly and commission. A. A. Cline, 45 Copeland Bldg., Philadelphia.

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Agents make Big Profits handling our Fast Repeat Sellers. Samples Free. Superba Co., X3, Baltimore, Md.

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I Will Start You In The Mail Order Business furnish everything if you handle my goods. Crest Company, 66, Atlantic City, N. J.

Agents—Our New Kerosene Self-Heating Flat Iron (Model 15) sells on sight. Write to Schubert Co., 3205 S. Halsted St., Chicago.

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I Need Branch Managers For my world-wide mail order business; operate from your own home in spare time; no canvassing or peddling; experience unnecessary; you should make $50 weekly. Butler, 418 Factories, Toledo, Ohio.

$100 Monthly salary and expenses to men with rigs, to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry preparations, year's contract. Redwood Chemical Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED

Lady or Gentleman to Travel for old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. Address G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Penna., Pepper bldg.

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Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

Egg-Bred Cockerels from winners at Egg-Contests and Shows with records 211 to 274. Dr. L. Heasley, Box C, Holland, Mich.

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Women Make $3 A Day in spare time introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Petticoats. No risk. We furnish samples. Get New Plan. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 73, Trenton, N. J.

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Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Receive Postcards From Everywhere. Try our club. Membership 10c. (coin). Buckeye Club, Box 340-M, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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Do You want to Swap Your Farm? Then let me put you in touch with prosperous farmers who want a change. Write Malcolm Sharp, Madison, N. C.

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We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

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Run respectable, fascinating business of your own, manufacturing Extracts and Fruit Syrups at Home. 800% Profit. Big field. Work simple as A. B. C., Book free, tells all. Dr. Boberts, 100 Boberts Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

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Large Knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address International Mills, Inc. Dept. 28, Norristown, Pa.

King Victor Emmanuel

By C. L. Chapman

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The king of Italy, after surveying the situation critically, finally unsheathed his sword. But he is a home-loving monarch, a loving husband, a proud father, much preferring to spend the hours with his children than to be drawn into the seething caldron of war.

Somehow it is quite natural to think of Kaiser William being at the front, or the Czar of Russia, or the King of England. Nicholas of Montenegro and Peter of Servia do not seem out of place at the head of their troops, away from their families. But it is hard to reconcile Victor Emmanuel in the role of a soldier, in the role of anything but a peaceful monarch, though he is recognized all over Europe as one of the ablest strategists.

King Victor Emmanuel is the idol of his people, because he believes in democracy. He rules to serve his people, not to command them. Everywhere, his people, whether north or south, east or west speak of him with the same genuine enthusiasm and love. This is true of his subjects, though he means more to his army. He likes to fraternize with his soldiers and listen to their stories and their experiences. Though a firm believer in peace, he likewise is a firm believer in preparedness. The king has assumed the command of the army and navy forces of his country, which will necessitate his being away from his family the greater part of the time.

It was in Venice that Victor Emmanuel, then the crown prince of Italy, met his future wife, Elena, a Montenegrin princess. She was there with her mother and sister, and she dazzled everybody with her rich beauty, accentuated by her brilliant dark eyes and jet black hair. The young prince was charmed. The love of the prince was returned by the princess, and much to the surprise of royalty, they became engaged. Emperor Alexander III of Russia had hoped to welcome Elena as the bride of his oldest son, and with this in view had gone to the expense of having her educated in Petrograd. Hence the surprise of royalty when she accepted the proposal of the future king of Italy.

Victor Emmanuel and the princess were married in Naples. It was with some fear that Elena went to Rome to make her debut at the Quirinal. She knew that every one at court would be eager to note how a modern Montenegrin girl would conduct herself at the brilliant court of Rome. But she won them all immediately by her beauty and unaffected manner. So began the married life of Victor Emmanuel and his consort. They are no less sweethearts today and devotedly fond of their children.

The king began his military training on reaching his teens. He was educated under Colonel Osio, who taught him the highest forms of strategy. After a year's service like other Italians of rank he was given command of a regiment and rose rapidly. Then he went aboard a man-o'-war and got the same broad experience. When King Victor Emmanuel took the throne he made many reforms in his government, especially of the military branch. Like the king, Queen Elena is idolized by her people. She is a mother first and a queen last, and she has always seemed willing to forget her own interests when her subjects' welfare is threatened. Often has Queen Elena gone out among the sick and suffering of Italy to administer comfort and aid—sometimes at the risk of her own life. The most memorable incident of this character occurred at the time of the earthquake at Messina. As soon as she learned that the king was hurrying there she made ready to accompany him. King Victor Emmanuel tried in vain to persuade her to remain behind. So she went to the stricken district, impatient to assist in this difficult and dangerous work, helping the Red Cross to care for hundreds of unfortunates, many of them lifeless. While engaged in this work there she suffered an injury to her arm, which has caused much concern since. She has often shown the same heroism and patriotism when Naples and the surrounding country have been threatened by earthquakes or cholera. She has been given the Legion of Honor, presented by the Republic of France in Italy by their representative.

In times of peace and prosperity Queen Elena has helped the women and children of her country in a great many ways. She has founded creches where working mothers may leave their children while toiling, and where they may be sure of good food and attention. She has spent much of her own fortune in establishing hospitals for women and children. She was the first woman to found kindergartens in Italy, giving Doctor Maria Montessori her hearty support and co-operation in the work among the tenement districts of Rome.

When the king and queen are together the discrepancy of their height is particularly noticeable, for she is a very tall woman. This is a point on which the king is very sensitive. He is scarcely five feet high, and walks with a slight limp.

The King is not artistic, none of the Italian kings have been, strangely enough. His mother and his wife are musicians and the latter has written poetry, but the king can hardly play the simplest music on the piano. But Victor Emmanuel is a student, he is a master of the science of electricity. He was one of the first and most successful experimenters with X ray after its discovery. He speaks French, English and German with equal fluency, is accurately informed in history and geography and has zealously devoted much attention to his military training and studies.

He has displayed cool-headed judgment, liberality, consideration for all people, and an understanding of his kingdom and subjects such as few contemporary monarchs have shown.

The Palace Where Moses Lived, Unearthed

By C. L. Chapman

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The very palace in which the great leader of the Israelites was educated and prepared for his life work, has been unearthed in Egypt. The Israelites were oppressed with hard labor and building up cities—and "the Israelites were commanded to do these things" by the Pharaoh, Rameses II, who ruled Egypt when Moses was born and who caused this oppression also said that "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall keep alive." (Exodus I:22).

So the mother of Moses fearing to keep the child longer with her, after three months, placed the infant in a little box well covered with slime and pitch, so that it would not leak and laid it near the river bank among the bulrushes, and Miriam his sister watched over him.

And as the Bible relates: "The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch. And when she had opened it she saw the child: and behold, the baby wept. And she had compassion on him, and said: "This is one of the Hebrew's children." (Exodus II, 5-6).

Then Pharaoh's daughter told Miriam, when she approached, to bring a nurse to take care of the child, naturally the sister brought his mother. "And the child grew and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son."

The adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter made possible all the life history of Moses.

At that time Egypt was a great center of learning and science. This culture was not given to the people, but to the ruling classes, the priests and Pharaohs. The people were kept in ignorance, making it less difficult to rule them and keep them in subjection. The people were not even taught to read and write—so that Moses, being adopted by Pharaoh's daughter was given every opportunity to study, preparing him for his later work, which still stands as the supreme ideal of civilized mankind—especially the Ten Commandments, and which are still used as the moral standard of the world.

So that the finding of the palace where Moses lived for forty years, and doubtless some of the books from which he mastered the great learning of the Egyptians, is of greatest importance and interest.

The wealth of Egypt at that time was almost fabulous. The Pyramids had been built and wonderful temples and palaces. One of these, the temple at Thebes, surpasses in its colossal proportions all buildings of the ancient and modern world.

To have lived at this time during the wonderful reign of this mighty Rameses and to have been a prince in his very household, was a most remarkable good fortune and no doubt Moses made every possible use of these opportunities as his life has shown.

To have found this palace is a great achievement and one in which all the world will eagerly wait for further findings in its ruins.

A Magnetic Rake

A Chicago man has invented a magnetic rake which is operated on the vacuum-sweeper plan for removing nails and bits of steel from driveways where they often injure the feet of horses traveling over them. The teeth of the rake are magnetized by an electric current and are drawn over the roadway from which they remove every particle of dangerous steel.

Negroes in The U. S. A.

The number of negroes in the United States proper in 1910 was 9,827,763, compared with 8,833,994 in 1900, or an increase of 993,769, the Census Bureau announces. In 1910, negroes formed 10.7 per cent. of the total population, against 11.6 per cent. in 1900. The increase for the decade was 11.2, compared with 20.8 per cent. among the native whites and of 30.7 per cent among the foreign-born whites.

The Pestiferous Sparrow

One more serious crime is laid at the door of the pestiferous sparrow. A St. Louis, Mo., investigator has found that these birds by stripping the bark from cedar trees to be used as material for constructing nests, cause the death of numerous trees. The birds use great quantities of material in building their nests and the denuding of the trees for this purpose proves disastrous in a short time.

For Pirates' Treasure.

A San Francisco firm whose business is to seek salvage from the sea in all parts of the world has fitted out a schooner which has been dispatched to Magdalena bay to search for treasure supposed to have been lost there in the wreckage of pirate vessels which made their headquarters in the bay and adjacent waters many years ago.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IN various letters mention has been made of "Parent-Teacher Associations" and while the majority of these have been from Southern states, I see no reason why the idea should not be equally productive of good results in any state. At this season of the year the school is quite in evidence, but the distressing side of the matter is that the parents allow this enthusiasm to wane and blissfully continue to throw more and more of the responsibility on the teacher.

In one case that I have in mind, the school building was a fairly up-to-date one, the teachers of the best and the community in general, intelligent and capable of appreciation, but with all these there was an indefinable something lacking. Finally some of the more progressive mothers called a meeting in the schoolhouse and the matter was threshed out with the result that a Parent-Teacher Improvement Association was formed.

Now this same school boasts a well-stocked library, open to the town, various other improvements and even a fund toward a school piano. It was accomplished by the working together of the parents for a cause of interest to all—the welfare of the children, and I feel that other schools and communities can do as well with as little effort. Here's wishing you success.—ED.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for three years and I think it is a fine family paper, and brings much ple sure to the readers, especially those living in the country. I don't read it as much as I would like to, as I am a very busy woman living in the city of Detroit, but I always read the Cousins' Corner and portions of the sisters, and I want to say that I indorse all Annie Kirk has said respecting personal description. I think it perfect nonsense. Just let me say that instead of the sisters describing their beauty, let them follow A. Kirk's example and send the dear shutins a little cheer. I am sending cheer to one, reading matter only. If the sisters will send as much as I am sending, they will get more than a dime shower as requested. And as regards Uncle Charlie's birthday shower I do wish the sisters would join me and a friend in sending him a silver shower, and let the minimum be fifty cents and as much more as you see fit. I do not ask you to do so, I only suggest. How nice it would be if two or three thousand would give him this cheer. I think it is only a duty we owe to him seeing he does so much for the people, and being a shut-in himself it is only right to give him a little encouragement, and do not expect him to send personal letters as he could tell us through the columns of COMFORT how much he received.

With best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I remain, Yours faithfully, MRS. MEISSNER.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have just finished reading the many good letters in our March issue, and as the sisters have been discussing city and farm life, I feel I must write to the page, but I beg that you will excuse my many mistakes. I was reared on a farm and my school days were very few. I was the second child and the eldest girl in a family of seven children; our dear mother was sick the greater part of her life, and the most of my girlhood days were spent doing the housework, caring for mother, and in the field; the school terms were short in the country and the little time we went to school we walked two and three miles. My oldest brother and I failed in getting the education we so much desired. When a little boy he made a solemn vow that if he didn't work himself to death before he was a man he would never be a farmer, and I vowed that when I became grown (if I looked well enough for any man to care for me) I would not marry a farmer. These vows we both kept. Some say life on a farm is so independent, well I lived on the farm twenty-six years, and failed to have any independence. If there was to be a picnic a few miles away, the teams were too tired to drive, or else Peggy's young calf must be cared for, or probably old Speckle would come off the nest that very day with a brood of chicks that must have attention. We couldn't go to the river for a few days' fishing and outing, for neighbor Jones's cattle would likely break into the field and destroy our crops, and if the crop was laid by, winter wood must be cut, the barn and fences needed repairing, quilts and comforts to be made, fruit to dry and can, old dried beans and peas to gather and clean, there was always something to do on the farm.

We have one little girl of thirteen winters and our one aim in life is to educate her. We shudder to think of her little shoulders being stooped, back bent, and health broken, by dragging a cotton sack or using the hoe. I know many women that have lost their health on the farm. We don't want our girl to think she is better than the field girl, or that she is too good to work, but there is always work enough in the house for a girl to do; she wasn't created to do a man's work on the farm.

And sisters, another thing we teach our girl not to snub a schoolmate that has less of this world's goods than we. In this town such a distinction is made between the working girl and the so-called society girl, on our street there is a sweet, modest, young lady, working hard at home to help support her father, mother and self. On the same street are girls more fortunate, they have nice homes, their music, their friends, they dress, and entertain. Do they ever call on the girl that is working? No, no, their set would snub them. I wonder why they never think how lonely this girl must feel, how much happier they could make her by inviting her to take a stroll with them on a Sunday afternoon, or to church some evening, or the opera some Saturday eve. I wonder if they know that a good way to be happy is in making others happy?

We live in a nice little town in western Texas,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

SEPTEMBER, in the Northern States, is the mouth for preserving and canning fall fruits from which also an endless variety of delicious jams, jellies, marmalades and sweet pickles may be made at this season to be put away for use through the coming year, and it is preeminently the pickling month.

Pickling and preserving are laborious but the results are well worth the time and effort which the thrifty housewife will not begrudge, considering how much an abundant supply and goodly variety of these delicacies and relishes add of appetizing quality and dietary value to the home larder.

It is a shame for farm families not to put up an ample store of preserved, canned and pickled products of garden and orchard.—Ed.



TO STERILIZE JARS.—Wash jars and fill with cold water. Set in a kettle on a frame and surround with cold water. Heat gradually to boiling point, remove from water, empty and fill while hot. Put covers in hot water and let stand five minutes. Dip rubber bands in hot water but do not allow them to stand. New rubbers should be used each season.—Ed.

APPLE JELLY.—Wipe apples, remove stem and blossom ends, and cut in quarters. Put in a granite or porcelain-lined preserving kettle, and add cold water to come nearly to top of apples. Cover, and cook slowly until apples are soft; mash, and drain through a coarse sieve. Avoid squeezing apples, which makes jelly cloudy. Then allow juice to drip through a double thickness of cheese-cloth or a jelly bag. Boil twenty minutes, and add an equal quantity of heated sugar; boil five minutes, skim, and turn in glasses. Put in a sunny window, and let stand twenty-four hours. Cover, and keep in a cool, dry place. Porter apples make a delicious flavored jelly. If apples are pared the jelly will be lighter in color. Gravenstein apples make a very spicy jelly.

TO HEAT SUGAR.—Put in a granite dish, place in oven, leaving oven door ajar, and stir occasionally.

QUINCE JELLY.—Follow recipe for apple jelly using quinces in place of apples, and removing seeds from fruit. Quince parings and cores are often used for jelly, the better part of the fruit being used for canning.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Follow recipe for apple jelly leaving apples whole instead of cutting in quarters.

GRAPE JELLY.—Grapes should be picked over, washed, and stems removed before putting into a preserving kettle. Heat to boiling-point, mash, and boil thirty minutes; then proceed as for currant jelly. Wild grapes make the best jelly.

GREEN GRAPE JELLY.—Grapes should be picked when just begining to turn. Make same as grape jelly.

DAMSON JELLY.—Wipe and pick over damsons; then prick several times with a large pin. Make same as currant jelly, using three quarters as much sugar as fruit juice.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Pick over, wash, drain, and remove stems from grapes. Separate pulp from skins. Put pulp in preserving kettle. Heat to boiling-point, and cook slowly until seeds separate from pulp; then run through a hair sieve. Return to kettle with skins, add an equal measure of sugar, and cook slowly thirty minutes, occasionally stirring to prevent burning. Put in a stone jar or tumblers.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Wipe quinces, remove blossom ends, cut in quarters, remove seeds, then cut in small pieces. Put into a preserving kettle, and add enough water to nearly cover. Cook slowly until soft. Rub through a hair sieve, and add three quarters its measure of heated sugar. Cook slowly twenty minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Put in tumblers.

QUINCE HONEY.—Pare and grate five large quinces. To one pint boiling water add five pounds sugar. Stir over fire until sugar is dissolved, add quince and cook fifteen or twenty minutes. Turn into glasses. When cold it should be about the color and consistency of honey.

DAMSON PRESERVES.—Wipe damsons with a piece of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water, and prick each fruit five or six times, using a large needle; then weigh. Make a syrup by boiling three quarters their weight in sugar with water, allowing one cup to each pound of sugar. As soon as syrup reaches boiling-point, skim, and add plums, a few at a time, that fruit may better keep in shape during cooking. Cook until soft. It is well to use two kettles, that work may be more quickly done and syrup need not cook too long a time. Put into glass or stone jars.

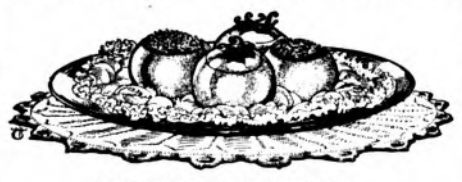
PEAR CHIPS.—Eight pounds pears, one quarter pound Canton ginger, four pounds sugar, four lemons. Wipe pears, remove stems, quarter and core; then cut in small pieces. Add sugar and ginger, and let stand over night. In the morning add lemons cut in small pieces, rejecting seeds, and cook slowly three hours. Put into a stone jar.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.—One half peck peaches, one pint vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, one ounce stick cinnamon. Boil sugar, vinegar and cinnamon twenty minutes. Dip peaches quickly in hot water, then rub off the fur with a towel. Stick each peach with four cloves. Put into syrup, and cook until soft, using one half peaches at a time.

SWEET PICKLED PEARS.—Follow recipe for Sweet Pickled Peaches, using pears in place of peaches.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shred very fine a small head of cabbage, add a chopped onion, seasoning of salt and pepper, then pour over the vegetable the fat from a slice of fried, diced salt pork, the little brown pieces of pork are an addition to the salad. Heat a half cup of vinegar boiling hot in the frying pan in which the pork was cooked, and pour over the cabbage.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH RICE.—Select smooth, well-shaped tomatoes. For every six allow three tablespoons of rice, one ounce of butter, one onion, chopped fine, one half a green pepper, cut into small pieces, salt and pepper to taste. Cut a slice off the blossom end of each tomato and scoop out the insides. Put



TOMATOES STUFFED WITH RICE.

the rice on in a dish of boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain through a colander and rinse with cold water. Melt the butter and add to it the onion and green pepper and six tablespoons of the inside of the tomato. Add rice and cook for five or six minutes longer. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and place in a buttered baking pan with open ends down. Cook in a moderate oven until tender.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Peel and let come to a boil, without water; add considerable salt and can hot. I have never lost any by this recipe.

MRS. M. E. NOONAN, Greely, Nebr.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Use one gallon of tomatoes. Slice, salt and drain over night in a colander. Add one quart of vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, one heaping teaspoon of all kinds of spices, and the same of mustard and cayenne pepper. Boil until tender.

TOMATO SAUCE.—When ripe take off the green stalks from the tomatoes. Wipe them clean, and place in a slow oven, where they must remain till quite soft. Then work them through a sieve and take out the seeds; and add, to every two pounds of tomatoes, one pint of good white wine vinegar, one dozen chilies, quarter of a pound of garlic, quarter of a pound of shallots shred very thin, one ounce of ground white pepper, and a good handful of salt. Boil all together, till the garlic and shallots are soft; then strain and skim off the froth, and if too thick add a little more vinegar. When cold, bottle it in wide-mouthed bottles. This sauce may be kept several years, and will improve with age. In addition to the above ingredients half an ounce of ground ginger may be added.

JULIA TOBOLA, 1216 Jackson St., Houston, Texas.

GREEN TOMATO SWEET PICKLE.—Peel small green tomatoes, place on stove and cook a few minutes. Put in glass jars and have ready a mixture of one cup sugar, one cup vinegar, spice to taste, boil and pour over tomatoes and seal.

MRS. DELLA SIMMONS, White Lake, S. Dak.

CHILI SAUCE, UNCOOKED.—One peck of ripe tomatoes, chop and drain in sieve till water is all out; then add one cup of grated horseradish, one cup of white mustard seed, two large peppers, chopped fine, one cup of onions, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of black pepper, one quart of vinegar, a little salt; by adding double the amount of horseradish it will keep better.

COOKED CHILI SAUCE.—Twelve tomatoes or one quart ripe or green, four onions chopped, one tablespoon of salt, four green peppers, one teaspoon each of mustard, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and ginger, one pint of vinegar, one half cup of sugar, boil one hour. A. B. C.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Scald and peel twelve large ripe tomatoes; chop fine two large onions and four green peppers; add four cups of vinegar, two tablespoons each of salt, brown sugar and ginger, one tablespoon of cinnamon and one of mustard, and half of a grated nutmeg; boil all together until thoroughly cooked, which requires nearly three hours, stirring frequently. Bottle while hot.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Simmer some apples in water until they become tender, then let them drain. Afterwards strain them through a sieve, and boil them with a strong syrup containing three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix the whole together, putting it in pots or glasses.

BREADED TOMATOES.—Pare and slice the tomatoes and after seasoning with salt and pepper, dip each slice in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs; when all the slices have been treated in this manner, dip them again in the eggs and crumbs and place them in the frying basket. Cook for one or two minutes in boiling fat.

DRIED CORN.—Select ears in roasting stage, boil till done, cut thin slices from the ends of grain and scrape rest of corn from cob with sharp knife. Place in pans put in warm (but not hot) oven till it begins to shrink, and then place in hot sun, which will finish the drying process. The above method will be found both easy and practical.

MRS. BERTHA STOVALL, Freeburg, Mo.

PICKLED BEETS.—Boil the beets until tender; remove the skins and slice while hot. Cover with hot, spiced vinegar that has been well sweetened.—Ed.

SWEET BEET PICKLES.—Boil the beets till tender; peel and place in half gallon jars. Put on top of beets in jar one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar. Bring vinegar to a boil and pour over beets in jar and seal. R. A. CLARK, Stephenville, Texas.

BEET RELISH.—One quart of boiled beets, chopped; one cup of chopped cabbage, raw; one half cup of ground horseradish; one cup or less of sugar; and two cups of vinegar. Mix thoroughly and pack in jars.

MRS. S. THOMPSON, Highwood Station, New Haven, Conn.

WATERMELON SWEET PICKLES.—Boil five pounds of fruit in clear water until tender; drain and put into one pint of vinegar and nearly three pounds of sugar. Use various spices put in a thin cloth. Cook until well flavored.—Ed.

LAST OF THE GARDEN.—One gallon green tomatoes, chopped fine, sprinkle a little salt over, let stand a few hours then drain; one gallon of cabbage, chopped fine; one half gallon of corn, cut off cob after it is cooked; one gallon of string beans, cooked; one gallon of hulled beans, cooked; one dozen of mango peppers, chopped fine; one dozen onions, chopped fine; four ripe cucumbers, quartered, cooked a little; six carrots, cooked; one gallon small cucumbers; one gallon vinegar; two tablespoons mustard seed; three pounds brown sugar, ginger and pepper to suit taste. Add all together and boil twenty minutes. Seal hot.

MRS. EMMA RUFF, Goose Bill, Mont.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.—One half peck of green tomatoes sliced, three lemons sliced and simmered in water until soft then add to the tomatoes two thirds



of a pound of sugar. Measure sugar scant. Simmer all together until soft and quite thick. Some add ginger root in small quantity to the preserves while cooking. This will be found a welcome change from the ripe fruit preserves.—Ed.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two cups of raisins, one cup of butter, one cup of strong coffee, one egg, five cups of flour, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda, added to coffee, and one quarter teaspoon of cloves.

ETTA MAY BIRD, Iuka, Ill.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup shortening, beaten till creamy, one egg, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, one half teaspoon of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg; beat well, then stir in enough flour to make stiff batter, add raisins and nut meats to suit. Bake in quick oven.

FRUIT TOAST.—Toast bread to a crispy brown. Crush any desired fruit with sugar and spread on toast, which has been buttered to suit taste. Serve with small amount of whipped cream.

BANANA CUSTARD.—Beat well together three eggs and one half cup of sugar. Add one and one half cups of milk and the grated rind of one lemon and enough mashed banana until it is of the consistency of thin batter. Bake till a light brown. When cool, cover the top with a meringue made of the beaten whites of two eggs and four tablespoons of sugar; return to oven to brown. Serve cold.—Ed.

GINGER COOKIES.—One and one half cups of molasses, one half cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs. Beat eggs, sugar and butter together. Two teaspoons soda beaten in the molasses, one tablespoon cinnamon, one teaspoon ginger, one half cup sweet milk, flour enough to roll.

MISS LOUISA V. YOUNT, Shirley, Mo.

RAISIN SANDWICHES.—Chop a cupful of raisins to a fine paste. Spread bread with softened butter, then with a layer of the raisin paste. Cut the slices in strips and serve.

APPLE AND CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Chop a half cupful of good flavored apples and a half cupful of walnuts with a quarter of a cup of cheese. Mix well and use for salad filling, moistened with salad dressing.

NUT SANDWICHES.—Chop half a cup each of raisins and nuts, mix with salad dressing and spread on buttered bread.

ONION AND CELERY SANDWICHES.—Soak a good-sized onion and one head of celery in cold water for an hour. Drain and cut in small pieces, mix with French dressing and spread on well-buttered bread.—Ed.



That Dish

of Baked Beans may do once in a while. But the beans are broken. Some are crisp and some mushy. Sauce must be added to make them appealing.

The beans are not half-baked. They are hard to digest. That's why you who serve that kind do not serve them often.



This Dish

of Baked Beans is Van Camp's. The beans are whole and mellow. The sauce is baked in—a sauce of wondrous zest.

These beans are twice-baked, compared with the others. They easily digest. Folks who serve this kind consider Baked Beans a lovable, royal dish.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 *and* 20 *Cents Per Can*

Here is a dish which costs like beans and feeds like meat.

Everybody likes it—men in particular. Thousands of restaurants buy Van Camp's for men.

It means better meals, lower food bills, less cooking. Van Camp's displaces meat. It means right cooking in place of wrong.

Don't class it with Baked Beans in general. It's a distinctive dish. It's a result of real genius, plus modern invention.

You will keep a shelf full of it when you find it out.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

Mr. Richard Burdon and Edward More, brother of Sir Cyril More, in legal consultation, learn the contents of John Weston's will and the fortune awaiting Sir Cyril More which Edward More regrets. Aunt Martha and Edna are announced. Previous to Mr. Burdon reading the will to Edna, he explains its purport, —John Weston, grateful to Sir Charles More, who saves him from financial ruin, and desirous to enrich his descendants devises the scheme of disposing of his vast wealth by the marriage of his niece Edna Weston to Sir Cyril More,—the fortune going to either Edna Weston or Sir Cyril More or to both in equal shares on one condition, that they become man and wife, leaving each free to decline or accept, without depriving the other of his or her chance of it. The choice resting with Sir Cyril, Mr. Burdon sends for him. He comes reluctantly not knowing a fortune awaits him or the conditions to which he must comply. Learning them he declines to marry Miss Weston and writes her a letter withdrawing any claim he may have had or may still have to the money accounted for in the deed. Edna insists that Sir Cyril shall share the fortune with her. Mr. Burdon, knowing Sir Cyril as he does, Edna must keep it. Mr. and Mrs. Edward More call and Edna and her aunt accept an invitation to visit at Acacia Lodge, preparatory to their going to Rosedene which adjoins More Park. Edna captures the love of Bertie More whose voice reminds her of another's.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSEDENE.

NEEDS must when money drives; and money, directed by Mr. Burdon, drove so hard that before the spring had well set in Rosedene was ready for its young mistress. Mr. Burdon had not exaggerated when he had described it as a magnificent place; indeed, there were few estates of its size so beautifully placed, and no residence of twice its size so complete in all its appointments. Upholsterers and decorators had received almost *carte blanche*, and the whole place was fitted throughout in the most princely fashion; almost too princely, for Edna was astonished at the magnificence and luxury of her new abode. In the spring, just before the London season commenced, she went down, and all the country was at once thrown into a mild state of excitement and curiosity respecting the new resident, John Weston's heiress. Long before this the romantic circumstances connected with her inheritance had leaked out, and all were anxious to see the girl, rather than marry whom Sir Cyril had cast away a fortune.

For some little time Edna and Aunt Martha were to be left to revel in their new glory alone, Mr. and Mrs. Edward More being unable to leave home, but they had promised a visit—a long visit—in which Bertie was to accompany them. Edna was sorry to part with the boy, even for so short a time, but she was almost glad that Mr. and Mrs. More had postponed their visit.

"I should like to get a little used to all this grandeur first, Aunt Martha," she said, as they stood in the hall, with its polished oak walls and ceiling and tesselated floor.

"I shall never get used to it, my dear," sighed Aunt Martha, in despair. "Why, it is a palace!—the drawing-room is something beyond description, and the dining-room is like a banqueting hall!"

"We shall lose each other, aunt!" laughed Edna. "I hope there are one or two snug, little rooms in which we can hide our heads occasionally."

There were two or three such rooms, and Edna found adjoining her own apartments a delicious little boudoir, hung with a warm damask, and furnished with a hundred little feminine knicknacks. There was an army of servants, male and female, but the steward and major-domo, together with the housekeeper, were responsible for the subordinates, and Edna had only to express a wish to find it gratified. Mr. Burdon had given her some idea of the extent of the grounds attached to the place, but Edna lost no time in investigating for herself. The spring had set in balmy and soft, with sweet breezes from the south, and it was quite warm enough, after the brisk air of Switzerland, for her to roam about the immense place in her modest straw hat and jacket. For the first few days little was done by either of them, excepting a cursory inspection of the house, settling where they should breakfast and dine, and which of the three drawing-rooms they should use, in each case both of them choosing the smallest of the rooms in question. At last Edna felt settled enough to look forward to the invasion of the neighbors, as Aunt Martha called it.

"I tremble, my dear, when I think of the duchess!" she declared.

But Edna laughed calmly.

"I suspect she will be very little more terrible than anybody else, aunt."

She had made the democratic assertion as she was standing on the broad steps that stretched from the hall down to the great lawn, and with the smile still in her face tripped lightly down the steps for her morning ramble. Two footmen and a porter stood aside statuesque and on the alert in case their mistress should have any commands for them, but Edna passed on, and drinking in the fresh morning air passed along the winding paths with a light foot, and made for what had, at first acquaintance asserted, a charm for her—the woods and preserves. These were approached after leaving the little stretch of ornamental garden, with its multitude of parterres, gay with tulip and hyacinths, and relieved by the gleam of white statuary and swiftly rising fountains, through a shrubbery in which the last tenant had succeeded in gathering as choice a collection of plants as any in the kingdom. At the end of the shrubbery the wood commenced. Edna passed two or three gardeners, who all touched their hats and seemed very gratified by the pleasant, kindly nod they got in response, and then snuffing at the odor of the pines, followed the narrow, beaten footpath.

It was the first time she had ventured into the wood, and she was conscious of that subtle pleasure which all of us feel when we are examining, for the first time, a newly acquired possession. It was difficult to believe, even now, that it was all hers—every gigantic elm and spreading oak, every hare that flitted across her path, and every bird that flew with a frightened rustle above her head. The reflection, the sense of possession, pleased, and yet saddened, her in a singular way, and the smile with which she had started, gave place to that pensive, abstracted look which Mr. Burdon had so particularly remarked. She was so lost in thought that the sudden appearance of a man on his knees at the foot of a magnificent fir, startled and alarmed her. At first sight, and judging by his brown, rough suit, she thought it was a keeper, and smiling at the idea of being alarmed by one of her own servants, she was about to pass on, when the man, hearing her light footfall behind him, turned his head, and Edna knew that it was a gentleman. He was on his feet in an instant, but without any appearance of hurry, and with due composure, raised his soft felt hat. As he did so, Edna was struck by the grand, masterful expression of the high forehead and the serene power of the rugged, plainly marked face. Instinctively she paused a moment, and the gentleman, partly feeling that something more than a silent recognition of her presence was required of him, said:

"A very beautiful morning."

"Yes," assented Edna, "very beautiful." Then, in her impulsive, unconventional way, asked: "Were you looking for anything you have lost?"

"No," he replied, adding, with a smile that appeared for a moment and seemed to light up his grave face in a remarkable way: "Nothing that I have lost—nor for a hare—although I must have looked like a poacher."

Enda smiled and shook her head.

"I was looking at these cones," he continued, coming a step closer, and holding out his hand in which was a large fir cone, half stripped of its scales.

"At a fir cone?" asked Edna, curiously.

"Yes," he continued, his interest apparently centered in the little object. "I don't know whether you have ever noticed—I had never done so until this morning—how singularly this seed is formed. You see," and he turned the cone over with his fingers with the air of an enthusiast, "the shells are perfectly regular, in alternate rows, with an irregular line in between; the germinating powers lie between the fifth and sixth row—just here where this little red spider has built its nest. The little fellow seems to have eaten away the vital portion of the shell; perhaps, but for him and his kindred, this spot would, in a hundred years, be choked with young firs, and all Rosedene a dense forest instead of the *plaisance* it is."

Edna started at this strange speech, made all the stranger by the speaker's evident unconsciousness of there being anything unusual in it. In spite of herself Edna was interested.

"I am afraid I am not botanist enough to offer an opinion," she said.

"Ah!" said the stranger, thrusting his hand into the large pocket of his old shooting coat. "I was just going to show you some fine specimens of the hart's tongue; I don't think they grow to such perfection anywhere as they do in Rosedene." Then as if the name had reminded him, he looked up with a little, sudden knitting of the brows.

"That recalls me to a sense of my ill-manners. I am afraid I am trespassing—indeed, I know I am. I have been so used to ramble through these woods as if they were my own that, being a creature of habit—painfully so, which is, by the way, no excuse for my intrusion—my feet strayed in here this morning against my will. I hope that I may be forgiven," and he removed his hat with a gesture that was striking in its dignified humility and high breeding.

Edna colored with a sense of pleasure; at least, there was one delight in being owner of Rosedene.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, with her own frank graciousness. "I feel more like a trespasser than you, as I am a great stranger. I was going to ask you if you could tell me the way to More Park—I mean to some spot where I could get a view of the house. I know that it lies in this direction."

"Yes," said the gentleman, looking as if he were rather puzzled by the question; indeed, being a creature of more habits than one, and talking aloud unconsciously being one of his most marked, he explained his perplexity by muttering in a voice quite audible to Edna: "Hem! one of the visitors, I suppose." Then aloud: "If you follow this path until you come to the head keeper's cottage—Keeper's Lodge, it is called—and then strike to the right again until you reach the wooden cross——"

"Edna's smile of assumed confusion pulled him up.

"I see," he said, "you are indeed a stranger here, and my directions, like most of their kind, are more embarrassing than helpful. Will you allow me to show you the way?"

"I don't like to trouble you," said Edna. "One of the keepers——"

The gentleman bowed placidly, evidently too high bred to force his escort upon her; and Edna, half sorry that she had not accepted his guidance as frankly as it had been offered, bowed him an adieu and walked on. At a slight bend of the path she looked back and saw that he had seated himself at the foot of an elm, and was absorbed in the occupation of dissecting the fir cone with his pocketknife, and had evidently forgotten everything else.

"I wonder who that may be?" thought Edna. "Some enthusiastic botanist, who thinks that nature's grand secret lies in the petals of a daisy. A gentleman evidently, and not a stranger to the neighborhood, for he said that he was used to wandering about the woods. Yes, it is good to own all this, if only for the pleasure one derives from the power of granting the favor of full and free admittance to whomsoever one pleases."

In a very short time she came upon the keeper's lodge, a pretty, rustic cottage, with thatched roof, wide, sun-sheltering porch, and latticed windows. Two little children were playing on the little open space before the door, and the keeper's wife came out all excitement to courtesy and make obeisance.

Edna spoke to the children in her frank, girlish way, patting their rosy cheeks, and lifting the youngest, a bonny little girl, for a kiss, thereby winning the mother for all eternity, and having left a glow of delight and happiness on the group, went on her way. It was a rather round-about way, as she missed the cross; but suddenly she came upon what she sought. Before her, starting out into view between the tall pines, rose the red-bricked facade of More House. It could not have been seen to better advantage, and to Edna, associated as it was with a subtle sentiment of mystery and romance, it was intensely interesting. To her it looked like the palace of the sleeping beauty, with the spell still unbroken. The windows along its wide-stretching front turning their dusty, shuttered faces to the evening sun, that struggled through the thick belt of trees, and made the neglected garden and weed-grown terrace look weirdly cheerless and solemn.

Edna gazed and gazed until the spell which seemed to hang over the place fell upon her, and she felt a dim consciousness of being a part and parcel of it. Had she seen it before? Never, unless it was in a dream, or an engraving of it in some old, country history among her father's books. Anyway, it seemed familiar to her in a subtle, indefinite degree; and, with a distinct sense of relief, she gradually withdrew her gaze and turned away; but before she did so, she stretched out her arms toward it, saying, wistfully:

"What is there that draws me toward you, old house? Is it because we are both deserted, and left to stand alone in the world?"



"Ah, this is Miss Weston! How do you do?"

"What right have I to be sitting here among these people?"

Yes, it was under a spell—the spell of misfortune and misrule. Only one man at present could break through that harm, and wake the place into life again; and he could have done it easily if he had but consented to marry her; rather than do it, he had chosen to leave the home of his ancestors to ruin and decay.

Edna's cheek burned, her heart throbbed with a sense of humiliation and resentment that, for the moment, overwhelmed all other feelings, and sent her walking fast in her excitement.

She reached the shrubbery without meeting with any further adventure in the way of interesting trespassers, but on coming within sight of the house was rather startled by the appearance of an elegantly appointed carriage, which, with two gigantic footmen and a coachman, in handsome liveries, was standing at the door.

"The invasion has commenced," she thought, as she ran up the steps. "At least, it is no one very formidable; aunt is laughing."

Quite amused at so rare an occurrence, she walked into the smallest of the drawing-rooms, with her hat in her hand, and found a middle-aged lady, with a homely and comely face, and very plainly dressed, seated beside Aunt Martha, and talking away at a good pace. As Edna entered the visitor looked up, and, with an unmistakable expression of pleased surprise and admiration in her eyes, said:

"Ah, this is Miss Weston! How do you do?"

Edna gave her hand, and smiled in answer, looking at Aunt Martha for some information as to the name of the visitor, but Aunt Martha, for some reason best known to herself, sat smiling with amiable inanity.

"So you have been out in the woods, I dare say; I have heard all about you from your aunt. I think Miss Weston and I shall be very good friends, if she will allow me. Do you think you can manage to keep that Swiss color on your cheeks, my dear?—I hope you will. Let me look at you a little closer!" and she drew Edna into a chair beside her, and scanned her sweet and now smiling face intently. "Yes, I see the likeness to your uncle—grand John Weston!—one of the finest men I ever met, in an age of fine men, too! He might have been a peer had he chosen, but he always stuck to it that he was better where he was—plain John Weston, and I am not sure but that he was right. Yes, there is the same look—why, child, you are quite pale now!" she broke off. "That's better!" as Edna blushed. "Ah, we mustn't let you feel dull among us old fogies! I have just been asking Mrs. Weston to bring you over and eat your dinner with us, one day next week. How will Monday suit you? A quiet dinner, with a rubber for us old ones, and some music for you!"

"You are very kind," said Edna, charmed with the motherly tone and manner, which were irresistible, but wondering why Aunt Martha did not let her know who the visitor might be.

"That's settled, then," continued the lady, patting Edna's head. "I am very glad to see you, my dear, and I hope we shall make you happy among us. Bless me, we none of us understood that the great heiress was such a child. Why, my dear, you will have all the men fighting for you, and the worst of the lot running away with you in a post chaise and four. Ah! they don't do that now—more's the pity, sometimes. They did it in our day, Mrs. Weston."

"That they did," said Aunt Martha, starting off in a series of reminiscences. "I remember young Lady Mary running away with Capt. Parker and getting married in an out-of-the-way place, and coming back the same day to her people as if nothing had happened. Why, Edna, my dear, the sun has caught your face, you are quite burned, or perhaps it's the fire after the cold air."

"It's very becoming whatever caused it," said the lady. "Don't let your maid ever tempt you to use the hare's foot, my dear; they will do it if they can, but always stand firm; you have no idea what bother I have had with some of them, but I have always said: 'Cheeks are yellow, are they? I prefer them yellow; keep your rouge pots for French women and play actors'—to whom it is no shame to use it. Well, I must not sit gossiping here all day. You will not forget? Monday, at eight o'clock."

"At eight; very well, your grace," said Aunt Martha, with a look of mild triumph at Edna, who could not repress a little start.

And this chatty, amiable, homely lady was the great duchess! Edna was astonished by the great difference between the reality and the ideal she had imagined of that personage; she did not reflect that the duchess might have shown a very different manner if she had not taken a fancy to her new neighbors.

Her grace was not only pleased with the young heiress and her simple, single-hearted aunt, but charmed with the house and its surroundings.

"I always said it was the prettiest place in the country," she said, as she got into her carriage, and Edna stood at the steps quite at her ease, and making a pretty picture against the background of dark brickwork, "excepting More Park."

Then, as Edna colored, the good-natured duchess remembered the story of wicked Sir Cyril, and anxious to remove any pain her slip of the tongue might have caused, she bent her head and said:

"Good by, my dear; give me a kiss, will you?"

Edna put up her pretty, young face, and the duchess with a sigh—she had no daughter of her own, and she would have bartered her title and the Arleigh jewels for one—was driven off.

CHAPTER XVI.

COUNTY SOCIETY.

The invasion had commenced, for it was soon known that the duchess had called upon Miss Weston, of Rosedene, and that she was favorably impressed. Thereupon everybody else hastened to follow suit and be charmed in like manner.

Before the week was out most of the county families had called or left cards for Miss and Mrs. Weston, and when it was known that they were to dine at the castle, on Monday, the duchess was assailed on all sides with hints and almost outspoken requests for an invitation to meet them; it was not every day that such a romance occurred as that with which Edna was connected, and people were anxious to make the most of it. Monday came round, and Edna and Aunt Martha started for the castle.

It was a drive of an hour through the prettiest part of the county. The moon was fast rising behind the gaunt chimneys of More Park as they passed it, and Edna thought how beautiful it would look when they came back and the moon was high in the heavens.

"If I am asleep and you are awake as we come home, aunt, wake me just here," she said, with a laugh.

Through country lanes, just beginning to grow green, and along well-kept roads, the new carriage took them, and presently Edna saw a vast pile rise in the semi-darkness from a belt of elms with square patches of light streaming into the night; then the carriage rattled over a drawbridge and pulled up with a clatter of restless hoofs at the entrance door of the courtyard.

Instantly three footmen in the ducal livery hastened to assist the Rosedene footmen in the arduous task of letting down the steps and opening the door, and the whole five, with an air of the most profound importance, made a lane for Edna and Aunt Martha to pass through. They entered an enormous hall lined with suits of armor, on which hung portraits of dead and gone Arleighs. Edna noticed a great carved gallery for musicians before she passed out into a broad passage which led to the salons. Footman after footman heralded the way and ushered them, and at last they announced and entered the drawing-room. It was such a blaze of light, and gold and crimson, contrasting with the sober hues of the oaken hall, that Edna was almost blinded and confused, but she saw the duchess and a tall, white-haired man, with a kingly presence, coming toward her, and felt that the latter was the duke. There were about a dozen persons in the room, most of whom were unknown to Enda, and before she had quite recovered her composure.—it was all such a glitter of rank and natural magnificence—a bell rang, and dinner was announced. Eight o'clock to the minute, punctuality being a virtue much respected at the castle.

The guests paired and walked into the adjoining room, a dining-room, just large enough to be noble, and yet not too large for comfort, with paneled oak and walnut, upon which the light of numerous wax candles, held by antique bronzes, was reflected dimly.

Lord Portfield took Edna in, saying as she placed her hand on his arm:

"This is an honor that I did not expect; it was to have fallen to my son, but he is late, unluckily for him."

However, before they had all taken their seats the door was opened, and a footman announced:

"Lord Mersey."

Edna looked up and, lo and behold, there was the man she had taken first for a gamekeeper, and then for a professor on a holiday. Dressed in the regulation suit of sables, the air of high breeding and gentle birth was still more marked, and Edna felt a certain amount of pleasure when he took his seat beside her, and his father moved to another part of the table.

Lord Mersey bowed all round, made his apology to the duchess, and then sat contemplating the flowers with a placid air of abstraction.

Soup was served, and a gentle murmur of conversation had commenced, when he turned to Edna suddenly, as if he had just remembered her, and said:

"Do you know which is Miss Weston—is it that lady?" and he looked toward Aunt Martha, who was in a deep discussion on lace with Lady Portfield.

"No," said Edna, amused, "that is Mrs. Weston, Miss Weston's aunt. I am called Miss Weston."

"You!" he said, putting his soup spoon down to stare at her. "You are Miss Weston—why, how old are you?—I mean—I beg your pardon ——"

Edna laughed.

"I am glad you did not press the question."

"What an idiot I am!" remarked his lordship, in a perfectly audible voice. "Any other fool would have guessed at once that it was she. Such a child, too."

"I have been out of my pinafores some time, too," said Edna.

"Eh?" exclaimed Lord Mersey. "Did I say you were so young? Well, so you are. I had no idea that the Miss Weston we have all been talking about——"

"Was so insignificant a person," said Edna, with a naive smile. "Pray forgive me for not being older. Mine is a fault that will mend every day."

Lord Mersey looked at her as he would have done at a very rare and beautiful plant, and shook his head.

"I'd keep that fault as long as I could, Miss Weston," he said, and Edna bowed.

Fish that had been brought from the duke's stream in Scotland occupied his lordship's attention for some time, but every now and then he turned his grave, dreamy eyes upon the lovely young face beside him with an expression of interest. It was the prettiest flower he had ever seen.

Edna listened to the talk going on around

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sister's Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

where we often have droughts, and sand storms, short winters, and pleasant summers, a very good farming country; crops were fine last year. The country is well watered; most every home has a fine well and windmill, some few use engines. We have fine gardens, most everything that can be grown in the East, can be grown here. Husband is a blacksmith (there I told you we are poor people) for most everyone knows that riches are seldom made at the forge. But it is no disgrace to be poor, just inconvenient; however we have much to be thankful for. We own our little home and have been blessed with health.

Sisters did you read Uncle Charlie's letter to his namesake? If you overlooked it, get your paper and read it, for it is fine.

With love to all, MRS. WALLACE HEDGES.

Mrs. Hedges. The hardship of your experience very naturally has prejudiced you against farm life, as appears from the fact that you complain, not unjustly, of the overwork, privations and discomforts which fell to your lot largely as the result of unfortunate circumstances, while you make no mention of the many comforts, pleasures and even luxuries that farm families living under fairly good conditions enjoy, but you seem to have been deprived of. Doubtless your mother's protracted invalidism made it hard for all the family and hardest for you, the eldest daughter. In a family dependent on labor for a living, whether on the farm or in the city, sickness of father or mother throws heavy burdens on the children forcing them to work when they should be at school, and it is a question whether it is worse for them to work in the cotton field, as you did, or in the cotton factory as thousands of children unfortunately have to. You are to be felicitated on having a good husband with a good trade and health and strength to do his work and provide a comfortable home for his family. There is food for thought in your remarks on social inequality and the duty incumbent on the rich to share their social and material advantages with their equally worthy but less fortunate neighbors. Volumes have been written on this subject, thus far with little effect on our purse-proud aristocracy which values people according to their wealth rather than character and personality. And usually the most snobbish are the newly-rich. Even though liberal in responding to the calls of charity, their giving is with such an air of condescension as humiliates the recipient of their bounty. To dispense charity in a manner that does not wound the pride of the recipient is evidence of true nobility, of genuine aristocracy of soul. Your suggestion, that the daughters of the wealthy families make a companion of the poor working girl, taking her to church, to the opera, and inviting her to social functions in their homes, is theoretically ideal but practically impossible so long as the world tolerates the tyranny of fashion and extravagant standards of dress that have prevailed since time immemorial. Shame for her clothes would prevent the working girl from appearing beside the elegantly and stylishly dressed daughter of wealth at her parties, on the street, at the opera or even in the same pew in the house dedicated to the worship of Him who loved the poor. If all other bars were removed dress would still remain an insurmountable barrier against the social mingling of the rich and poor so long as present standards of habiliment prevail, so long as fashion decrees that there must be a different dress specially designed for every occasion, so long as wealth is the foundation of social standing and the lavish expenditure of money on dress passes as the outward insignia of wealth and aristocracy. The social mingling of the rich and poor involves many unsolved problems, chief among which is that of dress reform. No doubt many of the sisters have considered this important subject and have ideas that would be worth printing in our "Corner."—Ed.

WEISER, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish to thank all the sisters (and brothers too) who so kindly responded to my requests in the December issue, for songs, and as time passes I will try and answer each letter.

Warm weather is here and for the benefit of the sisters who are in the same position as I (not able to obtain ice) I will tell how I made an iceless ice chest. It requires only three articles, and the initial expense is small, compared with results, which will be a pleasant surprise. I obtained a box twenty-one by twenty-four inches, and fifteen inches deep, and a four gallon stone jar, with lid, and some sand. First, I placed the box in the cellar at the desired place, then filled in about two or three inches of sand; then the jar was placed in the center with lid on, and more sand put in all around, moistening the sand to help the packing. Fill within two inches of top of jar. Keep the sand wet with cold water, which in the evaporation causes the cooling.

Care should be taken not to spill anything in the jar as removing it to wash would displace the sand. The jar should be well scalded and sunned first, to insure sweetness. I keep my butter and milk, and, in fact, all things same as in a "real" ice chest.

Yours for success, MRS. I. D. GRAY.

GREENFIELD, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please admit me again? It has been about ten years since I last came for a chat with you. At that time I was not married.

I live on a ten-acre farm in a wide, sunny valley. Our little place is under irrigation and is our own.

The homes here are quite close together and the neighbors are all nice, quiet people. We are only one half mile from the general store, church and school. This climate is adapted to the growing of all varieties of deciduous fruits and some kinds of nuts. There are many large apple orchards which present a beautiful sight clothed in rosy-tinted blossoms, and later, in the autumn, are a sight to inspire the poets, when loaded with their luscious apples of red or yellow colors.

Alfalfa fields stretch away on all sides with their wealth of luxuriant green, amid which the mild-eyed dairy cows are browsing in lazy content.

This colony is several miles from the nearest railroad. It is consequently, perhaps, more quiet than it otherwise would be. We have daily mail service, a large and pleasantly situated school building, a dear, quaint little church and many other things to make life what it should be.

This little spot seems to have been left untouched, as yet by the contaminating influence of the larger cities; there is no touch of worldly "get-rich-quick" methods of the outer world. We live on in our own way, in much the manner of one of the old English hamlets.

Here are many graduates of Eastern colleges and many retired from active business life, who are now interested in agricultural methods, in rotating crops and in discussing at the corner grocery the relative values of certain fertilizers.

There is rarely an afternoon in summer when we do not get the full benefit of breezes direct from the ocean. The pure air and country fare are conducive to the health of the people.

Now, a word to those who write of being lonely in the country.

Dear sisters, if you are in a lonely situation, treat each day as one step farther toward a contented mind. Endeavor to make your little ones contented. Tell or read to them a bedtime story with a good moral. Interest yourself in trying to make your surroundings more pleasant. And by all means have a garden! You will be surprised to find how much enjoyment you and the children will get from even a small garden which is all your own work. It is not how much we do in this world, but the spirit in which we do it that counts in making up the things worth while.

"To act that each tomorrow,
Find us farther than today."

I have read dear old COMFORT since I was quite small, when I used to enjoy the department of Aunt Minerva and her owls. With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the entire COMFORT staff, Lovingly,

MRS. NELLIE I. IMWALLE.

HAMDEN, OHIO.

DEAR READERS:

I am writing this hoping it will benefit all readers of COMFORT who are afflicted with tuberculosis.

I have had the disease for years and have slept outdoors for four years. I have a shack nine by twelve feet in our yard. It has a good roof and floor, each side is screened in, and has a heavy canvas curtain at each side which works on pulleys. In summer time they are all rolled up, but in winter I keep only the east one up. I am under a good doctor's care all the time, and know medicine has helped me lots. I follow my doctor's advice and his only. I spent one year at the Ohio State Sanatorium at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and was greatly benefited. It is a fine place for incipient cases, and teaches us many valuable things, among them are to take lots of outdoor exercise and rest regularly, and to use every precaution possible to keep from infecting well people.

We use pocket folding cups for expectoration and gauze for handkerchiefs which must also be held to our mouth when coughing. Patients who carry a normal temperature take walks every morning.

After leaving the sanatorium I spent three weeks in Grant Hospital at Columbus, Ohio, following an operation for chronic appendicitis, which was very successful. I feel very well now; am living an outdoor life, and go to bed by 7.30 most every night; never get up until 6.30. Then I eat my breakfast and put my dishes on to boil, feed my chickens, and make my bed. Then I take a long walk; am back by ten. I sit out in my shack from ten until eleven and read or write. If it is cold I go to bed to keep warm. We have early dinner and I go to bed at twelve (noon) and rest and sleep until one thirty or two P. M. Then I sit up in bed, and embroider until three thirty. By using a back rest I can work at my fancy work easily in bed.

I have taken my afternoon rest here for two and one half years now, and took forenoon rest here every day until Christmas. I very seldom go to an entertainment, but occasionally I do. I know that there are not many tubercular people who can lead a normal life and live long. For I have seen many apparently good cases leave the sanatorium and go to their homes in big cities mostly, and lead a gay life for about six months and then die. For years I took lots of raw eggs, would often take six a day, but am not taking any now. They are really delicious, to beat two up in a glass and add a few drops of flavoring extract and a teaspoonful of sugar. Then fill the glass up with rich milk and drink between meals.

I am a blonde and weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. I am of a cheerful disposition and very seldom get discouraged. I read lots and never do any heavy work at all, am a lover of COMFORT, am especially interested in "A Thorn Among Roses."

Hoping that this letter will help others,

I remain your friend, MISS CLARA MYRTLE WORTMAR.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The sun is just setting behind the hills, the hills of dear old Pennsylvania, the day's work is over, and I am lonely. May I join your charming circle?

Huntingdon, the town in which I live has a population of 7,500, twelve churches, one college, four good schools, hospital, Orphan's Home and no saloons.

The State Industrial Reformatory is also situated here. The location is ideal. On one side flows the Juniata river (of Indian fame), and on the remaining sides stretch out the farms, on which produce is raised to be used at the institution. I think the inmates are well treated, as long as they conform to rules. They have able instructors, and each can learn the trade to which he is best adapted. To prevent the escape of prisoners, a wall twenty-five feet high has been built around the various buildings.

Near the entrance, at the Superintendent's home, is a large lawn. It is well cared for, and filled with many beautiful flowers, and in summer when Nature has painted each one with a skill that no artist can equal, it is a beautiful sight. But I never gaze on them without thinking of the wretchedness that is so close to all this beauty. Then it seems to vanish and in its stead, comes visions of the sin-sick boys within, blighted lives; mothers' broken hearts.

Nearly all these boys have been attendants at Sunday School. There must have been something wrong somewhere. I hesitate to say, for I know all mothers want to be good ones; but I fear something was wrong in the home. Have you, the mothers of little children, ever noticed what little imitators they are? I think if all parents would cultivate a character, worthy in every respect of imitation, it would help a great deal. Then again, in order to gain their confidence, why not try to be interested in what interests them. They will appreciate this, and more readily make you a confidante. Tell them that you have their best interests at heart, and that you consider their good behavior a priceless possession. There is an ocean of love in a boy's heart, if we only possess a magnet powerful enough to draw it out. One thing I have often noticed that I very much disapprove of and that is, heaping criticism on children in the presence of neighbors and friends. Let us take a retrospective glance, back to our own childhood days, and think of how we dreaded to hear mother tell our faults to others; how we felt condemned and even prejudiced against her for it, when perhaps it was only meant kindly; but how much more good a little heart-to-heart talk with mother when alone, would have been, as each child has been given different tastes and inclinations, the disposition of each should be carefully studied, and governed accordingly.

To how many does life seem a mere round of existence? Why not read some of the soul-inspiring books, that are on the market? The best of all is, to know they can be borrowed free of cost, from the free circulating libraries in the Sunday Schools. I think everyone should find time to read good books. They help us to take a broader-minded view on many things, as dark days must come to all, and the noble thoughts of noble men and women, help us to see more clearly.

Have we not all at some time or other in our lives got disgusted, and thought the world cruel, when in reality it was only paying us for value received. If we would all try to make others happy, especially those we dislike, we would soon be saying, "the world gives us a square deal."

Have you a grandma in your home? Don't let her feel that she is in the way; invent something for her to do. It will make her happier if she thinks she can be of service to you.

In conclusion, I will say, I have three children, the oldest twelve, the youngest four. I am thirty-one years of age, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, am five feet four inches tall and have dark brown hair and fair complexion.

With best wishes for COMFORT's success and that of its readers, I am, your coworker, MRS. RUTH WEAVER.

Nobody Knows but Mother

(REQUESTED.)

Nobody knows the work it takes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can but mother.

CROWLEY, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

First of all I want to talk a little while to the "Little Country Girl" who goes to the city to work.

Little country girl, you have read many very fine stories, no doubt, in each of which was a pretty girl heroine, and a fine Prince Charming. You have made believe that you were that lucky little girl, and that this wonderful hero was waiting for you somewhere; just beyond the bend in the old familiar road. Perhaps you have thought that, by coming to a great city, you would find him, where in reality he would rarely be found by little country girls. Then you would learn life down to its bitter corner stone, and you would grow extremely weary, and, maybe you would drift and drift until all the finer sentiment within you would be killed.

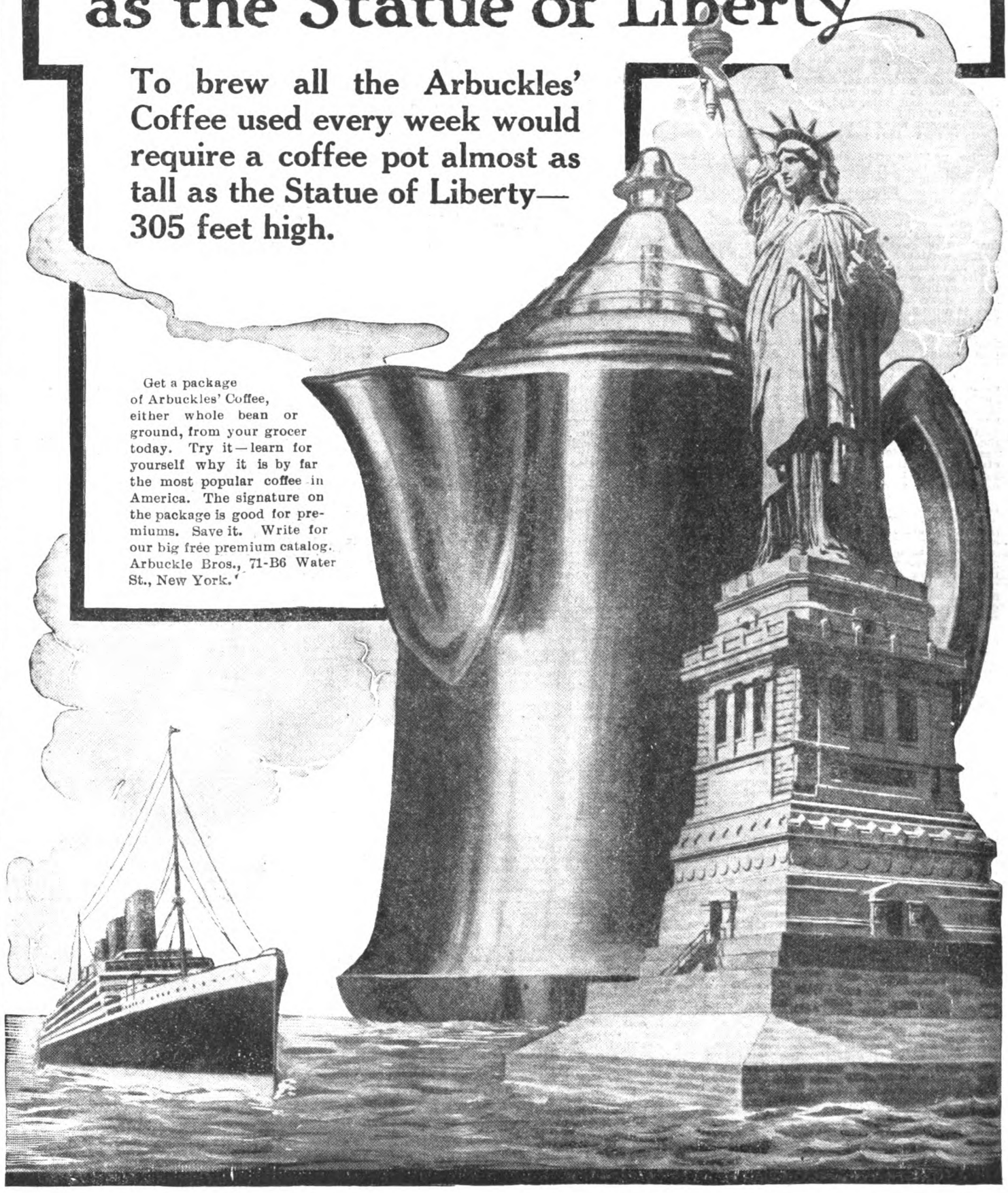
Here is a true story which I heard told several months ago by a teacher. A girl from a Wisconsin town was taking music lessons at one of the great conservatories in Chicago. One day, in a State street department store, she was accosted by a heavily veiled woman who professed illness, and asked assistance. The girl helped the old lady to the street. The old lady asked to be assisted a little farther, up some rickety stairs. The girl demurred, and then the poor old, sick lady grasped the girl by the arm and at-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

A Coffee Pot almost as tall as the Statue of Liberty

To brew all the Arbuckles' Coffee used every week would require a coffee pot almost as tall as the Statue of Liberty—305 feet high.

Get a package of Arbuckles' Coffee, either whole bean or ground, from your grocer today. Try it—learn for yourself why it is by far the most popular coffee in America. The signature on the package is good for premiums. Save it. Write for our big free premium catalog. Arbuckle Bros., 71-B6 Water St., New York.



The Lone Bandit

By Ella Martin

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ON a wooded knoll in the far-away Klondike a small but motley throng was gathered. In the shade of a cluster of trees a man was preaching the gospel; while seated near him, in apparent unwilling submission, was his daughter, a girl in her teens.

The speaker's language was eloquent, convincing; but the men seemed only slightly impressed, as if the discourse was lacking in sincerity.

After a while, when the restlessness of the crowd was less marked, the girl was seen to lift her serious face and speak a few words in a low tone to her parent. He nodded in answer, and she quietly withdrew. Several of the men in the little audience forgot to listen to the words of the preacher while their eyes followed Nellie Witmore, the preacher's daughter, till her lithe figure disappeared from sight where the path made its turning around a clump of bushes.

Once out of sight of the gathering of miners Nellie sped swiftly along the trail till she came opposite a large boulder; then she paused and waited. A man stepped out from its shelter and confronted her—a man, young and slender, and utterly unlike the rough but honest miners she had just left.

"Sidney!" she cried, as he took her hand; "you waited—you knew I would come!"

"I hoped so, Nellie; I wanted to see you. And your father does not need you any more today. The miners will not be rude enough to desert him."

"As I have done," she said quickly, and laughed; but there was a nervous ring to her merriment. "Ah, Sidney, I am afraid I was not quite honest with my father. I told him the truth when I asked his permission to go home, but not the whole truth—I did not tell him you would be waiting for me here."

"Nellie, this deception, if it is wrong, will soon be at an end. What the end will be I cannot tell—I do not know yet. But my mission in this place is about over. As you know I did not come here to seek gold."

A cloud passed over the bright face of Nellie Witmore. Her head drooped until her gaze rested upon the ground, but not before he had caught a glimpse of the mist in her eyes.

"I must leave you soon," he went on, gravely. "But, oh, Nellie! I love you! Remember that always, dear one, and believe that it is harder for me to leave you than it is for you to see me go."

He drew her to his side, but he did not caress her. He did not kiss the lips that looked so tempting to him. She was as forbidden fruit, and he yearned for her as one does for that which he may not have.

"Then why must you go?" she asked wistfully, and the lips he wanted to kiss were a-tremole. A rigidity came over him. There was a tightening about his mouth as if his feelings were controlled by an effort.

"I cannot tell you, sweetheart—not yet. I may never be able to tell you. I am at war with myself today. Conscience and inclination are striving together within me, each for the mastery of the other, until my soul seems rent asunder."

"I do not understand, Sidney."

"No, nor can I tell you—only this; I stand between love and duty, and I know not which will gain the day!"

She shrank away from him.

"Is it that—that you are not free? Is there another——"

"No, no!" he cried, and there was pain in his voice, "not that! It is something entirely different. It is driving me mad, but I can give you no hint of what it is. Some day you may know. In fact, I fear you must learn everything, and that before very long. Unless——"

"Unless what, Sidney? You frighten me."

"Unless my conscience loses in the struggle, and inclination sweeps everything before it. But, Nellie, whatever happens, remember that I loved you, and that I could do no different!"

His dark eyes were full of pain, and the clear-cut, beardless features were twisted in agony. He looked down into the violet eyes that were wide and inquiring. Then he took her hand and led her into the road.

"You must go now, that you may be home before your father arrives. I will see you again this evening while he is away. It may be the last time we shall meet."

She departed without a word; only a lingering glance backward betrayed her reluctance to leave him without a better understanding of the strange things he had said to her. Sidney Phillips stood and watched the graceful figure until it was lost to view. Then he went back to his place behind the boulder and waited till Mr. Witmore should pass the spot. He did not want to meet the father of Nellie just then. He was in no frame of mind to go back to the open-air chapel where this man dispensed the gospel every Sunday afternoon to a gathering of miners, who had so little diversion that they were willing to go to hear him, though not deeply interested. Sidney seldom went himself; he could not bear to see the delicate girl a target for the admiring glances of a crowd of men, even though their admiration was genuine and their manner respectful. It hurt him to note the shrinking look in her eyes, and he resented the fact that this patriarchal-looking man, with his long beard, should insist upon his daughter accompanying him because her presence there insured him an audience.

"The hypocrite!" Sidney cried, striking his chest a blow, as if by that means the leaden weight in his bosom might be dislodged. "The hypocrite! If it were not for Nellie's sake—but there, I have not settled that question yet!"

He had hardly ceased speaking when Mr. Witmore came into sight. He waited until the preacher passed by and was lost to view around the bend in the road where Nellie had disappeared some minutes before. Then he went back to the collection of rude cabins that formed the mining camp.

For some reason—because of his superiority in education and manners, the miners thought—Mr. Witmore had chosen to live some distance away. And now that the restraint of his presence was removed the men gatherd in front of one of the huts and engaged in a game of cards, the recent sermon on the hill forgotten. They welcomed Sidney in their usual off-hand, good-natured manner. They habitually referred to him as "the tenderfoot," but they treated him with consideration.

The topic of conversation, as Sidney came up, was the new preacher, who held prayer meetings evenings in the cabins of the miners, and delivered sermons in the open on Sundays.

"Now I wonder whatever put that into his head," said one of the men who was watching the game. "Thinks he'll live on the contributions while he looks for the yeller, I reckon."

"He calls himself a fisher of men," volunteered Sidney Phillips.

"Wall, he has some mighty fine bait," drawled one of the players.

His words were followed by a general laugh. For it was no secret that the men looked upon the daughter of the self-constituted preacher as a beauty and a drawing card for her father. The contributions were conspicuously larger on the days when Nellie accompanied him, which were becoming more and more frequent as this fact made itself apparent to her parent.

"Yes, she is mighty fine bait! And innercent, fellers, the most innercent ever!"

It was Daniels who said that.

"I have just six inches o' steel to give the man who would harm little Nellie," he added.

Sidney said nothing. He never joined in the remarks when Nellie's name was mentioned. But at the allusion to Nellie as bait for her father in his fishing for men his face whitened.

"You may laugh all you please, but it is that man's elerquence that has nearly made me give up cards."

Another laugh, for the man who said that was one of the players.

"Nearly, but not quite, Jake."

"Wall, he's fished fer men's souls till he's got nearly all of 'em comin' to hear him, anyway. I just wish he could draw that lone bandit to hear him. Big Pete was held up last night on his way from prayer meetin', and had ter give up his watch and purse. I lost mine last week. Thar won't be a durned watch left in the diggin's if he don't catch that road agent with his elerquence purtty soon."

"We'll catch him ourselves yet, and a rope is the bait we'll use."

During these remarks Sidney stood silent.

"He never brings the gal to prayer meetin'; did ye ever notice that?" someone said, going back to the subject of the preacher with a jerk. And leaning back he eyed Sidney sharply. "An' ye never see Sidney thar, either—ever notice that?"

Sidney Phillips said never a word.

"An' what's yer conclusion, pard?" And one of the players slapped a card down upon the table and forgot to listen to the answer. However, it was delivered.

"The conclusion is that Sid is that thar lone bandit we're all so anxious ter git."

"More likely he's sparking the gal on the sly while her father is away prayin' fer the rest of us pore sinners."

"Don't blame him a gol darn bit!"

"Sid, that ain't fair!"

"You gentlemen are getting too personal. I believe I will withdraw," laughed Sidney. But his face showed he was ill at ease.

"Gentlemen!" mimicked one. "Listen to his language! No,hin' like eddication!"

"Wall, no, if it can make gentlemen out o' the likes of us!"

Then a poor play on the part of one of them drew the attention of the others, and Sidney slipped away unnoticed It was dark when he left the men and went on his lonely way toward his own hut some distance from the camp.

His head was bowed in meditation as he walked slowly along; for the problem he had come there to solve was nearing its solution. None of the miners who dubbed him a tenderfoot dreamed that he was, in truth, a New York detective, his reputation yet to be established. He had been given the work of running down an absconding cashier, and the trail led here. If he brought back his man his place on the force was assured, and the reward for the capture was a fortune in itself. Fame and fortune and a career in his chosen calling awaited him if he succeeded, and success was in sight—success that meant failure in another direction and heretofore would be dearly bought.

"Halt!"

As the word came sharp and clear, it fell like a bomb-shell upon his hearing. He was startled out of his musings, but was neither surprised nor afraid.

"Throw up your hands!"

Mechanically he obeyed. He knew the lone bandit had got him, as he had most of the miners in that immediate locality. There was not much in his purse (he had seen to that, anticipating this very thing), but it was taken along with his watch and chain. He did not mind the experience, but it served to deepen his gloom.

The hold-up was only what he had expected—what he had been waiting for almost unconsciously, and yet it had found him unprepared. He had meant to resist. A quick movement an his part, suspected by the other, a fierce grappling, and the struggle would soon be over, with the chances in his favor. It was not discretion or fear that held him back, but a thought of Nellie Witmore.

It was soon over, and no excitement on either side. He was not even surprised. He knew now who the lone bandit was; he had suspected it before. It was the last straw—this certainty. It was not the loss of his property that troubled him, for he knew it would be restored to him eventually. He could force its restoration.

Just then a temptation came to him—to throw up the game, sacrifice the reward, his career—everything, take Nellie with him and flee the country at once. It meant throwing aside his hopes of advancement for the sake of a woman. Still he hesitated between love and duty. The time had not yet come for him to decide so momentous a question.

He changed his mind now about going home and turned his steps in the direction of the hut where dwelt the preacher and his daughter. He knew that Nellie would be alone all the evening while her father was holding prayer meetings at the homes of the miners. When he arrived he received a cordial welcome from the minister's daughter. A reaction had shaken off the benumbed feeling that enveloped him when he discovered the identity of the masked road agent, and with some excitement he related the highwayman's descent upon him.

"I have heard of him," said Nellie, "and I am always afraid for papa; he is out so late nights. He feels it his duty to go to one or more of the cabins and pray. But I am sure the men would rather play cards.

"But Sidney, do you know, he would be very angry if he should learn that you called on me in his absence? I have drawn him out on the subject of acquaintances, and he has forbidden me to make friends with anyone. He says they are a Godless set, and that it is my presence on the hill that draws the men there Sundays. He does not need me evenings, he says, as he goes to them instead of their coming to him."

Sidney recalled the joke the men had got off about the preacher using his daughter for bait in his fishing for men, and his face flushed angrily.

"Why does he waste time on men who would not go to hear him if he furnished no other inducement than the things he preaches?"

"He says his mission lies here, that he must save the souls of these miners. I get very lonely sometimes; but we must not shirk our duty. Somehow, I cannot feel entbused with the work. There is something lacking in my father's discourses, though his eloquence is unsurpassed."

"It is that they are lacking in sincerity?" he ventured, without meeting her eyes. He did not want to destroy the girl's confidence in her parent. But how he wished he might in some way prepare her for the blow that was about to fall—that is, if he did not turn traitor to his calling. Would there be any peace for him, so long as he might live, if once he destroyed the happiness of the girl he loved? On the contrary, could he keep his self-respect and shirk the obligations his vocation placed upon him? What irony of Fate it was that he should love this man's daughter!

"Nellie," he said, as he was about to depart, "will you remember, when the times comes, that it was you who reminded me that one must not shirk one's duty?"

He caught her to his breast and kissed her gold-crowned head, and her white brow. But not her lips; they were sacred—he had no right to taste their sweetness; he never should have now! And it was she who had shown him how to decide, she for whose sake he had faltered. He had been leaving it to Fate, but Nellie in her innocence had shown him the right.

"Sidney," she cried, "you frighten me! I wish you might tell me what is troubling you. But I fear I cannot let you remain longer. It is nearly time for my father to return. At first I meant to tell him of these visits as soon as you gave me permission; but since I have talked with him about making the acquaintance of some of his flock, I dare not. He seems so bitter against the men he is trying to save."

Sidney turned to go, a last farewell upon his lips. But at that instant a step was heard outside. Mr. Witmore was returning! Nellie started in alarm, her hands clasped to her bosom. Her eyes sought his face in mute questioning. Sidney braced himself for the ordeal that confronted him. It had come sooner than he expected. But suddenly Nellie caught him by the arm and shoved him into a small closet near the door, that was partitioned off for the storage of provisions.

"Stay there," she whispered, "till he has gone up to bed; then unbolt the door and go away quietly. I will come down for a drink of water, as I often do in the night, and slide the bolt into place again."

She had barely closed the door of the closet and regained the other side of the room, where she was in the act of taking up the candle to retire when the door opened and her father entered.

"Up yet, Nellie?" he cried, cheerfully.

"You are home earlier than usual, aren't you papa?" she asked, steadying her voice with an effort. "I am just going to bed, though. I will light a candle for you before I go."

This done, and the good night kiss exchanged, she climbed the ladder to the loft, where a curtain separated her apartment from that of her father.

As soon as all was quiet overhead Mr. Witmore hung something thick over he two small windows, and then took the ladder carefully from its place, that Nellie might not descend upon him unawares. Then setting the candle near at hand he took up a loose board in the floor and drew from beneath it a long box. Sidney Phillips, through a crack in the partition, could see everything. He knew what the box contained, well enough. But he was not afraid, though he was bolted in the house with a desperate character; for in his hip pocket was a revolver ready to his hand. And besides, his presence there was unsuspected. A cough or a sneeze would betray him, and also decide his course of action. It was not necessary now for him to determine whether he should give up his career for the sake of the innocent girl whose faith in her parent once destroyed would cause her untold misery. Fate would decide it for him.

The box was quietly opened, while Sidney watched and waited, and the valuables taken from him by the brigand earlier in the evening were added to the miscellaneous collection within, and the cover again fastened into place.

The box securely hidden, the preacher replaced the ladder, and took up the light. Now was Sidney's chance! His hand sought the butt of the pistol in his holster. It would be easy to capture him now, the man he had trailed through the entire United States and on into the gold country. And it was Nellie who had placed him in a position to make the arrest—Nellie, whose influence because of her childish innocence, had affected him so powerfully. And the innocent would suffer with the guilty, doubly so, because she had unwittingly brought about her parent's downfall. Thus he reflected.

Mr. Witmore began to mount the ladder, the light in his hand. Sidney was a brave man; he had proved it many a time, and in many a place. But he let his hand drop to his side, while he watched through a crack the pseudo-minister ascend the ladder. When all was still he stole out from his hiding-place and shot the bolt noiselessly back. He at least had not betrayed Nellie to her father!

He had debated long as to what he should do, standing as he did, between love and duty; and at last Fate had stepped in and decided it: He could not arrest the father of the girl he loved at a time when she had unwittingly placed him in is power. It was more than could be expected of him.

The next day the preacher received by messenger a letter calculated to prove effective. It was short and to the point:

"Amos Churchill, Road Agent and Embezzler: Leave the country at once; the people here must be relieved of your predatory presence. Leave the box where it is."

The preacher could not know whose hand, among all the men he knew, had penned it; but it was signed with a name that was familiar in the eastern part of the states where he had come from, and he obeyed the injunction it contained at once.

When the fact became known among the miners it caused a nine days' wonder. And later it began to be remarked upon that the highwayman was inactive.

"The preacher must have converted him before he left," they said, and laughed. But no one mistrusted the truth.

After a while Sidney produced the box, which he had found, he told them, hidden in a cavern, and asked them to identify and claim their property.

"Wall, I declar'!" they said facetiously, "if the tenderfoot wasn't the robber, after all! Say, Sid, was it the preacher that converted ye? Or that thar piece o' innercence, Nellie Witmore? Come, own up!"

"It was Nellie," he replied gravely.

"Well, we'll fergive ye, then, seein' ye've gin it all back."

They were jesting, as a matter of course; but if either was suspected it was not the preacher.

Another thing was noticed: It was that the tenderfoot took more interest in prospecting after this, and he was jollied about having to work, now that he had reformed. He had never reported to them his own hold-up. He had possessed himself of his watch and purse when he removed the box to the cave where, later, he pretended to find it. He was more silent than ever now, but less gloomy. The problem was solved, and the load off his mind. Whether right or wrong, the die was cast—his career was at an end. But Nellie, his sweetheart, was spared the pain an exposure of her father's crime would have caused her. Where was she? Would she ever know the sacrifice he had made for her, he wondered. Would she blame him because he sought her not in the land whence her father had fled? Would Nellie believe now that he loved her, even though she remembered his words, uttered at a time when he believed a greater test would be applied to her faith in his love?

It was months afterward that Sidney Phillips struck it rich. He immediately sold out and made preparation to leave the country.

"He is going to find Nellie," the miners said to one another. And tenderfoot though he was, compared to the older settlers, they were loath to see him go.

Before Sidney started for the States he made a last visit to Nellie's deserted home. He could not have told why he went there, only that he wanted to see once more the place where he had parted with the girl he loved. For in all the broad earth he knew not where her father had hidden himself and her; or whether he should ever meet her again.

His thoughts were far away from the place, seeking in imagination the whereabouts of his lost love, when he pushed open the door of the deserted shack and stood face to face with Nellie Witmore.

"Sidney!" she cried joyfully.

With a few swift steps he reached her side and caught her to his breast.

"Nellie!" he cried exultingly, at finding her thus restored to him. "Nellie, we shall never be parted again—nothing shall part us now!" And he kissed the lips he had so longed to kiss.

"Oh, Sidney, I had to come! He is dead—my father! He confessed everything, and I am here to give the things he took from them back to the miners."

"They have received their property, dear, long ago. There is only one article not restored. And that, Nellie, you took—and it belonged to me."

"I, Sidney?"

"Yes, you dear little bandit! Nellie, give me back my heart!"

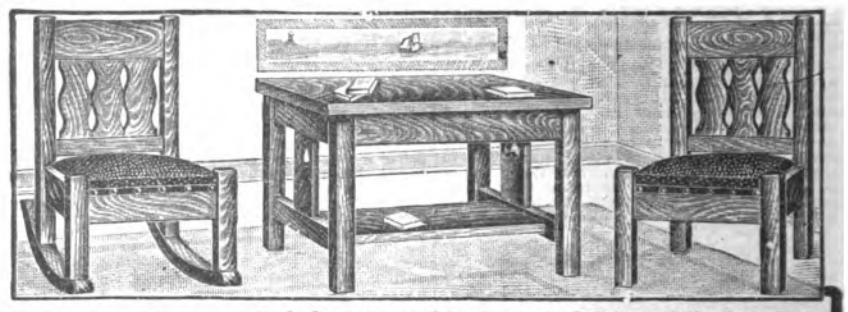
"I would rather not," she whispered shyly. "If—Sidney—you would only take mine in exchange!"

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CHEAP Fuel.—Apricot pits, $3 per ton. Excellent fuel. Cheaper than coal or wood.

Such advertisements may be seen in Southern California newspapers, and as fuel is always expensive in that part of the world the person whose eye catches the announcement will be tempted to make a test of the unique fuel. The rice seems satisfactory, especially as coal weighing the same amount is ordinarily quoted at about $13 per ton. Those who experiment with the fuel will have satisfaction so far as heat units are concerned; but the material has no lasting qualities. Those who buy may express surprise that each pit has been cracked and the kernel extracted. From these oil is made. Perhaps 5000 tons will represent the by-product of pits for a single season in California, and from these about 1200 tons of kernels have been taken. From these kernels as well as from those of the peach and almond, an oil is pressed and used extensively in the arts and medicine and in the preparation of toilet articles and cosmetics. Originally only almonds were utilized for this purpose, but owing to the persistent high prices the fixed oil of almonds has ceased to be prepared exclusively from that nut, being replaced by the cheaper materials, such as apricot and peach kernels. Peach and prune pits are utilized in like manner, and the resultant press cake or kernels, from which the oil has been taken, are being put to economic use as stock foods and fertilizers, being especially valuable by reason of their high content of nitrogenous matter.

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NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

I THINK you know me well enough now to know that I have the interests of the masses of this country at heart. My one desire is and always has been, to see this land a paradise for the plain people. I don't pretend to have a mortgage on all the wisdom in the world nor do I pretend to be able to see more than a few million years ahead, but I feel it my duty to warn you of a certain gentleman whose persuasive eloquence and oratorical jim jams will doubtless deceive a whole lot of guileless people who are always ready to walk into any sucker trap and hike up any blind alley that is open to catch them. I warn the masses of the people, especially organized and unorganized labor to beware of those "peace at any price" doctrines that are being irrupted from the volcanic gas tank of one William Jennings Bryan. I don't think it would bother Bryan if a million Japs landed on one side of this continent and a million or two divine right king worshipping soldiers on the other side. You see if any trouble arose Bill could beat it for Lincoln, Nebraska, and climb into his cyclone cellar, where the grape juice is stored, until the fighting was all over. If Mr. Bryan lived where I do, right close to the sounding shores of the Atlantic ocean, well within the range of the guns of an attacking fleet, he would be singing a different song. You see the biggest gun in the world can't fire 1,500 miles so the Bryan establishment is quite safe. I'll wager if I were to nose around Mr. Bryan's Nebraska farm some night I'd find the doors locked, and I'll wager, too, if I tried to pry open a window a thousand burglar alarms would go off and the yawping of a hundred watch dogs would greet my marauding ears. I'll also wager if I ever reached his bedroom he would pull a gun on me with a barrel a mile long. Trust him or any other sensible man to look after himself and his property. Then why not protect the property of the nation? If you nosed into Mr. Bryan's bedroom, you wouldn't get a bottle of grape juice and a lecture on the Prince of Peace, nor would he ask you to stand there for one whole year and arbitrate and mediate. If he didn't blow your head off or throw you through the window, he would phone for the police and have you put in the pen mighty quick, for at home, at least, he would use common sense. He would try and protect himself, family and home from tramps and marauders, burglars and other wild beasts of prey. Mr. Bryan can see that this home needs protection, then why in thunder can't he see that my home, your home and all our homes need protecting? He'll tell you that to be prepared for war invites conflict. He will tell you that the nations of Europe were prepared for war, and that is why they got war. On the contrary it was because most of the nations of Europe were not prepared for war that they got war. If all the nations of Europe had been as well prepared for war as Germany was, there would have been no war. At the present moment Great Britain is paying a fearful price for her unpreparedness. It was because John Bull had a "contemptible little army" that Britain has been forced to pay in blood and treasure a hundred times more than it would have cost her to have kept up a force which would have so nicely balanced the military scales in Europe that the present dreadful conflict would never have happened. Mr. Bryan talks about the oceans being our only protection. That is in line with a lot more of the bunk that he has inflicted on a long suffering public. The oceans are today more of a weakness to us than a protection, just as the waters around Great Britain, that were once her strength, are now owing to submarines, her weakness. Destroy our fleet and nothing could save us. The latest submarines are capable of crossing the ocean and getting half way back under their own power. Within a comparatively short distance of New York lie nearly all the gun and ammunition factories of this continent. It would be the easiest thing in the world for any first-class military and naval power to land an army on these shores and destroy our gun and ammunition factories and exact a cash tribute from our cities, that would have paid for an army and navy sufficiently large to have stood off any force Europe could bring against us a dozen times over. It is far more economical, far more sensible and patriotic to be prepared than unprepared. Better pay a dollar for a lock than leave the door open and lose all you possess. After hundreds of years of painful striving, the little structure of semi-civilization we have so agonizingly reared has been ground to pieces beneath the barbaric heel of war. A ruthless war that respects neither young nor old, women or children; a war so hideous, so horrible, so vile and terrible that strong men who have experienced but a few minutes of it have gone stark, staring mad. No one knows what a day may bring forth. A raging madness has seized the world. A whirlpool of death is sucking the nations into its swirling depths. We can keep out of the whirlpool of war, not by being weak, but only by being strong. Might is the only thing that counts today in this world. Honor, righteousness and decency have been buried for the time being. Rome is burning. Instead of getting fire engines, and water and plenty of hose so as to keep the conflagration from our shores, Nero Bryan would tune up his peace fiddle, and invite the flames to come and destroy us. If Bryan's house caught fire he'd phone for the fire engines. But if an enemy sets the National House on fire, he wouldn't have an engine to put it out—he'd let it burn.

I thank God that there is a strong sentiment for peace in the world; I have done my share in creating that sentiment and I haven't had my eye on the $40,000 Nobel Peace Prize, while I was doing it as some peace at any price people have. I am as much a lover of peace as Mr. Bryan or any other man, but humanity hasn't advanced to that point where peace can be obtained by adopting the ideas of the gentleman who found it a hardship to live on $12,000 a year. Remember, our government is pledged to protect the lives and homes of its citizens, and to defend not only these shores from European and Asiatic aggression, but it is pledged by the Monroe Doctrine to protect the whole of this hemisphere, practically a third of the world. If democracy triumphs in this world conflagration, we may be able then to have a Court of Nations, in which all disputes can be settled, and a national police that will carry out the orders of the court in case any of its mandates are disobeyed. That is the dream and desire of all of us. We can't however in these murderous days forge our dreams into reality by mere talk. We must have force enough on hand to convince those who don't want peace and don't believe in peace that we are determined to have peace even if we have to fight for it.

As soon as autocratic, divine right, crack-brained militaristic monarchs see that the people who want peace are not long-haired enthusiasts and visionary theorists only, but strong men who are ready to shed their blood that war may be banished from the world forever, they will see the folly of continuing their fiendish medieval tactics and they will summon their duped and bleeding followers from the dark ages in which they have thrust them, and put them back again into the line of twentieth century aspirations and ideals. There are nations in this world today who respect nothing but force, and until the force idea has received a death blow, Bryan and his piffling pacificsm are the worst kind of a menace.

Just think what would happen if we knew that bubonic plague, cholera or smallpox were going to sweep this land. Suppose we knew that this awful pestilence was going to sweep five millions of people into their graves and leave two million homes desolate. Imagine the feeling of horror that would sweep the nation. At great expense we keep a quarantine service along our coast to keep out disease. Now what would you think if Bryan went stamping all over the country telling us we had no right to war on disease, that we should abolish our quarantine service and let bubonic plague and smallpox do their deadly work. If he did that we would think he was a madman. But today he is doing worse than that, for disease at least allows us to die in our beds and we know that after a while science will conquer it. Disease doesn't burn our homes, rape our women and blow our children into a million bits. We know that when the epidemic is past our country will be inviolate, but if the conqueror comes, those who survive death and torture and rapine, will live to see our cities in ashes, a foreign flag floating over our heads, and every gold dollar that we have taken from us. Then the conqueror will put a gun in our hands and make us fight his battles, make us destroy our brothers and those dear to us. This is what poor, bleeding Poland has had to put up with. Do you want Bryan and his piffling chin music to turn this fair land of ours into a Poland? I guess you don't.

Here is a sentence from one of Mr. Bryan's perorations on peace: "We not only do not need additional preparation, but we are fortunate in not having it." Think of it, and this to a country that has an army reserve of only 16 men and not enough powder to fight one battle. Now listen to what the greatest American of all, George Washington, said in his address to Congress, Dec. 3, 1783: "There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld if not absolutely lost by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

There, you can choose between Washington who would defend his country and Bryan who would leave it defenseless. In Washington's time it sometimes took months for ships to cross the ocean. Today they can get here in a week. Human nature hasn't changed such a very great deal in the last hundred years. Might is still right and those who have power are ready to grab and take anything that weaker peoples cannot defend. It's the advice of George Washington we should take and disregard the bunk of the Nebraskan phonograph. Let the masses of the people beware of the peace doctrines of William Jennings Bryan. If that gentleman will confine himself to prohibition he'll be all right, but the very people who are following him now if this country were invaded, and our defenseless coast cities laid in ashes, would be the first to turn on Mr. Bryan and rend him. He is playing politics. Why he even has an idea that he can stampede the socialists as well as the so-called labor party and hyphenated citizenship generally. It's wonderful what Bryan wouldn't do to get into the White House, but the socialists are thinkers and they are wise to the kind of politics that William is playing, and it's about time the rest of you got wise too.

This is the time when this country needs statesmen, and it's a mighty relief to me and should be to everyone who has the welfare of this country at heart that William Bryan has gone back to the woods to play politics and turn the phonograph loose on the Chautauqua circuit and left the serious business of managing the momentous problems of this western hemisphere to men who have a better idea of handling the affairs of this great nation in this terrible world crisis than any wild-eyed politician ever had or ever could have.

Beware of the man who has a single track mind. Beware of the man who can only think war or only think peace. Get a double track mind and strive for peace with all your might, but don't close your fool eyes to the fact that with three quarters of the world on fire, it's a mighty wise and sensible thing for Uncle Sam to have his hose in his hand ready to put out any flames that may stray in our direction.

Preparation for war doesn't mean war, it means peace. Unpreparedness doesn't mean peace, it means war, conquest, subjugation, slavery. If we were a poor people and couldn't afford ships and guns there might be some excuse for howling, but we've got more money in the U. S. and more material for the making of armies and navies than any country on earth, and to try and prevent us from protecting ourselves is worse than folly, it is raging madness.

They say that charity begins at home, but it shouldn't stay there. With that fact well established in our minds we got busy the other day and shipped three hundred pounds of food to the starving Belgians. It may interest you to know some of the things that went into that enormous box. There were several twenty-two pound boxes of spagetti and macaroni. The people in Europe prefer these edibles to our cereals, which few of them know how to cook properly. Then too there is a shortage of fuel over there. There was a four dozen case of condensed milk, a sixty pound bag of beans, some excellent bacon, raisins and flour. The Belgian Relief Commission in this city collects all articles of food and clothing, and promptly and gratefully acknowledges any gifts sent them. If you haven't done anything for these poor, unhappy people send a contribution of money to The Commission for Relief in Belgium, 71 Broadway, New York. All who render aid, no matter how small, receive a very beautifully engraved certificate of acknowledgment that is well worth framing. I know there are plenty of hungry people in the United States, you need not remind me of that. I have felt the pangs of hunger under Old Glory more than once myself. There is however, an enormous quantity of food in this country. Plenty for everybody, and if people don't get it it is absolutely their own fault. Every ill this nation suffers from could be remedied if the people would think right and vote right, but those who do the complaining and the suffering will do neither, so don't begrudge the wretched Belgians the scraps of food that are sent them. They can't get food unless we send it to them. Here the food is all around us and if we don' get our share of it the fault lies at our door.

We have a big League correspondence list which can be had free by League members who desire to make pen friends. Send a stamped addressed envelope and give your League number or you won't get the list.

Don't forget to send me those birthday letters, for on the 25th of this month I reach my fifty-second birthday, and in spite of nineteen years of invalidism I know you'll be glad to hear I still look like a spring chicken—more springs than chicken. The Goat says I look more like a fall rooster. You see a fellow can't have any secrets when a Goat is around.

To celebrate my coming birthday I have gotten out a new book which I have named "Uncle Charlie's Picture Book," as it consists chiefly of pictures of people, scenes and objects of interest connected with my life and the events in which I have figured. It is prettily bound in stiff covers and makes an attractive as well as interesting volume. It can be had free as a premium for two subscriptions. For further description see announcement on another page.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

I have had some very fine photographs taken. One of these shows me seated in a chair for the first time in nineteen years. Maria and the Goat are standing on either side to see I don't fall out. The pictures in Uncle Charlie's Poems and Story Book have been changed and some new and very stunning pictures replace the old ones.

Now for the letters.

ALVIN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have lived in the beautiful Gulf Coast country of Texas for over five years, and not having seen a letter from this locality, I send this one. As a description of myself probably would not interest you all very much, I'll just omit that and give you an idea of this Southern country and what the principal productions are. Alvin, is a very pretty little town of about twenty-five hundred people. The land is quite level and very fertile, producing most every kind of products, the principal three being cotton, strawberries and satsuma oranges. However, all other citrus products do well. Alvin, is in the center of the strawberry belt, and the fields vary in size from one to sixty acres. Usually there are from six to ten berry buyers here every spring, and the berries are shipped to the Northern markets in car load lots, as many as from five to twelve cars per day. Vegetables also are a profitable industry, and they do fine. We are twenty-five miles from Houston, and thirty miles from Galveston. These are both good towns and good markets for garden stuff. Galveston, will be remembered a long time by the 1900 storm, there being so many people drowned, about 15,000. Such a storm would not be so destructive now, as there is a great concrete sea wall extending the full length of the town on the gulf side, which cost over $3,000,000. Then there is the causeway across Galveston Bay on the north which is about three miles long, connecting the island with the main land. This causeway cost something like $2,500,000 and is the greatest cement bridge in America, I presume. There is room on this causeway for a railway track, an interurban track and a large driveway for vehicles.

I could tell you a great deal more about this Sunny South country, but my letter is getting long so I'll begin to close. I wish however, to say that I have been reading COMFORT for over eight years, and I think it is one of the greatest of magazines.

I like the cousins' letters, and enjoy reading them, and your answers to them are simply grand, some are quite masterpieces. However, Uncle, I am especially interested in your preliminary talk to the cousins before you take up the letters. I have been reading them very closely every month since I have been reading COMFORT, and I can't express myself better than to say they just suit me exactly. I realize the awful predicament we are facing, and as you say the ballot is the only remedy.

I trust that you may live a long time and continue to give us these interesting talks.

I have sent in several club memberships to COMFORT, and I have your book of poems. This is a fine book and all the cousins should have it.

I trust, Uncle Charlie, that you may have the best of health, that you may live many years yet to conduct the cousins' department.

With best wishes for you all, I beg to remain,
Your nephew, WALTER G. PUGH.

Thank you, Walter for your fine typewritten letter. I know just where you are located. So Alvin is the center of the strawberry belt. I wonder how it feels to be surrounded by a strawberry belt? If I had a belt like that I don't think it would keep my personal attire in position very long. What would happen to a man who ate his strawberry belt? It's too horrible to contemplate. Do you wear one, Walter? It is with interest we learn that vegetables in your vicinity do fine. Everything up here is so punk that it does my poor moth-eaten heart good to know that somewhere there is somebody or something doing fine, even if it's only a vegetable. Why, we can't even pick a potato up here, unless it's got a black eye, and even the corn has got sore ears listening for that wave of Republican and Democratic prosperity that has been sidetracked for the last million years. I am glad you drew our attention, Walter, to that big sea wall Galveston has built. Fifteen thousand people in Galveston had to die before its city fathers had gumption enough to build a decent wall to protect them, and there are millions of lives sacrificed yearly in this country because people have not sense enough to protect themselves, and our national government is too stupidly indifferent to take steps to protect them. After Galveston got one good soak from the sea and the tempest, she learned her lesson and learned it well, but though Galveston has erected a wall to protect herself from the raging waters, has she, I wonder, ever thought of erecting a still more necessary wall to keep out poverty, hard times, unemployment, vice, ignorance, superstition and the white and black plagues? By the way, I'll wager that not five people in a hundred, not only in Galveston, but in all the cities in the United State even know what I mean by the white and black plagues. The sea in all probability will never again rob Galveston of a single life, but every ten years, possibly every five, more than fifteen thousand lives will have been sacrificed in the city of Galveston for the *lack of the wall of common sense* which no city has as yet had the gumption to build. What a bunch of geese we human beings are. I write human beings, as I do not want to be disrespectful, but in this little home of ours, when we refer to the masses of the people we refer to them not as human beings, but as human *beans*. By the way you might all ask yourselves whether you are not more of the backward bean type than the real progressive human being. Wait however, until you have finished reading this article and then you will have a little better chance to know just where you belong. Now if the sea could hit every town and village in the United States a good big whack, just once, drowning a few scores, hundreds or thousands of people as the case may be, you'd see the sea walls bobbing up by the thousands in all

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

The difference between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith



This is the way the wash-basket looks to Mrs. Jones—

and this is the way it looks to Mrs. Smith.





Mrs. Jones

is still doing her washing and all her work the hard, long way.

On washday she gets up hours earlier, starts a hot fire, hard-rubs and boils her clothes, not getting done till late afternoon.



Mrs. Smith

uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She gets up at the regular time, because she doesn't need to start her washing till breakfast is all cleared away. She gets done quickly and easily without having to boil or hard-rub the clothes.



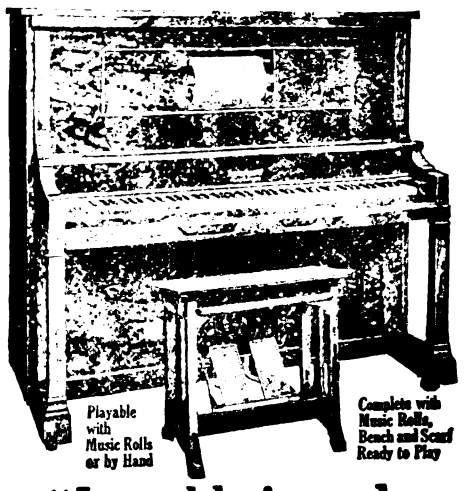


Her wash is all on the line early, and she has the afternoon free to iron, to rest, or to do just what she pleases.

Mrs. Smith does just as much work as Mrs. Jones—in fact, she has a larger family. Her clothes are always clean and white, her house is always bright and shining—but she is never tired out or overworked. She uses Fels-Naptha Soap for her washing and all her housework. Cuts out all the drudgery and saves at least half the time.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

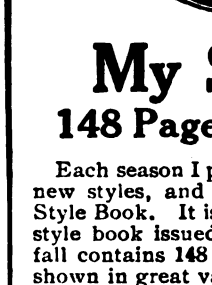


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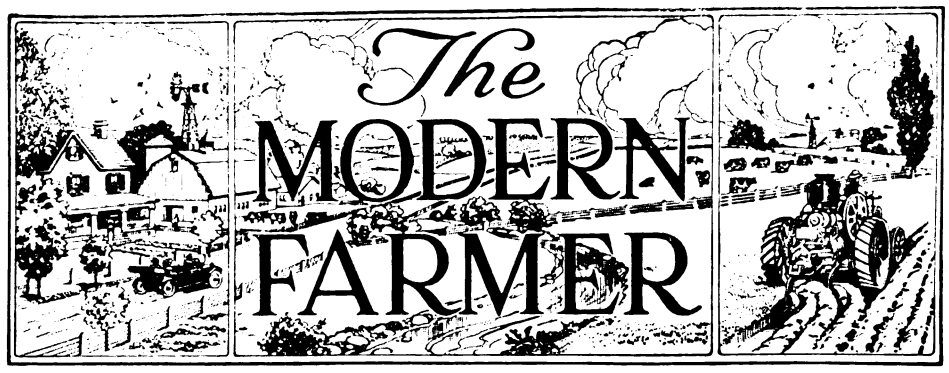
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Subsoiling and Deep Plowing

NOW that the fall plowing is being started we cannot advise our readers to go to great expense in subsoiling land. By subsoiling is meant breaking up or turning over the soil under the bottom of the ordinary furrow. In some soils a "hard pan" forms there and may prove quite tenacious, so much so indeed, that roots have difficulty in penetrating for soil moisture. These pans commonly contain lime or iron in large quantities. Lime tends to work down through the soil and in time forms a binding pan. Iron found in the hard pans is poisonous to plants if brought into the working tilth. In time it becomes oxidized and then loses poisonous properties. Any system of subsoiling or extra deep plowing which brings the subsoil to the surface is injurious. Any admixture of subsoil should be done gradually and in some instances there is no profit in bringing such soil to the top. Indeed experiments have shown that under ordinary circumstances, or corn land on clay subsoil, subsoiling does not pay, nor can farmers be conscientiously advised to use deep tilling plows or implements. It is a mistake to merely skim the surface soil in plowing. When we speak of average plowing we mean a furrow at least six or seven inches deep and by deep plowing or ordinary kind we mean a furrow eight or nine inches deep. Deep plowing, that does not commonly pay is from ten inches to twelve inches or more in depth. To pay for plowing or subsoiling to the latter depths one would have to obtain at least three bushels extra of corn per acre and experiments do not show that such gains are common. The better way to tackle the subsoil is to see that the land is well drained, if draining is needed, and to make the growing of clover and Alfalfa a fixed policy of farm practise. The Alfalfa roots, or the roots of white clover, penetrate far into the subsoil and help drainage. They die there and help to furnish needed humus. At the same time the land is made less liable to washing. Turn a wide, deep furrow in the stubbles and the land from which corn has been cut; but do not go to the expense of subsoiling or extra deep cultivating or stirring and do not bring the subsoil to the surface.

Manuring and Weed Killing More Important

Far more important than extra deep plowing or subsoiling is it to see that weeds do not "cumber the ground." If they only cumbered the ground that would not be so bad; but the trouble is that they are plant food robbers and are much better foragers than is corn or any other farm crop. If the weeds are allowed to grow they steal the plant food from the corn, or cotton, or tobacco and a light crop results. Merely hoeing down the weeds, without cultivating, manuring or irrigating corn land, will increase the crop several bushels an acre. A combination of clean cultivation, heavy manuring and soil stirring brings the banner yields per acre. In fall this should be kept in mind when the plowing has to be done. To get sufficient fertility into the ground, for the next corn, tobacco, or cotton crop manure may well be hauled out on the sod and plowed under at once; or the manuring of sod fields may be done in winter, the plowing to be done in spring. Many farmers now put all of the manure on the sod land. It is more easily hauled out there. The sod does not cut up or pack so badly as the stubble and a combination of grass roots and manure makes the best fertility for the coming crop that is to be worked and kept clean. Manure tends to foul the land with weed seeds and so is objectionable upon land that is to be seeded to grain and grass. The weeds come up in the grain and again in the hay. If the sod is manured the weeds that come from the manure are killed by the cultivation of the green crop (corn, potatoes, cotton, tobacco, etc.), and the grain fields and meadows are cleaned in consequence. If rye was sown in the corn "the last time through" it may be pastured late in fall and again in spring and when the corn field is then plowed in spring the rye makes additional fertility and the land also is cleaner from weeds that were rye not seeded. Experience has taught us that it is a mistake to sow fall rye on land that is to be planted to corn or tobacco in spring, for the cut worms harbor in the rye sod and devastate the young corn and tobacco plants in summer. Make all the manure possible this fall and winter.

Enhancing Manure Values

If the cattle, horses, sheep and swine are not fed bought feed, such as bran, middings, shorts, oilcakes and oilmeal the manure they make will not fully return to the soil all of the nutrients (plant food) removed by the grain and forage crops. In time land is bound to become impoverished although stock is kept and well fed and all of the manure returned to the land. It will become impoverished even if no grain, hay, or straw or any other crop leave the farm. Selling milk, butter or meat remove a certain amount of soil fertility each year. Butter-fat (cream) is the least robber. That is to say that the farmer who sells cream and feeds his cows every particle of feed grown on the farm will be least liable to run down his land, and if the land before such cow-feeding is done has been abused by grain selling, improvement in crops will be noted. But the cream producer, as well as the man who sells animals, or grain, cotton, or tobacco must bear in mind that soil impoverishment is going on all the time and must be made up for in some way or the land will in time become "poor". Make all the manure possible. Grow clover whenever and wherever possible. Sell as little crop produce as possible. Put back into the soil all the manure from animals fed upon the crops grown on the farm and in addition to this grand work try to supply cheap fertility in the way of ground limestone and ground phosphate rock. These are true permanent improvers. Quick-acting, stimulating, readily soluble fertilizers and mixtures of chemicals help the crop this year, leave little benefit for the following crop and in some instances may be soil impoverishers in the end; but the lime and phosphate rock gradually yield up fertility and if applied right along, just as every good farmer uses manure each year and also seeds some land to grass and clovers each year, the farm will keep up and actually improve every year. Mix about eighty pounds of ground phosphate rock with each load of manure hauled out this fall and the coming winter. Apply a thousand pounds of ground limestone or more per acre, if it can be had cheaply, and in addition to these fertilizers use forest leaves, road scrapings and ditch cleanings in compost with lime for surface manuring.

Preparing for the Lamb Crop

While we are doing everything possible to insure a good crop of grain and grass for the coming season we are liable to forget that crops of young animals must, or ought to be, specially provided for at this time of the year. By "providing for" we mean adequately fed before birth. If the lambs are to come strong and numerous the ewes must be fed now. The extra feeding is termed "flushing" and the ram is included in such extra nourishment. The idea is that if a ewe is bred when thin and weak her lambs will come weak and puny, or she will be likely to bring forth but one weak lamb. This is an actual fact, proved by experiments, and the experiments also show that the percentage of twin lambs is greatly increased by abundantly feeding the ewes for a few weeks before the time of mating and during that time feeding the ram in the same way. Then, too, it should be understood that the pregnant mare and cow must be adequately fed if they are to bring forth strong young. The mare that is kept run down with hard work and made to subsist on straw, hay and fodder during winter may not have much milk for her foal next spring and the foal may come into the world weak and apt to succumb to navel infection or scours. The cow that is to be the future profit maker is the calf of the well fed cow that has herself been a great producer and such a calf is the get of a sire from an equally good producing family. The "flushing" of ewes and rams is done with mixed whole oats and wheat bran. A little oilmeal sometimes is fed, if it can be bought at a profit. In addition one should save a small field of rich grass for the ewes that are to be bred and they may there be fed in addition summer cabbage, turnips and green fodder. The ram may also have such feed, as a preparation for the season, but not when he is being used. The green feed is best allowed ahead of the mating season and the grain mixture takes its place at that time. Half to three quarters of a pound of a mixture of equal parts of whole oats and wheat bran fed daily will put the ewes in good condition for breeding and when they are bred they should be well fed during the winter, especial care being taken not to feed much coarse, dry, bulky fodder and at all times to keep the bowels active and the sheep abundantly exercised.

Turning Under Timothy Sod

Timothy is one of the most stable hay crops that the farmer can grow. When a field is once seeded down to Timothy there is a constant temptation to let it run as long as it can. It must be remembered, however, that Timothy is particularly hard on the soil. Year after year as the crop is removed the soil gets poorer and poorer until it finally refuses to produce enough hay to bother with. It is then that the farmer thinks of plowing it under.

Sod land should not be run to Timothy for more than two years in succession, the first year after seeding to hay, the second to pasture. It should then be plowed under and the best time to do this is in the fall. This will give the sod time to rot, will kill off the insects that are turned up to the weather, will store up moisture for the next season's crop and will give the weather a chance to get at the soil and break it down so that it will produce a good crop the following spring.

Plow up your old Timothy fields this fall and seed down a new one next spring if you must have Timothy hay.

Planting Trees and Shrubs in the Fall

Trees and shrubs are usually planted in the spring in all the Northern states but farther south both spring and fall planting is practised. Fall planting is possible in the colder climates, but there is more danger from loss in these sections. In general, trees and shrubs should be planted while dormant, that is after the growing season is past. A long continued dry spell, as well as the approach of winter, will cause a plant to go into the dormant state. Fall planting may follow a dry spell which in turn may be followed by warm, wet weather and a late fall. This will cause the newly set tree to renew its growth, but it will not have had time to mature its wood or become thoroughly established before winter sets in. Severe freezing will almost surely kill such trees, hence it is not a good practise to run this risk in the Northern states. Farther south it is entirely safe, because even if the wood does not mature under these conditions the weather is not severe enough to damage the young trees.

Care of Seed Grain

Few farmers stop to think that seed grain may be injured immediately after threshing and that there is therefore any special care that need be taken at threshing time of grain to be used for seed.

Grain for seed should be dry to login with and be kept dry. If damp grain is put in a bin it is pretty sure to heat or mold. Though it may not be heated enough to do serious damage to the market or feeding value of the grain, this heating may have a very decided effect on the vitality of the seed. Not every seed that grows is a good seed. It may be weak in vitality, make slow growth and develop a weak plant which will in the end ripen a few small weak kernels. There is no way of separating out these weak kernels from the strong ones. If they are in the seed bin they must be sown. Neither is there any way of selecting out kernels injured by mould, yet every moldy kernel is practically dead. Mold destroys the life of the germ in seeds. What, then, is the farmer to do?

Since the trouble cannot be cured it must be prevented. The time to prevent it is at threshing time. If the grain is not in first-class shape he should select that which is the driest, plumpest and best for seed. This should be stored in a bin by itself. After threshing it should be carefully watched and frequently turned to prevent heating and made to dry out as rapidly as possible, after which it should be kept perfectly dry. If it is so damp that there is danger of heating or molding it had better be spread out on the barn floor and shoveled over every day until it is perfectly dry before being put in the bin.

Insure Next Year's Corn Crop Now

All over the Northern tier of states unusual weather conditions have greatly reduced the corn crop. Not for many years has this crop had such a struggle to ripen its grain. As a consequence there is much soft corn and immature seed. This means a poor stand next year and a short crop unless special precautions are taken now. What are these very necessary precautions?

Select Seed Corn with Unusual Care

Seed must be selected with more than ordinary care this year. Only mature, well-filled ears can be depended upon to grow. Such ears indicate strong vigor and vitality. These cannot be safely selected at husking time. Such ears are borne on strong, vigorous, leafy stalks, hence the stalk needs to be taken into account in selecting seed for next year's crop. Seed corn should be selected as soon as ripe, from the standing stalks in the field. By the time that the September number of COMFORT reaches you, the farmer should begin to think about the selection of his seed corn.

Select More Seed Corn Than Usual

There is certain to be a lot of poor corn saved for seed. Such corn will fail to grow and the fields will need replanting. More than this, there are many farmers who will be without seed corn. These two factors will create an unusual demand for seed. The price will be high. The farmer who has an extra supply on hand is practically certain of a good market at a high price.

Give Special Attention to the Curing of Seed Corn This Fall

Immature corn will have its vitality improved by careful curing. Allowing it to freeze while still full of moisture will destroy the germ entirely. Since there is likely to be much soft corn, this corn will be full of moisture which must be driven off by careful drying if we are to have corn that will grow next spring. This means that seed corn must be carefully dried with some form of artificial heat. If no better place is to be had it may be hung up around the kitchen stove. This is a poor place, however, because there is so much steam escaping from boiling water that the corn will dry out very slowly indeed. An attic, over the kitchen, that is provided with windows to insure ventilation, is a better place. A smoke house, such as is found on many farms and used only in the winter for the smoking of meat, is a splendid place. Two holes should be cut in the gables, one on either side, to provide for the proper circulation of air. These should always be kept open except in stormy weather, when they should be closed to keep out the rain. A small stove, the size depending upon the size of the building, should be provided. In this stove a slow fire should be kept burning daily for three or four weeks. This will drive off the moisture and the circulation of air through the small windows will carry it away. After drying for three or four weeks the corn should be stored in some dry place where there is good circulation of air and where it will be protected from rats and mice. There is no good reason why it may not hang in the curing house provided there is no other use for the building.

Since it is necessary to write this several days in advance, we cannot predict what the weather at the close of the season will be. A warm, late fall, which is not now to be expected, may ripen more corn than now appears likely. Nevertheless, it is good practise to select seed corn according to the directions here given and to cure it with the greatest of care.

Evaporating Sweet Potatoes

Prof. Massey says that there is no vegetable grown that is so easily and rapidly dried as the sweet potato. Cut in slices and evaporated in any of the portable evaporators, they can be kept in sacks in winter without difficulty, and can be made into a variety of dishes and puddings, after being soaked over night to restore them; or they can be pulverized and used for many of the nice dishes that Southern housewives know so well how to prepare. The same author expresses his opinion that if some one would go into the business of evaporating and pulverizing the sweet potato, and then pack them in neat papers, such as corn-starch is packed in in the North a large and profitable trade could be established, especially if the packages gave the recipes for custards and pies and such things that the sweet potato makes so perfectly. There should be a fine opening in the South for an investment of capital in such a business, thinks Prof. Massey, for the potatoes can be contracted for as cheaply as Irish potatoes are contracted for at the starch factories in Maine.

Improving Farm Stock

Thousands upon thousands of hard-working farmers will soon be spending well-earned days of recreation at the state fairs throughout the country, where they will examine and admire the magnificent exhibits of live stock which are an inseparable and important feature of such events. But it is not enough to look with favor upon the well-filled coats of these fine cattle and sheep and swine. They should teach a lesson of value to all who delve in Mother Earth for a living and feed the products of their industry to live stock. Too often the average farmer is of the opinion that the show animals are freaks of nature—rarities that are beyond his reach, stock to be admired but not bred upon the farm of the hard-working man. Some of this is true, but most of it is false. We do not apprehend for a moment that it would be advisable for the average farmer to engage in the breeding of pure bred live stock upon a large scale. He has not the necessary capital, time nor experience, but he has all the requisites for the improvement of his farm animals if he will but use the means furnished for him in the pedigreed sires and females he is shown at the fall fairs. Let him banish the false idea that show animals are freaks. Let him take it for granted that, on the contrary, they are but fine examples of the possibilities for perfection of form and production possessed equally by all good representatives of the various breeds exhibited. Let him understand that he may make all of his animals closely approach the fine appearance of the show stock if he will but breed towards their purity of blood and feed and house them in fitting manner. Once upon a time the show stock were but good representatives of the average, unimproved animals of the farm. They were fitted by fattening and grooming and made a good appearance. Their excellence of form and condition led to emulation and this to general interest in feeding and showing. Naturally the show animals were preferred for breeding purposes and in time improvement was progressive and permanent. It is possible for every farmer to benefit by the improvements made through many generations in the breeding of live stock. At the fair he may choose a breed that to him seems best suited to his ideas and wants. By infusing the blood of this breed into the vein of his farm animals he may in time with certainty build up animals that to all intents and purposes are pure bred. It does not cost a great deal to do this. It is an easy matter to pick a pedigreed bull of the desired breed, and such animals can be found at reasonable rates if the buyer is not too particular as to the family to which the bull belongs. Five successive top crosses of this bull, or stallion, or buck or boar will work wonders upon the appearance and quality of the farm stock, and if the farmer will but stick perseveringly to the same breed he will in time have animals that it would be difficult to tell from pedigreed stock. It costs no more to keep such animals. They command better prices wherever offered. They look better on the farm, redound to the credit of the farmer, and give

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

TWILIGHT SLEEP

By Mrs. Mary Boyd

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THERE is no city in the world where the stork with his little burden, tied up in the knotted handkerchief we always see in the pictures, is so welcome as he is in the city of Freiburg in Baden, Germany. There in the last few years they have established a Kinderfest—a Children's Day—and the stork parades on every float. There the children are fat and healthy and the mothers are exceptionally well and happy. To most mothers the stork brings his comforting gift when they are sick. But in Freiburg the mother is hale and hearty and is up a few days after the baby is born, in fact the doctors have much trouble to keep her in bed at all for her needed rest. For convalescence after the birth of the baby has become for the Freiburg mother merely a rest after healthy labor.

Six years ago, an American woman stopped in her travels at Freiburg, and had her baby there. As the years went on she had two more children. Each time she went back as the time was coming on all the way from America to Freiburg, the home of painless babies. She had had five babies in America and she knew the difference.

From her I had often heard references to the wonderful work for women of Professors Bernard Kronig and Carl Gauss at the Woman's Hospital of Baden University. But her story was vague, so when I was hoping for a baby of my own about two years ago, I packed up my trunk and set out for Freiburg to find whether these two humane doctors could give me a really painless birth. I found that it was even beyond my expectations. I and my friend Marguerite Tracy who was with me, have spent our time, since my baby was born, spreading the news of this boon to motherhood among the women of America.

More than ten years ago, a German obstetrician named Steinbuchel found that if he injected in the mother a very minute quantity of the new au æsthetic scopolamin combined with a very little morphin, she could in many cases bring her child into the world with all her muscular vigor but with no pain. He used the same dose for all mothers, and not all, though a fair percentage, were relieved. Doctors all over the world took it up. Some followed his small dose carefully and had the same results; others paid no attention to the amount Steinbuchel used but heavily overdosed and in that way did injury to the mother and prolonged birth so that they asphyxiated the child. These men, having failed through their own recklessness, decided the method was no good and gave it up.

Among those, however, who were careful in their use of Steinbuchel's method were Kronig and Gauss, who will go down in history side by side with the discoverers of surgical anæsthesia as two of the greatest benefactors of humanity. For by careful patient work they improved Steinbuchel's method so that they could give painless birth to between 80 and 90 per cent of all the women who were confined in their hospital.

Their whole secret lay in not giving one fixed dose to all women like Dr. Steinbuchel but in adapting it to the physical and nervous and "anæsthetic" temperament of each individual woman. Some women had 1-130 grain—this was the largest—and some even as little as 1-200. This they called "individualizing" the dosage and this individualizing of a very minute dose produces the so-called Dammerschlaf condition of consciousness which we in America call Twilight Sleep.

Twilight Sleep is new to anæsthesia. Some times a surgeon as he operates will hear the patient cry out. He will deepen the anæthesia and go on with his work. But if the patient is asked about his cry afterwards he will be surprised, will say he knew nothing, felt no pain, did not know he cried out. In surgery this is an accident. It is because one half of the patient's brain is beginning to wake up; he is passing from painlessness to instantaneous forgetfulness of pain. His lower brain, the cerebellum, which animates the muscles and the nerves and the senses, is waking; his upper thinking brain, the cerebrum, which records the memory and receives the harmful shock from pain is still asleep. In surgery however both parts of the brain should be asleep so that the muscles shall relax and this is why the surgeon deepens the dose as the patient cries out.

For childbirth this Twilight condition is the ideal state between consciousness and unconsciousness, for the muscles must be kept awake and active. If the pain is forgotten as soon as felt, the birth from the mother's point of view, is painless. The act of birth is oblivion, and she has after the birth no exhaustion, no shock to recover from.

So the doctors in Freiburg did not trouble if the mother moaned or complained a little during the birth. They only saw to it that she kept forgetting—instantaneously forgetting each act or object or sensation—straight along from the very minute labor became regular (pains about five minutes apart) till the birth was over. This forgetting is called amnesia. To be sure that she kept forgetting, they used the Memory Test. If they asked her a question and though she seemed to be listening she answered irrelevantly, or if she did not respond to her own name when they spoke it, or in many other ways showed that what was going on around her was unnoticed by her, though she was active and did not seem unconscious, they knew that she was maintaining her Twilight Sleep.

One father, entering the room just after the baby's birth, remarked, "Why, there is the baby already in the cradle." The mother turned her head and said, "I shall move that cradle and plant potatoes there." She was still under the Twilight Sleep; she heard the sound but could not grasp the meaning of what was said to her.

If, on the other hand, the mother begins to notice what is said and answers sensibly, the doctors know that she is waking up, and it is then that they give her a new dose. Mothers, the doctors found, were different. Some got their doses one and one half and two hours apart, some three or four hours. But the use of the memory test kept the dose down to the most infinitesimal amount suited to each mother, and provided also that there was no accumulation of the anæsthetic in the mother. Each dose was used up before another was given and there was nothing left behind to gradually pile up and reduce the mother to too deep an anæthesia to perform her labor properly. This method the doctors at Freiburg found enabled them to make birth an absolutely normal physical act of the mother herself, painless and without danger to herself or her baby.

I must have given in this description some idea of the great care, the close watching, the understanding of the patient that it required to administer the Twilight Sleep. To do it the Freiburg hospital had to treble its staff of doctors; but to them this seemed none too much trouble for the sake of motherhood.

The condition of Twilight Sleep was so delicate that loud sounds or bright lights easily broke into it, so the hospital went to the trouble of equipping quiet rooms with double doors and twilight darkness, where each mother bore her child in seclusion, disturbed by no one but the silent moving nurses and doctors.

The doctors at Freiburg were cautious; they were highly scientific. They did not rush to conclusions. They made no report and urged no one to use their method till they had delivered 500 mothers successfully.

They studied those 500 cases in every detail and on them Doctor Gauss published one of the most important reports in medical history. In the ten years since then, they have published three other reports, covering in all over 4,000 cases. At first they were very careful to use the Twilight Sleep only for mothers who were strong and well. But as time went on they found that it was harmless for all mothers, and that it was a special boon to those who were sickly. The only people who today cannot have it at Freiburg are those whose births are too quick to come under its influence. For it takes about an hour to fall off to sleep, and furthermore, the severe pains of quick births prevent the drug from exerting its influence. These and a small class of patients who are temperamentally unable to come under the influence of anæsthesia except in too heavy doses for childbirth, make up the ten to fifteen per cent of women in the Freiburg hospital who do not enjoy the benefits of Twilight Sleep.

For the rest of the women, those who did enjoy the painless Twilight Sleep and wake amazed to find their babies on their pillow or in the cradle at their bedside, Doctor Gauss' careful reports show that Twilight Sleep:

Did not injuriously lengthen the birth process.

Did no injury to the mother, but saved her the nervous exhaustion and collapse that usually follow birth.

Did no injury to the child.

I have told already how well the mother feels after the birth, how it is hard to keep her in bed because she feels just like being "up and doing." A Chicago doctor, who has in recent months been using Twilight Sleep tells how one woman who had been in the hospital a few days waiting for her baby got up mechanically as usual the morning after the birth and was making her bed when the doctor came in and hustled her back into bed. She could not be made to believe that the birth was over for she felt none of the exhaustion she had felt when her other children were born. Such experiences are everyday occurrences at Freiburg. The mother has also less injuries and lacerations to recover from than in ordinary birth.

The baby too comes out of the Sleep into the world brisk and lively. One of the main impediments to ordinary birth is pain, and this is the cause of the large proportion of births aided by the dangerous high or medium forceps. These are more dangerous to the child than to the mother, often crushing his head, sometimes killing him, paralyzing the side of his face or doing him other injury. These two forms of the forceps were practically done away with by Twilight Sleep, only the harmless low forceps being used, and this very seldom. The Twilight baby was also spared asphyxia, that is the serious interference with breathing caused often by births excessively prolonged by pain. Perhaps it is due to these causes that the Freiburg doctors found, much to their own surprise that in the first six years of Twilight Sleep, they had cut the baby death rate to half what it was in the ten years immediately preceding the introduction of Twilight Sleep. Before that it had been 3.4 per cent of all babies; with Twilight Sleep only 1.3 per cent. Years before, when some doctors were discussing in Professor Kronig's presence the death rate among infants from the forceps, they dismissed the subject with the statement "We must save the suffering mother rather than the child." "We must find some method that will save the mother *and* the child," replied Doctor Kronig. In the Twilight Sleep he found the method.

Occasionally, the Twilight baby is born sleepy or as they call it oligopnoeic. Of late, doctors in America have set up a great alarm about these "blue babies." A doctor visiting Freiburg describes those he saw there as follows:

"This group of children were born fresh and rosy. They cry out at birth. The heart beats somewhat slowly and the child breathes very superficially. Once in a while it opens its eyes. Its appearance does not create any anxiety in the spectator and perhaps a minute or two afterwards, normal breathing sets in."

A very few were slower, took ten to twenty minutes to establish deep breathing but the condition was never as deep as asphyxia. No skillful specialist in childbirth is alarmed by a baby in this condition. I deed oligopnea, by preventing premature breathing sometimes prevents a still birth. The condition can be and is found in many births without scopolamin. The real fact is that doctors did not observe so carefully the baby's condition until Twilight Sleep began to be used. The more skillful the doctor is with his administration of Twilight Sleep, the less oligopnoeic babies he has. Doctor Gauss' second group of 500 had only seven per cent of sleepy babies as against over 20 per cent in the first 500. Today the percentage is lower still.

And Freiburg babies have well mothers to care for them and nurse them. Again and again Freiburg mothers say that hey could nurse none of their children except their Twilight babies. The Twilight baby also has a well mother to take care of him which appears to count in his favor. In the baby death rate in their first year of life of Twilight babies in Freiburg is much less than the general baby death rate in the state of Baden.

This was what I found when, stimulated by my friend's three successful births, I went to Freiburg. Before I left there, I had myself wakened from ten hour labor in Twilight Sleep to have a baby, born entirely by my own efforts, placed in my astonished arms. A few hours later, I got up for half an hour and later in the day I wrote a long letter to my family which afterward became one of a series of articles I and my friend, Miss Tracy, published in America on Twilight Sleep.

These roused American women and they urged their doctors to study the method. At first the doctors said it was all a fake. They had used scopolamin-morphin, they said, and found it a bad thing. Then they began to read Doctor Gauss' reports, and to realize how different his method of use had been from theirs. Many even travelled to Freiburg to find out. One hotel registered 50 American doctors in one week. They began to try Twilight Sleep carefully and exactly as he directed, and they were astonished with their results. They realized that they had been reckless before, where he was careful. They realized that they had overdosed where he had cut the dose down to the lowest terms.

Last September, at the meeting of a great medical society in Buffalo, two New York hospitals, the Jewish Maternity and the Lying-in, reported between them on over 200 births they had had under Twilight Sleep and expressed their satisfaction with the method. The Lying-in report said frankly that when that hospital had used scopolamin-morphin years ago, they had used it wrong and expressed surprise that American physicians had not long ago read Doctor Gauss' reports. These two hospitals have now not far from 500 cases to their credit. The doctors in the Lying-in compared 100 births under Twilight Sleep with 100 confined during the same period in consciousness. They found that, relieved from the impediment of pain, the mothers under Twilight Sleep had quicker births, less lacerations and less hemorrhages than the conscious mothers. They found that whereas eight of the babies born in consciousness were asphyxiated only two under Twilight Sleep were in this dangerous condition. A half dozen others breathed lightly but woke after a few minutes with a healthy cry.

Other doctors to report on a large number of cases were Dr. John O. Polak of the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, and Dr. W. H. W. Knipe of the Gouveneur Hospital in New York. Both of these bore out the statements of the Lying-in and Doctor Polak found that by using Twilight Sleep he could cut down illnesses following birth 50 per cent, cut down lacerations 60 per cent, and for the benefit of the baby, do away entirely with the use of the dangerous high and medium forceps.

All these doctors comment on the fresh and vigorous condition of the mother after the birth.

Recently a group of doctors compared one thousand births in consciousness with one thousand births under Twilight Sleep in America and found in every respect that the mothers under Twilight Sleep were in better condition than those without. They found also that a very much smaller number of the Twilight babies were stillborn or died soon after birth than of the babies born in pain.

In other words, they found in the words of Doctor Kronig that Twilight Sleep "saves the mother *and* the child."

Since last September there is no large and few small cities in the United States whose doctors have not held conferences on Twilight Sleep. In all large cities six to a dozen hospitals are using it and in smaller cities or towns one or two.

But much of this use is not the best; not all doctors claiming to use Twilight are doing careful work. Then too, there are many women who do not know where to get it and many others who live too far from any center where it is being used. To meet these needs, two months ago in New York City we formed the Twilight Sleep Association which now has many hundred members and which hopes before long to take in all women all over the country who believe that this boon to their sex should become, for the benefit of mother and child, as universal in childbirth as anæsthesia is in surgery.

The Association aims to investigate all work in Twilight Sleep and keep it up to the high standard set by Freiburg, and to give out to mothers inquiring information as to where they can get it. Finally, to supply the needs of the districts where it cannot be got now and to make it possible for all doctors to learn the right method, the Association plans to found a large open teaching hospital where physicians can come from all over the Union to learn and carry back their knowledge to their homes, for the benefit of the women in our towns or villages.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

tempted to force her up the steps, and in the struggle the veil dropped off, and the face behind it wore a beard.

Wolves stalk the city streets; vultures that look for innocent victims, and the prettier and more innocent they are, the more they are in demand. It often seems that God has nothing to do with girls in a great city. They just drift, until they have drifted out of hearing, and out of sight, and the world forgets and doesn't care, because the world is very, very busy.

Some of you will think I'm a preacher and quite a young one when I tell you I'm "only a little country girl" seventeen years old.

I haven't lived in the city since I was six years old, and I love the dear old country life where you can go fishing, swimming, boating and horseback riding in the summer, skating and pecan hunting in winter.

When I was little I would tell mother I was going to the city to work when I got older, but she taught me, as I grew older, the wrongs of the city and I can say now that I'll never go to the city to work. But am expecting to board with my uncle and go to school there next year.

We live on a large ranch near the Clear Fork river, and eight miles west of Ft. Worth, Tex.

I have been taking COMFORT two years and find it a dandy paper.

With best wishes to all,

MISS CLARA B. MEELY.

BECKLEY, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Women have been making a superb fight in the cause of temperance and for the franchise as well. To correct existing evils is indeed a very necessary and a very praiseworthy work, abounding in blessing, honor and glory.

But it is well said, "An ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure," so if we could only reach and remove the formation, cause, viz., bad home government and the poor training of children, if fathers and mothers would be faithful in doing their duty the crowning work would be done. Government would be safe, homes protected, and morals established on a firm basis.

It seems to me the home is a very much neglected place. I know mothers who seem very anxious about the other fellow, who spend much time to the neglect of their own homes and children, and in some instances their own children are neither moral nor respectable.

Somehow I believe in the home as the kingdom of woman and I think it safe to say when we have better homes we will have a better country and a better nation. We want some way to make the home better and to help the young, neglectful and wayward mother to do her duty.

To this end I suggest a mothers' and home institute, for the benefit of all.

Now, please don't call me a crank. I presume you all think well of the Teachers' Institute, of the work it has done and is doing.

As a rule, which are better qualified and equipped for their work, the mother or the teacher, and whose

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

OLD LACE

Worth $50 an Inch, Fairy-like Product of a Past Art—*By Anna S. Ells*

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LACE in all its filmy loveliness dates from the fifteenth century, when it succeeded "cut worke" on coarse linen; and this in turn succeeded drawnwork. The very first attempts at open-work adornment of cloth were a sort of fringe, made by slashing the ends of the cloth. Later they pushed the threads apart with some rude needle, and caught them into crude designs, often with colored wools. After a time they learned to draw out certain threads, as we draw them today, working the strands left into designs. Still later, they began cutting part of the threads away, and filling in the spaces with threads of their own. This was "cut worke", and is not by any means a lost art.

When this work reached Italy, where the nuns sat long hours in their sunny gardens, and the ladies of fashion had not learned the art of sitting idle, it had a great rage, and when some ambitious person conceived the idea of departing from the rule of placing all their handiwork



VENETIAN LACE (PUNTO IN ARIA)

within the linen foundation, and extended it *beyond*, "into the air," in the shape of scallops and points, it caused great excitement. The new departure was called "Reticella Points," or "Venetian Points" for they originated in Venice, Italy.

Soon ambition soared even higher, and some inventive genius made the "Reticella" without its being attached to the cloth at all; this was the birth of real lace. Previously they had used many stitches, such as sewing-over, rope, wrapping, in-and-out stitches, but all real needlepoint lace is made entirely with buttonhole stitch alone.

They worked in this fashion: on a piece of parchment the intended design was merely outlined with linen thread which was caught to the parchment sufficiently to hold it in place. Over this thread the design was more closely outlined, and on these latter outlines the design was worked, entirely in buttonhole stitch. When finished, the threads holding the first outline to the parchment were cut from the back, and the fairy-like fabric was free—a lace made out of nothing, by a needle poised in the air, working on its own thread. In their astonishment, they called it "Punto in aria," which means "point in the air." Needlepoint lace has retained the name ever since. The illustration "Punto in aria" shows this the first lace made entirely with the needle, without foundation of linen.

As the first real lace was made in Venice, it is also called "Venetian Point." For a while they used a rather coarse linen thread, but in time this was changed to a finer thread, with much more delicate results. In Flanders there grew a flax which, when spun in damp, dark cellars, to which but a single ray of light was admitted, produced a thread so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. This was imported into Italy, and was used for some of the finest lace made there.



VERY FINE EXAMPLE OF "GROS POINT DE VENISE."

All "Venetian Point" is either raised or flat; the former has a cordonnet, or cord, which outlines the design; the latter has no cordonnet. A striking example of the raised Venetian Point is "Gros Point de Venise." The cordonnet is heavy, the designs bold and striking. It has been said of it that it is "sculptured in relief." The lace from which the illustration of "Gros Point de Venise" was made was but forty inches in length, and sold to a dealer some few years ago for $725. Another piece of "Gros Point de Venise" fifty-eight inches long, sold in 1904 for $3,000.

Another example of "Venetian Point" is Rose Point, one of the most delicate and highly priced and prized of Venetian laces. Owing to its fragility there is but little of this exquisite lace in existence today, and that little is almost priceless. See illustration of "Rose Point." If possible examine it, as well as the other illustrations under a microscope. The cordonnet is lighter than in "Gros Point," the designs finer and closer. There was no ground net or "reseau" to lace in those days, the different parts of the design being connected by "brides," made of buttonhole stitches, resembling the chain stitch of the connecting links in crocheting today. On these "brides" in Rose Point, also scattered throughout the designs, are tiny "roses" or "stars," edged with "picots" or little loops. The effect is that of a tiny ring crocheted over with very small projecting loops; when these were made of the almost invisible linen thread of Flanders, and scattered through the delicate tracery of "Rose Point" the effect was altogether lovely. One variety of "Venetian Point" has so many of these ornamental "roses" with double and triple rows of "picots" scattered through the designs that the effect is that of snowflakes, and it is therefore called "Point de Neige."

All these laces are worked with a cordonnet, more or less heavy, outlining the designs, and forming a part of them; they are, therefore, "Raised Venetian Point."

Among the Flat Venetian Point laces, namely those without a cordonnet, is one called Coraline, of which a pretty story is told. A sailor lad on going to sea gave his sweetheart a piece of coraline as a parting gift. It occurred to her to imitate it in lace before her lover's return. She was an expert lace-maker, and succeeded very well; Coraline lace had quite a vogue.

The French Court was very gay in those days, and the dress of the gentlemen vied with that of the ladies in daintiness and splendor; but until they heard of the wonderful new laces being made in Italy, they had no way of trimming their plain linen collars, cuffs, aprons and various articles of dress. Therefore, great was the demand for Italian laces, and vast sums of good French money found the way to Italy in exchange for the filmy loveliness. The people went quite frantic over the new fashion and the possibilities of dress that it opened. Plain linen was relegated to waiting maids and to widows, and the ladies and gentlemen of fashion adorned themselves with lace. They trimmed their collars, sleeves, cuffs, aprons, headdresses, table-cloths, coverlets, pillow-cases and handkerchieves with priceless lace, the gentlemen using it on the broad sashes which they passed across their shoulders, on their collars and wide cuffs, for rosettes on their low shoes, for knee-ruffles, and even the tops of some of the dandies' high boots were made of Venetian Point. Think of lace that would bring several thousand dollars a yard today adorning the tops of a man's boots!

But Louis XIV's Minister, Colbert, was a thrifty soul and it grieved, then frightened him to see so much French money leaving the country. He issued an edict forbidding the ladies and gentlemen to wear Italian laces, and stopping their importation. There were groans and tears. Laces they must and would have. This induced Colbert to bribe some Italian lace-makers to come to France and teach the art, and he soon had schools established there. In turn the Italians became alarmed when they no longer found sale for their laces, and French money ceased to travel into Italy. So they issued an edict of their own, demanding that all Italian lace-makers return to Italy, or, failing to do this, their nearest of kin would be imprisoned for life; if, however, they would return, they would be given work at fair pay for life. No doubt some did return to Italy, but lace-making had entered France to stay.

In 1665 Colbert had a flourishing lace school at Alencon, the lace made there being very beautiful; it bore the general name of the town, "Alencon Point" for many years, and is even so called today. For a long time the designs were those of Italy, but after a while French influence was felt, and they became more delicate and even finer than before. They, too, used the infinitesimal thread of Flanders, and the flowers and scrolls of the time of Louis XV were extremely lovely. It was around this time also that tiny figures appeared in the designs. Many of them were only three quarters of an inch in height, yet even the features can be distinguished. See the illustration of "Point D'Angleterre," which, although a lace made in Brussels, shows the tiny figure introduced in the French laces. I have not been able to secure a good illustration of the figured French lace.

It was at Alencon that horsehair was introduced for a cordonnet; this gave to the lace a brilliant appearance, but as it shrank when washed, the lasting effect was poor. Lace-making at Alencon continued into the nineteenth century, but gradually deteriorated, and is now a thing of the past.

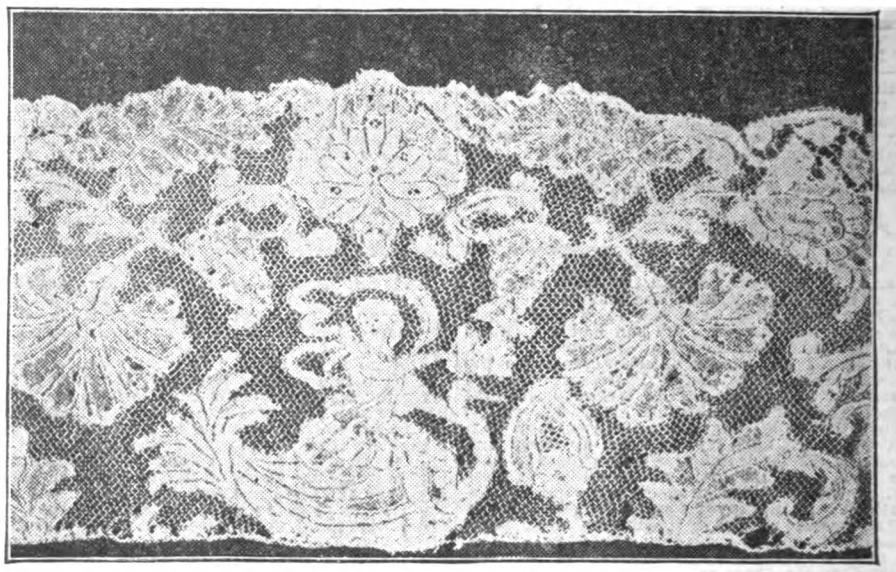
For a long time French laces, like those of Italy, were also made with "brides" only.

While Needlepoint lace was being made in Italy in the fifteenth century, Pillow lace was also being made there and in Flanders. There is an unsettled question as to which country can claim the first honor. As the name implies, this lace was made over a pillow with bobbins. For a time it, too, was made with "brides" only, but the patterns, or "toile" were looser than those of Needlepoint, requiring more "brides" to hold them in position, thus giving the work a more solid appearance. More and more "brides" were added, until at last they grew into a continuous foundation, called "grounding," or "reseau."

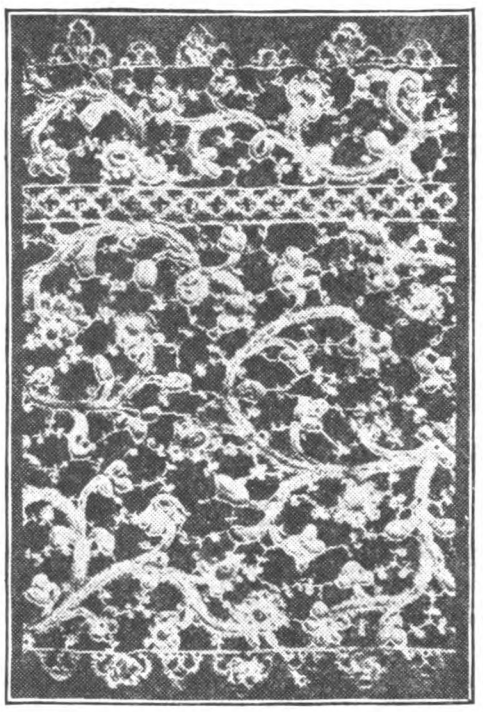
After a time Alencon adopted the idea of grounding its Needlepoint lace, and later Italian laces followed suit. In Needlepoint all these meshes are made of crossed threads closely buttonholed, sometimes there being eight or even ten tiny stitches on each side of the fine mesh. In Pillow lace the grounding is made of plaited threads, giving a result like fine weaving. The shape and size of the meshes differ with different laces, often forming the real clue to their identity. See illustration "Point de France," which shows the French Needlepoint lace with the needle made meshground or "reseau." You will note that the meshes are not quite even, a characteristic of hand-made "reseaux."

Among the Pillow laces of Flanders are Brussels, Mechlin (called the "Queen of Laces"), Binche (said to be the most fairylike work made by human hands), Valenciennes (afterwards a French lace when Valenciennes became by treaty a part of France), and Antwerp. Often the latter shows a design of a pot of long, evenly balanced flowers, and for this reason is called "Potten Lace."

The lace made at Brussels was particularly fine. Much of it was made in damp cellars, as dry air made the fine thread brittle. The lace-makers grew nearly blind working in the dim light, and a very few years ended their usefulness. Brussels alone of all the towns of Flanders made both Pillow and Needlepoint laces. The designs were many and beautiful. Much of it was used for "lappets" which finished the headdress without which no lady was properly attired in those days, and to such extremes did the ladies



POINT D'ANGLETERRE, PERIOD LOUIS XIV.



VENETIAN ROSE POINT.

rival each other in the use of this expensive lace that laws were passed regulating the lengths of the "lappets," the higher the rank of the wearer the longer her "lappet". Napoleon so admired Brussels lace that he ordered a christening robe of it made with N's and crowns, for his only son. Queens spent enormous sums of money for these laces until in 1760 George III, who was a rigid economist, advocated plainer dress.

Mechlin laces were also used for "lappets", and was a favorite lace. Valenciennes has been called "The Eternal Lace" on account of its durability, but that was when it was all hand-made; early Valenciennes was very beautiful. For a time it, too, was made with "brides" alone, but later was grounded.

Pillow lace-making extended into France and England, but the Pillow laces of Flanders are really only rivalled by the Pillow laces of Genoa and Milan, which are very fine.

England used lace in vast quantities, making several inferior patterns herself, and importing the most, and all the best of it. Nearly everything was trimmed with lace in those days; it has been recorded that King James I had six hundred yards of fine lace on his night clothes. In time, however, the authorities objected to the importation of lace, and then smuggling began, and was carried to such an extent that coffins supposed to bring bodies of Englishmen back to their native land were found to contain only bundles of the most expensive laces; in one instance 6,000 pounds of lace were smuggled in this manner. Loaves of bread were sometimes but crusts covering the forbidden treasure. In 1764 nearly a hundred pounds of exquisite laces were seized and burned.

Honiton is the best of English made lace; Queen Victoria did a great deal to encourage its manufacture in England, but they did not possess the proper thread, nor the proper patience, and the introduction of machine-made imitations caused a never thriving industry to dwindle.

Ireland has never made much real hand-made lace. An attempt was made many years ago to introduce the art, but it did not succeed. Today we have Garrick-MaCross, which is very handsome, but is made on a foundation of fine linen, and is really more like "cutwork"; also there are so-called laces which are but applique, the designs or "toiles" being hand-made and applied to machine-made net. What is commonly called "real Irish lace" is, as a rule, real Irish crochet.

Today real lace is made, but not the exquisite laces of the past. At Burano, Italy, there are lace schools, where many new and some of the old designs are attempted, and where the old lace songs, now over two hundred years old, are still sung as they work. The writer recently saw a modern "Point de Venise," which, while beautiful, was not the fairy work of other days. The thread was coarse, and it was evidently made with an eye to commercial profit; its price was seventeen dollars per yard. In many of the modern "real" laces, only the designs are hand-made, and these applied to machine-made net, which is often of cotton and inferior.

In 1760 a worker on a stocking-loom in Nottingham, England, studied the lace on his wife's cap, then invented a machine for making lace; this was improved from time to time, until in 1810 hundreds of people profited by making and selling the machine-made laces. You can trace in much of the imitation lace of today the stocking-stitch, reminiscent of the parent stocking-loom.

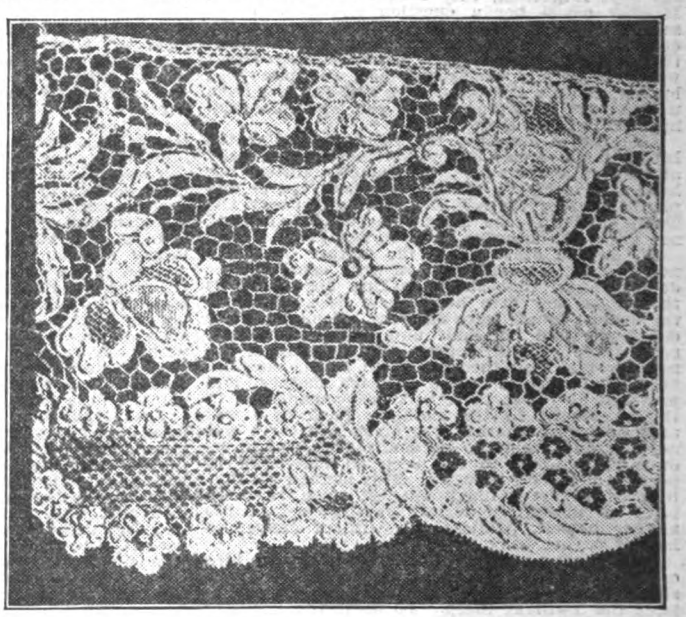
It was easier to make a machine which would produce the patterns than one which would make the ground, or "reseau," but in 1838 a man watched his wife embroider, then spent six months in learning the art himself. Next he invented a machine having six needles. In thirty years this was perfected, until now even Venetian Point lace is imitated with astonishing success.

It is interesting to note in all the laces of today, even the very cheap, machine-made kind, a trace of the real laces of the past. We find the "roses" with their tiny "picots," the "brides," the "cordonnet," the cloth-like fabric once made with bobbins only, the "wrapping-stitch" which has taken the place of the buttonhole stitch. The writer has an excellent imitation of Duchesse which cost fifteen cents a yard, and is perhaps four inches wide.

Among the "real" laces of today is "Point de Gaze," which is one of the finest modern laces. The ground is clear, the leaves and flowers often shaded. The "toile" is hand-made, and applied to the best machine-made net.

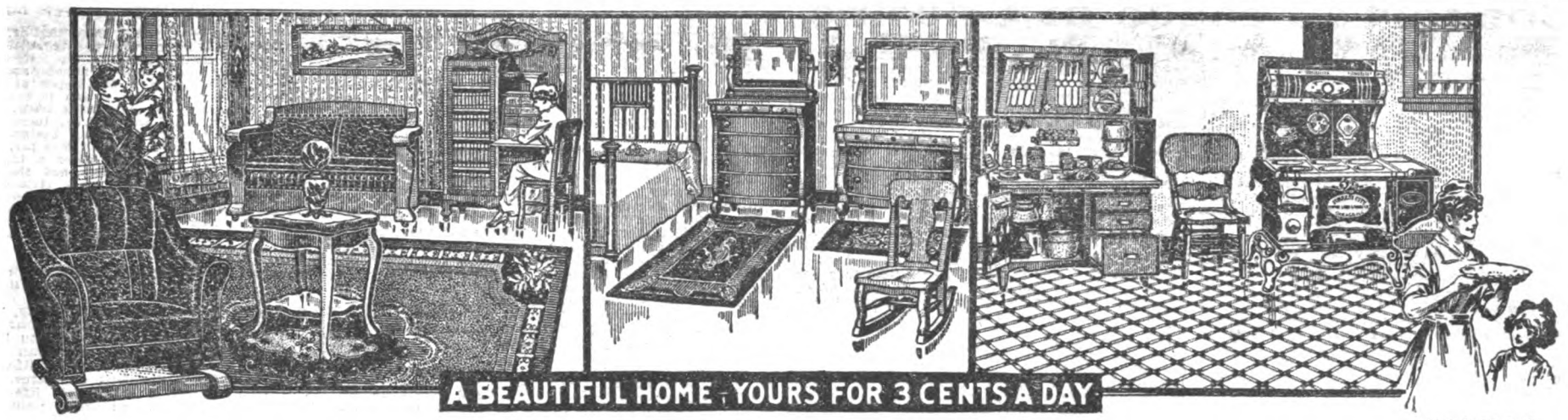
Ghent makes a good imitation of early Limerick, also a good imitation of Valenciennes, but even this is too expensive for most people, and the shops offer quantities of "real Val," all of which is not real at all, but entirely machine-made. Duchesse is a showy lace which is still made, and with "brides" only, but it is largely of cotton, and does not wash well.

We have, then, "real lace" still with us, but "Old Lace" is that which dates back not less than two hundred years. Owing to its delicacy, there are but few perfect examples left, and these are treasured by collectors and in museums. One piece of great value is so in tatters that it is kept between sheets of glass. The prices are prohibitive.



"POINT DE FRANCE."

When using your needle, your crochet-hook, or your knitting needle today, give a kindly thought to the people who, hundreds of years ago, sang as they worked the originals of the stitches you now employ, and gave their eyesight and their lives for that which we count so lightly now. Lace is now a pastime; once it was an Art.



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And for this occasion we have published a special Bargain Book. It is bigger than ever—finer than ever. It has over 5,000 pictures, and page after page in colors. It costs us over $1 per copy, but every home which writes us now may have a copy free.

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Handsome in Design, rich in finish and finely made of solid oak with triple banister back, these chairs will be welcome in any home. Notice effect formed by shapely broad banister in the center of back, which is 6 in. wide, and the two straight slats on either side. There is a top slat 4½ in. wide, artistically shaped and firmly joined to banister.

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A Limited Quantity of this beautifully designed Arts and Crafts Sofa Bed was not enough to catalog, so order right from this paper. Sturdy frame is made of selected solid oak, beautifully finished in a rich golden color or fumed in a rich nut brown shade. Broad, shaped front posts, heavily carved with heavy blocked feet, support extra broad, restful arms.

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Matchless in Value, beautiful in design, finished in a rich golden shade. We offer only a limited quantity of these rockers. Entire frame is made of selected quality solid oak with genuine quarter-sawed oak arms. Notice the rich carving on front posts, and the sides and top of the back, giving a most striking effect.

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No. 22G4B106. Price..... $3.65

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

directions. Not until the Almighty scoops up about half the ocean and bangs it slap in the eye of one of our cities will the people get busy and protect themselves. They do actually realize that an angry sea is a dangerous thing, but in comparison with the other enemies who are constantly waging war on mankind, storms, tempests and floods are as nothing. The Galveston and Johnstown floods broke up a good many homes, but every week in the United States there are more homes broken up, more hearts broken up, more lives broken up, more families scattered, than in the terrible calamities that befell those twin cities, and we think nothing of it. When a man cannot get work, or the nature of his work has broken down his health and given him consumption, or a bank has busted and left him penniless, or he has tired of the strenuous task of supporting a family of ten on twelve dollars a week, and his home busts up, no excitement is caused. The wood, bricks and mortar all stay in their allotted places, so nobody cares or takes notice But when the heavy waves of the ocean come along and the home goes somersaulting down the street, turning over and over in a most disgraceful and ungainly fashion to the great horror and astonishment of all beholders, there is great panic and excitement. You see when human hearts are broken and human lives crushed, nobody thinks anything about it. It's so very common, correct, proper and conventional, don't you know, that nobody is impressed and nobody cares. But when a conglomeration of lumber, lathes and plaster goes tobogganing down the street, all the community is hugely impressed and greatly terrified. Everyone knows that a lot of valuable property is being destroyed and a house on a rampage is a sight that would impress even the dullest and stupidest mind. But who cares for broken hearts and ruined lives? Bricks, lumber and mortar have a specific value. Human lives and human souls are worth nothing at all. So we build our walls to protect valuable property and to keep out raging waters which will probably never come, and never a brick or stone do we raise to keep out those greater enemies, want, worry, crime and disease that slay by the millions. Oh, Walter, I wish you could tell us of a city that had raised a big wall of common sense. You would not need any bricks or mortar to raise that wall. The only material you would need would be the bricks of love, sympathy, kindness and the mortar of education, truth and righteousness, held together by the enduring cement of eternal justice. Now will you democrats and republicans ever have sense to build any of those walls? You are all very handy in building an old wall of selfishness around yourself and your premises and storing within it every old thing you can lay your ungoldly hands on. We don't want those kind of walls. Those are what our friend Billy Sunday, would probably call "devil walls," and he wouldn't be far wrong. Those walls are smeared with human blood, and the winds murmur, a dismal dirge as they beat against their unyielding sides. Oh, no, we don't need any more of those walls. Tear them down, destroy them utterly, for they are the walls of death. Give us the walls of common sense and brotherhood that keep out the bad, and yield readily to all that is good. Get busy with your building, build not for yourself alone, but for humanity then I won't have to be lying here in a horrible wilderness of brick and mortar among selfish human "beans," envying a vegetable down in Texas, because it's doing fine.

TANNERY, MD.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing you about a wrong our government is doing. Now I do not think it is right for our government to allow the makers of war implements, to send their ammunition, etc., also our horses to the warring nations of Europe. Our government ought to forbid any such transactions. It only will prolong the war, when neutral nations are heaping coal upon fire, and then pray for peace, and think they will get peace that way. I don't think so. I think also it will bring the United States into war with those countries of Europe. (We are only doing what International law permits us to do.—Uncle.) Now I don't presume to know anything about governing a nation, but as far as I can see it is wrong for any neutral country to permit guns, etc., sent to warring nations. I read not long ago of a manufacturer of ammunition who refused an order for some thousands of dollars' worth of arms. I think he was a real man. (I think he was a boob.—Uncle Charlie.) We ought to have such men to rule our government; but we don't get such men. (No, and we don't want them. —Uncle Charlie.) Uncle, please give us cousins your opinion about the above subject.

People tell me there will always be wars, deception, and graft. I think if everybody would take Christ as their example and try to follow Him, they would not try to deceive and trample down their weaker brothers; but this will not come until we all are real Christians, and treat others, as we would be treated ourselves, not deceive them whenever we can, and I hear of this done every day. Just go to some store and buy all-wool dress goods, if you are not a good judge of the goods, they try to sell you some cotton and wool mixture for real wool goods and charge you for all-wool goods. The above instance is only one of many others; especially hucksters and commission men we farmers have to contend with. Then city people blame the high cost of living on the farmers, when the hucksters and commission men grab all the profit.

Dear Uncle I have learned more in three years reading your answers to the letters of the cousins then I ever knew before, on all kinds of subjects. Thanks, Uncle, for putting us wise.

Uncle Charlie, what do you think of Billy Sunday the evangelist? I think he is great, and doing lots of good.

With love and best wishes to you, Billy the Goat and the cousins, Your loving niece,

MISS ELLA AUDERFUHREN. (League No. 40,032.)

Ella, I quite understand how you feel about our country selling arms and ammunition to the warring nations of Europe, but if you had thousands of mules and tens of thousands of bushels of wheat that you could sell to foreign countries at a big advance in price over what you could get at home, are you quite sure you wouldn't seize the opportunity to make a quick turnover of some easy money? The farmer is not particularly careful where his wheat goes to as long as he gets a good price for it, and the cotton grower doesn't care where his cotton goes to as long as he gets a good price for it, and if the farmer and cotton grower have a right to send food to Europe, so have the makers and manufacturers of arms and ammunition. According to modern day ethics it is just as respectable to run a gun factory as it is to raise food, and by the way, there comes, alas, too frequently a time in the life of most nations when guns are more necessary even than wheat. Theoretically your remarks are all right, but they don't work out in practise. You have been giving this matter some thought and I'm glad you have, but like many millions of other people who have had this matter under consideration, you have not gone far enough in your thinking, and you haven't looked at the matter from any but the sentimental side, and likely a prejudiced side. Now suppose all the people living in your vicinity were to start shooting one another up. Your neighbors being warlike were armed, you being a peaceful woman were without weapons of defense. Now suppose your neighbors suddenly began to attack you, and you knew the only chance of saving your life was to kill the other people before they could kill you. Now the first thing you would do would be to send me a wireles message as follows: "Uncle Charlie, for heaven's sake send me a gun. I hate guns as you know, but these murderous wretches are attacking me, a peaceful person, and unless you hurry up that gun and some cartridges I shall be killed sure." Now suppose I send you word: "I am very sorry, but I don't think it would be fair to send you my gun. I shouldn't be strictly neutral if I did." Now tell me what you would say under those circumstances? I know just what you would say. With your last breath you would curse me for deserting a peaceful woman, and you would say: "You wretch, you call yourself neutral, but you're not neutral, for by witholding arms and ammunition from me who am unprepared, you are helping my enemies who for years have been armed to the teeth waiting only for a favorable opportunity to attack me." Now in this terrible conflict in Europe, certain facts have been demonstrated which admit of no argument, and one of them is that certain nations were prepared to the last shoe button, the last gun, the last horse, and last cat, for this life and death struggle, while other nations were almost without armies and practically no munitions of war. The more peaceful and democratic a nation, the more certain it is to be unprepared for battle, because democracies hate war. Now don't you see if we had refused to sell guns and shells to the unprepared nations we should be *directly aiding the nations that were ready for the slaughter.* In other words we shouldn't be neutral, we should be un-neutral. With conditions as they are at present *any and all nations can buy war material here.* The fact that some can get it and some can't, is none of our business. They would get it quick enough if they could, and if they could get it they wouldn't complain because the other fellows were getting it. Just now it *looks* as if one side is being favored to the disadvantage of the other, but that is not so. We are willing to sell to anybody who has got the cash and the chance. There is no sentiment in business unfortunately, and because one side can't get to our arms counter and the other can is no business of ours. Blame that to the fortunes of war and not to us. If we were to suddenly decide to shut up our arms and ammunition business, we should simply be aiding and encouraging the most warlike of the nations, and we should be putting a premium upon vast armaments, for if other nations knew they couldn't buy of us in an emergency, they too, in times of peace, would have to arm to the teeth. If some ten years before war broke out, we had notified all the world that neither arms nor ammunition could be bought here (and that would have been a very sensible thing to have done) the various nations of the earth would have made provision for just such an emergency in which they now find themselves. If we were to suddenly find ourselves embroiled with Japan, and you knew that Europe declined to send us the guns that we should be frantically trying to buy in case we were attacked, you would be wild with indignation, you would say: "Think of those mean wretches across the water refusing us arms and ammunition with which to defend ourselves. They know Japan is ready for this fight, and they know we are not; they know Japan is warlike and we are peaceful, and they know that we will be licked to a standstill unless we get guns, and yet they won't sell them to us." Oh, say it would be just lovely to watch how mad you would get. You would be just crazy to have done the very thing which you think so wicked for us to do. You see it all depends whose ox is gored. Now as regards the gentleman who, though a manufacturer of ammunition, refused to sell any of his stock. You think that man is a real man, I regret to say I cannot agree with you, for I think he is real foolish, and I don't think he is at all consistent, for the more ammunition that is used in Europe for settling thoroughly and completely the trouble that has long been brewing over there once and forever, the less likelihood there is of having that war brought to our doors here. If it is a crime against humanity to sell ammunition outside of the United States, it is a crime to sell it in the United States. It's a lovely thing to see our gunmakers getting a conscience, but if they are absolutely sincere they should go out of the gun-making business entirely. Personally I wish that such gun making as is done, was done by the government and not by private individuals, then the government would have to take measures to provide sufficient ammunition and guns for all emergencies. At present we rely largely on private manufacturers to supply our needs in time of trouble, and that being so, the larger and more prepared their plants are to handle any and all business that may come to them from within and without, the better position they will be in to supply our needs when the enemy is knocking at our gates, and the enemy may knock at any moment. Today we have to deal with conditions as they are and not as they ought to be. Conditions as they ought to be won't arrive for another generation or two. Humanity in the mass is still in the bonehead class. Right in this so-called republic of ours today, we alas, have millions of fanatical king worshipers, and you can arouse more cheers and more enthusiasm in a movie show, by displaying a crack-brained, parasitical kink, or king if you prefer it, in gold lace, than a simple plain American President in a sack suit. People are still worshiping the clothes, the outside things, the externals, the superficialities. They know that war brings ruin, famine, death, destruction, misery and everything that's horrible. They know that they have nothing to gain by war, and everything to lose. They know that there will never be any chance for the masses to get anywhere or be anything until war and the crack-brained kinks who make it are kicked off their thrones and banished forever. They know that the kinks they worship would kick them off the sidewalk as if they were dogs if they got in their way. They know that the countries they are so crazy about never gave them a couple of good meals in their lives, and yet when the kinks get quarreling among themselves and start sword rattling, drum beating and flag waving, the poor deluded boobs rush out and start killing one another by the millions, while the kinks look on and laugh at the slaughter, and when the fighting is over turn up their royal noses at the idiots the human vermin who have done the killing for them. Once more, "what fools these mortals be!"

PENFIELD, R. R. 114, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Your poem in February COMFORT "A Human Plea" is grand. I hope the bitter cry of the child slaves and that of old age as well will soon bring the Lincoln that will free them for all time.

Do you know Uncle Charlie, I would just love to hear your voice on a phonograph, giving some of the lectures we get in COMFORT. That would be great, for you could say what you liked without asking permission of anyone.

We are having some fine weather here now. I wish you could be here in the mountains for a while to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

With best wishes to all, I remain, Lovingly yours,

MRS. FRANK RHOADS.

Am delighted to know the Lincoln verses in the February issue found a responsive thrill in that big heart of yours. You can feed exploding firecrackers to some people and they won't even cough. Few hearts ever feel the thrill of a real emotion, and the only worth while emotion is that which is inspired by a great and grand passion, and the only passion worth while is a passionate love of our fellow creatures. When I go through the letters that reach me I can tell in an instant whether the writer is dead or alive, and there are about a thousand dead ones by the way to every live one. Mrs. Rhoads, I am greatly flattered by your desire to hear my voice on the phonograph. I have had hundreds of similar requests in the last few years, and these requests increase as the days go by. Nothing would give me more intense delight than to talk to some of you at least and also to sing to you through the medium of the phonograph. The only thing that stands in the way is the expense. Oh, yes, there is something else. More than half of you have cylinder record machines while the other half have disc records. I made some records about five years ago. Had a piano pushed up to my bed and making allowances for the disadvantages under which we operated, some of the records came out astonishingly well. A piano however, as an accompaniment for the voice, so far as canned music is concerned, is very unsatisfactory. To get good results an orchestra is needed. I still have a voice of great power, resonance and clarity and every word is enunciated so that a deaf man a mile off can hear it. The cost of making a master record from which other records can be produced is $350. One concern told me if I would go to them they would gladly pay me to sing for them, but if they had to come to me and bring all their apparatus and their orchestra, it would cost a lot of money. I figured it would mean an investment of at least a thousand dollars or more to get the thing in shape. The post-office too has not only an annoying little habit of losing things, but of breaking them, and if half a dozen records reached you in sections, you'd want them replaced and rightly so. Then too COMFORT would have to ask you for quite a big club for each record, for remember we all have to live, and the cheapest food you can get in the world is the brain food COMFORT hands you. If we were not living in panicky times, and a couple of thousand of you would get up clubs to cover the initial expense I might have the honor and privilege of talking and singing to you in your own homes, one of the greatest desires of my life. A great deal of time, trouble and expense has to be gone through to get perfect records, but I believe all the difficulties might be overcome except possibly that of expense, and that is nearly always the great difficulty in all undertakings. Anyway if nothing comes of it, I'm glad to have had the opportunity of discussing the matter with you, so that you may know why I haven't put through a matter that looks very easy, but which unfortunately is not so easy as it looks.

ATWOOD, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live in the country on one hundred and sixty acres of land, one and a half miles from the railroad. Atwood is a very small village and there is scarcely any society of any kind and no excitement, not even Sunday school, so you all may imagine my loneliness as I stay at home most every Sunday.

I am anxiously waiting for the winter months to arrive as I intend to teach school next winter. I haven't never taught any, although I am confident I shall enjoy the work and expect to put forth my best efforts to be a successful teacher. Guess I had better describe myself and tell my age or you all will be whispering to each other, she is an old maid. I am red-headed, blue-eyed and fair complexion, with one hundred and thirty-seven pounds and am twenty years young. My sisters tell me very often that I will be a red-headed old maid school teacher. Now, Uncle Charlie, bachelor maids are honorable aren't they? I believe in many cases if girls and boys too, would only take the second thought and not be in such a rush to get married, there would not be half so many destitute homes and heart-broken people. Uncle Charlie I have been reading COMFORT for a good while and surely a comfort it is too. Hoping to see this in print,

Your niece, ETHEL TAYLOR.

Ethel, I sincerely hope that you will be a successful teacher. Above all else the world needs teachers who can make a success of their work. To merely teach is not sufficient. The world gets piles of teaching, but there is not one teacher in a hundred who can make knowledge and precept stick and get home. The only kind of teaching and the only kind of writing that are worth while are brass tack teaching and brass tack writing. If an elephant were charging madly at you your only salvation would be to hit it with a bullet that got under the skin. All through life, ignorance and superstition, the wild beasts of society (bigger than any elephant that ever lived, or any mastodon that ever walked the earth) are charging at us full tilt, just as does the elephant in the jungle. How does society meet these destructive beasts? With puff balls or rifle shells? With puff balls of course, and so ignorance and superstition go charging madly through the world slaying their millions. Now the place to attack superstition and ignorance is in a schoolroom. In youth you can push the brass tacks of knowledge into the plastic receptive minds of youth, but if you attempt the same task forty years later when the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and the minds and brains are no longer plastic, the brass tacks will no more succeed in forcing an entrance and making an impression than a puff ball will puncture the armor clad hide of the tough old elephant. Ethel you have a glorious opportunity. The school teacher is unquestionably the most valuable social asset we have, far more valuable than the minister or the doctor. The minister only gets at the people one day a week, the school teacher has a chance to hammer them for five. If we only had the right kind of teachers and the right kind of tuition, and kept the instruction up, training hand and eye, brain and heart, body and soul, making character, morals and efficiency go hand in hand, until the age of twenty-one, then we would see some world, believe me. Two or three generations of that kind of schooling for life, would change the world into a paradise. Now Ethel, put a punch into your work. Don't adhere too strictly to books. An awful lot of old fossilized goats write books for schools, and a still more ossified bunch of human nanny goats decide what must and must not be taught. A pure, beautiful and innocent girl is in herself a greater inspiration than any book that was ever written. Now mind you keep your ideals high, your reputation untarnished, so that you, in the intervals between reading, writing and arithmetic and a lot of other junk that does not count, can do something to stiffen the moral fiber and deepen the spiritual consciousness of those charges of yours. You don't have to read the Bible to them. But if you tell them a little every day about love, virtue, mercy, honor, truth, righteousness, you will be doing all the Bible ever could do, and you will be building character and laying the foundations of successful careers and happy useful lives. All these things are more important than anything else that you can possibly teach, for they are the fundamentals of civilization and life eternal. Meanwhile you also continue to study. When I was at school there was one thing I couldn't learn, and for that matter there were a good many things I couldn't and wouldn't learn and I especially despised grammar. I was fortunately brought up amongst educated and refined people. All my school days I was surrounded by culture and refinement. It was what I absorbed from my environment and not what I learned in school (for I hated school) that helped me in after life. Now if I had said, "I haven't never taught" (and I couldn't have said it if I had tried), I'd have been cut into mince meat. You have used what is called a double negative, which makes an affirmative. You want to tell us you have never taught school, but by saying you have not never taught school, you change the sense of the whole sentence and imply that you have taught school. You often hear children say, "I ain't got none," or "I haven't got none." Now if they haven't got none they must have some. What they should have said was "I have none." Don't let your children trip you up with such errors as these or your influence will be gone. Though one may know nothing of grammar, still the ear ought to be able to detect certain vulgarities of speech, such as the double negative, just as the mind can detect errors of reasoning, and the eye that which is offensive and disgusting. I have discussed the questions about early marriage many times Ethel, and will take it up again at some other time. Now go ahead with your teaching and good luck to you.

ANNISTON, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sixteen years of age, weigh one hundred and five pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes. I recently finished a business course in shorthand and have taken a position. I love my new work and have an ambition to be a big stenographer some day in the sweet by and by. I formerly worked in a store before I began studying for my life work. A saleslady has the most miserable life in the world, I think. I have been at work for almost two months and have already taken that hurrying walk that you see most stenographers have. I live five blocks from my work and every morning I tell mamma I'll take dinner at the Silver Moon Cafe today, so yesterday she called me up and asked if I intended to come home and I said, "No!" then she said, "COMFORT came this morning" and then I said, "Oh, yes, I'll be home today." I would walk a mile to get COMFORT." Mamma laughed and she said she wished COMFORT would come every day and so do I. I think it is grand. They all sit around after supper reading COMFORT and after we have all read it, mamma rolls it up and snugs it down in a corner of her trunk where other COMFORTS are.

There are seven in our family, five children, one of my sisters is married and lives on a fine farm near Talladega. I visit her every summer and it's my greatest delight to get in the poultry yard and chase hens which number one hundred. Her oldest little boy is but four years of age, and chases the roosters to try to kill them, and the ducks follow him pecking off the buttons from his apron. It keeps his nurse busy sewing buttons on his aprons. I would love dearly to live on a farm, but I know that is impossible for I must sit before this big typewriter and peck away all my life. Sometimes the letters seem to all run together and I rest a minute and start again. My eldest sister is a bookkeeper at Woodstock Mills here, and my brother who is two years older than I, is learning the machinist's trade. Papa runs a barber shop, and Uncle Charlie, there is not one of us who hardly knows the others' business. My little sister goes to school and we all love her. Every night she sits in her baby chair under a big lamp with four or five books around her and she never raises her pretty head until the clock strikes nine, and then if she isn't through with her lessons she goes right off to bed. She is seven years old and she made a resolution New Year's day to study hard and I think she is keeping it faithfully. (Cut out the study and send her to bed at eight o'clock. Uncle Charlie.)

By, by, would like to exchange letters with cousins,

ROSA WILSON.

Thank you, Rosa, for your bright, chatty, newsy letter. Let me compliment you too on your handwriting. I'm a great admirer of all you bright, resourceful, business girls. Every woman should be able to hold her own in the battle of life. The spirit of independence develops character. You are quite right, Rosa, a saleslady's life is no cinch. It's nerve racking, miserably paid work, and it keeps a woman on her feet much more than is good for her and doesn't provide her with a living wage, and that is not giving her a square deal, and it is not giving society a square deal either. Every generation should be an improvement on that which preceded it. Every mother should pass on to her child a little more than her mother was able to pass on to her. Girls who are underpaid and underfed cannot pass on anything to the next generation that will be of help to it, but they can pass on much that will help to drag the race down. Society is too stupid, blind and foolish, too greedy and selfish to appreciate this vital fact, but nature takes heed and exacts a terrible penalty for outraging her laws. The great law of business is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, to get as much as possible for what you have paid as little as possible. This system works a frightful injustice on millions of people who for a mere pittance, put every ounce of their strength and vitality into the hard, monotonous tasks allotted to them. I do not believe in calling things by false names. That's a national habit that never appealed to me. I will not call mutton, lamb, nor watered milk, cream, nor a bum politician, colonel. There is enough sham and humbug in the world without my adding to it, and don't you add to it either. As a good beginning it might be wise to call salesladies, saleslaves, then we might rip the whiskey labels off the bottles and stamp them "Deadly Poison." We are never so happy as when we are trying to fool ourselves. The most dreaded thing in all this world is truth—and there is scarcely a man in this country who dares to speak it or write it. Oh, the pity of it, and the stupidity of it. I am glad to find Rosa, that you have such a profound appreciation of COMFORT. You see we dare to give you a little more truth than most of the other publications. We dare to show you things a little more as they are, than others find it profitable to do. And it's just that little, fragile strand of truth, more than all else, even though you may not recognize the fact, that binds you to us with an invisible but unbreakable bond. Now for some fun. I certainly should like to see you when you are visiting on that farm. You say: "It is my greatest delight to get in the poultry yard and chase hens which number one hundred." I am somewhat surprised that a dignified young lady would want to chase hens at any stage of the game. Hens are such busy, harmless, faithful creatures that I can hardly see what pleasure you can find in scaring the poor things out of their wits. One thing I am awfully glad to know and that is that you only chase hens which number one hundred. All the other hens from ninety-nine down, you seem to have taken compassion on. If I ever had the bad luck to be a hen in your back yard, I hope kind providence will see that I'm not numbered one hundred. No century mark for mine, if I go into the hen business. It's a good thing to know that the ninety and nine are left undisturbed, but you have your knife into those of the hundred variety all right. You seem to be laying for them. Well one good turn deserves another, for they have certainly done a lot of laying for you. The Goat says he feels confident you meant to say that your sister has a hundred hens and you chase them all. Worse and more of it. No wonder we are paying sixty cents a dozen for eggs in New York, with you, Rosa, stirring up the Southern poultry market and keeping the poor hens so eggscited, honestly its eggsasperating, and unless you mend your ways, I shall have to ask you for an eggsplanation, for I think you are *hen*tirely in the wrong. Oh, I don't care if you do call be a non*hen*tity. I know I am. Those button eating ducks are terrors. I hope if I ever come to see you and you have duck for dinner that you won't serve me a piece that is full of buttons. I don't care for ducks that keep button in. Billy the Goat says he has seen lots of ducks run, but he has never seen an ap (e) run. Isn't that awful? Rosa, you inform us that there is not one of you who knows another's business. That's sad because it would be so lovely if you knew your papa's business. Of course it's barbarous work, but just think how lovely it would be if you could just run up here and give me a hair cut, especially if you could find the hair to cut.

HILLSDALE, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there room on your lap for a cousin seventy years old? Oh, I did not wish to crowd the boys and girls off so will take it Oriental style and sit on the rug at your feet. In my humble judgment there are few if any men in this country doing as much good as Uncle Charlie in his quiet, humble, Christ-like way. You have the grandest school in the world that I know anything about. You are reaching millions who will never receive advantages even of a high school education, and you are teaching and impressing upon their minds those broad Christlike and brotherly principles that will make them better citizens not only of this government as it is, but of that government soon to be, whose foundation principles and supreme law will be those taught by the annointed One. (To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world. John 18-37.)

While my name is not on your list I have been a constant and appreciative reader of COMFORT for many years. It is growing better and bigger every year.

One question and I am done: If we disfranchise the man who cannot read what shall we do with the man who will not read, and the man who can read and who does read some, but will not think?

B. E. PRATHER.

Dear Friend: We shall never disfranchise the man who cannot read, for though there is an alarming amount of illiteracy in this country public opinion will not much longer tolerate conditions which breed illiteracy. There are some states that are notoriously backward from an educational point of view. They know how to exploit children, how to push them into mines and milis, and they know how to educate them, but they don't want to do anything that will interfere with what they call the business development of their state. A dollar looks bigger to them than all the children in the world except their own. There are ninety thousand white children of school age, and a quarter of a million colored in one state alone, who cannot read or write, and there are four million children of school age in the United States, who never go to school. Now all these children could and should go to school. Our government is in the hands of men who read and who could think big thoughts if they wanted to, and it's up to them to see that everyone is taught to read. We shall rectify all this within a generation and that is a very short space in the development of a race. The man who can read and will not read we must pity rather than punish. He is a type that is disappearing. Men have always had stomach hunger, but only for two or three generations have we cultivated brain,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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The Anita—As charming as its name is this winsome waist of Voile, run through with solid and openwork stripes. The deep Pilgrim collar of embroidered Organdy in double effect, is very new. The full length sleeves have smart turn back cuffs and the blouse closes in front with tiny pearl buttons. In white only. Sizes 32 in. to 46 in. State size.
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The Ansonia—A modish tailored waist of becoming simplicity. Made of Striped Percale. The sleeves are full length with deep cuffs. The collar is of solid color material and can be worn as pictured or buttoned close to form a smart turnover. In black and white stripes, black and blue stripes, and black and lavender stripes. Sizes 32 in. to 46 in. bust. State color and size.
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The Royal—Particularly fetching is this blouse of striped Cotton Crepe Voile, combined with white mercerized madras, of which the low collar is made. White madras also tops the two convenient front pockets. This waist has the favored full length sleeves with deep cuffs. In white ground with black stripes, blue stripes, lavender stripes and tan stripes. Sizes 32 in. to 46 in. bust. State color and size.
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The Oxford—The very newest in Fall suits. Made of a serviceable Wool Mixture—ideal for Fall or Winter wear. The coat is a smart semi fitted model cut with flaring edge, a style which will be very popular this season. Has a convenient breast pocket, deep enough for practical use. Closes in front with beautiful novelty buttons. The skirt is cleverly trimmed with buttons to match the coat, and has a smart flare. Invisible side closing. An excellent model for general service. Colors blue and brown. Sizes; Misses—14, 16, 18 and 20 years; Women's—32 in. to 44 in. bust. State color and size.
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Adorable—Combination Serge and Taffeta dresses are a feature of the Fall styles. This Charles William dress of all Wool French Serge is combined with Silk Taffeta, which forms the sleeves, part of the bodice, the belt and the side insets in the skirt at the hip. Semi-Princess style. Full flare skirt. Collar and cuffs of white-frilled Organdy. Button-trimmed, front and back, at each side of waist and skirt, in the correct mode. Soutache braid trimming charmingly adorns the blouse at back and front. Invisibly closed at the side. A jaunty tie of taffeta completes the costume. In navy blue, African brown and black. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years Misses; 32 in. to 44 in. bust Women's. State color and size.
No. 24A2090. Prepaid $7.98

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65 pages—full of styles in fur sets and coats, dresses, hats, underwear, shoes, etc. 16 pages are *in color*, showing unusual bargains for little people.

The Baby's Store

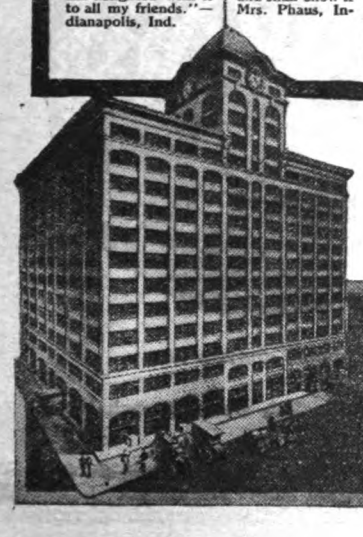
A whole department belonging to the baby, containing a wonderful variety of garments for the little one, also dainty dresses and stout rompers for the small sister and brother to six years of age.

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Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crochet Centerpiece

MEDIUM coarse crochet cotton makes this centerpiece a little over twelve inches wide.

Begin in the center and make a tiny ring of ch. 5. In this ring work 8 groups of crossed doubles. Begin with ch. 3 to count for 1 double; now 1 d. c. in the ring but not in front of the chain that stands for a double, but back of it; you take the needle and pass it beneath and back into the ring and make the double, your ch. 3 will be on top. This is the direction for the beginning of each row that starts with a crossed double. After this d. c. make (ch. 1, 2 crossed d. c., as directed for making the first) repeat until you have 8 groups of 2 doubles crossed. Join the last one chain on top of the first ch. 3.

2nd row.—Ch. 3 for first d. c., the next d. c., back of it under the last ch. 1 made. Now the next d. c. ahead under the chain and the next back of it into the top of d. c., ch. 3: (now a crossed d. c., on the next crossed d. c. and the one to it by going under the ch. 1, for first d. c.) repeat this over each d. c., ending with ch. 3, joined on top of the first ch. 3.

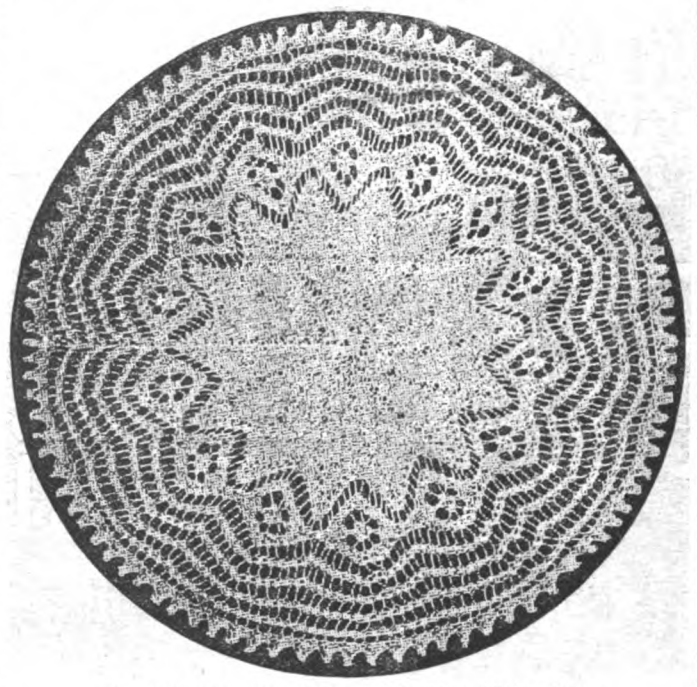
3rd row.—Sl. st. over the first crossed d. c. and the one extra begin with ch. 3 (and make the crossed double right over the crossed double below and two alongside of it, ch. 3, sk. first crossed d. c. on next arm), repeat around, join on top of first, ch. 3.

Repeat the 3rd row with the exception of the number of crossed doubles on one section or arm, this increases one more crossed d. c. on an arm every row. Continue in this way until there are 18 crossed doubles on each arm.

Points

1st row of points.—Begin the rows the same; work (a crossed double on each crossed double of arm except the last, then ch. 5, 1 s. c. on ch. 3, between arms, ch. 5, sk. the first crossed double), repeat around.

Repeat this row in the manner of working until reduced to 1 single crossed double and 9 spaces between each of ch. 5. The next four rows are ch. 5, 1 s. c. on the ch. 5 below. Over each crossed double make an extra ch. 5 and 1 s. c., each time for 4 rows.



KNITTED CIRCULAR DOILY. By Mrs. Richardson.

Knitted Doily

Cast on 52 stitches, using No. 20 cotton and No. 14 steel needles.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 26, k. 3, tog., o. 2, k. 3, tog., (o. 2, k. 3, tog., k. 1,) repeat 4 times o. 2, k. 1, then in the next st. k. 1, p. 1, in the last st. k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 2, p. 1, k. 26, leave 2, turn.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 23, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 3, (o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 1) 4 times o. 2, k. 7.

4th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) repeat 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 23, leave 4.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 20, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 5, (o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 1,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 1, then in next stitch k. 1, p. 1, in next stitch k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

6th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) repeat 4 times, k. 6, p. 1, k. 20, leave 6.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 17, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 7, (o. 2, k. 3 tog., p. 1,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 7.

8th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 23, leave 4.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 14, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 9, (o. 2 k. 3 tog., k. 1) 4 times o. 2, k. 1, next st. k. 1, p. 1, last st. k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

10th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 10, p. 1, k. 14, leave 10.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 11, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 2, n., o. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 2, n., k. 2, (o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 1,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 7.

12th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 11, leave 12.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 2, n., o. 2, k. 5, o. 2, n., k. 2, (o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 1,) 4 times o. 2, next st., k. 1. p. 1, in last st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

14th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 6, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 8, leave 14.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 8, o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 2, o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 1, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 2, k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times o. 2, k. 7.

16th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, (k. 4, p. 1,) 3 times, k. 7, leave 16.

17th row—Sl. 1, k. 7, o. 2, k. 3 tog., n., k. 1, o. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 2, k. 1, n., k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 1, in next st., k. 1, p. 1, in last st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

18th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 6, leave 18.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 7, k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3, tog.,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 7.

20th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 10, p. 1, k. 5, leave 20.

21st row.—Sl. 1, k. 5, o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 5, k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 1, in the next st., k. 1, p. 1, in the last k. 1, p. 1, knit.

22nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 8, p. 1, k. 4, leave 22.

23rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 4, o. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 3, k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times, o. 2, o. 2, k. 7.

24th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 6, p. 1, k. 3, leave 24.

25th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. 2, k. 3 tog., (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times, o. 2, k. 1, in the next st., k. 1, p. 1, in the last st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

26th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 4, p. 1, k. 2, leave 26.

27th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, sl. 2, k. 3 tog., bind 2, (o. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog.,) 4 times o. 2, k. 7.

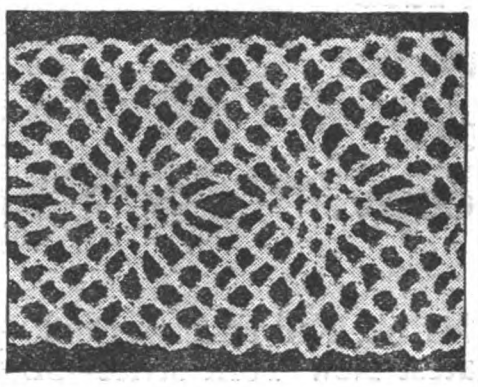
28th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 2, p. 1, k. 29.

Repeat from the first row 14 times bind off and join carefully. The same size cotton knit with finer needles will give a more lacy open effect.

Diamond Insertion

Begin by making ch. 41 stitches.

1st row.—1 s. c. in 9th st. from hook 1 s. c. in next st., ch. 5, sk. 2 sts., 1 s. c. in each next 2 sts., ch. 9, sk. 4 sts., 1 s. c. in each next 2 sts., * ch. 5, sk. 2, 2 s. c., repeat from * twice, ch. 7, turn.



DIAMOND INSERTION.

2nd row.—2 s. c. under first ch. 5, ch. 5, 2 s. c. under next ch. 5, ch. 5, 2 s. c. under next ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in center ch. 9, * ch. 5, 2 s. c. under next ch. 5. Repeat from * 4 times, ch. 7, turn.

3rd row.—This row is the same as the 2nd row, excepting that it begins with 3 spaces then ch. 5 and 1 s. c. before the single made on ch. 9, ch. 3, 1 s. c. after the single; this is the first small space on the diamond; ch. 5, 2 s. c., on next ch. 5, being careful not to make it on the ch. 9, below, then 2 more ch. 5 spaces, ch. 7, turn.

4th row.—2 spaces of ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. before single on diamond, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in small sp., ch. 3, 1 s. c. after last single, this is the way the diamond is increased, ch. 5, 2 sps., ch. 7, turn.

5th row.—2 sps., ch. 5, 3 small sps. on diamond, ch. 5, 1 sp., ch. 7, turn.

6th row.—1 sp., ch. 5, 4 small sps. on diamond, ch. 5, 1 sp., ch. 7, turn.

7th row.—2 sps., the last being on the other side of the last 2 singles, ch. 5, 3 small sps. over the 4 in last row, ch. 5, 2 s. c. before the next 2 singles, 1 sp., ch. 7, turn.

8th row.—2 sps., ch. 5, 2 small sps., ch. 5, 2 sps., ch. 7, turn.

9th row.—3 sps., ch. 5, 1 small sp., ch. 5, 2 sps., ch. 7, turn.

10th row.—3 sps., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the one little sp. on diamond, ch. 5 and 3 sps., ch. 7, turn.

11th row.—4 sps., ch. 9, 3 sps. This row corresponds with the first row made, repeat pattern from the second row.

Baby Afghans

(For Mrs. L. M. Briggs)

Puff Ball Afghan

Crocheted

Two stripes of this afghan are of pink or blue and one of white. Material required, 18 skeins Germantown in color, 12 skeins of white, medium-sized bone hook.

Begin by making ch. 34 stitches.

1st row.—34 s. c., ch. 1, turn.

2nd row.—34 s. c., working through both loops of st. in 1st row.

3rd row.—* Make 5 s. c., in 6th st., throw thread over the hook and draw through a long loop, make 5 of these loops in the 6th st., thread over hook and draw through all. Ch. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

4th, 5th and 6th rows of s. c.

7th row.—2 s. c., * 1 raised ball 5 s. c. and repeat from * to end of row.

8th, 9th and 10th rows of s. c.

11th row.—Same as 3rd row.

12th, 13th and 14th rows of s. c.

15th row.—Same as 7th row.

Repeat 3rd and 7th rows with 3 rows of s. c., between until the stripe is the proper length.

Make 2 more stripes in the same way and then fasten all together by row of single crochet on the right side, using the colored wool.

This forms a cord of finish between the stripes.

This afghan can be finished with a satin ribbon binding or a crocheted edge made as follows.

Border

Use white wool.

1st row.—Beginning on a corner 2 d. c. in last st. on one end, ch. 2, 2 d. c. in end st. of 1st row, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in end st. 3rd row, ch. 1, 2 d. c. in end st. 5th row. Repeat all around, turning each corner by working 2 d. c. in last st. of the sides and 2 d. c. in first st. on each end. Join to first 2, ch. 3.

2nd row.—3 d. c. between first 2 d. c. made in first row. * 1 s. c. between next 2 d. c., shell 4 d. c. between next 2 d. c., repeat from * all around.

3rd row.—Shell of 5 d. c. on each shell, 1 s. c. on s. c.

4th row.—1 s. c. in each st., 1 ball between shells in previous row.

5th row.—With pink make row s. c. with 1 ball over center each shell.

Knitted Afghan

Made of 4 stripes of white and 3 stripes of color.

Materials 12 skeins colored Germantown, 12 skeins white, No. 5 knitting needles.

Set up stripes lengthwise, casting on any number of stitches divisible by 10 and add 3.

1st row.—With white, * p. 3, k. 7. Repeat from * ending with p. 3.

2nd row.—* K. 3, p. 7. Repeat from * ending with k. 3.

3rd row.—* P. 3, k. 7. Repeat from * ending with p. 3.

4th row.—Knit across plain.

5th row.—K. 5, * p. 3, k. 7. Repeat from * ending with k. 5.

6th row.—P. 5, * k. 3, p. 7. Repeat from * ending with p. 5.

7th row.—K. 5, * p. 3, k. 7. Repeat from * ending with k. 5.

8th row.—Knit across plain.

Repeat from 1st row to 8th row twice more.

25th row.—knit across plain, next with color: knit forward and back white: knit forward and back with color: knit forward and back with white: knit forward and back with color: knit forward and back with white: knit forward and back with color: knit once across.

Now repeat the pattern from the beginning, using colored wool in place of white, and white in place of color.

This blanket should be bound with a wide satin ribbon to match the color used, feather stitched in place with white.

Small Spoke Center Doily

Crocheted

Ch. 6, join in ring, ch. 1.

1st round.—16 s. c. in ring, join, ch. 3.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in 4 s. c., 2 d. c. in the fifth, 1 d. c. in each next 4 stitches 2 d. c., 1 d. c. in each next 4, 2 d. c., 1. d. c., join, ch. 3.

3rd round.—1 d. c., under ch. 3, 2 d. c. in first d. c., 1 d. c. in next, repeat, making 2 d. c. in every other st., join, ch. 19, turn.

4th round.—1 s. c. in 18th st., 1 d. c. in next, 1 tr. c. in each remaining st. of ch., 1 s. c. in next st. of center, 1 s. c., ch. 19 and continue making 13 spokes in all. Break thread.

5th round.—Join in top first spoke ch. 10, 1 s. c. in next spoke. Repeat between each spoke. These chains may vary according to how one works; they should be just long enough however, to allow the work to lie flat.

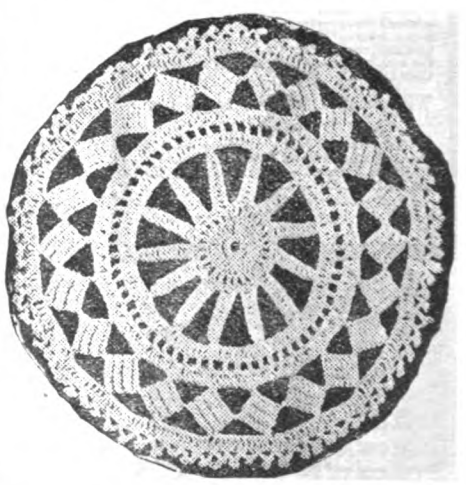
6th round.—1 tr. c. in each st., join, ch. 6.

7th round.—1 d. c. in 2nd st., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., repeat all around, join, ch. 3.

8th round.—2 tr. c. under each ch., and 1 tr. c. on each d. c., join, ch. 16, turn.

9th round.—* 1 s. c. in 8 sts., ch. 1, turn, 1 s. c. in each of the 8 s. c., ch. 1, turn, 8 s. c., ch. 1, turn taking up in each of these rows only one half of each st., or the nearest loop. Repeat making a block of 6 rows of 8 s. c. At end of each 5th row, join to center by sl. st., leaving 8 or 9 tr. c. between each block. After finishing each block, make ch. 8, turn and repeat from *.

10th round.—Ch. 10 or 12 whichever is necessary to keep doily flat, between each block, ch. 3.

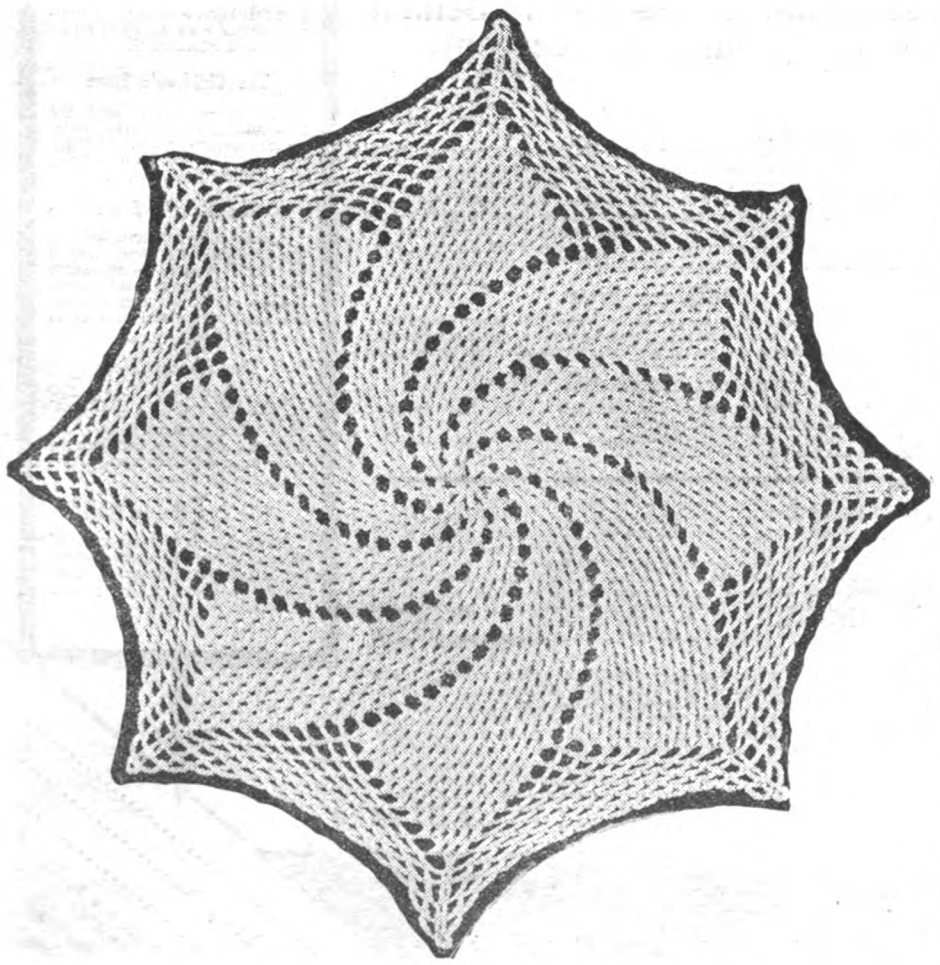


SMALL SPOKE CENTER DOILY.

11th row.—1 tr. c. in each st., join.

12th round.—* Ch. 3, 1 picot of ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 s. c., sk. 1 st., repeat from * all around.

Mrs. H. Schuk.



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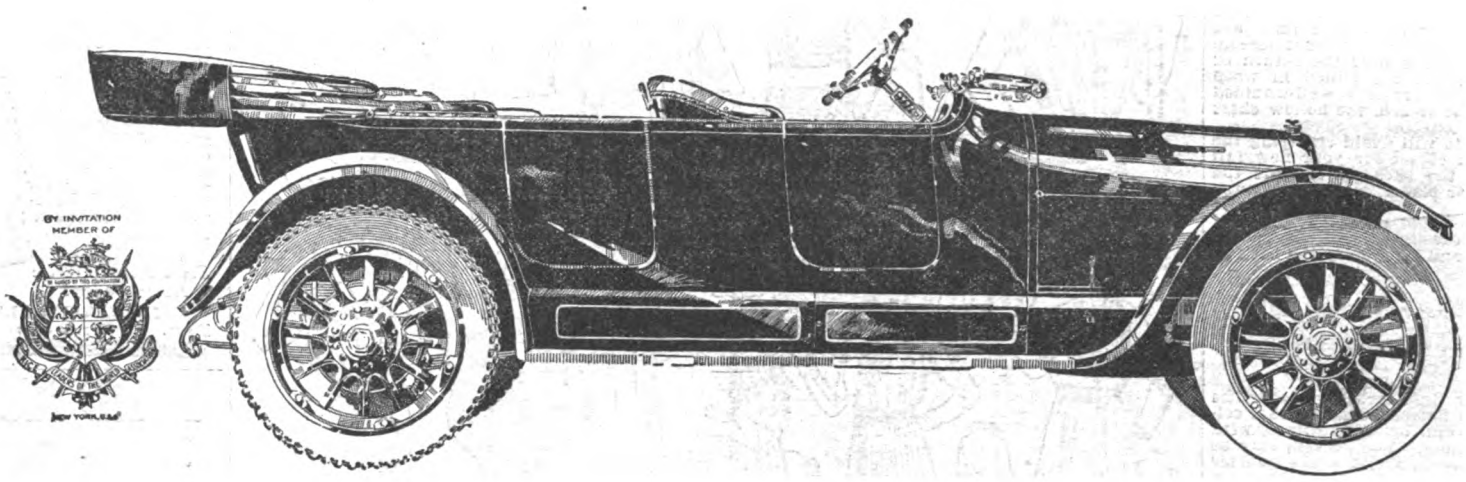
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



BECAUSE of their intimate association with sport and utility coats the separate skirts have been granted a new lease of life, and yet indeed the reputation of the coat depends on the sort of skirt worn with it.

Many of the skirts are plaited, usually in box-plaited style, but the simple gored models are nice and easy to develop. A four-gored skirt model that still retains its circular cut, is mounted on a yoke that may be round or in any other desired outline. No matter how wide the skirt at its lower edge, the hip line must be smooth and slender.

The extreme blouse or shapelessness is passing and waist lines are more snug and fitted than during the past season.

Corsetieres are enthusiastic over the return of the slim-waisted figure, not the pulled in wasp waist, but the figure of graceful well-moulded curves, for good by to the slouch, the hollow chest and drooping shoulder effects.

If only the new corsets will avoid cramping the vital organs. Choose a corset for your new fall gown, high enough in the back, to support the flesh around the shoulder blades, and with enough height in front to make a smooth line from waist to bust, soft enough to avoid pressure. Have it well boned but keep the hip space free, with curves evident at waist and hip. Keep the back as flat as possible.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1413-1418—A Jaunty Suit for early fall. The coat is loose fitting, and finished with a smart collar. The skirt has graceful attractive lines, with plaited fullness at the sides. The pockets may be omitted. It will require two and three quarter yards of 44-inch material to make the coat for a medium size.

The coat pattern 1413, is cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. The skirt pattern 1418, is cut in the same sizes and requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material. *Two* separate patterns. 10c *for each* pattern.

9937—Ladies' Corset Cover with peplum. Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe, cambric and silk are suitable for this design. The peplum may be omitted, and the fullness at lower edge finished with a beading or band.

Cut in seven sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requi s two yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1194—Girls' One-piece Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. As here shown blue and white checked suiting was used, with white pique for collar, cuffs and belt. Galatea, gingham, percale, chambray, poplin or voile are all nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 40-inch material for an eight-year size.

1068—Girls' Apron with long or shorter sleeve, and with collar or "V" neck edge. This model is easy to make and completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pinafore." It is suitable for cambric, percale, gingham or chambray.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

1381—Ladies' Shirt-waist with convertible collar, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. The waist is attractive in either style illustrated, with high neck or low neck closing. It is nice for linen, corduroy, pique, lawn, batiste or organdie, also for gingham, chambray, taffeta, crepe and voile.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require two and one half yards of 44-inch material.

1412—Costume for misses and small women with sleeve in either of two lengths. As here shown, white serge was used with black and white striped satin for trimming. The waist has deep pointed yoke sections to which the full waist portions are joined. The skirt is a four-gored model, with gathers over the hips.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires six and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 16-year size.

1393—Ladies' Maternity dress with stay, and with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The lines are simple and becoming, and the stay is a practical feature, since it provides for widening the garment, without making alterations at the waistline. The pattern is good for serge, voile, faille, repp, gabardine, linen, tub silk, gingham, chambray, corduroy or pique.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires six and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1387—Girls' Dress with Middy Blouse, having sleeve in either of two lengths, and with separate skirt, joined to an underwaist. This design is good for linen, lawn, crepe, taffeta, pique or corduroy. The skirt may be of serge or suiting, and the blouse of white madras or other wash material.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1420-1421—A Pleasing Costume especially good for mature figures. The waist fronts are full at the shoulders where they join yoke extensions of the back. The waist is fitted in basque style, and provides a lining, which, however may be omitted. The gored skirt has plaits at the seams. This model is nice for gray, black or blue serge, green or sand-colored taffeta, or gabardine.

The waist pattern 1420 is cut in six sizes; 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 1421, is cut in six sizes; 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and two and one quarter yards for the waist for a medium size. *Two* separate patterns. 10c *for each* pattern.

1364—A Simple and Becoming Dress, suitable for house or business wear, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This desirable model has a popular four-piece skirt, made with a neat lap tuck at the back seam. The waist shows a square yoke, a new style feature, with plaited fullness at the fronts. This design is fine for gingham, chambray, percale, voile, linen, galatea, seersucker if used as a house dress. For business wear, tub silk, voile, crepe, poplin or taffeta would be nice.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1385—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt with or without bias fold. This style will be nice as a separate skirt, and equally attractive to form part of a costume. The front is stitched in tuck effect above the hips, and has plaited fullness at the lower edge.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four yards of 44-inch material without the fold, and five yards with the fold, for a 24-inch size.

1195—Boys' Blouse Suit with straight trousers. Of all boys' suits there is none so comfortable as the blouse style. The model here portrayed has the skirt portion attached and for simpler neck finish may be made without the collar facing. Blue serge with braid trimming or brown velvet bound with braid would be nice for this style. Cheviot, tweed, corduroy, galatea, drill or linen are also good.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1380—Ladies' Apron in sack or belted style. Dotted blue and white percale was used in this instance, with facings of white. The style is good for seersucker, gingham, lawn, sateen, denim, drill, jean or alpaca. In belted style it may do service as a "slip on" house dress.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1228—Girls' Coat with or without belt. The comfortable raglan sleeve and deep yoke, are new style features. The fullness of the skirt portions may be confined by a belt, that is furnished in the pattern. Velvet, serge, cheviot, corduroy, mixed suitings or broadcloth are splendid for this model, likewise poplin, faille, taffeta, or linen.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1370—Ladies' Petticoat, with gathered or habit back, with or without yoke and flounce. This style shows several ways of development each equally practical and attractive. The design is good for sateen, lawn, cambric, muslin, crepe, seersucker, moire, taffeta or linen.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for skirt with flounce, or three and seven eighths yards for skirt without flounce. For flounce of embroidery three and three eighths yards of 17-inch material will be required. The skirt measures about two and seven eighths yards at the foot. The flounce about three and one eighth yards.



1365—An Attractive Apron Model. The apron is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, sateen or drill. If desired the back portion of the bib may be omitted.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9380—Mens' and Boys' Shirt, ith two styles of collar and with regulation or coat closing. Suitable for madras, percale, linen, cambric, silk, soisette, or flannel.

Cut in eight sizes; for men; 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches breast measure, and in four sizes for boys; 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1238—Ladies' Apron, with sleeve protector and cap. As here shown white drill was used for this set of serviceable garments. The models are also suitable for gingham, chambray, sateen, percale, lawn or seersucker.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It embraces all styles illustrated, and requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the apron, three quarters yard for the cap and seven eighths yard for one pair of sleeve protectors.

1171—A Stylish and Becoming Frock for the growing girl. The sleeve in wrist length with a band cuff, or in short length with turn back cuff, is equally good. As here shown Burgundy cashmere with striped silk for belt and trimming was used. In linen, ratine, voile, crepe, velvet or corduroy it is equally attractive and desirable.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1388—Ladies' Skirt with Stay, and with or without suspenders and pockets. This style is nice for taffeta in plain, striped or checked patterns, and for corduroy, pique, serge, gingham or chambrey.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

9999—Ladies' House Dress with long or short sleeve. For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1179—Ladies' Night Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths and neck edge in either of three outlines. As here shown, white batiste was used embroidered in self color and trimmed with "Val." lace. This model is also good for lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe or silk. Empire effect may be produced by ribbon beading as illustrated. The gown may be made with a front closing for high neck style, which is very desirable for warmth, if made of flannelette or flannel.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1369-1336—A Pretty Summer Dress. The tier skirt is a fashionable model. It is mounted on a gored foundation to which the lower flounce is joined. The costume is good for silk, wash or woolen goods, or combinations of silk and cloth.

The waist pattern 1369 is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 1336 cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for the skirt, with one and one quarter yard of lining for the foundation. The over blouse requires one and one quarter yard, with t ree yards for the underwaist of 36-inch material to make the costume for a 36-inch size. *Two* separate patterns. 10c *for each* pattern.

9819—Infant's Short Clothes Outfit. Composed of a yoke dress to be finished with long or short sleeves. A simple double-breasted coat with round collar and Bishop sleeve, a cap in Dutch style, a nightdress, a petticoat with added waist, a feeding apron, drawers, rompers and a play dress. Lawn, muslin, gingham or chambray, also flannelet may be used for the dresses and rompers. The coat is good for all cloaking materials. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Buy Some Good Birds Now to Improve Your Stock

I WANT our readers to make a special effort and try to buy cockerels now to head their breeding pens next season, for this is the season of the year when the big breeders of thoroughbred stock commence to select their birds for the show season, and put them into separate coops to develop, take the young pullets off free range, and place them in permanent winter quarters and cull out the year-old birds, and divide them into flocks for next year's breeding pens. All this means that house room becomes so precious that they are willing—nay—anxious, to dispose of extra cockerels, and will sell good birds now for almost half what they would ask for them in the spring. Such a golden opportunity should not be neglected, and I advise you to sell off all the old hens or your own young cockerels and use the money for the purchase of one or two really good birds, for if you have only mediumly fair stock, and mate a few of the hens to a good bird next spring, you are sure to get some youngsters who will more than pay you for your trouble. Look through the advertising columns for the addresses of well-known breeders of whatever variety you are keeping, and write them for prices of cockerels; or, better still, quote what price you can afford to pay; remembering always that you can't expect to get something for nothing, and that even a cull bird from a breeder, who has for years kept nothing but full-blooded stock, is of more value to breed from, than a splendid looking bird which may have all sorts of mixed and poor varieties among his ancestors. For, as I have before explained to you, the individual bird or animal is not half as important as his parents and grandparents, as far as his influence is concerned on future stock.

When writing to breeders about cockerels, you should give a clear description of the hens you want to mate him to, because the breeder will then be able to select a bird with such characteristics as will counter balance the weak points in your birds.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong to, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have legs a trifle too short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are very few perfect birds, so matings must be arranged to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullets back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they are to be mated, and it is only by remating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily meated thighs. So you see, even for the general purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful to select not only hens that are known to be good layers, but males who are known to be the sons of heavy layers; and once having established a good pen, it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced that all that is necessary to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to ducks and geese, and, to a smaller extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of ducks and geese now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to get accustomed to their new surroundings, and as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purposes, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custards than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns or cities can always dispose of any surplus quantities to confectioners and candy makers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price to such an extent that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes, or any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or cornmeal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skimmed milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring, must have a dry place to sleep in, and good food. Chopped corn stalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in the mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they have plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now, will influence their laying, and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring. Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled, and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay. Don't forget that to produce eggs, they must have plenty of water to drink, and as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen; small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and in consequence is unprofitable. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had, nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed.

Now the real poultryman, who depends on his fowls for his living, knows by experience that it pays to provide Biddy with all these things when she cannot find them for herself. Besides, there is another advantage; the chicks which will be hatched in the spring will be stronger, and make quicker growth, than those hatched from eggs laid by poorly fed hens.

During the last two years we have almost entirely changed our plans for feeding the laying hens, and find the new method much better than the old. Instead of a wet mash, at eight o'clock in the morning, we now give the following dry mash at 2 P. M.: Ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, ten pounds of ground corn, ten pounds of white middlings, ten pounds of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of freshly cut green bone. If you can't get freshly cut green bone, use twenty pounds of any one of the commercial brands of animal feed specially prepared for poultry. Mix the above quantities very thoroughly, and keep in a barrel for daily use.

When fresh green bone is used, don't mix more at one time than will be used within the week. Feed the dry mash in shallow pans, as much as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. At supper-time feed a mixture of corn, wheat and cracked corn, in the following proportions: Whole corn, twelve pounds; cracked corn, eight pounds; wheat, eight pounds. This mixture we scatter over the litter about 4 or 4.30 P. M., according to the light.

The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and in rushing about to pick that up, push the smaller grain down into the litter—so rarely get any of it at night. But when they get off the roost the first thing in the morning, they are hungry, and start in hunting for the small grain, which compels them to take just the vigorous exercise which they need early in the morning to set their blood circulating, and to warm them after the long night on the roost. About eight o'clock in the morning we fill up the drinking fountains with water hot enough to insure its being warm after it is poured in the cold galvanized pans. At twelve o'clock the drinking fountains are again filled with water, and about a pint of cracked corn is scattered on the litter for every forty hens. They also get their vegetable food at noon. In the early winter this is usually cabbage, turnips or beets, but later in the season we depend entirely upon sprouted oats, each bird being given about a square inch of the sprouts and matted roots. If you have no regular cabinet for sprouting the oats, and don't feel like going to the expense of buying one, a few shallow boxes will do almost as well.

A shelf behind the kitchen stove, or some other warm place, is a good spot to keep them. Make several holes at the bottom of the boxes for ventilation, and cover with burlap or wire cloth to prevent the oats falling through. Soak the oats in a pail of water over night, and in the morning spread them about two inches thick in the boxes and cover with a double thickness of newspaper. Each morning, remove the newspaper and stir the oats with your hands; spread out evenly, and sprinkle with water until the sprouts begin to show, after which, don't disturb the oats, but still sprinkle every morning. Replace the paper after sprinkling, until the sprouts are over the edge of the box, as it keeps them from being dried and toughened by the dry outer air of the kitchen. In about nine days the oats will be a thick mass of fine roots, and the sprouts two or three inches high, and ready to use. Break into small pieces, so that each hen will get a share. The whole mass of roots is to be used, as well as the sprouts, for there is as much food value in one as in the other. A piece about seven inches square is enough for twenty hens. After once commencing to use the sprouts, start a box every day or every other day, according to the size of the boxes and the number of hens to be fed, so that you will have a continuous supply.

The quantity of night feed you will have to gauge by what the birds will eat. Hens must go to roost with full crops, or they get cold and miserable before morning, when the egg basket will suffer; but there should be no whole corn left on the floor for them to get early in the morning, for if they can fill up on whole corn when they first get off the roost they will just stand around all day without taking any exercise. Our plan is to go through all the houses, give what we think is a good supply, then start in at the first house again, and give a little more when it seems to be needed. After watching the birds for a few nights you will soon be able to gauge the right amount. The quantity of feed is one of the points on which personal experience is the only teacher.

When eggs are to be marketed, it is advisable not to allow any male birds to run with the layers. But, of course, about three weeks before eggs are wanted for incubation, your best hens should be selected, divided into small flocks of from seven to fifteen, according to the breed you are keeping, and as good a rooster as you can afford to buy introduced to each flock.

Don't keep more hens than your house will comfortably hold. I don't mean in fine weather when the birds only sleep in it. Calculate for their having to spend several days at a time shut up. They must have room to move about and scratch among the litter to keep healthy and profitable. Better have twenty hens laying regularly than fifty moping around and not laying more than one or two eggs a week.

Turkeys

I want to give you a few hints about the care of the old turkeys at this season of the year, in the hope that it may help in raising young ones in the spring, for during the past few years the number of letters telling about the loss of young turkeys in all parts of the country has been positively appalling, and it all springs from an intestinal disease commonly called "blackhead," and which is spread through the droppings of affected birds. For this reason I want you to do a little doctoring right now to get the old birds in good condition if possible.

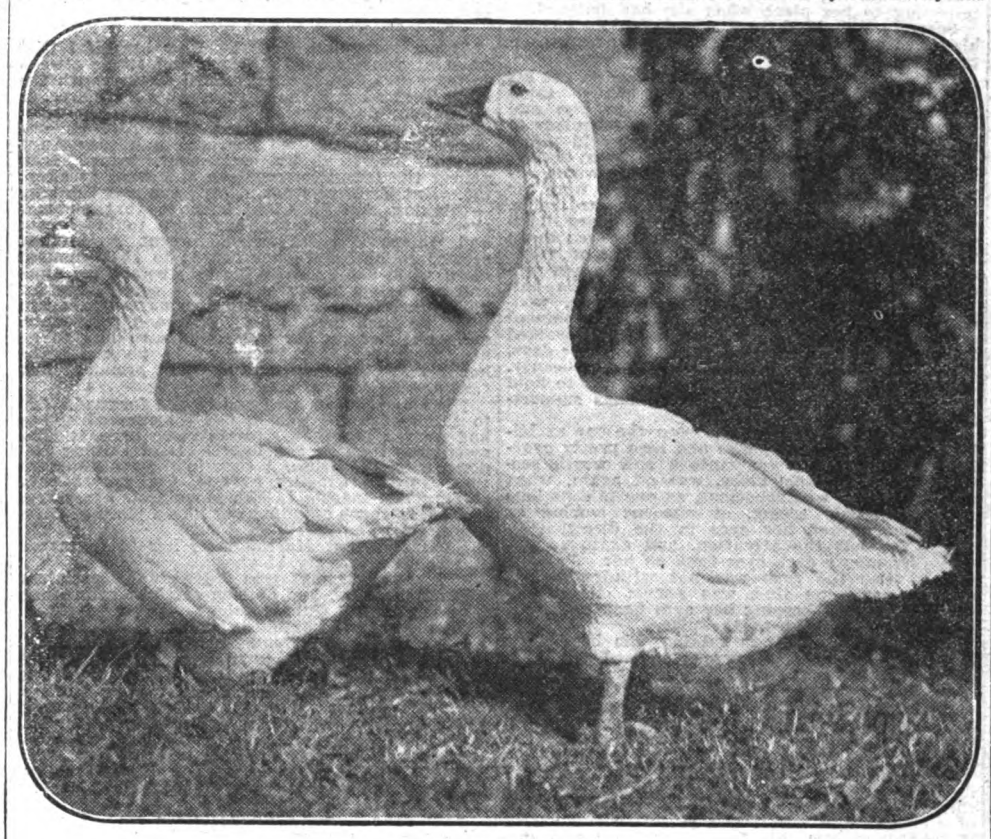
First of all, plow the yards or grounds where the turkeys have been in the h bit of congregating and thoroughly disinfect the roosts or fences which they frequent; then once every week put forty grains of Epsom salts in half a pint of water, and place it where the birds are likely to drink from it in the early morning. And before you give them their regular feed in the morning mix one grain of sulphate of iron and one grain of silicate of soda and make it into a pill with a little curd cheese or bread which has been moistened with milk. The above amount is for one pill, and each bird should get one of them. At night again try to force them to drink the water with Epsom salts in it. Or, if you only have two or three birds which are pretty tame and easily handled, give them a teaspoonful of Castor oil night and morning instead of the salts. Sweep up and burn all the droppings from under the roosts as early as possible in the morning. Repeat this treatment once a week for four weeks. After that time add seven grains of catechu to every two quarts of drinking water every day for another month. After the first of the year give the turkeys some of the laying hens' mash every morning, and all through the winter give them a good feed of corn at night.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

H. D. B.—I have gone to you before and received help. I want to ask about a sick turkey hen I have. She has a rattling in her throat and one side of nose is closed up and swelling near the eye. I can press the water out, but it fills up again. It seems difficult for her to swallow. There is no disagreeable odor from her breath. MRS. H. D. B.

A.—I should think that the turkey had a very bad



EMBDEN GEESE.

NOTE DIFFERENCE IN SHAPE OF GOOSE AND GANDER. GOOSE TO LEFT NEXT THE WALL.

G. S.—I would like to know a remedy for cholera in young turkeys. MRS. G. S.

A.—Cholera in young turkeys is usually a symptom of the disease commonly called blackhead. Please refer to the March number of COMFORT for full particulars of the disease and the means of prevention. There is so little chance of curing a bird that has contracted the disease, that I advise you to kill it before it contaminates other stock.

E. E. C.—Could you tell me why my canary birds do not raise young? I have a pair that will be two years old next month. Is it because they are related? They are of the same hatching of birds, their father and mother are the same. A year ago last month they started to build a nest in a box I put in the cage and the male bird sang fine and before they finished the nest quit building it and the male quit singing and did not sing all summer. I feed the mixed bird seed and lettuce, cabbage or apples and occasionally hard-boiled eggs, give plenty of water to drink and for bathing, and bird gravel. They have never been droopy. The male sings all right now and they act as though they would build a nest, but have laid no eggs. (2) Where can I get a book on canaries?

A.—Are you quite sure that the bird that does not sing is a hen bird? If so, try giving it special food. Chop half a hard-boiled egg very fine, and mix thoroughly with powdered cracker crumbs, then moisten slightly with milk. Give a very little of it each morning in a small dish, remove what has not been eaten after two hours, as it is dangerous for the birds to eat it after it has become sour. (2) I don't know of any book on canaries, but suppose you could find one at any bird store.

C. E. W.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my small chickens and what to do for them? They have something like asthma, stand in the shade with their heads thrown up, as though they will lose their breath. Some of them appear puffed with wind and look like a ball. The large chickens are not troubled with this disease.

A.—Young chickens in the condition you describe are hopeless. The only humane and profitable solution is, kill them, for even if they seemingly recover, they will be susceptible to disease, and their progeny would lack constitutional vigor.

L. W.—Would rabbit meat be as good for chickens as beef scraps? Is fish good for poultry? (2) What is the cause of a White Leghorn hen laying brown-shelled eggs? (3) What kind of rocks are best to crush for poultry? (4) Is there any way to get the husk off oats so they can be fed to poultry?

A.—Yes, rabbit meat would be as good as beef scraps. A medium amount of fish is good food for poultry, but if given in any quantity it will affect the flavor of eggs and meat. (2) Probably the Leghorn hen has some Wyandotte blood in her veins. (3) Any bright, hard stone which retains sharp edges when crushed, is suitable for poultry. (4) Your local grist mill will be able to hull oats, or you can buy them already hulled at most of the stores.

E. P.—I would like to know why so many of my chickens were hatched blind this year. The chickens hatched out well and they seemed to be strong, only some were blind. (2) Will you also tell me why the yolks of the eggs are so dark they are almost brown. They taste all right, but they are so dark I dislike to use them.

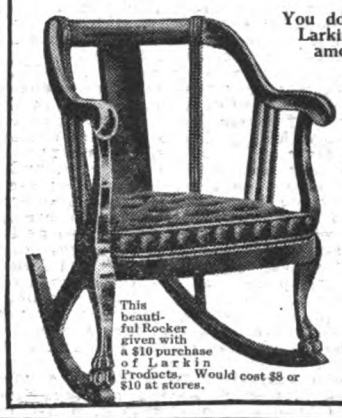
A.—If the chickens were hatched in an incubator, the blindness may have been caused by uneven heat in the machine. If under hens, it is undoubtedly due to the condition of the hens who laid the eggs, unless you used some strong insect powder in the nests or on the birds just before hatching time. The dark yolks are due to something the birds are eating, or to excessive fat. You can decide which it is by examining the birds. If they are very heavy in the lower body or between the thighs, reduce the amount of grain and other fattening foods. Feed only wheat and oats in deep litter, so they will have to scratch for it. If they are not too fat, try to discover what they are getting that might affect them in such a way. If a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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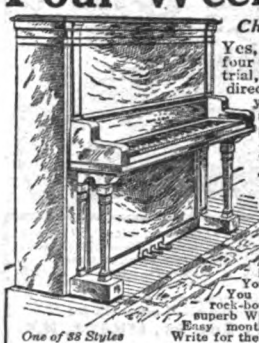
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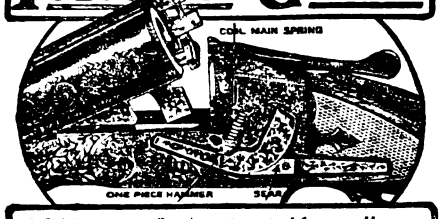
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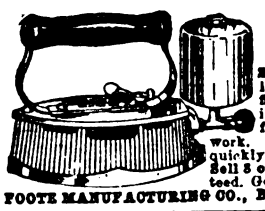
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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

her, and amused herself by trying to fit each person with a character conjectured from their voice. Presently Lord Mersey looked round.

"I took that cone home with me, Miss Weston—very interesting under the microscope—showed an inner circle of petals and a wonderful germinating system. I should very much like to show it to you."

"Thank you!" said Edna; "I should like to see it."

"I'll show it you some day, when you call on my mother. Perhaps you take an interest in butterflies and moths? I think I have almost a complete collection, most of them procured, by the way in Rosedene, a great many in More Park as well. Wonderful place for white moths. By the way, did you make a collection of the Alpine flowers while you were abroad?"

"I am ashamed to say I did not," said Enda. "My father was very fond of botany, and often tried to instill a love of it into me, but in vain. I love flowers, of course, but I like them better before they have been pulled to pieces and dissected. That is a piece of femininity, is it not?"

Lord Mersey accepted the challenge, and took up the argument with a will, and for the first time in her life Edna listened to a scholar, who added to his learning a rare and delicate fancy, expressed with an eloquence as natural as it was unusual, and a voice so full of modest dignity, which is the acme of refinement. She forgot all about the gossip going on around her, was scarcely conscious of the ministrations of the noiseless and well-trained servants, and was sorry when the duchess rose as a signal that the gentlemen were to be left to the Chateau Lafitte and the castle ports.

Edna was compelled to wait for a moment while Lord Mersey finished a sentence—indeed, he laid his hand on her arm to keep her, in his strange, abstracted way, and, as she rose, she caught a glance from a pair of dark eyes that were fixed on her, the eyes in question belonging to a handsome young lady who sat at the lower end of the table. The glance was averted in an instant; but women are quick at reading the language of the eyes, and Edna knew that the owner of those flashing orbs was not too well pleased at seeing the friendly gesture of Lord Mersey.

The duchess led the way into a smaller and less brilliant salon, took her seat beside the fire, and proceeded to make tea in the homeliest of fashions.

"I'm fond of a cup of tea," she said to Aunt Martha, who was seated near her, "and I don't call the lukewarm mixture the ser ants bring round on their trays a cup of tea; it is more like medicine. Tea, to be in perfection, must be made by one's self, and drank hot. I hope you know how to make tea, my dear," she said to Edna.

Edna laughingly confessed her ignorance.

"We rarely had tea in Switzerland. Holland is the only place on the Continent in which one can get anything like pure tea."

"Come and see me make it," said the duchess, and Edna seated herself on a footstool, and watched the operation.

"There!" cried the duchess, pouring out a cup. "That is tea—properly made. Lady Jane, you take sugar, I know; Grace you do not," and she smiled across at the tall, dark girl, whose glance Edna had caught, and whom she remembered to have been introduced as Miss Bromley.

The ladies all gathered round the fire and the tea table—the duchess would not let Edna move—and a friendly chat immediately commenced, in which Edna was the principal listener. Presently the duchess said:

"Grace, will you give us some music?"

Grace Bromley looked at her teacup—it was not yet empty, and the duchess, respecting the cause of her refusal, turned to Edna.

"Come, my dear," she said, "some little Swiss ballad."

Edna felt nervous, but with true tact at once complied, singing a little Swiss s prettily, and returning to her place when she had finished.

Scarcely had she done it when the duke's clear, high-bred voice was heard, and the gentlemen entered.

Lord Mersey came up to the table, and got his cup of tea from the duchess' own hands. Edna noticed that her grace looked up at him and treated him as if he were some great schoolboy to be humored and petted. He scarcely said thank you, but took his cup and made for a distant part of the room, where he sat, his whole expression that of a man whose thoughts were far away. The footman wheeled out the card table, cards were produced, and the duke, Lord Portfield, Aunt Martha and Lady Bromley sat down to whist. Edna found a great album of views upon a side table, and was lost in that when suddenly Lord Mersey's voice sounded beside her.

"Cologne Cathedral, isn't it? Yes—ah, wonderful place! But I remember being disappointed at first sight: it was not until I had walked round it two or three times, on two or three days, that I got an idea of its magnitude and beauty. Inside it is as wonderful; the roof seems to hold up the columns, instead of the columns supporting the roof."

Edna asked him if he had seen the one at Milan; and Lord Mersey, who had seen pretty nearly everything that was curious and worth seeing on the habitable globe, was off again, when suddenly Edna was conscious, as one is conscious without actualy seeing, of someone looking at her. She turned her eyes in the direction in which she felt the attention, and again caught Grace Bromley's dark eyes fixed on her.

This time the gaze was not withdrawn, but changed into one that was almost one of defiance; and still keeping her eyes fixed on Edna, she rose and glided to the piano.

Lord Mersey went on talking, his head bent forward, his dark, dreamy eyes fixed on Edna in his impressive way.

Suddenly a chord of music rose in the room—a true musician's fingers glided along the keys, playing the prelude to a song, and presently a voice, low, but exquisitely musical, commenced singing.

Lord Mersey fidgeted with his hand, and evidently strove to be deaf to the music and continue his conversation, but the charm was one he of all men could not resist; gradually but surely it told upon him, his talk grew loose and disjointed; he looked abstractedly in Edna's face for a minute or two, then rose slowly and walked straight toward the piano, as if he were drawn thereto by some subtle sorcery.

Edna comprehended the meaning of those dark eyes then and knew that Grace Bromley had deliberately and of malice prepense drawn Lord Mersey from her side. For a moment the color rose to the pale cheeks and a light shot into the clear eyes, but both died away as suddenly, and Edna Weston bent her head over the album as the thought came flashing down upon her:

"If she knew how little cause she had to fear me." This thought was followed by another: "What right have I to be sitting here among these people—a living falsehood? I am not Miss Weston; every time I answer to that name, every hour I sit here concealing the truth, I am acting a lie."

The duchess' voice made her start.

"Come and sit here, my dear," she said. "Why, you are all alone!"—All alone, indeed! thought Edna, bitterly—"Where is Lord Mersey? I saw him sitting there just now, lecturing in his usual style. Ah! I need not ask. Do you know that he is music mad, my dear, as well as flower mad and mineral mad, and subject to a hundred other madnesses? He cannot hear a musical instrument played without being drawn toward it. Grace sings well, does she not?"

"Exquisitely," said Edna, warmly.

"Yes," said the duchess, looking across the room where Lord Mersey stood leaning both arms upon the piano, and staring down at his coat sleeves. 'Yes, Grace is a favorite of mine; I hope you will like her, because I like you."

"Your grace is very kind to me," said Edna, simply. "I think I shall like Miss Bromley. We have not spoken as yet. Isn't she very beautiful?"

"Yes," said the duchess; "I think so. Look at Lord Mersey now! I suppose you are a botanist—no?"

"I don't know the names of half the common flowers," said Edna.

"What is it—minerals, air currents, shells, or what, my dear? Something has attracted him."

Edna blushed under this cross-examination.

"Then it must have been my supreme ignorance, your grace; no doubt that is it. He looked upon it as curious, quite phenomenal."

"Hem!" said the duchess. "He tells me you and he had a conversation in the Rosedene preserves the other day."

"I met him in the woods," said Edna.

The duchess smiled, and taking up Edna's hand, turned it palm upward.

"I am an old witch, my dear, and am particularly clever at reading the past lives of people. Let me see——" and she began tracing the delicate lines on the soft little palm. "What do I read there——"

Edna drew her hand away suddenly, with a look almost of fear.

The duchess stared at her with an amused smile.

"My dear child, I was only joking! One would think you had committed a murder, or had some deadly secret you were afraid would slip out. Why, what a strange child you are! First pale, then red, and now pale again! Tut, tut, if I were your mother"—and she sighed—"I should send you to bed at nine o'clock for a month or two."

There was something so motherly and affectionate in the trifling that Edna lowered her face and had to struggle with her tears. If she had had a mother! Why should they all treat her like an innocent schoolgirl? If they only knew!

Miss Bromley could not go on playing all the evening, and presently the music ceased. Lord Mersey leaned against the piano for fully five minutes after it was silent, and then raised his head and looked round as if he was surprised to find himself where he was.

Then without a word of thanks he turned away and strode over to Edna. But there was a storm in Edna's bosom that warned her she had best beat a safe retreat while there was time, and with a feeling of thankfulness she heard Lady Portfield murmur that her carriage was waiting.

Edna had to wait until it had gone, and while she stood looking on at the card table Lord Mersey came up beside her.

"I'm going," he said, in his straightforward way. "Now that I find that it was Miss Weston who found me trespassing on her preserves I had better make a further apology and get a formal permission to repeat the offense."

Edna laughed.

"The Rosedene preserves and park, and anything else that interests you on the premises, are at your service," she said.

"Eh?" he said, with a quick upraising of his eyebrows. "Miss Weston, that's rather comprehensive."

Edna blushed, half with annoyance at her own want of skill in framing her sentence.

"Come as often as you please, my lord," she said; "that is what I mean."

He took her hand and bowed low over it.

"I shall avail myself of that gracious permission," he said, gravely, "for I love the Rosedene woods. Good night!"

The Rosedene bays came dashing over the courtyard stones, footmen swung back curtains and stood ready to fling open doors and dash down steps, and Edna found herself in the carriage, half wondering whether she had spent the evening sitting at the feet of a duchess.

Aunt Martha was enthusiastic in her praise of the castle and its illustrious inmates.

"As for the duchess, my dear Edna, it is impossible to feel anything but at one's ease with her. I have always heard that the higher one goes in society the more natural and simple-hearted one finds the people. And so it must be when you come to consider it. Have you enjoyed yourself, dear?"

"Very much, aunt."

"I am very glad of that. How beautiful that dress of yours looked! Black and silver always suited you. And that was Lord Mersey with the high forehead and the dark eyes? Very clever, is he not, my dear?"

"Very, aunt," said Edna, dutifully, as she leaned back and closed her eyes, and then Aunt Martha, overtired by excitement, leaned back among the luxurious cushions and went to sleep, too. But Edna was not asleep; she was thinking—thinking and traveling back to that summer eve when he had taken her close to his breast and whispered those sweet, fervent words that seemed to burn into her heart; to that summer morn when she knelt by his side before the altar and heard him swear to love and cherish her for better and for worse; to that summer eve, again when he stood before her, stern and passionate, and bade her go her way and leave him to go his, promising that never would he claim the honor and obedience that she had promised him that day.

Edna opened her eyes and leaned forward. Oh, to think of it all was to court madness! They had neared More Park, were close upon it. The moon was high in the heavens, and shining full down upon the house. A turn in the road brought them to the winding avenue, the gravel path shining like marble in the moonlight, every tree and every shrub standing out like a piece of carving against the soft blue light.

Suddenly Aunt Martha feels her arm grasped and hears a low cry of alarm.

"What is it, my dear Edna?" she exclaims, waking suddenly, and staring straight before her.

"Look, aunt! Quick! quick! Do you see?"

"See—where—what?" asks Aunt Martha.

"There, in the avenue—a man! Look!"

Aunt Martha looks and sees, quit plainly, a tall man standing in the avenue of More Park, looking up at More House.

"Yes, my dear. I see him! It's very strange. What can it be? Perhaps it's a gamekeeper."

"No, no!" breathes Edna, and she is trembling terribly, "it is not a gamekeeper. I know it! I am sure of it! He is there for no good; how can he be at such a time of night? He has no right there! No right there!"

"My dear Edna!" remonstrates Mrs. Weston. "You are overstrung, excited. The most natural thing in the world for a stranger to stroll up the avenue on such a night to see the house in the moonlight."

"He was no stranger!" retorted Edna, with a trembling air of conviction. "I—I—feel as if I had seen him before," and she looked out of the window fearfully, but the carriage had left the avenue far behind by that time, and they were entering the Rosedene drive.

Edna fell back with a low, terrified sob.

Hush, my dear!" soothed Aunt Martha; "overtired and excited, very naturally, too. My dear child!"

No right there? Surely if any man had a right to stand in the avenue of More Park, Cyril More, the owner, had that right, for it was he and no other. And why had he come there on that moonlight night? Possibly to say farewell to the home of his forefathers before he turned his back once more, and perhaps for the last time. For that—to say farewell, and also for some other object. What was it?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

cap will develop nicely in fur, velvet, corduroy, cloth, silk or lawn. The nightdress, underwaist and petticoat in flannel, flannelet, muslin or cambric. The feeding apron in jean, toweling or oilcloth. The drawers in cambric or longcloth. The pattern is cut in one size. It requires: Yoke dress, two yards; coat, two and one quarter yards; bonnet, three quarters yard; nightdress, two yards; petticoat, one and three eighths yards; ruffle, three eighths yard; feeding apron, five eighths yard; drawers, three quarters yard; rompers, one and three quarters yard; underwaist, three eighths yard; play dress, three yards; each of 36-inch material. Price, 15c.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Headaches a Foe to Beauty

MOST of us have an idea that beauty comes from without—that if we can make our skin smooth and white, chase away those annoying little freckles, add a pound or two of flesh here and take away a pound or two there, we shall have done all that is necessary to turn a plain face and figure into a pretty one.

But that isn't entirely true!

The thoughts you think will do even more to make your face beautiful than all those sweet-smelling creams and lotions I have been advising you to keep on your toilet-table. But I preached one little sermon not so many months ago about thoughts—didn't I, Pretty Girls?—and I'm not going to repeat myself. I am just going to ask you to look in the mirror and find out whether there are some unpleasant wrinkles going up and down and criss-cross on your forehead.

Those *may* be caused by irritable thoughts and the worry habit—and I've already told you how to get rid of this sort of beauty blemish—but it is just possible that they may be the result of frequent headaches, and that's why we are going to have a cozy chat this month on preventing headaches.



MASSAGING A HEADACHE AWAY.

A headache can make hollows beneath your eyes, mar your forehead with permanent wrinkles, take the sparkle out of your eyes, and do deadly deeds to your hair. So, even if you didn't object to those excruciating or wearisome hours of a throbbing head, you should certainly resolve, for the sake of your own good looks, to cure yourself of headaches at once and forever.

But can you?

Yes, I think so, unless there is something very seriously wrong with your health. Headaches come, in a majority of cases, either from the eyes, the nerves, the stomach, or congested circulation.

Getting the feet damp or chilled may produce a splitting headache. In damp weather, see that your shoes have good soles, that the ankles are protected by high shoes or gaiters, and that the legs are kept warm. If you will do this, you will save youself many aches and pains—including a dull disagreeable beauty-marring headache.

Should you be caught out in a storm not sufficiently protected, make it a point, on reaching the house again, to take off wet shoes and hose at once, rubbing the feet briskly with a Turkish bath towel; then, remove your damp skirts or other damp clothes, and take a steaming hot footbath. I don't mean you to use just warm water, but water as hot as the feet can bear. If you have a bathtub, let the water run constantly while you are soaking the feet; if not, keep adding hot water from a pitcher. Let the water extend half way up the legs, and keep moving the feet or splashing the water. Stay in five minutes, being careful to keep the water at the same high temperature by adding fresh hot water; then rub yourself thoroughly dry, put on some warm clothes and drink a cup of hot water. You will not only ward off a headache, but keep yourself free from many pains and cramps which you have gotten used to thinking are unavoidable.

This advice applies to getting chilled as well as wet. If you have been obliged to sit in a draft, or have been out driving when the weather changed and you find yourself feeling chilly, then take the hot foot-bath and all the rest of the prescription, just as if you had been caught in a storm. The object of the foot-bath is not so much to make cold feet warm as to start the blood circulating all over the body.

Sometimes—very frequently—a hot foot-bath, followed by a nap of fifteen minutes, under a big fat warm comforter, will cure a headache for which neither rain nor cold have been responsible. The reason for this is that it relieves congestion. Sometimes the head aches because it has too much blood in it, and sometimes because it hasn't enough, and the hot foot-bath starts the blood running merrily through the veins, equalizes the circulation, and scares the headache away.

An excellent exercise to practise daily to keep the circulation in good order is the following:

A Headache Preventive

Holding the body erect, advance the left foot eighteen inches. Raise the arms above the head, elbows rigid, and throw them out and down, as if attempting to touch the floor by the right foot. Do this five times, then advance the right foot eighteen inches; extend hands above head, then throw them down as if attempting to touch the floor by the left foot.

After a time, it will be more than an attempt, as you will succeed in reaching the floor with the tips of the fingers; but long before that you will find the waist improved by the exercise, the circulation made normal; and your whole body freer of movement and more graceful.

A nervous headache can work almost more havoc in your looks than the sort of headaches which come from getting chilled. Whenever you feel all the little nerves in your body jiggling up and down like loose telephone wires, and the temples seem tied up in bowknots, and two fretful wrinkles appear in the middle of your brow, go to your room and shut the door, though the morning dishes stay unwashed for an extra fifteen minutes. Sit down in the most comfortable chair you have, or lie on the bed with clothes loosened. Now say something pleasant to yourself: "After all, happy things are coming to me. I know," or "The little cares which trouble me, I cast them all away." Say this, or something else which is hopeful and happy, or peaceful, over and over in your mind, really thinking about it; at the same time curve the corners of the mouth upward, and keep them so, and you will find the tension at the temples will relax. Keep the eyelids closed and *smile inwardly*, and all the tangled nerves will begin to smooth out. Fifteen minutes spent like this will go a long way toward curing the headache, and a fifteen-minute nap to follow will make you normal again. When you come out of your room, do not hurry, hurry, hurry, but move quietly about your work, and keep thinking pleasant thoughts.

When the headache is very bad and the tension doesn't seem to yield to this method, use this headache movement on the brow, around the eyes, at the temples, and the base of the brain.

Massaging the Headache Away

First, put the first three fingers of each hand below and back of the ears on the neck, and pressing firmly, rub up and down, to the edge of the hair, and the base of the neck; then use a rotary motion all along the top of the neck where it meets the hair; next press the first two fingers of each hand firmly against the temples, and use a rotary movement for two or three minutes. Then, placing the thumbs on the cheekbones, and the first finger of each hand above the corresponding eyebrow, follow the line of the brow with the finger as far as the temple, pressing as firmly as possible so the movement will be a vigorous one. As you reach the temples, go under the eye with the very lightest possible movement, to the bridge of the nose; then back above the brow again, making a complete oval, and repeat this for several minutes.

If this massage precedes the quiet relaxation in your room, it will take a very tenacious, nervous headache, indeed, to survive.

By far the large majority of headaches come from the stomach; we eat the foods which overwork our liver, are not careful about mastication, do not drink enough water, and forget that a certain amount of exercise is almost essential to keep the eliminative functions regular.

Whenever you have a headache some time after eating, or find yourself waking with a headache, begin to keep a watchful eye on your diet. Your liver has to take care of all the fat, greasy, buttery things you eat, and all the sweets. Don't overwork it; and when you begin to feel headachy with more or less regularity, just try cutting out the sweets (preserves, cakes, pies, candy, and much sugar in your food), for a while. Drink a couple of glasses of hot water the moment you get up in the morning—which will be at least half an hour before breakfast—and six or seven more during the day, but none at meals. The reason for this is that the stomach provides certain juices to digest the food you give it. If you insist on diluting it with water or other liquids, it doesn't do as good work, and indigestion may result. So don't drink until an hour or two hours after meals.

The saliva is needed to digest some foods, especially potatoes, breads, etc., and that is the reason you should chew every particle of food until it is almost fluid before swallowing. I would be almost willing to say that if you would do that, you would never have a doctor's bill—perhaps that is a little extravagant, yet it is not far from the literal truth.

If you will take these few precautions, about the circulation, the digestion, and the nerves, you will not only drive most of your headaches away, but work a big and beautiful change in your personal appearance—which is certainly worth while, isn't it, Pretty Girls?

By the way, tight corsets, collars, sleeves or shoes can produce headache and wrinkles—because they interfere with the circulation. That is why the suspender skirts which have been so popular are such sensible things to wear—there is no pressure at the waist, and all the weight hangs from the shoulders. Besides, they're mighty pretty, aren't they?

Answers to Questions

Dot.—If your eyelids are covered with white scales in the morning, it shows your eyes are not in a healthy condition. Pay particular attention to them for a time. Be careful not to read in a bad light, nor by artificial light. Buy yourself a glass eyecup, which is a little oval cup with a stem. Fill it half full of a four per cent solution of boric acid, which you can buy at your drug-store, and wash the eyes out two or three times daily—especially just before going to bed, and again on rising in the morning. To use the eyecup, throw the head forward, and fit the cup to the eye-socket. Then holding the cup firmly in place, throw the head away back. Now, open the eye and wink it many times. In this way the liquid will wash out the eye thoroughly. In addition to this, anoint the lids with a very little vaseline at night, on retiring. Keep the bowels open daily, and look after your general health.

Brown Eyes.—If your joints "creak" and are stiff to move, your whole body needs attention, and the joints themselves special exercise. Begin to drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, and to eat plenty of nourishing food, chewing every mouthful of food until it is liquid, before you swallow it. Drink milk, eat cream on your cereals, plenty of butter on your bread, but avoid salt meats, salt fish, vegetables like turnips and cabbage. Eat, instead, spinach, and onions, and string beans, and corn, and peas, etc. Canned vegetables will take the place of fresh ones, though they are not so desirable. And try to get a certain amount of fresh fruit. Eat an apple every night before going to bed, an orange in the morning when you can get it. If you can't get fresh fruits, then eat stewed prunes, stewed figs, canned pineapple, canned peaches, etc. It is evident that your body lacks certain elements which must be supplied by your food. In addition, exercise the joints daily. You will always find plenty of exercises in this column, and just recently I gave up one whole article to this subject. A good exercise for you would be to stand with hands on the foot of a low bed; then slowly sink until the body was resting on the heels; then rise again, without removing the hands from their first position. Repeat this ten or twenty times. Another good exercise is to stand with hands on hips, then slowly rise to the very tips of the toes; slowly sinking to the heels again, or, rather, letting the foot go back to a flat position on the floor. For the jaws which are so stiff, practise for five minutes at a time opening and shutting them. Only open them a little way at first, and as you find that becomes easy, open a little more, then a little more. But your main consideration must be your food; be sure your bowels move freely every day.



THE SUSPENDER SKIRTS ARE SENSIBLE ONES TO WEAR.

Hazel.—Painting the freckles with peroxide of hydrogen is often effective. Use a little brush like a mucilage brush. Another method is to dab each spot with the following paste, just before going to bed:

Freckle Paste

Mix a tablespoonful of dry mustard with lemon juice, then add a teaspoonful of oil of sweet almonds. Be careful not to get the paste in or near the eyes. Leave it on the skin only until the latter begins to feel warm, then wash off thoroughly and massage with cold cream. After a few days, the skin will peel off.

Snookums.—The very bad case of blackheads and acne that you have demands persistent and constant attention. To begin with, how are your bowels? See that they move freely daily. I expect my Pretty Girls will get tired of hearing that advice, but, my dears, you simply cannot have good complexions unless that function is fully taken care of. Notice what I say in regard to the amount of water to be taken daily, and be sure to go thou and do likewise. Then, you must begin to use some soap at once—which you say you have not been doing. The whole trouble has come, originally, from your not keeping the face quite clean. I know you have washed it several times a day, but you can't keep skin clean with just water! So go to your druggist's, or write to a department store in your nearest city, or look up an advertiser in COMFORT, and buy a camel's-hair complexion brush. It will cost you twenty-five or fifty cents. Then, every night before you go to bed, scrub your face thoroughly in plenty of hot soapy water—real sudsy water. Use a pure soap—no kitchen soap will do, although some of the white toilet soaps which are also used for the kitchen, will be all right. After you have scrubbed the face many times, empty out the water, and fill the bowl with fresh warm water—no soap; rinse the face thoroughly in this, then in another bowl of warm water, then in cool water. The habit you have formed of pressing out the blackheads is scarring your face, I am afraid. Probably many of the blackheads will go away, after a few nights' scrubbing; but if many, or some, are still left, rub cold cream into the face, then very gently indeed use a comedone extractor. This is a little instrument almost like a glove buttoner, except that it has a tiny hole in one end, just big enough to press over a blackhead. Don't use this unless you just *must*, and not until you have given the blackheads a chance to disappear of themselves. After using the extractor, dab the spot with alcohol at once. Every night slap the face all over, none too gently, to stimulate the circulation. Also practise every night and morning the exercises I have given in these columns for constipation. You say you are troubled with other special physical conditions. Be careful about getting your feet or ankles chilled, at any time; constipation is bad for you in this way, also, so if you keep the bowels in perfect condition you may find some of the other difficulties disappearing.

Elise.—Your letter did not arrive in time to be answered in either July or August COMFORT. You know magazines have to print their material a long time ahead of the mailing date, when they have such large circulation as COMFORT has. Yes, peroxide of hydrogen and aqua ammonia will destroy superfluous hair. The peroxide bleaches it, and the ammonia in time kills the roots. It takes a lot of patience and perseverance, however; sometimes many months. But it is worth it. It does not disfigure the face in any way. If at any time, the skin becomes irritated, stop the treatment for a couple of days, and rub in some cold cream; then resume. The ammonia that your druggist can furnish you is all right.

Blue Eyes.—See answer to "Elise." For the tan, try the following bleach:

To Remove Tan

Fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, one ounce of strained honey, white of one egg, enough ground barley to make a paste.

Cover the face with this paste at night and tie on a cheese-cloth mask, in which you have cut holes for eyes, nose and mouth. In the morning, after removing mask, bathe the face thoroughly in warm soapy water until the paste has been entirely removed, then rinse, dry gently but thoroughly. You could weigh a little more than one hundred and thirty pounds, if you are five feet eight inches in height. Eat good healthful, nourishing foods, and you will gain.

Bertha.—If you have enlarged glands in your throat, that is a matter for a physician, not a beauty department, my dear. But if you will take the milk diet for six or eight weeks, being, oh, so conscientious to drink the full amount of milk you should, I think you will find your condition improve, and your appearance and health will profit in every way. I have given full directions in COMFORT recently.

Unhappy.—Your bust will probably become normal in size, if you are just sixteen. But you can improve its appearance by wearing a brassiere, which you can buy of your dry-goods store or a mail-order house. A brassiere, as you probably know, is a simple support made of cambric, or net, or embroidery, which holds the bust firm. This makes it seem smaller. A very tight-fitting underwaist would have almost the same effect. Exercises with the arms will help to reduce the superfluous flesh. Put your palms together in front of you at arms' length, then throw the arms back vigorously as if trying to make them meet behind you. Do this fifteen or twenty times in succession. Dash cold water on the bust after bathing each morning and night, except when you are not feeling well, when cold or even cool water should be avoided.

Denzel.—Why, you fortunate girl, to have "yellow" eyes! Didn't you know poets write about them, and authors rave about them, and artists paint them? I should be sorry to have to tell you that nothing can change the color of one's eyes—except age, which sometimes fades or darkens them—if the color you have was not so very much to be desired. What you should do is to try to choose colors for your clothes that will harmonize with your eyes—yellows and browns ought to be becoming to you—if they are not, then try colors that look well with yellow—shades of blue, and green. Probably you should wear rather light colors; when you choose brown it should be a golden brown, or an orange brown; when you choose blue it should be a turquoise blue, etc. Just study yourself a little and decide which colors are best for you and go best with your eyes. No, you can't change your eyes by drinking "iron dust," and while I hate to cast any doubt on the young woman who changed from a blonde to a brunette by drinking certain water, I should hesitate a long while before I believed this story.

Hattie.—The chafed spots which after so many years have turned brown, will be a little hard to get rid of. Perhaps moistening them with peroxide may bleach them, or you could use a bleach, such as the one I have given to "Blue Eyes" for tan. You should be very careful not to get the bleach on any sensitive skin near at hand. Massaging nightly with a good cold cream may also help, or rubbing with lemon juice. A freckle remover—which usually causes the skin to peel off—might be your remedy, to be followed by careful masage every night with cold cream. I hardly like to advise you about this, not knowing the conditions exactly, and because of the location of the spots.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, I should wear a low bust corset, if my bust was rather large, but I should also wear a brassiere. See answer to "Unhappy." Cultivate active exercise of some kind. If you played tennis frequently, or rowed, or swam, or played basket-ball, you would soon note an improvement in your bust. About your hair, which used to be wavy but is so no longer since you cut it and used curlers, I think the best thing to do is to stop using the curlers, and, after shampooing every time, pin the hair in what is known as a "water wave." For this, take a strand of hair, and, holding it loose, pin it to the head in a little wave; an inch farther on pin another wave in the same strand, etc., etc. Do this with all the visible hair, while it is damp. Pin very firmly, and leave until the hair is entirely dry. It is quite possible that, since your hair was once wavy, it will only need a few such treatments to get it back into its old habits. You have of course straightened it with the curlers. Be careful not to draw it tight, and in doing it up try to pin it here and there in wavelines.

Address all letters containing questions to
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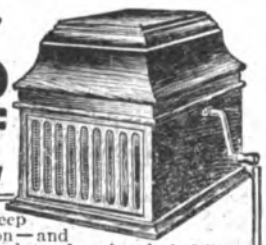
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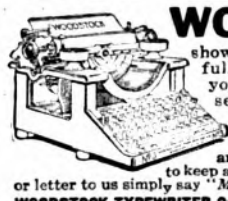


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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Brown Eyes, Roanoke, Va.—Man's vanity is one of his weak spots and the girl who can strike him hard there will knock him out, no matter how much he tries to deceive her with mushy moonlight talk. You slighted him for another and that hurt his vanity much more than it hurt his heart. P. S. Delays in replying are unavoidable.

Blondie, Joliet, Ill.—Receiving only one dollar and fifty cents a week for working in your father's store and doing housework besides does look small enough, but if you worked in somebody else's store and got the usual pay of girl clerks, would you have as much as one dollar and fifty cents at the end of the week after paying all your expenses? Besides you have a comfortable home where you are and parents to look after you, even if they are exacting and not quite what you think parents should be. If you will devote all your spare time to preparing yourself to do a class of work that will pay you from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and then get a job at that rate, you might do better than staying at home, but we hardly think you would better yourself by doing so now. You are far more satisfactorily situated than thousands of girls and if you fully realized that, you would be more resigned to what you think is a very hard lot for a poor working-girl. Very few working-girls have one dollar and fifty cents left after paying board and other living expenses of the week.

Anxious Boy, Carden Bottom, Ark.—You don't mean that you have decided to postpone marrying a sixteen-year-old child for the present. What you really mean is that her parents, having better judgment than you have, have objected and done the postponing for you, and you ought to be thankful to them for it and ask them to please keep the embargo on until their daughter is twenty-one years old. We have now in hand a letter from a wife and mother, eighteen years old, married at sixteen, which if your sweetheart could read we feel quite sure she would postpone the marriage until she was older, if she didn't make the postponement permanent. Foolish young people will not realize that marriage is a very serious matter in all its phases until it is everlastingly too late and then what should have been the very best thing in life becomes a disappointment and an evil. Why won't you understand that forty or fifty years of married happiness waited three or four years for is much better than that many years of unhappiness rushed into in a hurry? Give the engagement ring to the girl as a token of your conversion to common sense and tell her if she wants you five years from now and you want her, it will be all right.

Distressed, Leslie, Ark.—A widower with two children should marry; but we would not advise him to marry a widow in delicate health and having two children. Still, love is a wonderful power and if yours is strong enough to make merry over all obstacles, marry the widow and take the chances. If you are sure you can't be any more miserable with her than you would be without her, you needn't be afraid.

Brown Eyes, Freedom, Okla.—When you have entirely forgotten that you are just as handsome and good and smart and ladylike and as well-dressed and jolly as any of the other girls who are popular, you will also be popular. Nobody can be popular who thinks more of herself or himself than they do of other people. Don't think you are a superior being and there will be no occasion for you to be asking what to do when people tell lies on you. You see you never do anything for other people and they can't do anything for you except to lie about you and they've got to do something.

Troubled, Ashland, W. Va.—You can't make yourself grow any taller, nor can anybody else make you. Read your Bible and find out about addition to the human stature. (2) If there is something you want the young man to give you, innocently steer him up to a shop window where it is and tell him you are perfectly crazy to have it. Maybe, rather than to see you lose your mind he will respond to your appeal. Young men have often been worked in that guileless fashion by girls quite familiar with the rules of etiquette usually observed in such cases.

Troubled, Elba, Ohio.—We think that it is risky for a widower with three children to marry any woman; riskier when the woman is a widow with one child and still riskier when the widow has divorced one husband and is having trouble with his successor. However, we may be mistaken. (2) A girl of fourteen and a boy fourteen may sit together in church if the parents of either or both of them are in the same pew.

R. E., Cleburne, Texas.—You might be able to make your own living and not work as hard as you do on the farm, and you might have to work even harder, but we think if your husband can be made to realize that you are his wife and not his work-animal life on the farm will become tolerable, if not exactly easy. Your little girl is to be considered, and if you leave your husband you will have troubles other than making a living. A man with a farm of one hundred and fifty acres certainly should be able to do better than work his wife to death. Simply refuse to do the heavy work and compel him to treat you right or lose you entirely. If he has no sense of justice or spirit of manliness and will not understand a husband's obligations to his wife, then you may leave him, and when the community learns the kind of man he is, he will be sorry enough to bring you home again and be fair to you. The day has gone by when women must submit to men as to their masters and it is a good thing for men and women.

Blue Eyes, Middle Granville, N. Y.—Your proposed wedding dinner at half past two o'clock is really a luncheon and with the oysters, salads and the usual additions including dessert of cake and ice cream, meat and vegetables will not be necessary. You might have consomme soup and some cold chicken, sliced, or tongue. Cold asparagus fits in nicely; and that in cans is usually very good and not expensive. Use linen napkins by all means. Paper napkins are ornamental, but not useful, though they might be if they were four times their present size and not printed in colors that come off.

Lonely Heart, Kylo, Ohio.—Possibly if you were married to this man, your heart would not only be lonelier than it is, but would have other troubles to disturb it. In any event, he does not marry you and we think you are making your life miserable by permitting him to be near you. Send him away and turn your thoughts in some other direction. A young widow with a good farm is an attraction to win a first-class husband, which we don't think this man is, or he would not neglect his opportunity. Besides, we believe that when he found he was about to lose you, he would come to his senses and claim you for good.

G. B. M., Dederick, Mo.—Engaged couples are permitted to kiss each other. (2) If you care so little for either man that you would as soon marry one as the other, take our advice and never get married until there is only one man in the world you would marry. Marriage just to be marrying is a very dangerous proceeding.

Dimples, Carbondale, Ill.—No doubt an engaged young man living in a different town from his fiancee gets lonesome, but he should not attempt to relieve it by devoting himself exclusively to another girl. It wouldn't be so bad if he were attentive to all of them, for there is safety in numbers, but he is not fair to his fiancee, nor to the other girl, if he devotes himself to one. Neither is he acting honorably to either of them. It may hurt you just now to lose this young man, but we think if you do give him up, you will not regret it so much as if you married him. A man of his type is not the kind that makes a safe and satisfactory husband, for he would be no more considerate of his wife than he is of his sweetheart, and you know how that is.

Brown Eyes, Lincoln, Kans.—When a gentleman has treated a lady to ice-cream or other refreshments, it is not necessary for her to make any acknowledgement of the courtesy beyond saying it was very nice and she enjoyed it. She should not extend formal thanks for it. (2) If the lady does not wish to accept a gentleman's invitation she should tell him she was sorry, but it would be impossible for her to accept. Ladies always have some excuse or other to offer on such occasions, even if they have to invent one.

Curly, Georgetown, Ky.—The "most proper way of expressing thanks" for a linen shower or anything else is the simplest way. Sincerity counts for more than elegant language and if you will thank your friends simply and with all sincerity, you will be doing most properly.

Troubled, Atlanta, Ga.—You would be quite justified in considering that the man wanted to marry you and had asked you to be his wife, though he had not said so in just that many words. As you cannot very well ask him if you are to consider yourself engaged, you can suggest that an engagement ring would be very nice and suitable and if he does not give it to you very soon, you may conclude that he is inclined to be shifty and unreliable. Many men are that way and lose what they really want and should have. Most girls are shy about directing them properly, but they should not be, if they care very much for the man.

Brown Eyes, Roanoke, Va.—When an engaged couple have broken their engagement, it is not usual, for the lady to write asking the man to call on her, still, if she has some matter of importance to talk to him about, there would be no impropriety in her asking him to call. If, however, he does not answer her letter, she should by no means write again to him. In asking him to call make your letter as brief as possible and state what you wish to see him about. Otherwise, he will be quite sure to think you are trying to get him back again and if he does not care as much for you as you do for him, he will not answer your letter.

Anxious, Springfield, Mo.—When the person to whom you are introduced says: "How do you do?" the usual reply is the same, though just why it should be so, nobody knows. Or better still, "Very well, thank you." Of course, it is all form, and any greeting words are permissible. (2) When you are at your own gate with a girl and her beau, he should open the gate and let the ladies pass in. Then, as it is your house, you lead the way for the visitors.

Blue Eyes, Lenair, N. C.—If the lady is not using her parasol the gentleman may carry it for her, if she wants him to. He should not carry it over her, though, as he would carry an umbrella. (2) The lady may take the gentleman's arm when walking with him, but that is not done as much now as it used to be. Women are becoming more independent and don't care to hang onto a man unless there is good reason for it.

C. D. M., Nelsonville, Ark.—To begin with, Charlie, when a young fellow of nineteen is writing to three young "ladys", he should know how to spell ladies, shouldn't he? But let that pass. As long as none of them objects to your writing to the others, keep them all on the string. By and by one will be an ample sufficiency and maybe you can't get even that many. (2) It was not necessary for the lady to ask you to call again, though we think it is more hospitable to ask callers to come again. Everybody doesn't do it, however.

Ike, New Ulm, Texas.—When a lady sends a gentleman a letter in two sealed envelopes it is a sign that she wishes him to be doubly careful in not letting anyone see the precious letter.

Brown Eyes, El Paso, Ill.—It is not proper for the lady to make overtures to the gentleman even if he does greet her "Hello, Kid," and she must wait for him to make further advances. And while she is waiting she must not get silly about him and give him a chance to throw her over for the next girl he takes a fancy to. The Hello-kid kind of gentlemen find the sixteen-year-old girls so dead easy that they laugh at them as they throw them over one after another. If you ask us why sixteen-year-old girls don't have more sense, we can't tell you.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

influence is the greater? Also are not the children more susceptible to instruction when young?

Would it not be a splendid thing for the mothers to come together for the betterment of their homes and children?

Who will champion the great cause and be a blessing to humanity, a blessing to the race? All praise to the good mothers. No other names so sweet as Mother, Home and Heaven.

MALINDA J. LIBBY.

TYLER, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to come in for a little chat this morning. I agree with Mrs. W. S. Graham, I wish more of the sisters would write about flowers. I know all the subjects they write on are interesting and helpful, but few ever mention a flower of any kind. It is a part of woman's nature to love flowers, but it is not every one that knows how to care for them, therefore we might exchange our ideas and experiences on the subject and be a help to one another. When some of you find a good way of germinating different kinds of seeds, or rooting any kind of shrub, or treatment and soil for different kinds of pot plants, send in your experiences to the Sisters' Corner for I am sure it will be appreciated by all.

I have often heard that gloxinias were very hard to cultivate, but I found that to be a great mistake. About two years ago I ordered a bulb, planted it in soil composed of well-rotted cow-pen fertilizer and common garden soil; after potting I placed it where it would get plenty of air and light, but not much sunshine for it is a plant that cannot stand the hot sun in summer. It will do well on your porch or in a north window. It has very showy foliage and a beautiful bloom; mine is a dark purple. In the fall, after the blooming period is over, the foliage will begin to turn yellow, quit watering and let the bulb dry off, then lift out, put in a paper sack and hang in a warm, dry place, where it will not freeze till spring.

The prettiest foliage plant I have is the Leopard plant, which has dark green leaves dotted all over with yellow spots. All wishing a showy foliage plant, try one.

I am a very busy woman, but I always find time to work with my flowers. I have about forty varieties, including perennials, lilies, geraniums of all colors, dahlias, cannas, abutilons, crimson amaryllis, lantana and ever so many more. One more plant I want to tell you all about, is the double yellow oxalis. My little plant fills the whole pot and is literally covered in blooms. I counted sixty-one open blooms on it the other day; it is the admiration of all who see it. I have been working with flowers for fifteen years and have learned a great deal from my own experience.

MRS. G. A. MARTIN.

VALLEY FALLS, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber, off and on, for twenty-five years and have received so much benefit and encouragement from Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson I will add my mite,—it may help someone.

In reply to Mrs. Marie Haggerty, would a person on a farm be expected to have the same patience and strength to bring up five children, with her housework to do, as one with one or two children?

Yes, they can have the same patience and I believe more than the mother with one or two, and sometimes I believe they have more strength. From my own experience I know I had. I am the mother of seven children, all living and healthy. I have four boys, all an honor to any mother, and three girls I am proud of. The boys are seven, sixteen, eighteen and twenty years old and the girls nine, eleven and thirteen.

We lived on a farm when they were small and I did my housework, sewing, washing, ironing, milked one cow, had a big garden, raised lots of chickens, put up fruit of all kinds, in its season, pieced quilts, crocheted, took a short nap every day, did quite a little reading, went to town every Saturday afternoon, to church every other Sunday and took all the children and I was happy and am happy all the time.

I taught my boys to cook, wash and iron and they help me now when they have the time. The three oldest work away from home. They give money for me to get nice clothes, cologne and fine soaps, a little pin or hair pins. They bring choice fruit and candies every time they come home, and I do appreciate it. They bring their company home, both boys and girls and the little ones bring children to play with them. I enter into all their sports. Just step in and we will show you that we have some fun.

My two oldest girls are good cooks; they make lovely bread, cakes and pies, can cook any kind of vegetable, meat or fruit you want. They wash their own clothes and do most of the ironing, and do it well. They make their aprons, crochet and embroider.

They all love their papa and mamma and we dote on them. They tell us where they are going, and kiss me before they go to bed or to town, even my big boys do the same.

I have always insisted on obedience and very seldom whip. I do not believe in it only as a last resort. I am rearing them as far as I can in the love of the Lord, and my neighbors and those I am very little acquainted with speak of them kindly.

We are poor people and all work for a living. My husband has not been well for four years and I have a goiter,—it affects my heart and nerves so I cannot work hard all the time. Our greatest trouble is debts brought on by sickness and at sixty dollars per month with rent to pay and the children to clothe we can hardly make ends meet. I don't worry and manage the best I can and trust God for the rest.

Mrs. Haggerty, Please don't whip those poor, little deaf boys. Just be patient with the children; they will repay you.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

MRS. H. T. LEWIS.

KORN, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I join your club? I enjoy COMFORT so much. If some enjoy describing themselves through COMFORT I am sure there are a few that enjoy reading about them, so I say don't find fault with what others say or do as long as it brings them joy and does you no harm.

Why don't the dear grandmas put in a word once in a while, and then if they are sixty-five and not gray let them say so and if their hair is white tell us. I am sure there will be one that will enjoy reading it. I am and always have been a lover of old people and always try and make them comfortable. There is nothing sweeter to me than a good kind-hearted grandma. I have been called the old hen because I take so much interest and enjoy old people's company.

We have one little girl five years old this month; she is large for her age and is lots of help to me. I couldn't get along without her, she is so much company. We were married ten years when she came to live with us.

I can't agree with Mrs. Berta Wilson as I have lots of work to do but sometimes it is six months before I see a woman to talk to and I get hungry to see someone to chat with besides the men folks. I have hired men to cook and wash for and I raise turkeys and chickens, milk cows sometimes, when the boys are busy. I take care of the hogs so you see I have plenty to do and I get lonesome just the same. If all would read the poem, "Stand Aside and Watch Yourself go By," I am sure it would start them thinking. I help the shut-ins all I can. We can find plenty of such people to do little things for if we will look around, and we do not have to advertise either. I am ready and willing to help all I can; it doesn't take a fortune to make a bright smile flicker over a sad face. Remember sisters that just a few words if spoken right will accomplish wonders. Don't ever frown on one no matter how low or how high; it will gain you nothing. With love to all and many good wishes,

GERTIE MAY OGLE.

16 Morgan St., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May a poor old cripple shut-in hitch her chair into your circle for a little while? I will only describe myself as a helpless old woman fifty-five years old, I have had rheumatism ten years, have not stood on my feet for over five years, my hands are badly crippled, I cannot even dress myself. I truly know what it is to suffer and I sympathize with all sick and suffering ones. I have two good sons, a dear kind daughter-in-law and one little granddaughter. I am dependent on them for everything. I read much as that is my only way of passing my time. I enjoy my letters and if any of the sisters will write to me I will answer as long as I am able. I enjoy reading COMFORT. I have read it many years. I admire and respect Uncle Charlie very much and I sympathize with him. I only wish I could bear my shut-in life bravely as he does his.

I too have read "Pollyanna" and I do try to play her game. Sisters, I want to tell you that you who are well don't know the good you do when you cheer us poor, lonely shut-in ones, or how a letter, a few flowers, or a book to read will brighten our dark days. God is good to me and I have great blessings to be thankful for. Wishing COMFORT success and praying God to bless you all,

MRS. LUCY MIDDOUGH.

Remedies

RINGWORM.—Annoint several time a day with Castor oil.

TOOTHACHE.—Two drams of alum, powdered, and one ounce of nitrous spirits of ether; mix and dissolve and apply a little to the tooth and in the tooth. Applied frequently it generally stops toothache.—Ed.

BURNS.—Equal parts of olive oil and lime water, well mixed together and applied thickly will be found soothing as well as healing.—Ed.

BURNS.—Mix the white of an egg with lard and apply twice a day. Will prevent scar.

INEZ WILES, Whitetop, Va.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE.—Two ounces of barbary bark, the inner bark preferred and two quarts of water. Simmer slowly until one quart remains, then strain. Give a small wineglassful three times daily, between meals for two or three days.

Flax seed poultice is good applied to bunions. It takes out the inflammation.

MRS. ISABELLE FAWLETT, Vinton, Va.

Requests

The recitation, "Little Blossom," Miss Minnie Lamb, Carr, Florida.

I should like to hear from sister who has the *true* sweet chamomile. Mrs. Amanda Kauffman, Arvadia, Ind.

Mrs. J. A. Beanblossom, Floydada, Floyd Co., Texas, requests letters in regard to New Mexico.

Mrs. J. D. Gray, Weeser, Idaho, requests recipe for liver sausage, graham bread recipe and how to dry fruit and berries. To be sent to COMFORT.

Miss Susie Grant, 1209 Steiner, Ave., West End, Birmingham, Ala., desires information on mushroom raising.

What will stop white mold on rose bushes? Mrs. C. Baker, Chilton, Wis.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Slice pineapples before paring and the task will be much easier and much of the fruit saved.

To remove grass stains, dip the cloth in molasses and wash in clear water.

If moths get into the closet, saturate a cloth ten inches square with formaldehyde; place cloth in closet and close tightly for one day. This may be used, in smaller quantities, in chests, trunks, etc.

To keep meat in hot weather, remove the bones and place the meat in an air tight glass jar and set in a cool place, or it may be lowered into a well or cistern.

Heat lemons before squeezing and almost twice the usual amount of juice can be secured.

A large spoonful of turpentine put in the water when washing fabrics liable to fade, tends to preserve the colors.

In making starch, if a spoonful of salt and a little lard or wax is added, it will not stick to the irons and it gives a gloss to the clothes.

MRS. KATIE PADGETT, Griffin, Ga.

Common baking soda will clean dishes as well as a more expensive cleaner.

When silverware becomes tarnished from long standing, try this: Make a sponge as you would for bread from wheat flour and put the discolored silver into it; let it stand over night and in the morning the silver will have lost every trace of tarnish. When silver is to be put away for any length of time, sprinkle it well with wheat flour and it will not tarnish so quickly.

MRS. WILLIAM HILL, Mass, Mich.

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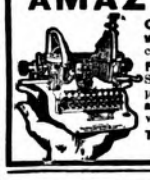
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Wanted to hear from any of my mother's relatives. Her maiden name was Dora Belle Luke. Agnes Ward, Plainfield, R. R. 5, Ill.

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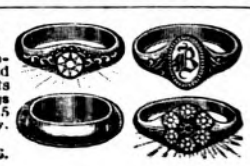
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

THRUSH.—I have a mule eight years old. Last summer he became lame in his left hind foot; pus discharged from the frog. There was a disagreeable odor. I used liniment and carbolic acid. This spring the front feet were affected. Can you tell the cause and cure for same? MRS. V. T.

A.—The disease is caused by wet and filth in the stable. Cleanse the affected parts and keep the stable both dry and clean. Pack calomel into the cleft of the frog and cover it with oakum to keep it in place. Renew the dressing once daily.

SICK DOG.—I have a Scotch collie dog, four years old. He was taken sick and failed to eat, and apparently became lame in the right shoulder and hip, gnawing his hip and shoulder and frothing at the mouth. At first the froth was white, then it turned to a greenish shade with an offensive odor. In the beginning he was very thirsty, now he can't drink and his mouth and tongue seem stiff and sore. MRS. N. E.

A.—Rabies is to be suspected in such a case and the dog should have been chained or locked up. The disease ends in death inside of a week and is incurable. Black tongue, a disease of dogs met with in the South, shows somewhat similar symptoms and also is incurable.

WARTS.—I have a beautiful six-year-old colt, that never was sick, but he has a large wart, or what appears to be a wart on his side, also one on fore leg, never sore, but no hair grows and they are rough and make ugly-looking spots. They are flat and about as large as a half dollar. H. A. S.

A.—It would be best to have the warts cut out and then treat as a common wound. If you cannot have this done smear lard around the growths and then wet them once or twice a week with dilute nitric acid applied by means of a flat stick.

SHRINK IN MILK.—Can you tell me of a good, harmless milk producer? I have a fine Jersey cow and last year she gave four gallons of milk a day until her calf was over nine months old. She freshened last January and now I don't get over one and one half gallons of milk. I feed the same feed and the same amount as I did last year. She is as fat as any beef cow I ever saw. I measure her feed and milk her night and morning. I give two quarts of cottonseed meal and two quarts of wheat bran and one half bushel of cottonseed hulls night and morning. Her calf died when it was three weeks old. Did it cause the milk to fall off? (2) What can I do for bowel trouble among calves? (3) What is good to keep flies off of stock? MISS N. G.

A.—The cow has fattened herself instead of making milk and too much cottonseed meal is the probable cause. Stop that feed and feed succulent green feeds and roots. Continue feeding bran and add such feeds as dried brewers' grains and gluten meal. The death of the calf would not have any effect upon the cow. (2) By "bowel trouble" we take it that you mean diarrhea (scours). For that give a two or three tablespoonful dose of Castor oil in milk and then give half to one teaspoonful of subnitrate of bismuth two or three times a day, as found necessary. (3) The commercial fly repellants will keep flies away, but you will have to use them once or twice every day.

STIFFNESS.—I have a fine Jersey heifer about eight months old. When about three and one half months old she began to show signs of being weak in the loins. She has no use of her hind legs and is stiff in the joints and cannot walk. The calf is not weaned yet. She is hearty and growing fast. MRS. J. E. E.

A.—Joint disease might be due to infection of the navel at birth or to tuberculosis. In some instances rickets occur, but the legs are distorted at the joints. Swab the joints with tincture of iodine two or three times a week and feed the calf generously. It might do better if weaned. To find out if tuberculosis is present the tuberculin test would have to be applied by a veterinarian.

CORNS.—Please advise me what to do for corns on mule's feet. E. D.

A.—Have the corns pared down thin, also have the heels lowered and the waalsat the sides of the heels (bars) cut down; then turn the mule out on low, wet pasture for two or three months. Once a month blister the hoofbeads of both fore feet, one at a time, with a mixture of two drams each of biniodide of mercury and powdered Spanish fly (cantharides) and three ounces of lard.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule eight years old. She has been lame in her right hind leg for two weeks. Her heel is cracked and there is a hole in the center of it from which pus comes. C. R.

A.—Standing in wet and filth may have caused the frogs to rot and possibly thrush also is present. Cut away all loose, rotten and underrun horn or sole and frog; then swab exposed parts with a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate and afterward cover with boric acid, cotton batting and a bandage. Renew the dressing once daily.

BRAIN DISEASE.—Will you tell me what ailed my three-year-old heifer? She was in the pasture when she began going around in a circle trying to bite her side. She fell over, still biting, and lived about half an hour after the attack. R. H.

A.—A clot of blood or effusion of serum or pus on the brain would be a likely cause of such an attack; or it might be due to apoplexy from heat or plethora, or to a lightning stroke, or acute indigestion. Similar symptoms also are seen in rabies, from the bite of a mad dog. It would be impossible for anyone to assign the exact cause without a post-mortem examination and investigation on the spot.

RINGBONE.—I have an eight-year-old horse which has ringbone and is so lame at times I can hardly use him. Is there a cure? L. H. DeS.

A.—If the ringbone is on a hind pastern the lameness may disappear if you have the ringbone puncture-fired and blistered by a qualified veterinarian and then tie the horse up short in a stall for a six weeks' rest. The operation should not be done in very hot weather. If you cannot have this done clip off the hair, tie the horse up short and blister the ringbone every ten days with a mixture of two drams each of biniodide of mercury and powdered cantharides (Spanish fly) rubbed up in three ounces of lard. If the ringbone is on a fore pastern unnerving will be necessary to remove the lameness. This operation cannot safely be done to a mule.

LAME MULE.—I have a mule that is lame in left hind leg. He doesn't show any signs of lameness while at moderate work, unless leg is thrown in an unnatural position. He has been this way five months. MRS. J. H. E.

A.—The mule probably interferes at the times mentioned and if so an interfering boot should be put on the ankle. An examination would be necessary to determine the exact cause of lameness in such a case.

FLEAS.—Please give me a remedy to destroy fleas on puppies. E. D.

A.—It is customary to kill fleas by dipping the dogs in a solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer. It also is necessary to provide the dogs with clean beds and to repeat the dipping at intervals, as found necessary. Pyrethrum powder may be dusted on the coat of a small puppy and proves fairly effective.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—What is good for cows that eat old wood and boxes? Quite a number of our cows are doing that, chewing old sticks or bones. What is good for them? (2) We have a horse that has the heaves. What is the best remedy for it? F. R. A.

A.—Indigestion is present when a cow has a depraved appetite and it sometimes is due to tuberculosis so that always it is well to have the tuberculin test applied by a graduate veterinarian. Feed mixed rations including wheat bran. The cows crave some missing ingredient of a complete ration. Mix ground bone or phosphate of lime in the feed once daily, allowing a tablespoonful at a dose and increasing the amount and number of doses if found necessary. (2) Heaves is incurable; but the distress may be relieved by feeding on grass in summer and wet oat straw in winter in preference to hay; never working the horse soon after a meal and not feeding any bulky feed at noon when work has to be done. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. Tallow will do no permanent good.

SNIFFLES.—My rabbits sneeze and there is a discharge from the nose. Some of them are quite thin. Is their flesh good for food? J. G.

A.—Rabbits and Belgian hares are much afflicted with this disease which the owners term "sniffles" or "snuffles." It is a contagious disease and most often present in overstocked hutches and among rabbits that have been weakened by in-and-in breeding and lack of exercise. In some instances we have found the disease to be tuberculosis and never have we found it profitable to treat. The meat is quite unfit for use. It would be best to destroy affected stock and start with new, strong, nonakin stock allowing them large, clean hutches and runs.

SICK COWS.—I have three cows that have the same symptoms. They did well at calving, but when the calf of each was about eight days old each cow quit eating and seemed weak in hips,—had staggers and appeared to be blind. They became constipated and lost flesh. J. G.

A.—Do not breed from such cows. They should be tested with tuberculin as it is quite likely that they have tuberculosis. The test should not be applied in very hot weather and a graduate veterinarian should be employed for the work. Depraved appetite often is present in tuberculosis or in indigestion from improper or inadequate feeding and causes the cow to eat bones, earth or other foreign bodies. The free feeding of wheat bran sometimes stops the trouble. Feed mixed rations and add a tablespoonful of precipitated phosphate of lime once daily and increase to two doses a day, if found necessary.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

mind and soul hunger. Before you can have brain hunger, you've got to have a brain and vast numbers of human beings have only apologies for brains because they were born as millions are, of brainless parents. These men have been wronged all through the ages. Education denied to the masses, has been the carefully guarded privilege of the few. If education had been universal and if men had been Christ-like instead of hog-like, the people of two thousand years ago would be as advanced as we are today. Every age has produced great men, men greater in many respects than those we are producing today, but the hogs saw it would be dangerous if knowledge were scattered broadcast, so it wasn't spread. A great deal of the best knowledge is still considered dangerous, and half the world is whispering under its breath what it dare not say publicly. As soon as men do begin to read and think and start to disseminate real vital knowledge, everything is done to discredit their teachings because a little knowledge is dangerous and a whole lot of knowledge is still more dangerous. We find our big billionaires today pensioning our university professors and teachers, building universities, and by their millions, influencing education as thoroughly and completely as if they themselves wrote the text books from which the students are taught. There is a preposterous idea abroad that if all men were educated no one would do the dirty work, but science will free us from drudgery and make all work a joy. Men are what they are because they haven't had a chance to be different. It's the rule of gold instead of the golden rule that dominates the world. It is hard to find any human act that is not prompted by selfishness. Men as a class are not willfully lazy or willfully ignorant. In the Pittsburgh steel mills, men work twelve hours a day, seven days a week—thousands of them. Shall we punish them because they do not read, or scorn them because they do not think? There is a cause back of every effect, but people don't look for causes, they are too superficial—they only look at effects. It's no good doctoring a man for a cold, if you are going to make him stand all day in a draught. Get him out of the draught which is the cause, and the cold which is the effect will disappear. Educate all men and give them time to read, and give them things to read that will make them think, and they will think. Some will think more than others, because some through the ages have had more opportunity than others. Each individual should be able to pass on to his son or daughter or both, more than his parents passed on to him. As knowledge and education spread, the illiterate man will disappear, and the men who now storm saloons will storm libraries. The men who read will not only read and think, but they will think right, and thought isn't any good unless it is right thought. Probably no class in the world does more thinking than the criminal class, and it requires a lot of thought to know how to successfully rob a bank. That thought is misdirected thought. Most thought is misdirected, and that is largely due to the fact that the majority of men seldom get hold of any real, worth while literature—literature that develops right thinking. A certain party once said that he didn't care who made the laws of a nation as long as he wrote its songs. For my part I would not care who made the laws or wrote the songs, if I could direct the reading of humanity for a few years. Don't worry my dear friend about the man who will not read, and the man who will not think. In a few years these benighted folk will have passed away, and in this nation you will find not one who cannot read, and in a generation after that not one who cannot read and think, and think correctly, and by right thought I mean unselfish thought, That thought is coming and it will leaven the earth. I believe I have made a lot of you do some of that kind of thinking and the fact that I have is largely due to another fact and that is that I have never wasted any of my precious time reading and passing on to you second-hand machine made literary dope that is specially prepared to paralyze and eternally put to sleep the think boxes of those who waste their time voting for Mr. Rockefeller's party one year or the party of Messrs. Ryan and Belmont the next.

POLO VERDE, ARIZONA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

This is my third attempt to write to you and the COMFORT cousins. I expect Billy the Goat ate the other two letters, but I will try again. There is nothing like trying is there? I am eleven years old and go to school. I am in the sixth grade and I walk a mile and one half to school. I wish you were here to enjoy the warm and delightful Arizonian climate with us. We often have flower picking parties and go two or three miles from home. We usually get many kinds of beautiful flowers. I can help do housework. I can sweep floors, iron clothes, sew and do fancy work. I can play the piano. I am assistant organist in Sunday school. The organist is at Sunday school all the time and therefore I don't get to play very often. Papa, mamma, and I belong to the Baptist church. Papa is assistant supperintendent.

Uncle Charlie, what do you think of a girl who wants to be a preacher? I want to be one. Please don't let Billy the Goat eat this letter, but tell her to correct mistakes. Hoping to see this in print. I remain, Your sincere niece, IONE GRAY.

You see, Ione, persistence has won for you a place in our columns at last. As you say there is nothing like trying. If you fail you have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best. Nobody however should try to do impossible things. Round pegs should never attempt to fit into square holes. Millions of people ruin their lives by attempting the impossible. People sometimes write me red hot letters calling me over the coals for discouraging would-be writers, poets, artists, etc. They have an idea (poor foolish things) that it is cruel to discourage anyone from doing anything, no matter how foolish their self-imposed tasks may be. Thousands of lives are thoroughly and completely ruined by stupid, unmerited praise, but no life ever could be marred by merited criticism and needed rebuke. There are in New York City at the present moment not less than fifty thousand country people who are wasting time and money attempting the impossible. They have been sent here by the foolish praise of hen-brained friends and dough-headed relatives. Mary Jane squawks three notes at a church entertainment and her friends knock the callous off their paws applauding her, and Mary Jane's ma is so tickled to death at Mary Jane's success in the squawking business, that he mortgages the home and sends her off to New York to have a vocal plumber at five dollars a clip try and convert her into a prima donna. The vocal plumber jollies her along and gets away with the bacon. When the family is completely busted friends and relatives are levied on and the vocal plumber gets away with more easy gravy. A little later the local newspaper in its sassiety column announces that Melba, Homer, Gluck, Farrar, Terfrazini and Mary Garden, were all so jealous of Mary Jane's shrieks that they paid the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House a million dollars to keep her off the stage. A year later you find Mary Jane is married to Bill Snooks the "well-known and prosperous young business man" and has temporarily at least shelved her ambitions of becoming a prima doughnut. The artistic bug is a disease of youth just as are measles and whooping cough. Sensible people get over it without going to New York and bankrupting their friends. Others spend all their lives cussing fate for not having given them the chance that would have made them truly great. Real talent needs no encouragement, it will find its mark but don't be crazy enough to mistake mediocrity for genius or real ability. Genius will do a lot of starving and suffering, but eventually it will get there. This world needs efficient people to do practical work. I can tell with half an eye when there is real talent and I never discourage those who have God-given gifts. Remember though, I am not a literary bureau, and do not examine, criticize and report on manuscripts

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a son-in-law, or a daughter-in-law has no intestate rights in their father-in-law's estate, except that upon the vesting of the real estate, or an interest therein, in the children of the man who died, such children cannot by voluntary deed convey their interest in the real estate without the signature of their respective husbands or wives to the deed of conveyance; we do not think the husband or wife of the child who predeceased the man owning the property has any rights in such man's estate.

W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that in the absence of an express bargain or contract to the contrary your brother is not entitled to anything from your father's estate as pay for services performed by him for your father during his minority.

Ellen D., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that mortgages are generally made to secure promissory notes, and that in cases where there is no express agreement and no separate note or agreement given for the payment of the money the remedy of the mortgagee is confined to the property mortgaged, and he could not proceed or enforce his claim against any other property belonging to the debtor.

S. S. D., Ohio.—We are of the opinion that the laws of both Indiana and Illinois require that a license to marry be procured by the parties to the marriage before a marriage ceremony can be legally performed.

J. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of Nebraska, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will and leaving no widow, child, descendant, issue, parent, brother nor sister his estate shall descend to his next of kin in equal degree, excepting that where there are two or more collateral kindred in equal degree but claiming through different ancestors, those who claim through the nearest ancestor shall be preferred to those claiming through an ancestor more remote.

Mrs. J. M. D., California.—In a proper case and acting under a proper appointment or designation, we think a probation officer can legally compel his ward to report his or her conduct to him, and could report or turn such ward back to the court for punishment in case such ward refused to obey him.

A. E. W., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman has no right in her husband's property during his lifetime, except that he must support her and that she has an inchoate right of dower in his real estate; we think he can, by will, bar her from all interest in his estate, except dower, but that upon his death intestate she would receive an interest in both his real and personal estate, the exact proportion depending upon whether children were left and the number of them; we think both parents have material rights to the custody and control of the children, and that in cases where the parents are legally separated or divorced the custody of the children is a question for the courts to decide taking into consideration as to just what disposition would be for the best interest of the children.

W. M. M., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will and leaving no widow, child, descendant, parent, brother or sister, and if his property was acquired by him, his personal estate would go to the relatives nearest in blood to him in preference to those of more remote relationship and that in personal property there is no representation among collaterals after brothers' and sisters' children.

J. D. M., Texas.—Under the laws of Louisiana, we are of the opinion that children or their descendants may be disinherited by will for any one of a number of specified causes, but that except for such specified causes they are forced heirs and are entitled to receive a certain portion of the deceased estate called their "legitime"; community of the acquest and gains, if there be no stipulation to the contrary, exists between husband and wife and upon the death of one leaving issue and no will the surviving spouse is entitled to one half of such community in his or her own right and takes the income of the share of the deceased in the community inherited by the issue; this income ceases if the survivor enters into a second marriage.

Z. F., Tennessee.—We think it will first be necessary to discover the identity of the person who is writing you the scurrilous letters, after you do this we think you should complain to the postal or your local authorities; perhaps if the practise is long continued it might be well to complain at once.

Mrs. M. B., Texas.—Under the laws f your state, we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent and also the increase of all such lands, remain her separate property, and she is entitled to the whole management of the same; except that she cannot dispose of the same without her husband joining in the conveyance; but that all property acquired during the marriage, except in the manner above described, is considered the common or community property of the husband and wife, and during the marriage may be disposed of by the husband without the consent of the wife.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

to oblige anyone. That is the work of a literary bureau and you'll have to put up good money for the services they render. I'm not in that line of business, I'd starve if I were. Ione, I'm somewhat startled to hear that the organist is at Sunday school all the time. I thought a Sunday school organist would only be at Sunday school on Sunday. A Sunday school that lasts all the week is a new one on me. Think of the poor man or the poor girl blowing that organ seven days a week. They say every day will be Sunday by and by, but I didn't know that every day was going to be Sunday here and now. Sunday school is awfully nice, but I don't think I'd care to have it every day of the week all the year round. I'd want to go home and eat and sleep once in a while. You tell that organist Ione, to quit this all the time Sunday school and give you a chance to do your little stunt. If you have any oratorical gifts, a gas tank full of slang, a megaphone voice, a convincing manner and a real desire to uplift humanity and improve the condition of the masses physically and spiritually, you've just as much right to be a preacher as a man has. I should like to see at least half our pulpits occupied by women. Good-looking girls in the pulpits would be about the only way you could get boob men to church. Churchianity is a dismal failure. There are *seventy million people in this country who never see the inside of a church, and yet there are some people foolish enough to call this a Christian nation.* Don't however, Ione, attempt to be a teacher until you have thoroughly demonstrated your ability to preach. The world needs good preachers. Be sure you are a good preacher or don't attempt the job, as not one preacher in a hundred has a real message, to give to the world, and not one in five hundred, if he has the message knows how to get it over. You've got to put a punch into your work to succeed at anything. It's the punch that Billy Sunday puts into his work that pulls the crowd. Not many are after religion, but they do like to see a man who is in real earnest, and listen to a man who isn't afraid to tell the crowd what he thinks, and very few ministers dare do that without losing their jobs. You must always remember (thanks to our folly and indifference) that this is neither a real Republic nor a genuine Democracy. In this country money controls, and where money controls, the people have little to say and if they dare to say anything they are not listened to. A minister starts out with the best intentions in the world. He intends to do to graft and sin, privilege and wrong what David did to Goliath, or as Billy Sunday puts it "soak him between the lamps, hit him on the coco and send him to the mat for the count." But the young minister finds he must first be sure of his living. Here's where economic determinism as the sociologists say comes in. The minister has to live. For him there is no such thing as independence, because others control his job, and those who control your job control your bread; and those who control your bread control your life. Those are unpleasant truths but no one can refute them. Then too, your young minister marries and soon has a wife and family to support. These responsibilities still further increase his dependence and sober his thoughts. After preaching a few real live, radical sermons and putting a punch in his talks, discussing wrong and abuses right here in the United States, to the huge delight of the more progressive element in his congregation, and to the consternation and disgust of the local mill or factory owner and other big employers of labor—child labor at that—he is quietly informed by the wealthy pillars of the church that hereafter he must attack wrong in the abstract and not in the concrete and confine himself to the musty doings of the Hebrews and other ancient folk and cut out the United States and "stick to Mesopotamia and other Biblical lands." The minister's very soul rebels. He wants to fight, but he finds if he does he will stand alone and starve alone. He is poor, his family must have bread, his sympathizers have neither money nor influence, and his clerical superiors are conservative and stiff necked. They despise radicalism. With them, too, it is Mesopotamia and five thousand years ago or nothing; for as many a minister has told me above all else *"we must keep the organization going,"* and the organization can only be kept going with money, and it is the wealthy reactionaries who hold the purse strings. Now Ione, you know what you are up against, if you want to be a real minister. I know some of the greatest churchmen in the U. S. and what I have told you comes from their lips. Now you know why the church is losing its hold on the masses. Its message has to be filtered through tainted dollars ere it can reach the crowd.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Frances Orinder, Critz, Patrick Co., R. R. 2, Va. Invalid, seventy-two years of age, no one to take care of her. Well recommended. Send her some help. Mrs. Mauda Edge, Bottom, Fla. Widow with one child. Afflicted with consumption. Too sick to work. Needs nourishing food to fight disease. Open your hearts and pocketbooks, and help save the life of this poor soul. Mary Ellen Willis, Barnesville, Ga. Invalid. Send her a dime shower. Needy and worthy. Jennie Ross, Norwood, N. C. Sufferer from chronic lung trouble. Unable to work. Would be grateful for any help. Jesse E. Gardiner, Bethune, S. C. Paralyzed from the waist down caused by accident. Has wife and two small children; wife is afflicted with pellagra. They are highly recommended. This is a very sad case. Do what you can for them. Mrs. Lucy Leake, Spencer, Va. Invalid. Widow with two little boys five and six years of age respectively. She is unable to work, and the family is very needy. Well recommended. Remember them. Edward L. Potts, Evergreen, Ala. Crippled from rheumatism. Needy and worthy. Send him some cheer. Burtney Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Depends on charity for support. Worthy case. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. E. More, 324 5th North St., Springfield, Ill. Has tuberculosis. Alone in the world. Very needy. Send her some help. Mrs. C. A. Shallaks, Brooksville, Fla. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces and good reading matter. Katie Jennings, Gage, Okla. Little blind girl. Would appreciate some toys, or anything that would help cheer her up. Beatrice Nelson, Bells, Tenn. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Mrs. M. V. Shipley, 2004 N. Wright St., Greenville, Texas. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards.

Here's your chance to do good. Remember all you are put on earth for is to do good, and the only worthy way to do good for yourself is to start and do good for others. You'd hate to have anyone call you a hog, but you spend all your life looking after yourself, and that's exactly what a hog does. Try and be human. Help these poor souls and you'll be more than human, you'll be divine.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Souvenir Picture Book

A Chance to Visit Uncle Charlie in His Home

IT will, I am confident, be a great pleasure for the millions of admirers of our friend, Uncle Charlie, to know that at the urgent request of a great number of those who are interested in him and his work, he has gotten out a souvenir picture book which shows him and his devoted workers in various scenes of their home life.

You see the outside of that famous chicken coop of his, up the steps of which more letters have been carried than probably to any other living human. Then from the inside of his room you see the big bay window from which he gets a tiny peep at the great world beyond. Then there is a wonderful picture of his room and of the dining-room adjoining with Maria serving tea to the Goat and an ex-Goat.

There are several pictures that show Uncle Charlie on the narrow cot on which he has lain for nineteen years, with his faithful nurse and bewitching Billy on either side. Then there are two pictures which, unless we are mistaken, will cause profound interest. One shows Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for the first time in nineteen years and the other (and this surely will interest) is a picture of Uncle Charlie with his only son Herbert, now in his 23rd year, by his side. Uncle Charlie was keeping this little secret for his biography.

There are also pictures of Uncle Charlie in his youth; also as an actor, an Indian, a soldier, a vested chorister; pictures of the college where he received his education and of the grand old church he attended as a boy and a faded picture of the noble mother who gave him birth, also picture of some of his famous and charming Goats.

The photographs have been made by the greatest operator in New York, Charles Albin, of the Press Illustrating Service, and are about six by eight inches in size. The half tone cuts which are the finest made are printed on thick, glossy heavy coated paper.

The book is beautiful and artistic, as are all Uncle Charlie's productions, for he is a lover of the beautiful and if you secure this book you can visit his pretty little home almost as thoroughly as if you were with him in the flesh. Two thousand of these handsome, artistic picture albums have been struck off. The cost of producing them has been exceedingly heavy.

Uncle Charlie's birthday is on the 25th of September, and his picture book is a worthy souvenir of this memorable event, and best of all it can be obtained by our readers without cost of anything more than a little trouble. Send in a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at only 25 cents each and Uncle Charlie's Picture Book will be mailed at once, postpaid. Here is your chance to obtain a beautiful souvenir of one whose life is devoted to the cause of humanity.

Send the subscriptions to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and you will receive the book direct from Uncle Charlie, by mail. This is his venture; he has published the Souvenir Picture Book at his own expense and I pay him for all that are used as subscription club premiums. If the entire edition goes quickly there will be a small profit in it for him. Two subs at 25 cents each, 50 cents in all, gives you the book.

Our readers will surely prize such a souvenir of this wonderful man whose masterful will power sustains his spirit in a weak and helpless body while carrying on his great work for the betterment of the world.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

Read Uncle Charlie's Poems Around the Fireside

The long winter nights are upon us, and the best fireside companion in the world is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You will laugh, scream and yell if you peruse its uproariously funny pages. This 160-page, ribbed lilac silk cloth bound volume, gold top and autum leaf lining, contains the best recitations in the world, also a deeply interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, and some splendid new pictures of him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. The finest gift in the world. Get your copy now, it will drive away the blues. This superb book free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is Just Grand

So our readers say with almost monotonous regularity. It contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, coon songs, sacred songs, sentimental and story ballads. Full music for voice and piano. Five dollars' worth of music for only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. A gorgeous song folio with superb cover on which appear some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. Both volumes free for a club of six. Work for them today.

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THIS is a real "Stevens"—the lightest, most graceful, most **powerful** rifle of its size in the world. It shoots with such accuracy and penetration that men as well as boys perfer it to any other make. The rifle here is the Stevens "Little Scout" model and is a take-down pattern--that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., 22 short, 22 long, or 22 long rifle rimfire cartridges has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock. It weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practise and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

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FOR a club of only twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle and a steel cleaning Rod to to go with it free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

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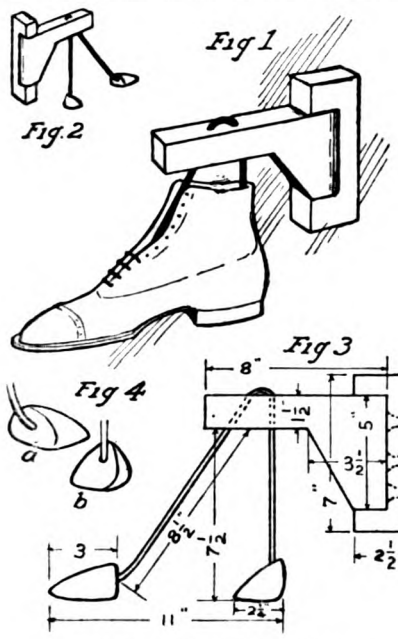
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

WELL boys, I am back again, after a summer's absence. But I have not been idle. Most of my time was spent planning things for you to make during the coming winter and fall. How are all of you after the heated period? I sincerely hope that each of you has had a proper share of pleasure and of work. One is quite as essential to happiness as the other. Honest toil gives one a keen appetite for enjoyment, and play, in turn, gives a zest for work. The great lesson in life is to learn to enjoy your work, to sense the outcome of it, to see, as it were, the flower, while planting the seed. You can do this if you try. Look about you. This is the month of September. It is called the harvest time, the season of fruition, of compensation, of fulfillment. The earth has plentifully yielded up the things we need. All over the land a gigantic miracle is in progress. If, in some distant country, at a certain witching hour, the ground would open and pour forth fruits and flowers and vegetables, how wonderful it would seem. How the people would flock to that land to see the great mystery. How they would fight and scramble to get a big share of the good things. The weak and the sick would suffer and go hungry, unless great, strong, generous men rose up to take their part. At the present time, in a sort of way, greedy men and sets of men are struggling to get all the resources of the earth. In our own free country, wrongs are perpetrated and unnecessary suffering permitted. We need many strong men to right those wrongs. The present cries for them, the future demands them. If you intend to do your part, begin to prepare yourself, heart and soul, body and mind. Useful work is the best training I know of. It will give you a strong body and enable you to think clean, noble, orderly thoughts.

A Shoe Tree

The picture accompanying this article is a shoe tree which will prove to be a great family convenience. It will firmly hold shoes of any size while they are being shined. Three main parts are used in the construction. They will be referred to as the wall piece, the swinging arm and the bent steel rod. Fig. 3 shows all parts properly assembled and gives required measurements. A seven-inch piece of sound, tough scantling ripped to a width of two and one half inches is to be shaped into the wall piece. Draw a bisecting line lengthwise on the center and lay off a point on it one inch from the top and another one inch from the lower end. Bore a one half inch hole at each point. Insert the blade of the



FOR THE HOME SHOE SHINER.

coping saw in one hole and saw on the center line till you reach the other hole. Saw across grain at right angles to the first cut, at top and bottom and thus loosen out the block which will measure on the face five inches by one and one quarter inch. This cutting might also be done with a common hand saw and wood chisel. The end of the swinging piece which engages with this wall piece is five inches wide and dressed down enough to swing freely. Its rear edges, five inches in length, are rounded with a plane or knife to provide clearance for sidewise swinging. On the upper two-inch edge bore two one quarter inch holes. The first, bored at a good slant, is started three inches from the free end and comes out at a point, on the under side, two inches from the end. Start the other hole from the top, placing the spur of the drill on a point one and one half inches from the center of the slant hole. A springy steel rod, one quarter inch in diameter is bent to the right shape and the ends forced down through the holes, as shown. Such rods are used for braces on the under part of farm implements, and you can probably find one in the scrap corner. It should be twenty inches long and preferably have thread on each end. The toe piece, "a" in Fig. 4, and the heel piece, "b," are whittled out of pine and bored to receive the ends of the rod. The holes should be one and one half inch deep and as large as the shank of the rod, which means that part of the threaded section that would remain, if you filed the thread down smooth. The thread must sink into the wood in order to hold fast.

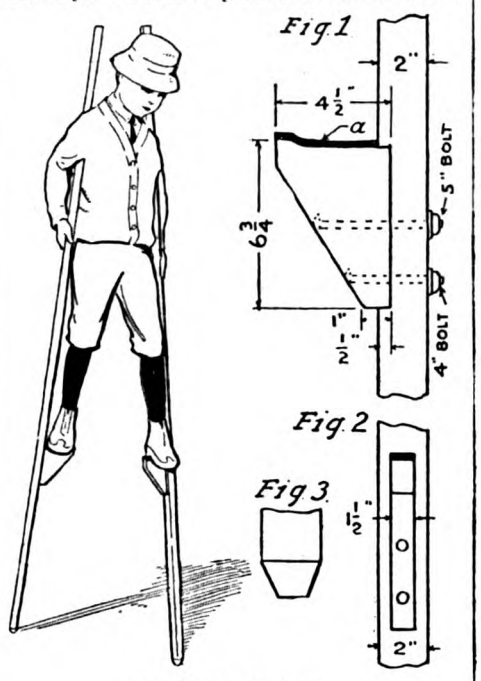
The wall piece is screwed to the outside of the house near the kitchen door and the swinging piece is hinged to it by inserting it in its natural place and driving a wire nail down through the top and another up from the bottom, of the wall piece, through it and into the swinging piece. A bolt running the entire length may be used. In either case holes are first bored to prevent splitting.

When not in use the holder can be swung flat against the house. It should be about waist high. Put the shoe on, toe first, pushing back hard enough to let the straight end go down in the heel. The tension of the springy rod will hold it firmly.

Stilts

A pair of stilts made according to the method suggested by the diagrams herewith attached will be extra strong and lasting. The poles are two inches square and eight inches long. The lower ends are tapered a little, as shown in Fig. 3. Tough, hard wood like ash, hard maple or hickory should be used. Fig. 1 is a plan of the foot block. It fits into a notch in the pole and is firmly held by two bolts, one four inches long, the other five inches. They are one quarter inch in diameter and the holes that receive them are the same. Grease the bolts and they will slip in more easily. The black piece on top of the foot block, marked "a" in Fig. 1, is a strip of rubber intended to minimize the danger of slipping. Fig. 2 is a front view of the pit or mortise which receives the inside edge of the foot block.

Perhaps some of my readers will be able to work out a good way to give the stilt spring or resiliencey. I would be pleased to hear of such a



THE YOUNG ATHLETE.

plan or of any other idea that you think could be used in this department. If in need of any special information concerning anything run in the Boys' Corner, you may write, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A Button Tree

One of the queerest trees in the world is a species of palm caled "tagua". It grows chiefly on the Pacific coast of Ecuador, Colombia, Panama and Central America, and produces an ivory-like nut which is manufactured into buttons. Tagua buttons are in general use all over the world, for Ecuador alone exports more than $2,000,000 worth annually. The tree grows from ten to twenty feet high and at the base of the leaves bears a cluster of nuts resembling cocoanuts. Each nut contains seeds about the size of small potatoes, hard, fine-grained, milky white and very much like ivory. They are called vegetable ivory and serve as a good substitute for the elephant's tusks which are scarce. They are easily shaped and readily absorb dye of any color. Some of the larger ones are made into umbrella handles, chessmen, hatpin heads and other small ornaments.

The "taguaros," who gather the nuts pole their canoes up stream into the dense, public forest, build rough shore cabins, and weave baskets, each to contain two hundred pounds of button fruit. Working in pairs, they fill the baskets and carry them to the river bank, sometimes a distance of miles. When they think they have enough, they build a raft out of a very light, cork-like wood called "balsa." Upon such a raft, the season's harvest of the gatherer, sometimes as much as ten tons, is floated to market. The "taguaros" are very poor and barely manage to eke out a living by their strange pursuit.

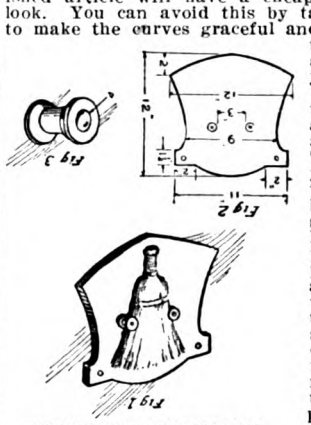
Do Flowers Sleep?

Scientists tell us that night is the time of repose for the vegetable kingdom as well as for men and most animals. The common daisy closes up its blossom in the evening and opens its "day's eye" to greet the early beams of the morning sun. The dandelion has a longer work day, for it opens at five or six in the morning and remains so until nine in the evening. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves will close during the passage of a cloud. The morning glory seems to have a dislike for bright sunshine. One must be about quite early to see their gorgeous blossoms expanded. The crocus, four o'clock, tulip and many others close at different evening hours. Whether or not the actual process of growing is suspended, we may be sure that some restorative change occurs, perhaps a renewing of cells like that which takes place in the human body. While there are many plants which do not appear to sleep at night, it is certain that some change comes over them, too subtle perhaps to be detected. Nature has a way of taking care of her own, and the bright dew of the morning is in truth, a delicious drink which she distills for the elfins of valley and wood and glade and hill. Also, as there are night birds and animals, so there are plants that bloom only at night and others whose blossoms give off their fragrance at night to attract the night-flying insects.

A Whisk Broom-Holder

I hope you will find time to make this neat and serviceable whisk broom-holder. It will please the older members of the family and may induce them to aid you financially in adding to your tool kit.

Although extremely simple in design, if each part of the holder is not carefully made, the finished article will have a cheap and amateurish look. You can avoid this by taking great pains to make the curves graceful and uniform. With the aid of plates and round objects of different sizes, mark out the design you are to follow on a piece of paper. The more time you spend at it the better it will be. When fully satisfied with it, lay the paper pattern on your piece of wood and mark around the edges. Now use your compass saw, but never cut on the line, for that leaves no chance to true up and finish properly. Saw outside the line, and, in smoothing or trimming with knife and sandpaper, cut to the center of the line.



USEFUL AND SUBSTANTIAL.

For material choose a piece of oak or black walnut. It is very likely that the attic holds a discarded table leaf or old bed end that will provide just what you want. Yellow pine, finished in dark oak stain, is very handsome. The piece to begin with is fifteen inches across and twelve inches high. All other dimensions are shown in Fig. 2. The spools which hold the broom in place are fastened to the main part with round-headed screws, for which holes have been previously bored. Similar round-headed screws, in each upper corner, hold the holder permanently to the wall. To finish, brush on two thin coats of dark oak or walnut stain and then two of varnish, allowing one day between each coat. Take care to have the spools as dark as the other part.

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A Riddle

She washed her hands in water
That never rained or run,
And dried them in a towel
That 'was neither wove nor spun.

Answer

She washed her hands in dew and dried them in the sun.

A Hoop Roller

The younger readers of this department will find the hoop-rolling device pictured here, easy to make and practical to use. It consists of two parts; a handle, and a crosspiece fastened to the end thereof. The dimensions of each piece are plainly marked in the drawing. When I was a boy, the liveliest and most prized kind of hoop was the discarded steel rim of a buggy wheel, and as these are rather heavy, I have planned the roller to be extra large and strong. For a wooden hoop, lighter and smaller pieces may be used.



THE BOYS' DELIGHT.

The first part of the work is to square up the corners of the twelve by four inch piece of board which is to form the end. Next mark out the curve, using some round object like a saucer or tin can, to aid in getting it uniform. It may be sawed with a compass saw or whittled out with a knife. The ends of the curve are two inches from the corners of the board. At the crown or highest part, it is two inches deep. The half mortise in the end of the handle is two inches long and seven eighths inches deep. It is cut with a saw and finished with sandpaper. Two screws are used to fasten it to the crosspiece. To prevent splitting, bore a hole for each screw. The hand hold or grip is whittled round and rubbed smooth with sandpaper.

The device is used to steer or propel the hoop by running along with it held in the position shown.

Before bidding you good by, I want to give you a bit of advice about making things. The quality that ranks highest in importance is good, old-fashioned patience. Proceed carefully with each step of the work you are doing and the result will be satisfactory. If any real difficulty arises, I will be pleased to help you conquer it, but, I believe the directions given, cover every point of construction. Next month I will have four or five plans suitable to the season, and I will try to make them even better than this month's. Until then, good by, and good luck.

UNCLE JOHN.

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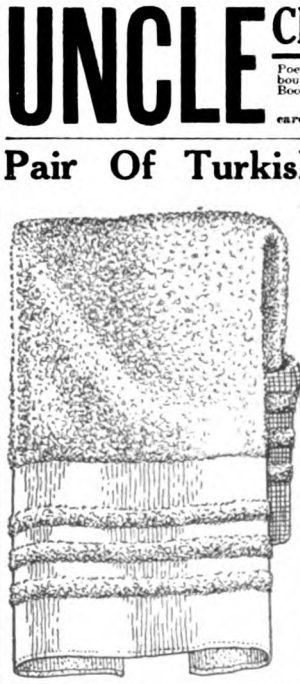


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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Musquito, Grady, Ala.—As you never feel well except when you are eating and for a short time afterwards, did it ever occur to any of the doctors whom you have consulted to diagnosticate your case as tapeworm? If not, suppose you have yourself examined for tapeworm. If that is it, the rest is easy.

Mrs. L., Palatka, Fla.—The stomach noises which embarrass you are quite common and usually result from poor digestion forming gas which rumbles internally. It is more common among women than men as the tight dressing of woman a bund the stomach interferes with the digestive functions. A glass of hot water containing half a teaspoonful of cooking-soda will frequently relieve in mild cases. But in some cases it is very stubborn and will require the attention of a physician. Diet yourself for a few weeks and take the hot water and soda whenever the noises begin. If not relieved, consult a physician.

B. K. A., Bryan, Texas.—Dental surgery can accomplish almost anything with the teeth these days and much might be done with the resetting those of your lower jaw, though a complete change might not be effected. We advise you to let a good dentist examine your teeth and get his advice as to readjusting them. If he is in doubt about getting good results, you had better let them remain as they are. You can't afford to sacrifice comfort and use for the sake of appearances.

Mrs. O. S., Moody, Ark.—You have let your little girl suffer nearly all her life with catarrh and now her ears are so bad that she will probably become deaf and you say the doctors you have tried have not done her any good. How much have you tried them? Catarrh is very common and in your part of the country especially so and if your doctors know anything at all about diseases they know about catarrh. They may not be able to cure it in that climate, but they can relieve it and if you had given your child proper treatment at the beginning she would not be in her present condition. Advice in print and by guesswork is worse than useless and you must have a doctor and let him do the best he can, unless you are willing for your child to be a sufferer as long as she lives. Other COMFORT parents with sick children make a note of this.

C. C., Caney Spring, Tenn.—A young man of seventeen or eighteen who is five feet ten inches in height should weigh one hundred and fifty-four pounds. (2) The climate for consumptives is where the air is dry and Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and the North Carolina and New York mountain regions are held to be the best. (3) You have waited too long already with that throat of yours and unless you see a doctor at once it will be in such condition that all the doctors together can't do any good. Why have you waited four years, suffering more or less all the time?

Daisy, Fresno, Cal.—Your food that now all goes to fat will go to muscle and strength if you will take proper exercise and plenty of it. Eat lean meat only, and no sweets or starchy foods and drink no tea or coffee. The operations you have undergone have affected your nerves and time will be required to bring you to normal condition.

U. S. B., Scales, Cal.—Worms in children are, usually, not serious and they are rather the result of a low condition than the cause. For their expulsion give the patient a cathartic, such as citrate of magnesia, and after it has operated give, on an empty stomach, a teaspoonful of the fluid extract of senna and spigelia, which is the recognized specific for round worms. As it is believed that the worms are from eggs which are taken in drinking water, it will be wise to see that the patient drinks pure water, boiled if necessary.

Mrs. B. E. H., Milburn, Okla.—Pellagra is a disease which appears to have come to this country from Southern Europe and its character is not yet fully known. It was thought at one time to result from the eating of corn in which there is a fungus growth, but that is doubted now. It is neither leprosy nor bubonic plague, and is not supposed to be contagious. When it has once got a fair start it is very difficult to treat successfully and patients suffer with it for years, and often die from it. The government has been making extensive investigations into its origin and treatment and much has been done in ameliorating its ravages. Write to Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., for detailed information.

H. G., Quinton, Okla.—After a cold, noises in the ears are quite the common thing, indicating a catarrhal condition of the mucous membrane of the ear passages. Taking quinine may remove them and may not, as you discovered. If they are only slight, the better way is to forget them, as they are not amenable to ordinary treatment. If, however, they are annoying and there is any pain, you must have a physician examine your ears and prescribe the proper treatment. If it is any satisfaction to you to know it, we may tell you that the great majority of people at times have the same sort of trouble with their ears that you are having.

H. A. A., Ashmoor, Mont.—A great many people have what they think is catarrh and which will develop into catarrh, but it is due in many instances to obstruction of the nasal passages such as we judge you have. It is a growth in them which you should have a doctor examine and remove. The operation is disagreeable, but not at all dangerous and when the passages are opened up for free breathing we believe that your general health will at once improve, and your catarrhal symptoms will disappear. You have fifty years to live before your three score and ten is reached and the older you get the greater will be the growths in your nose, finally closing it entirely. For that reason have the doctor examine it at once and operate when necessary. We are guessing at conditions and we may be wrong, but it will do you no harm to have an examination made, because something is wrong and it should be righted.

Mrs. R. M., Foard City, Texas.—The sharp pains in your husband's breast muscles are neuralgic and about all that can be done for them is external applications of liniment, chloroform liniment being the best, we think. Apply it on a cloth, holding the cloth over the part that pains, and removing it when it feels like blistering, for it will blister. Tablets of salicylate of soda are helpful, five grains three times a day for two or three days, but not continued as they are bad for the stomach. The muscles of the inside of the chest are affected as well as the outside and this is called myalgia. These diseases are nervous and thus far the physicians have not been able to do a great deal for them. Dampness and cold should be avoided as much as possible.

Blue Eyes, Waterbury, Conn.—The red nose you have is a natural condition of the blood circulation there and you can't do anything for it, except to ignore it. You think about it all the time and imagine it is redder than it is and that makes it redder. Worry about something else, if you must worry, and give your nose a rest.

C. P. S., McCoysburg, Ind.—The itching of your arms and face is from sensitive nerve terminals on the skin and if you will rub your skin night and morning with cocoa butter—to be had by the pound at drug-stores—we think you will find very considerable relief, if not complete cure. It may be used oftener if you need it and is excellent for the skin. For the warts use lunar caustic—buy a stick for a dime at a drug-store—touching the warts with it once a day and be careful not to let it touch the surrounding skin as it will burn and make a sore.

V. C. M., Genet, Ky.—When a frost bite, and a good many people have them, has been neglected for so many years that it has become a running sore it is almost time to go to a doctor with it and have him treat it as it should have been treated in the beginning. Such neglect as this is inexcusable and when an incurable sore results nobody is to blame except the neglectful person. Many people think that frost-bite is nothing much, but the experience of those who have had real frost-bite is wholly to the contrary.

S. D., Orange, N. J.—To the best of our knowledge and belief fishing and close contact with fresh water would not have a bad effect on a man suffering with ulcerations of the stomach. However, he would have to take his meals regularly and exercise proper care of his diet, as most fishermen do not.

H. D. M., Brashear, Texas.—Nature has her own way of carrying out her plans and if she intended that you should not perspire, or perspire very little, as she does with a great many people, it would be injurious for you to take anything to force perspiration. Exactly as it would, if you did perspire, and took something to stop it. What you must do is to talk to a physician who can ask questions and learn what treatment is necessary. We think your health would be better, if you dieted and reduced your flesh. An active woman should not carry an excess of weight.

B. R., Pattonsburg, Mo.—Babies are often born with physical peculiarities which they outgrow and we think your baby, whose arm is not active now, will come around all right in a few months. The fact that it can use its fingers indicates that the trouble is not permanent. You might have an X-ray photograph taken of it, if that would quiet your worry, but we hardly think it would do much good. Talk to your own doctor who brought the baby into the world and take his advice.

Mrs. L. M., Beaverton, Mich.—The lump on your neck is not a cancer, nor do we think it is a wart. We think it is one of the usual lumps that happen to everybody and you have been picking at it and disturbing it until it has become almost a running sore. Try a salve on it composed of diachylon ointment one ounce and vaseline one ounce. If that does not cure it in two or three weeks, have a doctor examine it.

Western Girl, Kooskia, Idaho.—The bad taste in your mouth and the bad breath are due to poor digestion, which thus far has not developed into positive indigestion, or dyspepsia. You are young and now is the time to realize that your health depends upon what food you eat and how you eat it. Be regular at your meals, don't eat what does not agree with you, though you may like it, and never swallow a mouthful of food until you have chewed it to a pulp. By a little attention to your eating you will be saved a lot of suffering and have very good general health.

Minerva, Tucson, Ariz.—The hardening and thickening of the nails is a very common result of tetter (psoriasis) and it may be remedied, or cured, by treatment with arsenic in some form. Arsenic, however, is a dangerous poison, and you must have a local physician prescribe it for you, according as the needs of the case may be.

M. M., West Point, Miss.—For a torpid liver take one quarter of a grain of podophyllin night and morning for three days, eat sparingly and take open air exercise every day with deep breathing. The liver is charged with a good many offenses of which it is entirely innocent. Give it a fair chance and it will make good.

M. D., Sarles, N. Dak.—If you had some real trouble you never would think about your skin turning red when it is touched, but as you are perfectly well you do just as everybody else does who is well, that is, you want something to be the matter with you. Probably your skin is a little over-sensitive, but as long as it is painless and practically normal, don't bother about it. Bother will start the nerves going and by and by you will have a case of eczema or something worse.

Anxious, Allentown, Pa.—An alcohol bath is good for tired feet. You can also get at drug-stores proprietary preparations which are very good. (2) It doesn't make much difference whether you mix the peroxide and ammonia or not, the amount of superfluous hair it will remove will be about the same. Ordinary ammonia will answer.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

him a name in his community for progressiveness and thrift. The dairy cow bred up by successive top crosses of pure blood returns larger yields of milk or butter and her calf sells for more money several times over than the scrub. The graded horse looks far superior to his scrub brother, yet he costs no more to raise and sells for much more when the time comes to market him. He works better if he is intended for heavy draft work, trots better if he is of that kind and taken in every way is an improvement over his common bred companions. It need hardly be said that the improved breeds of sheep are superior to the scrub kind that were once kept for the purpose of clearing land of brush and weeds. It is a fact that well-graded sheep furnish a quality of meat that everyone can enjoy as compared with the bad tasting stuff which once brought mutton into bad repute in this country. Of swine the same things may be said and looked at from every possible point of view it becomes apparent that it will pay to improve farm stock by infusing the blood of pure-bred animals of recognized breeds.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

SWEET POTATOES—PEA VINE HAY.—I am planting quite a lot of sweet potatoes this year and hope to get a fairly good price for my earliest ones but after they get plentiful they will be worth but little here as most people are trying to cut the cotton acreage and are planting quite a lot of potatoes and other food stuff. Now if we could bank or house them without much expense so we could keep them from decaying until spring we could realize a better price for them. I would appreciate it if you would advise me when to harvest and proper methods of housing them. (2) Another subject, I think, would prove interesting and profitable to the farmers of this section is when to cut and how to cure pea vine hay in order to save both leaves and peas.

H. W. F., White Hall, Ala.

A.—Sweet potatoes should be planted so that they will not mature too early. If they are to be stored they will not keep so well in warm weather. They require a moderately cool and very dry place for storage and should be harvested with great care not to bruise or injure them. They must be provided with free circulation of air. For this purpose it is necessary to store them in rather small bins made of slats. Of course they should be carefully protected against freezing. When first standing they should be kept at a temperature of about 90 degrees F, to drive off the moisture while going through the sweating process for two or three weeks. When thoroughly kiln dried the temperature should be gradually reduced until that of about 55 to 60 degrees is reached. The store house should be held at this temperature. (2) Pea vine hay should be cut about the time the peas are well formed. At this time the plant contains a maximum amount of easily digestible food material. These vines may be cured like Alfalfa, under caps or wilted, piled in small bunches and left to cure naturally for two or three days, when they may be turned over, dried for an hour or two in the sun and then hauled to the mow.

HOW TO SLIP LAVENDER.—Will you kindly advise me how to slip lavender and at what time of the year to do so for replanting? I have two beautiful plants which were given to me and am very anxious to raise it quite extensively. MISS C. E. H., Anacortes, Wash.

A.—Lavender is best propagated from cuttings of one season's growth with a heel of older wood. Set these three or four inches apart in moist soil, shading them to prevent evaporation. The cuttings should be taken after the plant has had a rest, that is during the dormant period, and set in early spring.

LIMA BEAN CULTURE.—I have under cultivation five acres of lima beans and being my first year, I would like to know how I may realize the most money out of the same. I have heard many complain regarding the pests on this plant, also cultivating in wet weather. Any information I may receive on this matter will be appreciated. R. D. K., Benton Harbor, Mich.

A.—Lima beans are of two types,—the bush and the pole beans. The pole beans must be supported to do well. Beans should be cultivated much like corn. The two pests that afflict them most are bean rust and weevils. Rust must be avoided by planting clean seed that has been disinfected with formaldehyde and may be controlled by use of Bordeaux mixture, as described elsewhere. Bean rust is spread from plant to plant by cultivation when dew is on or in wet weather. Weevils cannot be controlled when once in. They are carried forward from year to year in the seed. Weevils in seed beans may be killed by use of carbon-bisulphide, as explained in former number of COMFORT.

BEAN RUST.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my garden? I cannot raise string beans, they come up and then stand still and the stem and root are all rust spotted. I have put lime and salt on but it does no good. MRS. H. S., Pottstown, Pa.

A.—Your plants are doubtless affected with bean rust (Anthracnose.) This is caused by using diseased seed. Remedy. Use only hand-picked seed from which rusty beans have been rejected. Treat this clean seed with formaldehyde solution, one part formaldehyde to 400 parts of water. Soak in this solution for ten minutes before planting. Plant on disease-free soil. On growing beans that show rust, spray with Bordeaux mixture three or four times two weeks apart. Do not cultivate while beans are wet with dew or rain as this spreads the disease.

CORN MIXES.—Please tell me whether or not the cutting of the tassels from corn would prevent it from mixing. W. K., Point Marion, Pa.

A.—Corn is a cross fertilized plant. Pulling the tassel before the silks appear forces corn to mix rather than prevents it, for this reason: If seed is to be produced, pollen from the tassel must fall upon the silks. If the tassel is removed the pollen must be obtained from other plants. This forces crossing.

QUACK GRASS AND OTHER WEEDS.—How can I get rid of quack grass? I have six acres of it. (2) How can I clear my field of wild oats and mustard?

C. L. B., Hastings, N. Dak.

A.—The field should have been plowed very shallow in the hot weather of July to dry out the roots and stems and then should have been plowed very deep as soon as rains allowed. While waiting for a chance to plow deep the quack grass should not be allowed to come through the surface. The field should then be worked to a crop like corn, or potatoes next season and kept perfectly clean by cultivation and hoeing. If you cannot do this better work the field without a crop for an entire season, never letting the quack grass come through and next time seed to corn. (2) Land will have to be cleaned of wild oats and mustard in the same way and then you will have to be careful to use clean seed. Mustard may be killed by spraying with a sulphate of iron solution, but a special spraying machine would have to be used.

SMALL FLIES IN CELLAR.—How can I get rid of the small flies that infest my cellar? I have tried various methods without success. The cellar windows are screened and I can't imagine how they get in.

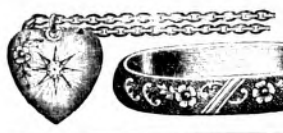
MRS. A. J., Forest Jct., Wis.

A.—Mix half an ounce of formaldehyde in a saucerful of water and place on the window-sill. Often these little flies are introduced on plants, vegetables or fruit. Pyrethrum powder, burned on a shovel with the windows closed, also would kill them. Sticky fly paper on the widow-sills would help.

ABNORMAL CREAM.—What can be the trouble with my cow when the milk will hardly turn and when the cream is churned it swells up and sometimes runs over? I don't get any butter when it is that way.

MRS. J. R. N., Terrell, Tex.

A.—The cow is not to blame in a majority of such cases, still it would be well, on general principles to give her a pound dose of epsom salts in three pints of lukewarm water administered slowly and carefully from a long-necked bottle and afterward to mix in her feed twice daily a tablespoonful of granular hyposulphite of soda. Change the feed. If you are feeding cotton-seed meal or hulls stop that feed and let her have green feed, roots, hay and wheat bran adding some corn meal. Bacteria in the milk utensils are often the cause of churning troubles so be careful to perfectly scald, cleanse and sundry all milk vessels. You will also have to cool the cream and have it at the right temperature and degree of acidity at churning time. Ask your state experiment station to send you a free bulletin on butter making.



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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. G., Charlotte, N. C.—You cannot paint violets around a picture and color the picture properly unless you have had experience. Many persons cannot do it right after years of practise. To do it right is Art and Art is only for those who are born to it. Allowing that you could do the work to get the materials would cost you more than it would cost you to have an artist do it, if he understood that you prized the picture and could not pay much to have the work done. Some artists would make no charge at all.

Mrs. J. H., Waverly, Tenn.—We hardly think a woman, with grown childen all married and supposed to be able to care for their mother, would be eligible to a pension in any state where there was a widows' and mothers' pension law. The state is willing to help widows and mothers who have no one to depend upon, but it feels under no obligation to support widows and mothers with children whose duty it is to support them.

L. S., Bellevue, Iowa.—At last accounts the Liberty Bell was on its way to the San Francisco Exposition, but when this appears in print it will no doubt be again in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The bell was cast in London for the State House in Philadelphia and was placed there in 1752. It was cracked in being tested and was recast in 1753. It rang out the message of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and for fifty years thereafter it was rung on special occasions until it cracked again. This crack has never been repaired and the bell for ringing purposes is of no value. But as a landmark of liberty it is precious to the people of this country and thousands go to see it in Independence Hall every year where it stands on the original timbers that supported it in 1776. It was taken to the Chicago Exposition in 1893 and in 1915 went to San Francisco. On each occasion its journey was an ovation all along the route. The bell as cast weighed 2,000 pounds and cost $500 at the foundry.

E. S., Bee Creek, Ill.—Don't attempt to write for publication until you know enough about newspapers and magazines to know which of them use short stories. Read the papers and the magazines and inform yourself of their requirements, then when you know where to send your pen products you can send them to editors and find out what they will do with them. While you are learning these things you will also learn that a copying pencil will not do to write for the press. Other COMFORT readers with literary aspirations please make a note of this.

O. D., Granite, Okla.—Some years ago the government issued a Horse Book which caused considerable comment. Whether it is still in print and obtainable you can learn by writing to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. As we recall, it was not a free book. While asking for the Horse Book, ask for any other literature on the horse the Department may have for public distribution. Most of this departmental literature is interesting and valuable, whatever the subject may be.

L. F. S., Brownsville, Minn.—The Arizona, the latest U. S. warship launched, we believe, is the largest fighting ship afloat, but England leads all nations in the number of big ships. The United States is third in naval power, being inferior to Great Britain and Germany, and Japan is fifth, France being fourth, Russia is sixth, Italy, seventh and Austria-Hungary, eighth. At the beginning of the war Great Britain had 96 submarines, Germany 39, France, 93, Japan, 15, Russia 43, Italy 20 and Austria-Hungary, 14. The United States had 58. What additions have been made to the foreign fleet of undersea vessels is not known, but Germany is doing more with hers than all the others.

Mrs. G. B. W., Reedy, W. Va.—As you understand debt, the United States is not in debt to any other nation, though it is a debtor nation, or was until the European war put it in line to become a creditor nation. The government debt question is too complicated for anybody to understand, but an expert in finances. The net government debt Oct. 1914, was $1,961,752,997.48.

B. W. A., Dunn, La.—Unless you feel that you were born to be a barber, don't select that as your life work. There is not enough glory or gold in it to justify years of effort. There used to be a barbers' training school in Cincinnati, but we do not know whether it is in operation or not. We know of none in New Orleans. Most barbers learn their trade in the shop, which is the best place to learn it.

Jack, Auburn, Ga.—The fairy story of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper is of unknown origin, but was current in Germany as early as the sixteenth century. It is believed to be of Eastern origin as a similar story comes from Egypt several thousand years ago. There are numerous versions of Cinderella and it is known in every language of Europe. The glass slipper should not be glass, however, but fur slipper, the mistake resulting from the substitution of the word *verre* meaning glass, for *vair* meaning fur. The mistake probably grew out of telling the story, not writing it, as *vair* and *verre* sound much alike in pronouncing.

F. C., New Milford, Pa.—Don't try to sell your old furniture to dealers, or any other antiques you may have. Dealers risk so much in handling antiques that they cannot afford to pay much for them. They get good prices when they sell, but sometimes they don't sell and always they have to wait for a buyer. Your best plan is to find a collector and the way to do that is to advertise whatever you have in your nearest city newspapers, or in some of the art journals—Arts and Decoration New York, for example. It may cost something, but you will more than get it back in the price you receive above what a dealer would pay.

X. Y. Z., Callas, Va.—The leading papers of Dallas, Texas, are The Dispatch, The News, The Times-Herald, all daily. In addition there are some forty odd publications in the weekly and monthly class. Too many for us to mention.

Mrs. B. C. Y., Essex, Mo.—There is no sale for the Lincoln number of The New York Herald at more than current rates. (2) Give up the idea of trying to raise pearls by putting shot in the shells of fresh water clams. If you have shells a plenty you might get something for them from the button manufacturers, but you couldn't raise pearls enough in a thousand years to trade for a calico dress.

Mrs. C. P., Spencer, Iowa.—Iowa has a widow's pension law but as you are not a widow, though your husband is unable to support you, we doubt if you would be eligible under its provisions. You will have to consult some one of your local lawyers or officials.

L. L., Horse Guards, Can.—Petrified wood is very common and unless you have a very unusual specimen it is of no interest or value to scientists. You might give it to your local library if you have such an institution, or to some college geological collection near you. We would suggest to COMFORT readers who find natural specimens of various sorts that they could not do better with them than to give them to the nearest college, or large school, most of which have collections of this sort and would appreciate such specimens.

L. P., Chattanooga, Okla.—To get the address of any soldier write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., giving full name, regiment and company and location when last heard from. A letter sent to him with his company and regiment would probably find him in the Philippines, but it is surer to get the address from the Department.



CUBBY BEAR Meets the Dreaded Moose

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"PLEASE, Cubby Bear, will you do an errand for me this morning?" called Mamma Bruin, from the doorway.

Cubby Bear looked up from his play.

"Oh, yes," he answered willingly; "where do you want me to go?"

Mamma Bruin always asked politely when she wanted Cubby Bear to do things for her, and so Cubby Bear was more willing to do them.

"Go to Dr. Squilly Porcupine, and ask him how to make the cough syrup that cured Grandma Bear's cough last winter. I have forgotten what was in it. Then get what he tells you to, if you can, and bring the things to me. Take a little basket to put them in. Perhaps you can get one of your friends to go with you."

Cubby Bear started out with his little basket, and called at Chirpy Chipmunk's tree. Chirpy was not playing anywhere in sight.


DR. SQUILLY PORCUPINE

"Chirpy!" called Cubby Bear. "Are you at home? Chirpy Chipmunk,, I want you!"

Two bright eyes peeped out at Cubby Bear. "Tell me what you want quickly, so I can go back again to the very bottom of my house! I am not going out today."

"Why not?" asked Cubby. "I wanted you to go on an errand for me."

"No, no!" answered Chirpy. "Go back home, Cubby Bear, and let the errand wait. It is not safe to be out."

"But why?"

The bright eyes looked about fearfully. "Come nearer," said Chirpy. "A great, fierce creature is in the forest! He has terrible horns and big, big hoofs, and would think nothing of crushing us all into the earth. His voice can be heard for miles and miles!"

Cubby Bear looked troubled. "Who told you?" he asked.

"Foxey Reynard."

"Perhaps Foxey may be mistaken," Cubby said. "I must do my errand, anyway!"

So he went on, until he came to Bunny Rabbit's house.

"Bunny Rabbit!" he called.

"Who is there?" asked a frightened voice from within.

"It is I, Cubby Bear! Open the door."

The door was shut and locked after Cubby Bear went in.

"I wanted you to go on an errand with me to Dr. Squilly Porcupine, and take the babies in their little cart."

"No, no!" cried Bunny, with a shiver. "I shall not take my babies out today. Run back home, Cubby Bear, where you will be safe. A great, fierce creature is in the forest! He has terrible horns and big, big hoofs, and would think nothing of crushing us all into the earth! His voice can be heard for miles and miles!"

"But who is he?" asked Cubby. "I never heard of him."

"Mr. Big-horn Moose," answered Bunny solemnly. "Hush, Baby Bunnies, do not make a noise, or he may come and get you!"

"Who told you?" asked Cubby Bear.


CHIRPY CHIPMUNK

"Foxey Reynard told Busy Beaver, and Busy Beaver told me."

"Well, good by," said Cubby Bear sadly. "I must go alone."

He saw no terrible creature in the woods, and reached Squilly's home in safety.

"My cough syrup has cured many forest people," said Squilly, "and ought to be used by men and women. It is a pity they do not know about it, but they speak a different language, and could not understand. You must get the topmost twig from a little fir-balsam tree, a pawful of Balm-of-Gilead buds, some gold-thread roots, a few wintergreen berries, a small piece of the inside bark from a tamarack tree, and ten grains of sand from the bottom of the Big Brook. Tell your mother to boil them all together in water from the time the moon comes up in sight until it is straight overhead in the sky."

Cubby Bear said this over many times, until he was sure he could remember.

"I would like to have you come with me to find the things, if you please," said Cubby Bear, rather timidly.

"No, no!" answered Squilly, in haste. "Not today!"

"Are—are you afraid of Mr. Big-horn Moose?" asked Cubby. "Have you heard that he is near?"

"I am *not* afraid!" answered Dr. Squilly, frowning angrily. "I am *never* afraid—but I am busy today, and it is not wise to be careless if there is danger about. I have some gold-thread roots and Balm-of-Gilead buds here which I will give you," he went on, "and you can find the other things without trouble."

Cubby Bear went slowly on his way, looking for a little fir-balsam tree—looking, also, for a great, fierce animal.

By and by he found the tree, and setting down his basket, tried to think how he should get the topmost twig. It was far beyond his reach.


FOXEY REYNARD

"I must climb the tree," he said, "and bend it down with me."

He climbed carefully, and when he was half way up, the tiny tree bent over with his weight. But before he could seize the topmost twig to break it off, the little tree straightened, leaving Cubby on the ground, with the top as far out of his reach as ever.

Again he tried, but fell, and hurt his nose on a sharp rock.

"I shall not cry," he thought, "and I must keep trying until I get it."

"Poor little bear!" said a kind voice, but it was a strange voice, and Cubby Bear looked up in fear.

A large animal stood close by. An animal with great horns and hoofs. It was—oh, it must be—Mr. Big-horn Moose!

Cubby Bear wanted to run away, but was too frightened to move. He did not notice at first how graceful and beautiful were the branching horns, or how soft and gentle the large eyes.

"Poor little bear!" said the kind voice again. "That was a bad fall. Why do you try to climb a little tree like that?"

"Tell me first," said Cubby Bear, who was not now so much afraid, "did you come to our forest to crush us all under your big hoofs? And do you get so angry that your voice can be heard for miles and miles?"


BUSY BEAVER

"I did not come to hurt anyone," answered Mr. Big-horn Moose sadly. "Why are you all afraid of me?"

"I am not afraid now, I think, at least, not much," said little Cubby truthfully. "I would not like everyone to be afraid of me. And your eyes and your voice are kind. I would like to be your friend, Mr. Big-horn Moose."

"That is good," said the big animal gladly. "I will never hurt you, Cubby Bear, and perhaps the time will come when you will be glad to have me for a friend. Now tell me what you were trying to do, and I will see if I can help you."

Mr. Big-horn Moose was so tall he could easily reach the little tree's topmost twig, and he broke it off for Cubby Bear.

Together they found a tamarack tree, and while his new friend was getting a piece of the inside bark, Cubby picked some wintergreen berries which grew near by.

"Now ten grains of sand from the Big Brook!" cried Cubby gleefully, "and that will be all! I will tell Busy Beaver, who lives by the brook, how you have helped me, and then he will not be afraid. It is not pleasant to be afraid."

But when they came near the Big Brook, it was only to see Busy Beaver plunge into the water and swim for his home. He only hurried the faster when Cubby called to him.

Little Cubby Bear got the sand from the bottom of the clear stream.

"Now, Mr. Moose," he said, "you must come with me to my home, where Mamma Bruin will be glad to give you some dinner."

Mamma Bruin was not afraid of Mr. Big-horn Moose, and Cubby Bear had a happy day with his new friend, who went away when the shining sun said good night, but who promised to come again.

"I must tell Chirpy Chipmunk, and Bunny Rabbit, and all my friends how kind and good Mr. Big-horn Moose is," said Cubby Bear. "I am sorry they are so frightened. It makes them unhappy."


BUNNY RABBIT

"Yes," said Mamma Bruin. "All the little forest people might have been working and playing happily today out in the warm sunshine, instead of shivering with fright in their houses. There was nothing to be afraid of—it was only what they thought. Almost always, it is not danger that makes us unhappy—it is just being afraid without any reason. Remember that always, my little Cubby Bear, and be brave. See, now, the light in the Eastern sky, where the moon is coming up. Put more wood on the fire, Cubby Bear, for the cough syrup must be put on to boil. Tomorrow you may take some of the good medicine to poor little Polly Partridge, who is sick."

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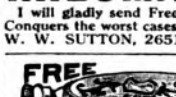
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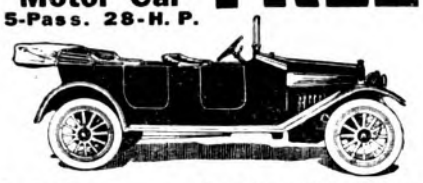
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CLUB OFFER. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

WELL, well, my dears and cousins all, the summer is over and here we are with the first month of the autumn. My, but doesn't time fly? And the more years you number the faster they seem to fly. You are too young to notice it now very much, but by and by you will. Still, the years go by just the same and if you fill them with good deeds and happy spirits it matters little how fast they speed, or how slow. I hope all of you had a perfectly lovely summer, and I wonder how many of you lost your hearts. I'm sure some of you will be asking me about it before very long. And now I'm to stop talking and go to work.

The first letter I open is from Blue Eyes of Gonzales, Texas, and she is in much trouble because the young man told her he loved her and said if she loved him she would let him kiss her. She didn't think so at first but he persuaded her and she let him kiss her. Now he doesn't come to see her any more, but is kissing another girl. I don't think I am very sorry, because I have so often warned all of you against just such young men as this one is and if you won't listen to me, I don't see why I should be sorry. Of course, Blue Eyes can do nothing except to learn to beware next time and I sincerely hope she will.

Baby Doll, Kingsville, Texas.—It's all right to love a soldier, but don't marry him until his time is up. Three years of army discipline should make very good husband material of him. You are both young enough to wait until he has completed his service.

Brown Eyes, Anthon, Ia.—If you like the man well enough to marry him, even if your family don't like him because he is too "talky," having no other bad habits and being a good worker, I think you should marry him. You are the one to be suited in marrying, not your family. Besides, a man who is "talky" is ever so much more company than one of these silent and stupid ones. They are simply awful to live with always.

Puzzled, Staten Island, N. Y.—Some day, maybe, the right man will come along to touch your hitherto hard heart, but if he should not, then you were born to be a suffragette.

Troubled, Brodhead, Ky.—When a fifteen-year-old girl is so pestered with beaus that she doesn't know what to do, she should ask her father to use his boot on the entire bunch of them. Or her mother might use a broomstick. Try either of these and let me know the result.

Texas Girl, Merita, Texas.—It is good to be a Christian girl, my dear, and to have faith, but I don't think the good Lord will send that young man to you who drinks and gambles and if you are praying for him to come back I would advise you to stop your prayers. Why do you want the Lord to send you a man like that? If you think you can reform him, stop thinking that, too. Why not love and marry a decent man? Some of you girls make me positively weary.

Just-for-fun, Venus, Nebr.—You are not cranky, but unusual. Most of the cousins would have been writing to me about falling in love with that stupid schoolteacher, and worrying about him. You have acted very sensibly and I wish to congratulate you. I think though, that while the teacher may be stupid and slow in some ways, his wish to have the pupils acquire a better knowledge of physiology, anatomy and hygiene is commendable.

Bob and Billie, Texasam, S. Dak.—If it is true love the marriage will be a happy one, but nobody can possibly know whether it is true love until it has been tried for many years. (2) Why should you ask me if it is right to accept the attentions of one man when you are already promised to another? Are you so dull of conscience that you have to be told what is right?

Slick, Live Oak, Texas.—Don't worry about him and that will make him worry about you. Why don't all of you girls learn this great truth in managing the young men?

Blue Eyes, Newark, Texas.—My dear, my dear, don't ask me about beaus until you can do it correctly. In your letter of twenty-eight lines there were thirty mistakes of grammar, spelling, punctuation, and capitalizing, not to mention the poor penmanship done with a pencil. You live in an intelligent community, too.

Constance, Rochester, Minn.—As he did not answer your letter or your card, do you think he would be any less neglectful if you wrote again? As he does not want to write to you, why annoy him with your attentions? Do you think that will make him like you better?

Dimples, Norway, Kans.—If a girl thinks a young men is good enough to take her home, I suppose she might also think he was good enough to kiss her good night, but it seems to me that before a great while every young man in town would have kissed that girl. Of course, if you like such promiscuous kissing, I can't help it. (2) As to a man's making education the first requirement in seeking a wife depends on how much education the man has. Some men who have been quite successful in business don't seem to care at all for education. In my opinion a certain amount of education is as necessary as food and clothing. I am glad you are sticking to your school, but why do you write it "pardner?" Look in your dictionary.

Gray Eyes, Geary, Okla.—You and your sweetheart are so young and sincere in your love and it is a long time to wait to be married, so I will give my consent to his kissing you, but it must not be oftener than once a week and only one kiss. That makes fifty-two a year, and isn't fifty-two kisses enough for anybody?

Brown Eyes, Willard, Mont.—Certainly, if you have only friendly feelings for the young man, you shou d tell him not to come West to see you expecting anything else. To deceive him is dishonorable. (2) Your mother is mistaken in saying the evening is not the proper time for a young man to call. If he works during the day, as most do and all should, the evening is the only time he has to call. I should think your mother would not want young men to call on you who hadn't anything else to do during the day but go to see girls.

Lonesome, Neponset, W. Va.—Where there is every reason to believe, as in this case, that your letter has failed to reach him, it will be perfectly proper to write again. At the same time, if he were as true as he said he was, he would not have let all these weeks go by without writing, even if he had not received a letter from you at his new address. I'm afraid he doesn't want to hear from you.

C. B. R., Lodi, N. Y.—Unless your health makes it impossible to continue at school, don't stop. Just now education is worth more to you than anything else except health. You can't ever be a stenographer without it.

Lonesome, Jamestown, N. Dak.—You are making a serious mistake in marrying at sixteen because you are afraid if you don't get this man you never will get one. You had better never marry than to marry with no higher motive than that. It is marriage of this kind that makes for so much unhappiness and I most earnestly urge you not to marry until you are four or five years older and don't marry at all, if you are marrying for no other motive than to have a man support you.

Patience, Pocahontas, Tenn.—Why not marry the one you can be happy with, even if he does drink and is otherwise no good. You say you love him and don't love the good man and what else is there to do but marry the one you love? After a while when you are paying the price of your folly, you will wish you had done differently, though you won't believe it now.

There, my dears, all of you are answered who asked questions for me to answer and I haven't scolded any at all, hardly, have I? Isn't it nice not to scold or be scolded? Isn't it nice to be nice, anyway? Now that everybody is happy you may run along and have a good time while you are young, but be careful not to have so good a time that you will be sory for it later. I don't know why anybody does that, but lots of people do. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

great deal of commercial fertilizer has been used on the land where they run, they may have eaten up a quantity of it.

V. R.—For the new method of feeding turkeys, please refer to COMFORT for last March.

A. G. M.—My chickens have the feathers off their necks, some just in front, others all around, some almost to the breast. One evening I noticed a hen crouching on the ground. She tumbled around and could not use her legs. The next night I found her dead. I enjoyed your article on turkeys. It has been helpful.

A.—The hens are suffering from the effect of vermin. Clean and disinfect everything inside the chicken-house, and powder the birds every third night with Dalmatian or other good insect powder, being careful to rub it well into the feathers, especially the fluff under the thighs and underbody. Rub the bare places with carbolic vaseline or lard and sulphur. The hen that died in the spring had peritonitis, which is an inflammation of the membranes covering the lower bowel, and is a fatal disease in poultry. One-grain opium pills will ease the pain and quiet the bird, but seldom effect a cure. Thank you for your appreciation of the poultry department.

E. H.—Being a reader of COMFORT, and liking it very much, will you tell me what is the trouble with my pigeons. They get a large lump in the neck and cannot eat, and vomit a greenish fluid. They have a looseness of the bowels. They cannot fly, sometimes cannot walk. They sit in a corner and peck around the neck and after a day die.

A.—The pigeons are suffering from canker. Too much cracked corn or white wheat is the most frequent cause, but dirty houses and water dishes will also cause it. The best cure is to let the birds out on free range for two or three weeks; putting a little ground ginger and powdered alum in their drinking water will ward off canker, but cleanliness and a variety of grains is the best prevention. Always use red wheat for pigeons.

A. G. S.—I have two hens which have lost the use of their legs and yet their combs are red and they sing and seem lively. One of them tries to walk but her toes are all doubled up, so she hobbles. The other one was taken with falling on her head and gradually grew worse. Is there a cure? What is the cause?

A.—Please read answer to A. G. M. in this issue.

J. C. R.—I have one hundred chickens from two to two and one half months old. Twenty-five of them are nearly naked. They eat very little but drink a great deal. About one half just droop around. This has been an unusually wet summer. I keep the old hen up till the grass is dry, but the little chickens run out in the wet grass around the coop.

A.—I imagine that the breeding stock from which the eggs came hadn't been given sufficient animal and vegetable food during the winter, and so the chicks hatched from their eggs were wanting in constitutional vigor, and then your method of feeding them has not helped, and of course the wet season has complicated matters. Keep the chicks in until the dew is off the grass in the morning. Feed nothing for the first thirty-six hours; then hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and mixed with sharp sand and wheat bran. Feed four times a day just what they will eat up clean in five minutes. After the first week commence to feed chick-feed, but continue the mash twice a day, adding ground oats, corn, wheat and wheat bran, moistening the whole with sweet milk. Mix only as much as you can use at one time, as it sours very quickly. After the second week you can replace the egg with finely chopped liver or commercial beef meal. Pot cheese and clabbered milk are also very good food for young chicks.

R. J. M.—What is the matter with my chickens? At first they drooped around, their combs became pale and their droppings very thin, white with a greenish tinge. I lost several in this way.

A.—The hens show symptoms of canker or roup, which are kindred diseases, and contagious, so every sick bird should be removed from the flock and quarantined in small coops. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in one quart of water, one tablespoonful of which must be diluted with four tablespoonfuls of water for use. From a medicine dropper or a small glass syringe, with the diluted solution, spray the bird's throat, nostrils and eyes twice a day. Feed on light, nourishing food.

Mrs. W. C. C.—I would like to know what is the matter with my hens. One of them died suddenly without any warning, except that her comb was pale the evening before she died. Another has been sick several days. The only symptoms I can see are they are very weak and the droppings are whitish, milk-white color. Should the sick fowls be isolated?

A.—It is always advisable to quarantine sick birds at once, for if you wait to be sure that it is a contagious disease, the whole flock may be affected. If the hens were over eighteen months of age, or any of the heavy breeds, like Rocks or Rhode Island Reds, which are apt to get lazy and fat after they leave pullet age, it is probable that they succumbed to liver trouble. But if they were young hens, I fear it was cholera. In all such cases, give a dose of Castor oil to clean out the intestines, then administer a tablespoonful of carbolic solution twice a day. The ordinary pure carbolic which you buy at a drug-store is usually the five per cent solution, and one part of it should be diluted with five parts of water. To safeguard the rest of the flock, clean and disinfect house and yards, and give the birds buttermilk or the whey from curdled milk to drink for about a week.

M. B.—I would be thankful if you would tell me what was the matter with my hens. One died about a month ago and the other one today. There was a swelling at the bottom part of the crop. She couldn't stand very long on her feet, and held her head down. The droppings were thin and white in color.

A.—Please read answer to W. C. C. in this issue. It looks as if the ducks and chickens had been poisoned by drinking stagnant water, or eating some decomposing matter or mouldy grain, and have what is called limberneck. A dose of Castor oil when you first noticed them would have helped.

M. T. C.—My chickens have two different diseases. First they have a wheezing noise in their throat. They rattle when they breathe. At times they are much worse. Their gills and combs turn black and they die in a few weeks. I have them on free range in summer. I have lost several roosters with a foot disease.

A.—The symptoms as given in your letter, suggest roup and rheumatism. Is their sleeping-place well ventilated, and on dry, well-drained ground It is not wise to allow ducks and chickens to use the same house. Read answer to R. J. M. in this issue. Rub the feet and shanks with oil of turpentine.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. —Advertisement.



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Crochet Outfit

Premium No. 7352.

Given for a Club of Two!

THIS is an offer that will interest every woman and girl who takes genuine pleasure in fancy work. Irish Crochet has been extremely fashionable and its popularity is still on the increase. Every woman who sees the dainty articles in Irish Crochet exhibited in the art stores or in the homes of her friends is seized with an irresistible desire to learn how to make them herself. The work is very easy and the material required is quite inexpensive. With the directions and patterns given in the outfit offered here anyone may learn to make many attractive articles for the home. The designs are already stamped on fine quality **Holland Cloth.** The motifs are to be crocheted separately, then basted on a cambric pattern and joined by crocheting or sewing together. Following is a list of the designs:

One Pincushion, one Corner Table Cover, one Scarf End, one Laundry Bag, one Border for Towel Ends, Pillow Cases, etc., one Running border for Dresses, Petticoats, etc., one Handbag, one Baby Cap, one Lady's Collar, one Large Centerpiece, one Bow Knot, one pair Lady's Cuffs. We will also send you **24 large skeins of Mercerized Cotton, one Crochet Needle** and full and explicit **directions** how to work the different motifs.

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, will send you this complete crochet outfit exactly as described above free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7352.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Wheel Chairs in August

295 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three August wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their respective friends in their behalf.

Dewey Wilson, 424 Green Ave., Greenville, S. C., 200; Miss Ellen Young, Carnagie, Okla., 148; Mrs. Margaretta Ellis, Date, S. Dak., 88.

Mrs. J. I. Wilson sent the entire 200 subscriptions all in one bunch for her son's wheel chair. She wishes me, in her behalf, to thank all those who gave her their subscriptions for the noble way in which they responded to her appeal for help in getting this chair for her boy. She says that, although crippled in his legs, he is otherwise robust and bright intellectually, and that this wheel chair will enable him to attend school and get an education. She also writes that she "had no trouble in getting people to subscribe, but plenty of hard work for an old woman this hot weather going after them."

C. A. Garrett sent the entire 148 subscriptions all in one club for Miss Young's chair. Miss Young is sixteen years old and for four years has been paralyzed in her lower limbs as the result of curvature of the spine.

Mrs. Margaretta Ellis is unable to walk as the result of a fall causing internal injuries from which she has suffered for about a year.



This interesting picture shows little Odessa Rasure seated in the wheel chair which I sent her last December and is a source of great pleasure to her. Though seventeen years of age she is no larger than a child of seven should be. Ten years ago she was stricken with paralysis which almost completely crippled her and checked her growth. Although able to sit up only part of the time she is a very patient and uncomplaining sufferer.

Now that the hot weather is nearly passed I hope the wheel-chair subscriptions will come in faster for the benefit of the shut-ins.

The month's Roll of Honor and a few touching letters of thanks follow.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Crippled Boy Likes His Wheel Chair Awfully Well

DEWEY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing on behalf of Russell Harrison, and wish to thank you, COMFORT'S publisher and many friends who made it possible for him to get the COMFORT wheel chair. It came safely, and we are sure all are delighted with it. Russell is practically helpless, and has been from birth, from spinal affections. His mind is not in any way affected and he learns easily, and though he cannot use his hands, he is learning to write, holding his pencil between his teeth. He says "tell Unle Charlie I like the chair awful well." Respectfully yours,

MRS. JENNIE HARRISON.

Very Thankful for COMFORT Wheel Chair

KINGFISHER, OKLA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Today we received little son's wheel chair in good order, for which we are very thankful. We are much pleased over it and shall continue to work for your Wheel-chair Club, for I want to aid other afflicted shut-ins to get chairs free by the aid of COMFORT subscriptions. Words cannot express our appreciation to you. Always your subscriber, MRS. CALVIN HALE.

Can Roll Herself in COMFORT Wheel Chair

MARATHON TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair the 1st of this month in good condition and I like it so much. I can roll myself and am very thankful for it.

Yours truly, MRS. CARRIE GRANGER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. J. I. Wilson, S. C., for Dewey Wilson, 200; C. A. Garrett, Okla., for Miss Ellen Young, 148; Mr. Ed. Buch, Iowa, for own wheel chair, 46; Mrs. Louia Thompson, Ark., for Mrs. Hilda Scott, 40; Mrs. O. L. Acheson, N. Dak., for Mrs. Dalia Wyman, 38; Mrs. A. W. Sultzbaugh, Neb., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 35; Mrs. A. H. Michael, S. Dak., for Mrs. Margaretta Ellis, 32; Hartman Fenner, N. J., for Mrs. Clifford Fenner, 20; Ethel Ridgeway, Ky., for Walter Ridgeway, 20; Mrs. Dollie Arbaugh, Va., for own wheel chair, 19; Miss Lillian French, N. Y., for Mrs. Eva McGinley, 19; Doomie Gorman, Texas, for own wheel chair, 17; Mary Berry, Ga., for Lottie Berry, 13; Elva Carey, Wash., for Elizabeth Leenhouts, 11; Rudolph Fischer, Pa., 11; Mrs. Olive Grob, Ill., for Harold Grob, 11; Adella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 10; Annie L. Vinson, Ala., for T. Parrish, 8; From a Friend, Mo., 7; Josie J. Tullar, Texas, 6; Mrs. Mary Trayer, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 6; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., 5; E. J. McConnell, Ill., 5.

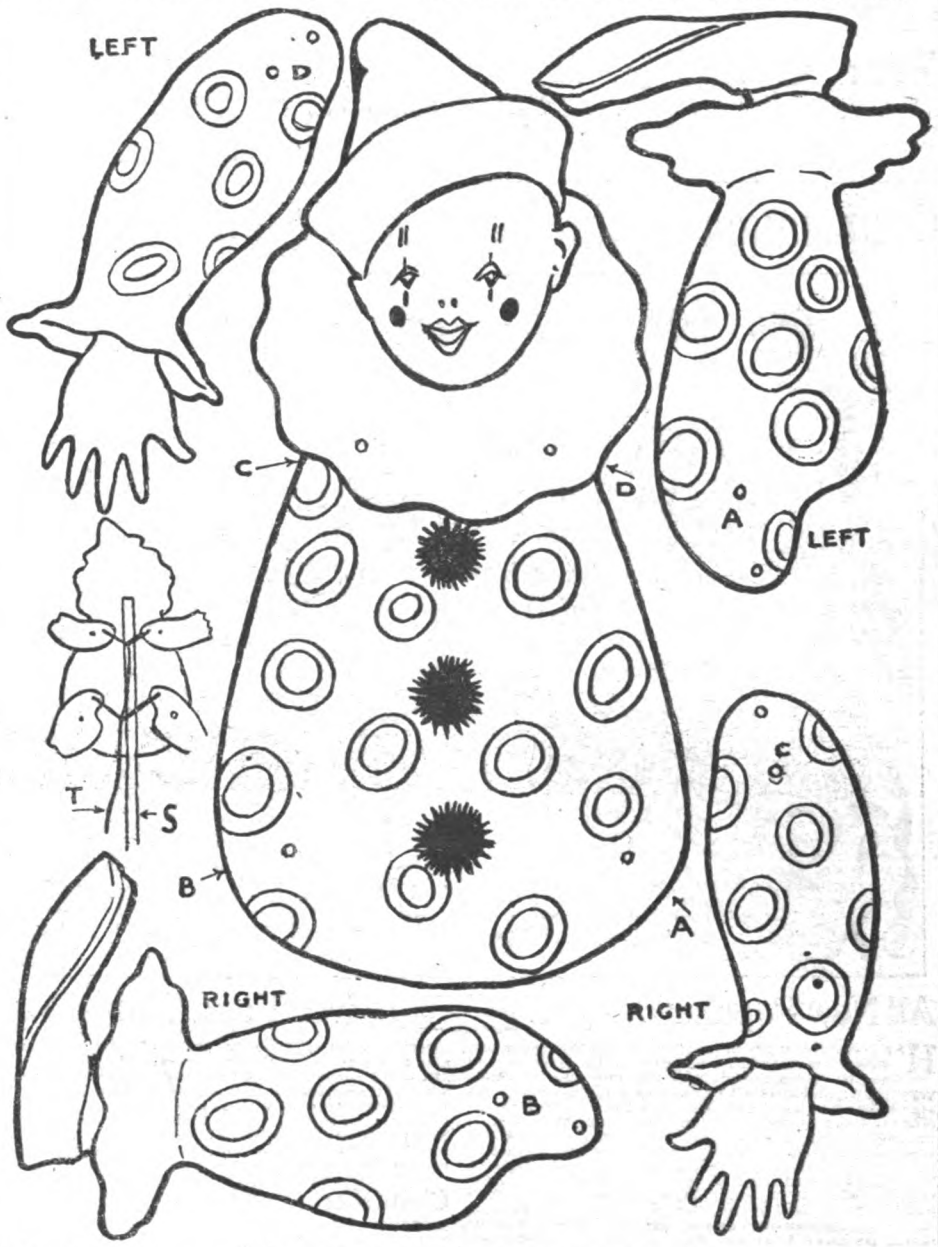
Children's Happy Hour

HERE we are again with a cut-out doll and another nice story about Cubby Bear for you little folks. I know you will be glad to see them because so many of you were kind enough to write me last summer telling how much you enjoyed these two features of COMFORT and how sorry you were that they were to be omitted from the three summer issues. I thank you, all who wrote me, for your good letters which are well written and do credit to little children of your ages—mostly little girls from five to thirteen years of age—and I promise to give you a cut-out picture and "Cubby Bear" story or other equally good story in every issue of COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring, and perhaps next summer, too.

The Cubby Bear story is illustrated this month and you will find it with pictures of him and his friends on another page.

Story of the Jumping Jack Doll

The name of this smiling doll which waves its arms and kicks its feet in such a comical way is Happy Jack. Not very long ago he was a sad boy and very seldom smiled but now he is smiling and dancing about nearly all the time. I will tell you how this great change came about. Jack had a sister Nanny whom he dearly loved and played with all day long. One day a circus came to town and they both followed it a long way from home. Jack had on his white play suit and Nanny was dressed in blue. In the crush and jam of crowded streets they became separated, and poor baby Jack wandered alone in the dark crying and sobbing. At last he got tired and lay down in the meadow to sleep. His white suit was all stained green in the morning, but a kind lady gave him breakfast and told him where the circus was, for you see it moved to a different town each day and Jack had actually gone from one village to another. When he arrived at the grounds, he was too late for the circus had gone on and with it his sister Nanny. He was too tired to go further so he crawled into a wagon and soon fell asleep. Alas for his white suit, the wagon had been just painted a bright red, and it put many big red spots on him. Again he got breakfast at a farmhouse and hurried on and again he was too late. For many days this continued and each night his suit got stains of a different color. One rainy Sunday the circus did not travel and Jack caught up to it. When the men saw him they laughed, and the visitors laughed and the children laughed and even the elephants and tigers and lions seemed to laugh at him. When he caught sight of Nanny, he too laughed, and then he found out that the people were laughing at his funny suit for it had spots of every color on it. Nanny told Jack that she had been searching for him all the time and they hugged each other, and the head man, learning their plight sent them home in a cozy car. Ever since that day, clowns who wish to make people laugh wear spotted suits and some even put daubs of paint on their faces. When Jack thinks of how funny he looked, he just cannot help smiling and that is why they call him Happy Jack.



Directions For Jumping Jack Cut-out

Paste the Jumping Jack picture on a piece of cardboard and after carefully smoothing out all wrinkles and air bubbles, place it in a big book to dry. The next day cut out each of the five parts with scissors. On the body you will notice four little round rings marked A, B, C and D. Those at the hips or lower corners are A and B and those at the shoulders are C and D. On each arm and leg piece you will find similar small rings, marked A, B, C and D. Now all you have to do is to place the limbs on the body so that the point A on one is exactly opposite point A on the other. Punch a hole through with a darning needle and pull a piece of string in, knotting it on both ends. The string thus knotted, holds the limb to the body and permits it to swing freely. Hole B on the right leg fits over hole B on the right hip and so on.

The other holes, at the extreme ends of the arms and legs, are to fasten the string that works the dancing clown. A small stick or extra heavy piece of cardboard one half inch wide and six inches long is glued to the back of the body, the top of the stick being even with the neck of the figure. A short string connects the ends of the arms and another the ends of the legs. One long string is fastened to the center of both of the shorter ones and when it is pulled the doll will jump and kick and wave its arms in a lively fashion.

It will look nicer if you color it with crayons, using bright red, yellow, blue and green. Study the small rear view which shows the handle and working string.

Have a good time playing, but don't forget your lessons, for school begins this month most everywhere; and remember to help mamma all you can, because she gets very tired working so hard to make you and the rest of the family comfortable and happy. Good by until next month,

UNCLE JOHN.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Distributing Co., 1802 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!



MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** You could easily pay $5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 7213

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7213.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRIENDSHIP BRACELET LINK ONLY 12¢



STERLING SILVER ROLLED GOLD

Start a **Friendship-Maid-Link-Bracelet,** latest New York fashion. We start yours by giving you one link absolutely **FREE engraved with 3 initials.** Your friends give or exchange others. What more **beautiful token** or **sentiment** could be expressed. Send to-day for one or more **LINKS (12c.** each) stating initials and whether **ROLLED GOLD, STERLING SILVER, BEADED** or **PLAIN** design wanted and receive links with beautiful **Black Ribbon Free** so you can start wearing **Links** at once until **Bracelet** is complete. Write today. Start with **Link** we give you **Free** with first **12c.** order or more. **Friendship Jewelery Co., Dept. 26, 83 Chambers St., N.Y.**



Crying Baby Doll FREE

She is an awfully Noisy Baby. You can hear her all over the house. Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her **free,** by **parcel post paid,** for selling only six easy selling jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We trust you. Simply send your full name and address to **JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 93, ATTLEBORO, MASS.**

Fits

I have treated Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine **cured them.** To prove my ability I will send any sufferer a free two weeks treatment. If you, a friend or relative suffer, send me name, age, address and describe case.

Dr. Fred E. Grant Dept. 169, Kansas City, Mo.

Pain Paint

Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills Dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents. **R. L. Wolcott & Son, 3 Wolcott Bldg., New York.**

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who are unable to control their Kidneys during the night or day, for it is **not a habit but a Disease.** If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a **Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send no money. Address **ZEMETO CO., Dept. One, Milwaukee, Wis.**

GYPSY Fortune Teller

And Dream Book



Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth, and Business. Tells fortunes by all methods. cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiacology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book by mail for TEN CENTS. Earn money telling fortunes. **ROYAL PUB. CO., Dept. 47. So. Norwalk, Conn.**

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 463.

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

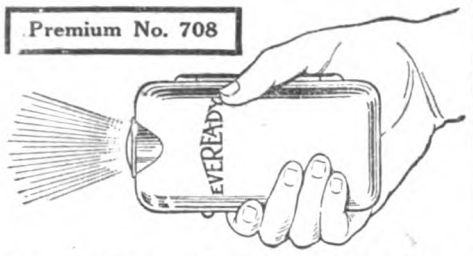
COMFORT wants to give **free to your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** "Golden Locks" is almost as big as **a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **life-like way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Pocket Flashlight

Premium No. 708



Given For A Club Of Three

THERE are so many occasions when a flashlight is a necessity it would be impossible to name them all but there is one thing sure—**it is the handiest and safest means of illuminating ever devised.** We offer here one of the best pocket flashlights made. It is known as the "Eveready," which is certainly an appropriate name as it **is** always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its **safety** around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around **gasoline, or powder,** in the stable, in the barn, even in the hay mow, and **there is not the slightest danger of fire.** It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around **in your vest pocket** where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in **polished nickel** with a hinged bottom which opens to replace the battery and is equipped with a push button as well as a sliding switch for a flash or continuous light. It is equipped with a Tungsten battery and bulb and gives a surprisingly powerful bright light and the battery with average use will last **from two to four months.** When one battery becomes exhausted you can easily buy another one anywhere as they are on sale in every city and town in the United States. Or, if you prefer, we will furnish you with additional batteries **free of cost** in return for a few subscriptions to COMFORT. We will send you this flashlight **with battery and bulb complete,** ready for business as soon as you receive it, upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one "Eveready" flashlight as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 708.)** We can also supply you with extra batteries for the "Eveready" at the rate of one battery free for a club of two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each. **(Premium No. 709.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies' and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are **genuine gold filled** so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with imt. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the **real gems** which would cost from $5.00 to $25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough **real gold** to give them **genuine wearing qualities,** and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift. **ORDER BY NUMBER THE RING OR RINGS WANTED.**



No. 52005

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful Imt. Sapphire and two sparkling Brilliants.

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful Imt. Amethyst.

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, handsomely engraved, set with finest cut Imt. Ruby.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.

No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved.

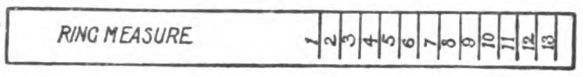


No. 52137



No. 51429

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!





No. 51726



No. 52028

By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line O and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.



No. 51723

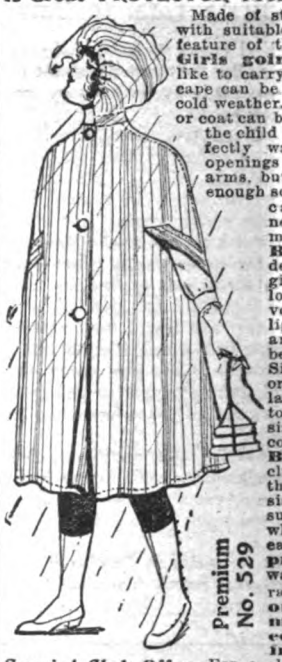
Free Offer!

By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you **FREE AND POSTPAID** your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. **Remember our guarantee** that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify **by number** the ring or rings you want.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine,

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Premium No. 529

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. **Girls going to school** do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much **better than a Rain Coat.** The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. **Boys** can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. **Girls** like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn **such a sensible premium** so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. **When ordering be sure to mention size wanted. It comes in sizes from 6 to 14 years.**

Special Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you by parcel post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. **State size wanted. Premium No. 529.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Prem. No. 691 Lady's Watch

For A Club Of Eight!



HERE IS a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Duchess" and is a **perfect little beauty.** We show both the front and the back of the watch so that you can gain some idea of its real appearance, especially the handsome engraving on the back. It is a thin model, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set, with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damaskeed, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skilled watchmakers in one of the best watch factories in the United States. The case of this watch has all the appearance of solid gold and **it will wear like solid gold** because it is made of **solid** composition gilt metal that is the same color **all the way through** so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep **perfect time** and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to us any time within one year and we will either repair **free of charge** or send you a new watch in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we **ourselves** guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special



Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 691. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit



All New Popular Designs! Prem. No. 7312 Given For a Club of Two!

HAND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are **three large sheets of perforated patterns** containing designs for **linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kimonos, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet** and many other popular and stylish designs, also a cake of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large **tray cloth,** 8 x 17 inches, and **six 5 1-2 inch doilies to match** all stamped on real white **Irish linen,** one oblong **pillow top** 17 x 21 inches, hand tinted on ecru art cloth, one bone **stiletto** for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of **10 embroidery needles** and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton **floss.** We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7312. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavallieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of **tiny French pearls** and set with either four **Emeralds** or four **Rubies** whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalliere free upon the terms of the following offer. **Be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting.**

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Powerful 3½ Ft. Telescope



Premium No. 602

This is not a worthless toy but a **real telescope** made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. When closed as shown in the illustration it is 12 inches long with a circumference of 5 3-4 inches, when all five sections are pulled out its full length is over 3 1-2 feet. It is well made of the best material, **brass bound throughout;** the lens are carefully ground and adjusted by **experts.** With this telescope it is really possible to pick out and identify houses, barns, horses, cattle, streams, ponds, bits of scenery, etc., at **a range of from 1 to 5 miles.** Such a telescope as this is an absolute necessity to farmers and ranchmen, as a matter of fact it is something needed in **every** home whether in city, town or country. The young people always enjoy the use of a good telescope and they are just fine to take along on hunting, fishing, touring or vacation trips. As a rule a telescope of this size sells for a very high price but COMFORT has contracted for an enormous quantity of them thus bringing the cost down low enough so that we can give them away as a premium. If you really want a good telescope do not hesitate to order this one because it is fully **guaranteed** by the manufacturers and that guarantee is backed up by us. With this telescope we also send you a **Solar Eye Piece** which you can use to **study the sun and solar eclipses** and you get the whole outfit **free and prepaid** on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this big forty-two inch long Telescope with Solar Eye Piece by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 602.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope



Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Given Free And Sent By Parcel Post Prepaid For A Club Of Six.



Premium No. 702

WE believe that there is nothing much more desired and appreciated by the average woman than a handsome and serviceable bed set so we have just purchased a quantity of the **Three-piece** Nottingham Lace Set shown in above illustration and will distribute them free as a premium among lady readers of COMFORT. Our illustration cannot, of course show the real appearance of the set but it gives you an idea of the design which is a beautifully executed array of **flowers, bow knots** and **ribbons** scattered on a mounting of **Duchess Lace** and set off by **Festoon** effects on all sides. The material is Nottingham Lace substantially woven for strength in laundering and finished with **buttonhole stitched scalloped edges** for added strength and convenience in cleaning and stretching. The spread is 72 inches wide to 90 inches long which is large enough to cover a full size bed and leave a **valance** effect to hang over on the sides. The two shams are each 28½ inches square. This is really an extraordinary offer when you stop to consider that we are giving away this set for a club of only six subscriptions, but please do not think that because we **do** offer it for such a small club that it is cheap in any sense of the word, because the material is of the very best and it is made and finished in the finest possible manner on the latest improved looms in the largest lace mill in the United States. This same bed set is on sale in the stores at a good round price, but because we buy direct and eliminate all middlemen's profits, we are enabled to make the following very attractive

Free Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome. Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set exactly as illustrated and described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 702. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had

10 Inches High And Full Jointed

Premium No. 699

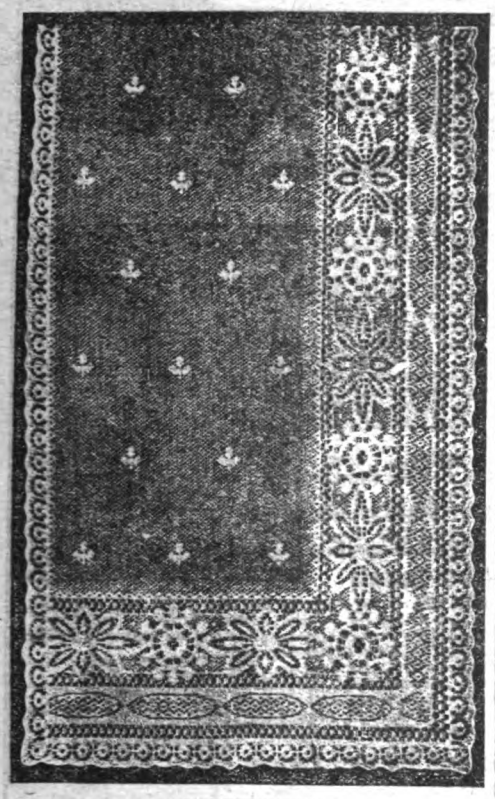
FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly **a foot tall,** made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lace Curtains



Nine Feet Long
Thirty Inches Wide

Premium No. 409

Given For A Club of Four

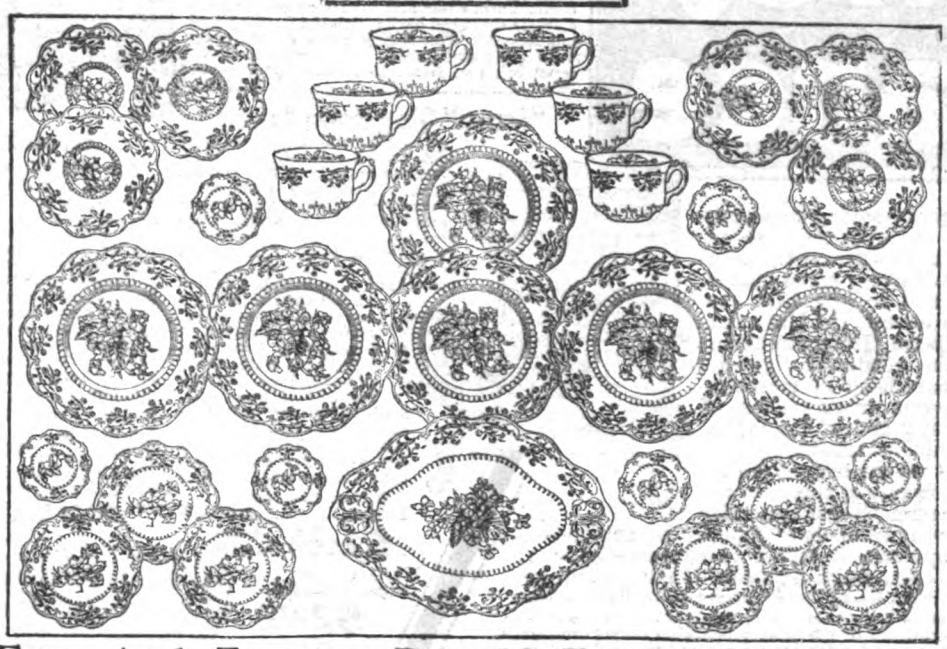
THESE Nottingham lace curtains are **thirty inches wide and three yards long** and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any home no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven one-year subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set

Premium No. 461.



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that **smooth, velvety** appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of **purple, green and gold** which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio **by express, all charges prepaid.**

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. **Premium No. 461.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



Premium No. 716

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have **loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Engraved Gold Bracelet

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION



Prem. No. 450.

THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Offer No. 450 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 450 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 450.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



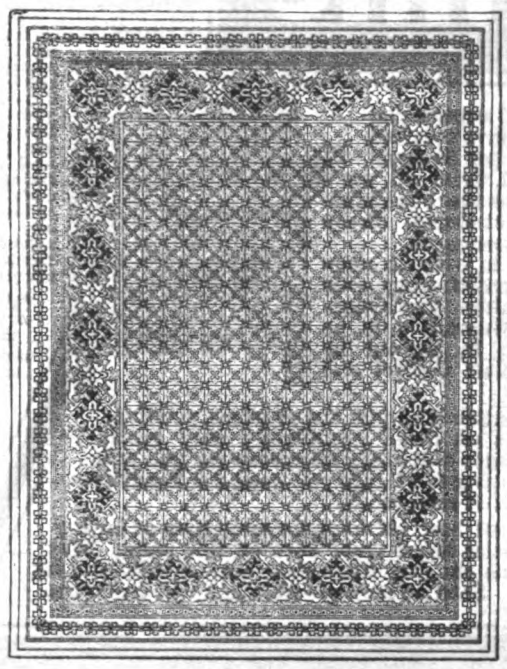
Gent's Watch and Chain

Premium No. 399

For A Club Of Five!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, a dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** It is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as a watch that costs $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **A guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** a thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches without receiving a complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Congoleum Rug

Premium No. 7206

Given For A Club Of Six!

A YARD and a half long and one yard wide. Water cannot rot it, sun cannot fade it. It lies **flat** on the floor without nails, tacks or paste and positively will not **curl up** at the edges. The Congoleum Rug is something new. It is not oil-cloth or Linoleum or made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other floor covering in the world. It is absolutely **waterproof,** not affected by heat or cold, neither fades nor **rots** indoors or out. When you wash the floor or **porch** you can wash the Congoleum rug at the **same** time without taking it up. You can leave it outdoors the year round, and it will not rot, fade or get that dingy look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. In doors you can use it on your bathroom, hall, pantry or kitchen floor, under the refrigerator or stove or in any room in the house. No matter **where** you place it it will outwear a dozen ordinary rugs and give years of **service.** These rugs come in many different designs and beautiful combinations of colors and we have selected the one illustrated herewith as the most suitable for **all-round** purposes. It will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug, or in hall, kitchen, pantry or chamber. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want more of them at once so we have arranged to supply you with as many as you may need upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum Rug free by express or parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7206. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

SILK MUSLIN SCARF

Premium No. 331

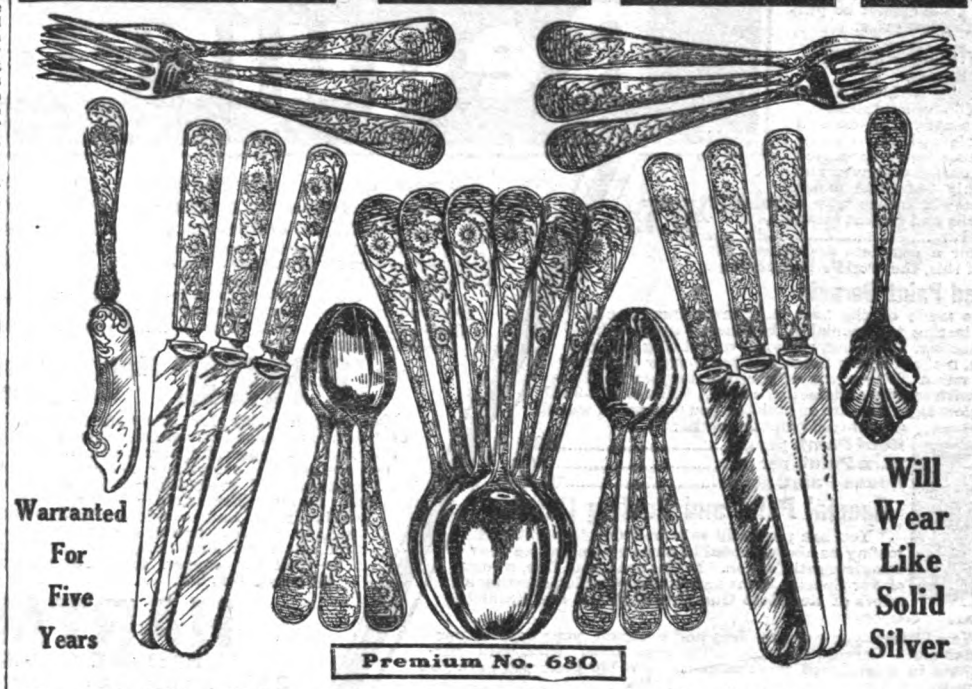


A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. **When ordering be sure to mention color wanted.**

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Silk Scarf free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 331. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

Premium No. 680

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf

67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide

Premium No. 332



Made of PURE FLAX woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for **less money** in subscriptions than you would have to **pay outright** for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive **zigzag drawnwork design** and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe.** Being made by skilled workmen of **pure flax,** the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For **two** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription) not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Fitted House Gown

Premium No 7254



Made Of Finest Percale In All Colors. Checks, Stripes, Plain Blues, Browns, Tan, Black And Blue And Polka Dots.

A LARGE wholesale concern found it was overstocked and sold us a limited quantity of these handsome percale house dresses at a low price. They are **regular $1.98 value** but we bought them cheap for cash and are going to give our lady readers the benefit of the bargain. As shown in our illustration the design of the dress is simple yet attractive, in fact it is pretty enough to be worn as an afternoon dress. It has a low neck, three pearl buttons in back, the sleeves, neck and pockets have a one and a quarter inch facing of plain percale in colors to match, the waist is fitted with an elastic tape covered with the same facing as neck and sleeves. Perfect fitting, easy to slip on, stylish yet cool and comfortable they make about the **most desirable** summer house dress for any woman. Remember, however, that this is a **short time offer** only as we have but a limited quantity of these dresses on hand and it is not likely that we shall be able to secure more of them at a sacrifice price. When ordering please **state color and pattern wanted, also give your bust measure** and we will guarantee a good fit.

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine percale house gowns free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to say what pattern and color you prefer and give your bust measure. Premium No. 7254.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No Money In Advance

Here is the rarest money-saving opportunity you ever heard of—an opportunity so exceptional, so important as to warrant the keenest interest on the part of every home-maker, everywhere. To prove to you that the Hartman prices are lowest, the Hartman credit terms most liberal, Hartman alone extends to you this wonderful "get-acquainted" offer unparalleled in merchandising. Hartman invites every reader of this paper to order any one of the items advertised on this page without sending any money in advance, but we can only afford to send one item to each family at these terms. When you get our mammoth catalog, order whatever you wish—any amount—any number of articles—make small monthly payments to suit your convenience—we extend to you our wide open, helpful credit. Take advantage of this opportunity to get acquainted with the fair, square, liberal Hartman plan.

As the largest home-furnishing concern in the world we alone are able to control such immense quantities of the most dependable home-furnishings, that we not only secure the best the market affords but at absolutely lowest prices. We allow no one to undersell us—

Our $10,000,000 Purchasing Power Makes

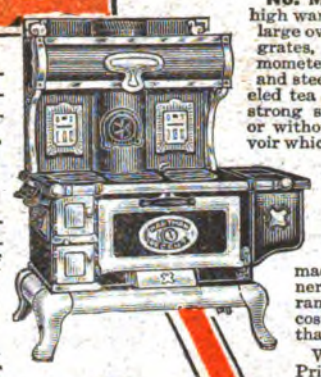
Big Heater Bargain



No. MJ 141. A new model Hartman "Regent" Hot Blast Heating Stove made of cold rolled steel plate with cast iron fire pot. Has strong base. Swing cover, reflector, side columns, urn, foot rails, screw drafts, front base strip and front base legs are nickeled. Body is 16 in. in diameter. Stands 56 in. high. Price **$12.65**

$1.00 Per Month

"Regent" Steel Range Bargain



No. MJ146. Complete with high warming closet. Leg base, large oven 18x18x11 in. Duplex grates, 6-hole top, oven thermometer, improved flue system and steel high closet with nickeled tea shelves. Mounted on a strong steel base. Either with or without contact type reservoir which, when supplied, is furnished with enamel lift out tank. Silver nickel trimmings as shown in illustration. Cannot be fitted with water front or water back. A truly remarkable bargain, made in the very best manner. If you would buy this range elsewhere it would cost you a great deal more than the low price we ask.

Without reservoir, Price..... **$24.75**

$1.75 Per Month

With reservoir, price... **$28.65**

$2.00 Per Month

3-Piece Solid Oak Library Set



No. MJ144. This elegant solid oak, fumed finish, three-piece Library Set is made in the newest style and upholstered with "Imperial" Spanish brown leather. Table is solidly constructed with square edge top, 34x24 in. Convenient book shelf at either end and strong lower shelf give added strength. Panels match those on the backs of the chairs. Solid comfort arm chair and luxurious rocker have cleverly arranged backs with the center panel upholstered. The spring seats are expertly filled and upholstered. The arms are quartered oak and fitted to strong front posts. Price..... **$11.89**

75c Per Month

Brussels Rug Bargain



No. MJ147. Charming Brussels Rug in a very new design, woven of excellent worsted yarns in a pattern that is sure to please. It is in a scroll and floral pattern with medallion center and harmonizing border. Has rich coloring of tan, green, brown and red. This is a very choice rug and one from which lasting service can be had. Were you to buy a rug of this fine quality and rich coloring in any of the following sizes elsewhere, it would cost you a great deal more than our low price, and besides you get the benefit of our easy payment credit terms.

Size 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. Price... **$9.89** **75c Per Month**

Size 9x12 ft. Price..... **$11.35** **75c Per Month**

Size 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Price..... **$15.76** **$1.00 Per Month**

Solid Oak Rocker Bargain



No. MJ145. Large roomy Rocker. Solid oak, *genuine quarter-sawed arms*, rich golden finish. "Imperial" Spanish brown leather upholstering on seat and back. Removable *slip seat* has 6 springs. Stuffed with tow and cotton. Elegantly carved posts. Seat front is button tufted, also upper panel of back. 39 in. high, seat 18x19½ in. between arms. Price... **$3.58**

50c Per Month

Colonial Dresser Bargain



No. MJ143. Here is a wonderful offering in a beautiful Colonial shaped Dresser, made of hardwood with rich American quartered oak finish. French bevel plate mirror, 24x20 in. in size, supported by strong standards, two small drawers at top of base, two full length drawers, fitted with wooden drawer pulls. Has heavy plank top, full Colonial front posts. A great bargain at our price..... **$8.98**

75c Per Month

Solid Oak Writing Desk Bargain

No. MJ150. A remarkable value. Surpasses anything at this price. 44in. high, 30 in. wide, 16 in. deep. Solid oak sides, quarter-sawed oak front. Golden oak or fumed oak finish. Desk compartment has drop lid, lock, pigeon holes and shelves. Full width drawer and a 2 door book cabinet below. Doors have lattice work over glass, wood knobs and equipped with spring catches. This desk is a masterpiece of the cabinet maker's art. Compared with what others ask it is a wonderful bargain at our price of only **$8.49**

75c Per Month

48-Piece Dinner Set Bargain



No. MJ151. Best quality pure white porcelain, exquisitely decorated with latest rose floral pattern in many natural colors and gold. Six dinner plates, 9¼ in., 6 breakfast plates, 7¾ in.; 6 cups; 6 saucers; 6 fruit dishes, 5¾ in.; 6 new style deep soup coupes (in place of old style soup plate); 6 butter plates; 1 deep, open vegetable dish, 9¾ in.; 1 meat platter, 9½ in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher. 48 pieces, complete service for 6..... **$3.95**

50c Per Month

Bargains Worth While

Velvet Rug In 4 Sizes—a Big Bargain



No. MJ140. The design of this rug is unusually beautiful, having a charming medallion center with conventional border. Woven of the best yarns that give great service. Colors: tan, green, brown and red. This is a wonderful opportunity to get a magnificent rug for little money on easy terms.

Size 6x9 ft. Price..... **$9.69** **75c Per Month**

8ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. **$14.35** **$1 Per Month**

Size 9x12 ft..... **$16.78**

Size 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Price..... **$22.95** **$1.75 Per Month**

Solid Oak Kitchen Cabinet



No. MJ149. Sanitary "Comfort" Kitchen Cabinet of *solid oak*. Base has white wood table top 41x26 in., smoothly sanded; handy bread board; cutlery drawer and large utility drawer. Large, roomy cupboard. Top has large china cupboard with two art glass doors; metal flour bin, 45 lb. capacity; removable sifter; spice drawer; open cereal cupboard. Rich, golden shade; 67 in. high. Price..... **$10.95**

75c Per Month

Solid Oak Dining Table



No. MJ142. A Colonial style Dining Table of solid oak, large 9 in. round pedestal fitted to Colonial scroll platform base, the extreme width of which is 24 in. Scroll legs are 4½ in. thick. Top measures 45 in. in diameter, opens to 6 ft. Deep box rim harmonizes with other proportions. Excellently finished throughout and can be ordered in golden oak or fumed finish. This is an elegant Dining Table, one that will grace any dining room no matter how fine its appointments may be. You will be proud to own this table and it is truly a remarkable bargain as this style cannot be purchased elsewhere at this low price.

$10.95

Hercules Never-Leak Flint-Surfaced Roofing

Most Durable for Any Climate



Don't confuse this strong, durable roofing with the flimsy stuff that masquerades under the name of "prepared roofing." Most of it is made from ordinary paper, soaked with tar and given a thin gravel coating. Hercules Never-Leak is made from highest quality, long fibre wool felt, thoroughly saturated with pure asphalt. Both sides are thickly coated with very fine sharp particles of crystals which are firmly imbedded under enormous pressure. Each roll is complete—32 inches wide, contains 108 square feet (enough to cover 100 square feet). Nails and cement included. No skill required to lay. As low as, per roll..... **$1.15**

Free Samples Write today for a complete assortment of free samples of this, the world's best roofing.

Guaranteed Ready Mixed Paint Bargain

Rex-Kote Ready Mixed Paint is made of the best and purest ingredients, made to give unusual satisfaction and a lasting testimonial of Hartman's great value. Guaranteed against peeling, blistering, chalking or rubbing off, and to cover more surface, make a better finish and last longer than any other paint. Either you or your painter may use Rex-Kote with equally satisfactory results. You can't afford to neglect any structure or building you own when we sell guaranteed paint as low as:



Roof Paint, per gal..... **52c**

Barn Paint, per gal..... **84c**

House Paint, per gal..... **$1.02**

Special Paint and Roofing Catalog

You are perfectly safe in ordering paint and roofing as above quoted because we guarantee your complete satisfaction. Let us send you, free, a copy of our Special Paint and Roofing Catalog showing all colors of Rex-Kote Guaranteed Paints and Varnishes and different weights of Hercules Roofing. Place X in square in coupon.

Mail Coupon Today

We will send you at once, free and postpaid, your copy of our Mammoth Bargain Catalog listing over 10,000 wonderful bargains in guaranteed merchandise. This big book will save you money. You need it. The coupon brings it. Mail coupon—now.

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3964 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

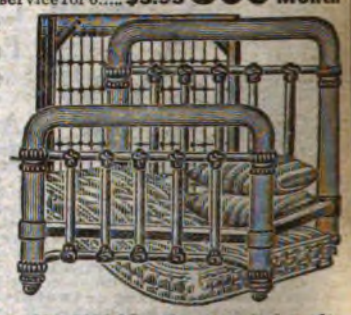
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We Unreservedly Guarantee every article sold by us to be exactly as represented and described in our catalog.

We guarantee our prices to be lower than any other concern for goods of equal quality.

We guarantee to ship each and every article on approval, and if within 30 days from receipt of the goods, anything is not perfectly satisfactory, FOR ANY REASON WHATEVER, we will accept their return and when the goods are returned to us, we will refund all moneys paid on them, including payment of freight charges both ways.

Five-Piece Two-Inch Steel Post Bed Outfit



No. MJ148. Complete bed outfit, consisting of elegant two-inch Continuous Post Steel Bed with ¾-inch fillers in artistic design; height head end 52 inches; link fabric, steel frame bed spring; cotton top, fibre filled mattress and two 4½ pound selected hen feather pillows 18x25 inches, which are soft and elastic and covered with striped ticking. Outfit comes in all sizes, 3 feet; 3 feet, 6 inches; 4 feet, or 4 feet, 6 inches, full size. Colors: White, Pea Green or Vernis Martin. You can't find the equal of this bed outfit anywhere at anything near our price and you can pay for it on easiest credit terms..... **$9.89**

75c Per Month

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Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.,
3964 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Address.....



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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO A[RT], LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE

VOL. XXVII NO. 12

OCTOBER 1915



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See Story "THE LORD OF THE HARVEST"

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Devoted to

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Crumbs of Comfort

The most terrible of all things is terror.

Waste time if you want time to waste you.

There is no worse robber than a bad book.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes it is right.

Malice may darken truth, but it cannot put it out.

He who does not look before finds himself behind.

God enters by a private door into every individual.

Work is the only universal currency which God accepts.

He never did a good day's work who went grumbling at it.

There is a cry at the beginning of life and a groan at its close.

Kings may create noblemen, but they cannot create noble men.

Brain women never interest men or women as heart women do.

The richest man in the world does not own a single minute of tomorrow.

The less tenderness one has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

Many people, who would not do ill, speak ill without realizing that such speaking is doing.

An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a team of horses cannot draw it back again.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

Next to God, man is indebted to woman, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.

The Lord of the Harvest

(See Title Page Illustration)

By Gertrude Hockridge

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COBELLA LOVINGWELL was perched on the top of the summer-house feasting on the last of the ripe grapes. The luxuriant vines hid her from view. Her mother came to the door, glanced about and sat down on the step for the brief resting-spell of the farmer's wife. Steps came rustling through the grass and leaves in the door-yard. Husband and son were coming home. The long day's work was done. Lewis, the son, sat down beside his mother. She pushed the hair from his damp forehead with mother touches. "What does Ingham say?" she asked.

"He talks smooth. Says he prefers to hire a man who has no home interests. He can control all his time then, I suppose. Guess I'll stick to farming, muz! I have tried to fly in the face of fates and am beaten!"

There was a laugh on the young man's frank face but wise "muz" knew that a shadow of disappointment lay behind the laugh. "We could sell ——" she said slowly.

"No, muz. Decidedly not. Ingham shall not shove us out of our home that way. Who is he to lord it over us? I can wait. A man can be a *man* whether he carries a book or a hoe. Cobsie will be a woman soon, and then—why, we'll see further. We'll keep the old nest yet a while. It's *ours*. Never mind, muz! We will all be happy while we may and you will be glad to have your boy with you, I know."

The young sister among the vines dropped a bunch of grapes as she listened to the conversation. She understood the drift of it fairly well. There had been other talks in her hearing. Years before Cobella took possession of the old-fashioned cradle at Laughing Brook Farm, Wheat County, was one of the most beautiful farming districts in the state. The farms were more numerous than large, and splendidly cultivated. Their owners formed a community of men and women that was unique in its thift and neighborly spirit. How it began none could tell, but a fever for city life and trade awoke in the blood of first one and then another of these farm owners. One by one they sold their property and lost themselves in town. By and by it was rumored about that their acres had all passed into the hands of one Charles Ingham, a man whose ambition it was to own and cultivate the largest single farm in the state. Indeed, it was whispered that in some careful way he had inoculated the younger people with the city fever and waited for its outbreak. He had done no wrong in the eyes of the law. He had taken full advantage of his rights. He put "a straw across a trickle" and smiled when the river's channel changed.

Laughing Brook Farm was the last and best of the group of farm properties. Charles Ingham desired it with great desire. To include it with his already magnificently proportioned wheat fields was something he thought about day and night. The "old people" were not as "keen" as they once were. The son had ambitions. Even the little girl might throw her mite of influence in the balance. They were not rich. A loan? A mortgage? A square cash offer for the place? A casual conversation with the young man—city advantages, etc? Well, time would lead him to the best method. That farm he wanted!

And Lewis—*he* wanted an education. His health was not vigorous. The sharp winters and sweltering summers tried him severely. He had begun to think perhaps he had better look away from the fields for a life-occupation. His inclination pointed to the law. As far as self improvement could take him he had gone. The town library was a fair one. The little family of four were among its best patrons. One day Lewis heard that Ingham wanted a man to oversee the interests of his big farm, a sort of farmer-secretary. The young man thought he could fill the position and spend his evenings at a good night-school in town. He went to see Charles Ingham. The rich land owner was pleasant, cautious, keen. He led his caller to tell his heart and then was "Very sorry" not to be able to accommodate him. "Why don't you folks sell and move to town?" he asked in a tone of friendly disinterest. "Might even buy the place myself. Pay cash, you know. City life is the thing for wide-awake fellows like you! Or—I only suggest—would you like a loan? I admire men who have dare in them."

Lewis took an abrupt departure. He understood Mr. Ingham. He would wait.

Cobella heard nothing more of the subject. Colder weather came. There were longer evenings for reading and study. But there was a weary look in Lewis' eyes and Cobsie had to remind him or he would have forgotten the Jungle Tales they were reading together. The child was, in some things, wise beyond her years. "He's bothered about that old night-school and his 'college fund.' I know! Wish I was a woman. I'd work and make money and *then* he'd go! He's just the splendidest brother. Old Ingham might have taken him. I'll tell him so some day."

One afternoon, a few weeks later, Lewis brought home a book for his little sister. It was wrapped in a page of a religious weekly. Cobsie never overlooked anything in print and she turned the wrappings about in search of a possible story or poem. The following advertisement arrested her attention:

Wanted.—Christians for one year of service. Work most delightful. Wages paid in jewels that will shine through all eternity. Address THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

The little girl studied over the "ad." It was either the beginning or middle of an article, but the sheet was torn, and she thought it was a bona-fide "business opportunity." Presently her face cleared and she spoke to herself scornfully: "Well, you *are* a goose! 'The Lord of the Harvest'—that's Mr. Ingham. Lewis said he shouldn't lord it over us and he's got an awful big wheat harvest. * * Well, Mr. Ingham, I know what I'll do. Oh, if brother just could go to school!"

That afternoon the child was out hunting for belated treasures of tree and bush. Trotting hoofs arrested her attention.

"There he goes now!" she said aloud, and, darting by a crosscut toward the road, she reached it in time to wave a signal to the vehicle that spun toward her.

Charles Ingham spoke to the mare and drew up to the roadside, wondering what Farmer Lovingwell's little girl wanted. He was not a man children were afraid of because he had not yet denied all his better impulses.

"Hello, little one! What's up?"

Cobella pulled off her hood and unpinned from its crown a crumpled scrap of paper. She handed it to him and waited. Then, as he knit his brows and looked from the slip to herself, she said:

"I found your advertisement and wanted to talk about it." She spoke as if she had been trained in business ways. "Could you hire me for one year? I am a Christian. I can do all sorts of work. Is it dl'monds you pay in? I'm 'most sure mother would let me."

"Where did you get this?" asked the puzzled man. "What do you mean, child?"

"You're the Lord of the Harvest, aren't you? Isn't that your ad? Father put one in the Farmer's Friend when we wanted a girl. Lewis wants an education ever so bad. He wanted to work for you. I s'pose you didn't hire him 'cause he isn't a Christian. He told mother he was going to be some day. I was converted last year, so I'll do, won't I? Lewis would sell the jewels—dl'monds, aren't they? Don't you think brother is a dear? You know he isn't real well. He's going to be a lawyer. They don't have to work as hard as farmers. *Won't* you hire me? I want to help brother, and mother's been praying about it. She told father she was sure the way would open."

Mr. Ingham's face was a study. He pushed his hat back and incidentally rubbed his eyes. Cobella caught sight of a diamond ring. Would it not be lovely to have a whole lot of shining jewels for brother?

"Don't you want to get into the buggy, child? We'll ride a bit and you can tell me more about it." Cobella chatted on, nor did she suspect that she was being drawn out. Perhaps she did not know of such a process. Before long her listener was in possession of many details of life at Laughing Brook Farm.

When the ride was over, Cobella still supposed she had been talking to the "Lord of the Harvest," and with a charming sense of her own dignity she promised to keep the whole conversation a secret until she heard again from Mr. Ingham.

The following Sabbath day dawned in a shriek of wind and a swirl of snow. On account of the severe storm of the night before, leaving the roads almost impassable, none of the family had gone to church that morning, as was their usual custom.

Cobella was standing at the window a little before dinner time, watching the snow, when a jingle caught her ear.

"Oh, mother, it's the Lord of the Harvest!" she exclaimed, jumping up and down in delight.

Her mother stared at her in wonderment. "The Lord of what? Hurry, Lewis, whoever it is and let them in; the wind and storm is awful."

It was Charles Ingham, cold, breathless, laughing. He burst into the big kitchen like an agent of the storm, threw off his furs, greeted them all with laughter and genial hand-clasps that puzzled the woman and the two men, who had never thought of him as a friend.

"I came to ask you for an invitation to dinner," he said looking at Cobella. "I am a lonely fellow—neither folks nor friends, except in business relations. And I have something I wish to say to you people. Will you let me in on this Sabbath day—for this little girl's sake?"

They could not find words—what did it mean? Mother came to the rescue.

"We are plain people, Mr. Ingham. This has been a Christian home for half a century. Please God, it is going to be that for many years more. A real home always has an open door for folks who are really lonely." It was a stiff little speech with caution behind it, and Christian courtesy all through it.

Throughout the dinner the man of the world kept his host and hostess interested in his conversation. As for Lewis, he listened with a reserve born of a sense of injury, but Cobella was in a state of delight pure and simple. When it was over they carried their nuts and apples to the big open fire in the kitchen.

A pause came in the fireside talk. Cobella's heart beat faster. Lewis frowned. Mother and father waited. Something was coming. It came when Mr. Ingham pushed back his chair, laid down his nut-pick and stood before them.

"I cannot make speeches," he began awkwardly. "And I hate scenes. I came here today for neither. I owe a debt. I am here to pay it." He drew from his breast pocket the wallet where bills of high denomination were wont to lie. No one spoke or stirred. Lewis frowned again. Cobella held her breath. Mr. Ingham drew out with careful fingers a scrap of paper and read it aloud:

Wanted:—Christians for one year of service. Work most delightful. Wages paid in jewels that will shine through all eternity. Address THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

"I do not know," continued the speaker, "Where this strange advertisement was printed or why. It came under the notice of this child," touching Cobella's head gently, "and she, by some logic of her own decided that I was the Lord of the Harvest. She met me and offered herself for a year's service that her brother Lewis might be able to to go away to school. We had a long talk. Her artless words were a revelation to me. I took the slip home. I shut myself up with it. I had new thoughts. I hunted up mother's old Bible and read words long ago familiar, words about the Lord of all harvests. I cannot tell you all the change that has come about. You know something of me. The acres of this section of the country are mine. I have coveted your farm, too. God has changed all that. Mr. Lovingwell—friend,—Brother Lovingwell,—before God, if not before the law, I am guilty of more than one changed and scattered home; I am guilty of an endeavor to drop seeds of discontent into your son's mind. But God sent an angel to me—an angel in a little hood! I am here to confess."

Looking into his face, the elder people thought they never had known what a noble-appearing man Charles Ingham was. Gentle-hearted, big-souled mother could stand it no longer. She went up to him, holding out her hands, just as if he had been her own boy.

"And you've come to the Lord, Charles Ingham?" she asked with tears.

"Dear mother of this home, I have come to the Lord of the Harvest."

"For a year?"

"For all years! I was brought up in a Christian home. I knew the way but had forsaken it. * * * Lewis, do you still want that job?"

"Yes, sir, if you want me."

"But," and the visitor drew the wondering Cobella to his side, "this dear child says that I want Christian men to work for me—how's that? Oh, my boy," his voice trembled with earnestness, "I did just what you are doing—I put it off. Give yourself to Him this Sabbath day."

He did, and they had a "gathering" about the old fireplace, a gathering unto the Lord.

The next morning, the excitement over and Lewis off to his new duties, Cobella opened her precious Jungle Book. An envelope addressed to herself lay between the pages. It was sealed. She ran with it to her mother. Inside was Charles Ingham's check for a sum of money that took away the child's breath, it seemed to her so great and wonderful. With it was a slip of paper on which was written:

"Cobella Lovingwell will please find enclosed a very small part of the value of the service done by her to the undersigned this day.

"(Signed) CHARLES INGHAM.

"Laborer in the Vineyard of the Lord of the Harvest."

"You will give part of it to brother, darling, will you not?" said mother, wiping away her tears.

"*Part* of it? I just guess not! It's *all* his! I'm going to keep the note, though."

And she has it yet.

HOME-MAKERS NUMBER
FOR NOVEMBER

will be a big, specially featured issue to celebrate COMFORT'S twenty-eighth birthday anniversary.

As the result of his offer, in May COMFORT, of prizes for photographs of most attractive homes of COMFORT subscribers Mr. Gannett has acquired a

WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF PICTURES

of hundreds of COMFORT homes and many pictures of the owners with their families and pet animals, illustrating how they live in city, town and on the farm in every section of the country, showing the luxuriously appointed farm mansion, the sod house of the Western homesteader, the hospitable home of the Southern planter, the log cabin of the Michigan pioneer, the California Bungalow, the ranch house of the owner of a princely domain of 3520 acres in Colorado, the modern city dwelling, and even the houseboat of a family that live and make their living on the water, and in fact all kinds and conditions of homes. A large and varied assortment of

These Pictures Will Appear In November COMFORT

with the interesting letters of their owners describing how they made their way in the world, raised their families, built up their homes and acquired and improved their properties.

The reproduction of so many of these pictures makes the coming November COMFORT more expensive, elaborate and interesting than any previous issue, for besides this great, special feature it will also contain all the regular departments, serial stories and some fine short stories.

Don't Miss November COMFORT

by failing to renew your subscription. But you will surely miss it if the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 325, or any less number, unless you renew at once. Send us your subscription today, using the coupon below.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (since June first) are: 25 cents a year, 40 cents for a two-year renewal, 50 cents for three years, in U. S. and Cuba. (In Canada 50 cents a year or 75 cents for a two-year renewal.)

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Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I enclose cents for renewal and extension of my subscription full years from date of expiration. (50 cents a year or 75 cents for 2 years in Canada.)

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October, 1915.

THE COTTONSEED INDUSTRY.—The annual output of the cottonseed industry is in value close up to the $300,000,000 mark. Until recently, the seed of the cotton plant, except what was required for planting, was practically worthless, in the opinion of the Southern cotton farmer. The seed was hauled away or dumped in some stream. Today, the once despised byproduct of the cotton fields is steadily looming into importance. This industry of the byproduct which only a few years ago was unknown, is now a gold mine. COMFORT predicts that eventually the sawdust of the great mills will also become a valuable byproduct in some way or other, and rival the success of the insignificant cottonseed.



A Million Automobiles to be this Year's Product of American Factories

A PROMINENT authority on the automobile industry says that the American makers have planned an output that will total a million cars this year, and the prospect is that they will realize their expectations. He remarks that this is equivalent to one new car to each one hundred people, men, women and children, in the United States. Based on the number manufactured this ratio is correct, though it will not quite hold good as to the number of new cars that go into use in this country this season because a small part of the output, perhaps one-tenth, is for export to fill foreign orders.

After discounting a liberal allowance for export the figures still are amazing, for it seems incredible that so many—about nine hundred thousand autos could be sold for use in this country in a single year. It is, indeed, an enormous increase over the product of any previous year; yet the makers of medium and low price cars, though some have doubled or quadrupled their output, have been unable to keep abreast of their orders.

The reasons for this surprisingly large and growing demand, which indicates a great economic development, are well worth considering.

The makers of high price cars, who cater to the patronage of the select few to whom money is no object, have had little if any participation in the extraordinary boom that has hit the manufacturers of medium and low price automobiles. The former have improved their cars and maintained their prices at figures that are prohibitive except to the rich, while the latter have adopted all essential improvments and at the same time dropped their prices to a parity with the resources of the average well-to-do citizen, thereby greatly increasing their sales and enabling them to reduce the cost of production as their output has grown apace.

This process has gone on until a handsome, thoroughly practicable, reliable and serviceable car fully equipped can be had for $750 to $800, better than could have been bought five years ago for five times the money.

Class such a car as a luxury, if you like, but it is a luxury that will soon pay for itself in pleasure and improved health of the family, besides it is pretty likely to prove a practical utility in a business way, saving time and car fare when any member of the family has to go anywhere, for the wife and daughters can operate it as well as any of the men folks.

Nowhere is the automobile more useful or of greater economic value than on the farm where it can be made to do the duty of one or two horses, and do it better and at a lower cost. Of course the auto will not plow, harrow, mow, or reap, and therefore horses are indispensable on most farms for the purpose of farm work. But the farmer and his family have to do a great deal of traveling over the roads in going to and from market and for many other business purposes, as well as to attend church, grange meetings and other social gatherings, not to mention pleasure drives.

For these purposes an extra horse is needed, or perhaps a pair, besides those required for working the farm. Quite likely there is not driving enough to keep the extra horse or horses busy all the time on the road and yet the work horses cannot be spared or are too tired to perform this service.

It is here that the automobile makes good its utility and economy by taking the place of the driving horse or horses. It is always ready, never tired and covers the ground in a quarter the time a horse could. When men and horses are busy with the farm work the automobile enables wife or daughter to do the errands anywhere within a radius of fifty or sixty miles without fatigue. When a piece of farm machinery breaks down, think how much time of man and horse is saved by sending the woman and the auto to town for a new part or to have the broken part repaired. Another great advantage that the auto has as a substitute for the driving horse is that it requires no feed when it is not working.

So much for the business side; but the social and recreation side—call it pleasure if you will—is quite as important, though some may not regard it so. All work and no play on the farm wears out the old and drives the young folks to the city. The opportunities for social enjoyment, recreation and change of scene with a broader knowledge of the outside world which the automobile brings within the reach of the farmer and his family make for contentment, happiness and health and result in better work and more intelligent and successful farming.

More automobiles are owned by farmers than by any other one class of citizens, and COMFORT subscribers, according to their letters, are not backward in their appreciation of the utility value of the motor vehicle, many of them being owners and many others planning to purchase one.

Canning Compounds Dangerous to Health

AFTER all that has been said, written and published in denunciation of chemical preservatives in the nine years since the Pure Food Law took effect one would suppose that the women of this country must be very generally enlightened as to the unwholesomeness of such preparations. Nevertheless the U. S. Department of Agriculture has found it necessary to issue a special bulletin of recent date warning housewives that the use of preserving powders is harmful and useless. Among other things the bulletin says:

"Information has come to this Department that the canning season has brought the usual demand on the part of housewives for salicylic acid and boric acid. These preparations are sometimes sold in the form of powder under various trade names and are recommended by the promoters for use in preserving canned goods in home canning. While it is true that these compounds may retard the decay of the fruit or vegetable, it is pointed out by the experts of the Department that their use may be attended by serious disturbances of health."

After explaining that Federal and State food laws forbid the SALE of foods that have been preserved with harmful substances, but do NOT apply to foods that are canned in the home and consumed there, the bulletin adds:

"It would seem, however, that the housewife would not knowingly use, in foods she provides for her family, substances that she could not use in foods for sale without violating the law, because these substances are injurious to health."

"Artificial preservatives are not necessary," declares the bulletin. "Fruits and vegetables can be kept indefinitely if they are sterilized by heat and properly sealed, and there is no excuse for running any risk by using preserving powders."

Write to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletins No. 203 and No. 521, giving instructions as to best methods of preserving and canning fruits and vegetables without the use of preserving powders or canning compounds; also for Forms N. R. 22, 23, 24, 34 and 37 of the Office of Extension Work; all to be had free for the asking, and you do not even have to enclose stamps for postage.

Back to The Land

IT is reported that Secretary of the Interior Lane and Secretary of Labor Wilson are working on a plan to relieve the congested condition of the large cities by removing a part of the great army of unemployed from our commercial and industrial centers and placing them on the farms where their labor is needed.

It is to be hoped that their efforts may be successful, for something must be done to check the ever growing tendency to concentration of population in the cities where the labor market is already overstocked to the extent that tens of thousands of men are idle because there are no jobs for them there while the rural sections are suffering because of the scarcity of farm laborers. All previous efforts in this direction have failed, and the failures were due to a considerable extent to the preference of these idlers for a half starved existence in the most squalid quarter of a city rather than work under the isolated conditions of farm life.

Most of our unemployed laborers are foreign born, and the trouble starts, or rather started long ago in our government's handling, or rather neglect to handle the million or more immigrants that the steamship companies have been permitted to dump annually on our shores. Care should have been taken in the beginning to distribute a large part of these immigrants through the rural sections and give them employment on the farms instead of allowing them to concentrate in the large cities. But as they flocked together until each city of any size now has a separate colony of immigrants from each country of Europe and Asia, it is only natural that all new arrivals should seek out and settle down to live with the people of their own nationality.

So strong has this tendency become that even the peasants from the farming sections of Europe, who are skilled agriculturists and would naturally look for employment as farm hands here, stop in the cities with friends that have there preceded them and turn their hands to unfamiliar lines of work and live crowded together in most unhealthful conditions. The strong constitutions which outdoor life in the old country gave them usually enable them to stand the strain, but their children born and raised here under such unfavorable conditions are likely to be, and in many cases are weak and puny if not actually diseased physically and depraved morally.

The city dweller though once sturdy, in periods of unemployment inevitably gravitates to the slums, and in this deadly and depressing environment, manhood, character and health disappear, and shiftlessness, hopelessness, degeneracy and crime take their place.

To rescue those who are headed slumward before the evil influences of the gutter have done their blighting work, is surely the highest form of philanthropy, or rather the highest form of statesmanship, for there can be no loftier national ideal than maintaining a high standard of physical and moral health among the citizens of any country.

The country makes men, the city destroys them. This truism has been brought home with crushing force to the people of Great Britain. A little over a century ago the people of the British Isles were essentially an agricultural people. It was the sturdy country lads, wagoner and plowman, that comprised the thin red line against which the mighty Napoleon, at Waterloo, hurled his invincible Old Guard in vain. But the call of the cities, the lure of higher wages, stripped the countryside of the brawny sons of Britain, and in two or three generations, the descendants of the lusty plowman have become narrow-chested weaklings, drink saturated degenerates. The close air and the monotonous toil of the factory, the reeking odor of the slum, the substitution of alcohol for nourishing food, have done their work. These evil influences have so lowered the physical standards of the nation that Britain finds it impossible to fill her battle line with men physically fit to stand the fearful strain of the trenches and meet in combat the soldiers of conscript nations who by enforced military service have been kept in a high state of physical efficiency.

In the event of war we shall find, even as Britain has found, that the slums of New York, Chicago, Patterson, Fall River, Lawrence, Lowell and other great industrial centers, hold but few men physically capable of striking a blow in defense of these shores.

There is a lesson in all this for the people of these United States. Get the people out of the crowded, unhealthy cities, get them away from the saloons and brothels where men are destroyed, to God's green countryside where men are made.

Rural Credits

MUCH as our government has done to promote the agricultural interests of the country it has been inexcusably negligent of the financial needs of the farmers. Ample capital is necessary to the success of any business enterprise. and farming is no exception to the rule.

Most business depends more or less on borrowed capital, and to insure an ample supply for business men at reasonable interest rates Congress recently revised our currency system and created twelve National Reserve Banks with power to issue bank bills to meet the financial needs of the country. This has not helped the farmers who still have to pay exorbitant interest rates for loans.

European governments have what is called a "rural credit" system whereby the farmers can borrow money at four per cent interest.

The last Congress had the matter under discussion, and it is confidently expected that the present Congress, at its coming session next winter, will establish a rural credit system whereby American farmers will be enabled to borrow necessary capital, at a low interest rate, for improving, equipping and operating their farms.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of The Best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make $4000 Yearly. Address E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr. 3079 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas C. Bailey Co., Desk P5, Chicago, Ill.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents--Large Manufacturer wants reliable Men, Women, to sell guaranteed Hosiery, Underwear, Shirts, direct to homes. Write for Free samples. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York.

Agents Make Larger Profits selling our Women's Wear, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear & General Dry Goods. Outfit and Salesmanship Book Free to agents. National Import & Mfg. Co., Dept. A.E.425 B'dway, N. Y.

Men And Women earn up to $3000.00 yearly distributing Guaranteed Hosiery from mill to wearer. All or part time. Repeat orders insure permanent increasing business. No capital or experience needed. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents—$25 a week for two hours' work a day A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 219 North Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Young Man, would you accept a tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 141, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

Agents--Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

We Will Pay You $120.00 to distribute religious literature and take orders in your community 60 days' work. Man or woman. Experience not required. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 811 Winston Building, Philadelphia.

Big Textile Mills will employ Everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear, sweaters, waists and skirts from samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No Experience. Permanent. Many making over $30.00 weekly. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Every Household On Farm In Small Town or Suburbs where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp, burns common coal oil (Kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric. Awarded Gold Medal at San Francisco Exposition. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300 00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Address nearest office. Mantle Lamp Co., 506 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, or 506 Thermos Bldg., New York City.

Agents: New Mighty Money Making marvel; strange; scientific discovery; world startled; all clothes washing ideas revolutionized; Positively abolishes drudgery; rubbing; wash-boards; washing machines etc., $1000 guarantee; absolutely harmless; $50,000 Corporation; inventors and M'frs; natures mighty elements work wonders; women astounded; wild over it. Franklin, Idaho realizes $345 in 30 days; exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a fascinating repeat order business; pocket big profits; hurry! write today, get overwhelming proof; all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 329—215 W. Superior, Chicago.

Agents Substitute for Face Powder. Sells like lightning. 150% Profit. Sample box 20c. Venus Mfg Co., 21 W. 111. St., Chicago.

Boys And Girls to sell music. Write today for our offer. W-S Music Co., Box 281, Spooner, Wis.

You Can Sell Our Custom Raincoats. Free raincoat, large profits. Hurry. Harvard Raincoat Co., Dept. S, Boston, Mass.

Agents $6 To $12 A Day Easy. 250 light weight, fast selling popular priced necessities, food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc. Agents Outfit free. Write today—quick—now. American Products Co., 3004 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

$25 To $50 Weekly In A Business Of Your Own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel, Etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be replated. Every other business overcrowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. Gray & Co., Plating Works, 926 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Made to Measure Raincoats. Free coat, big commissions to good agents. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 410, Templeton, Mass.

Agents—Start A Business That Will bring you a permanent income for life, selling our Pure, Antiseptic Vegetable Soap, X-Ray Washing Compound and the Purity Products. New easy selling plan, wonderfully big profits, write for territory and samples at once. Dept. A, Purity Products Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Get Particulars Of The Best Self Heating Iron on the Market. Low in price—absolutely practical. Three sales a day means $40 a week profit to you. Send postal Today. C. Brown Mfg. Co., 4697 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

I Will start you in the Mail Order Business, furnish everything if you will handle my goods. Crest Company, 67, Atlantic City, N.J.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "Specialty Candy Factories." Look free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

AGENTS WANTED

A Hustler, Man Or Woman, fair education, to travel for firm of large capital. No canvassing. $936 per year, payable weekly. Expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Agents—Our Kerosene Self-Heating Iron Model 15 sells on sight. Catalog free. Schubert Co., 3206 S. Halsted St., Chicago.

Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of The Best Paying propositions ever out. The New Portable Oil Gas Stove for Heating, Cooking & Baking. Sells like Wild-fire. Light in weight—practical. $25 to $50 per week. A postal will bring our Money Making Proposition. The World Mfg. Co., 6387 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Man to Advertise and Solicit for Rogers 20-year Silver. $52. monthly and commission. A. A. Cline, 45 Copeland Bldg., Philadelphia.

Guaranteed Hosiery Co. wants reliable agents to establish permanent selling routes. Good pay for all or part time. Never-Mend Hosiery Co., Dept. 14, Phila., Pa.

Agents—600% profit. Invaluable to farmers and housewives. Mends any metal without tools or acids. Send 10c for 25c sample stick. Magic Metal Mender Co., Detroit, Mich.

Soap Agents Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 61 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

We Will Pay You $75 Per Month to travel, collect names, advertise and distribute samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. Rider Co., Dept. 90, Coshocton, O.

Earn Christmas Money. Sell our beautiful imported Holiday cards to your friends an opportunity seldom offered, not too early to start now. S. C. Forman, 10th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia.

Agents—"No-Toil," Big Seller. Immense Profit. Original labor saver. Rest-while-you-wash-compound. Act quick. Fidelity Sales Co., Dept. K, Staunton, Va.

Sell Hosiery For Prosperity. Easy work, all or spare time. "Mill to You" means low prices. Liberal commissions. Agents make $5 a day. Samples furnished. Write today. Brandun Hosiery Mills, 3746 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 106, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents repeater, costs 6c, sells for $1. Gives fine satisfaction, easily sold. Circular free. Dr. Thornber, Ferris, Ill.

100 Monthly salary and expenses to men with rigs, to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry preparations, year's contract. Redwood Chemical Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Large Knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address International Mills, Inc. Dept. 25, Norristown, Pa.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

$179.00 made by farmer Hoag in 15 days selling Quality Raincoats. No money required. Samples and instructions free. The New London Mfg. Co., New London, Ohio.

Sells Like Hot Cakes, new laundry wax—perfumes clothes with violet perfume; working outfit 5c. Perfume Gloss, 11 Water St., N.Y.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women Make $3 A Day in spare time introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Petticoats. No risk. We furnish samples. Get New Plan. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 73, Trenton, N. J.

Women—Make Money, Selling Sanitary garments for Women, Children, Babies and Toilet Articles, in their home Towns, on capital of $1.00. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted:—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks time required. Steady positions, easy work. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip" and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. Address Dept. B-28, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE

Leg Cramp Banished Instantly. For further information, write Wemo Methods, Box 382, Conneaut, Ohio.

Tuberculosis Cure. I challenge the world on all Lung trouble. Particulars Free. D. Wilson, 1102 Morton Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 424, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago.

BY PARCEL POST

Five Pounds Elastic Sticktite $2.00. Spread Cold cures Any leaking roof or money back. Insulatine, One Broadway, New York.

REAL ESTATE

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Virginia Farms $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Money-Making Farms throughout 15 Eastern States; one acre to 1,000 acres, $10 per acre up; many with livestock and tools included; big illustrated catalogue free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

Game Fighting Fowls. 1916 Calendar showing noted Game Cocks, with Prices, 10cts. Alfred Graham, Moultrie, Ga.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films Developed 5c Each, any size—Prints 3c each, all sizes. Johnson's Studio, East Bridge, Oswego, N. Y.

Films developed 10c, all sizes. Prints 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 3c; 2 1-2 x 4 1-4, 3 1-2 x 3 1-2, 3 1-4 x 4 1-4, 4c; Post Cards, 50c doz. Work returned 24 hours after receiving. Send negatives for samples. Girard's Photo Shop, Holyoke, Mass.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

$50. paid for Dollar 1873 S.Mint; $2.00 for 1904 Proof Dollars; $7. for 1853 Quarters no arrows, etc. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illu'td Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

Send 10c for neat Assortment of Steel Die stamped Hallowe'en and Birthday Cards. Southworth's, Milford, Conn.

HELP WANTED

Own A Business. Make big money. Cooperate with me. Everything furnished. Don't worry about capital. Boyd H. Brown, Dept. M. 47, Omaha, Neb.

Thousands Government Jobs Open to Men and Women. $75 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dep't B 9, Rochester, N.Y.

$35 Weekly Collecting Names and Addresses. Send Stamp. Chicago Acme Co., Dept. 19, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Men 20 to 40 yrs. all parts U. S. for electric railway motormen and conductors. $60 to $100 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Write for application blank. Nat'l Railway Training Association, Dept. L, Kansas City, Mo.

PRINTING—ENGRAVING

100 Envelopes, your name and address printed on the corner, postpaid thirty cents. Samples free. D. C. Breneisa, Wheeler, Ind.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Beautiful Switch or pompadour from your combings $1.50. Postage prepaid. Flora Kulisch, 48 E. Belvidere St., St. Paul, Minn.

Learn Nursing At Home. Rates low. Easy terms. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2226 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Ladies: We pay good wages to women working for us. No canvassing. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 45, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Wanted, Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send 15 cents (no stamps) for pattern and prices, returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

$150.00 Salary For 60 Days Work Paid Lady in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for White Ribbon Concentrated Flavoring. J.S. Ziegler Co., 7D-East Harrison, Chicago.

Lady Agents—Earn Big Cash Commission and premiums for introducing our Sanitary Skin Soap spare time. Sample and premium list free. Daley Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FARM LANDS

Free Government Land for farmers in prosperous Colorado. Where it is, how to get it. Write for official information immediately. Immigration Dept. 1515 Tremont, Denver, Colo.

Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

CALLING CARDS

The New Process—Embossed and Engravatone calling cards, ladies or men. Exquisite work. Cash Commissions. Beautiful premiums. Agents Wanted. Franklin Art Co., Little Falls, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Wanted. Write for Our Four Books sent Free to any address. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions also list of Inventions Needed on Farms compiled from information secured from Department of Agriculture. Send for List of Patent Buyers with requests from manufacturers regarding New Ideas they wish to purchase. How To Obtain a Patent contains 100 mechanical movements illustrated. Send us a model or sketch of your invention for free search of Patent Office records to ascertain if patentable. We secure Patent or Return fee and advertise all patents obtained by us Free. We assist inventors to sell their patents. Victor J. Evans & Co., 41 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest complete patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Free search. Send Sketch. Book and advice free. Waters & Co., 4206 Warder Building, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how $100 grows to $2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 435, 32 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Ladies! Have you a few hours a day spare time? If so, write us and we will tell you how to join the Blue Cross Ass'n and Make $2.00 To $4.00 A Day. No membership fee. Send three names for reference. Splendid opportunity to serve your sex and make money at the same time. Address Sterizol Company, Dept. 11, Fostoria, Ohio.

$15 Investment in land and co-operative oil well may make $1000; payments $1 monthly. For particulars address Texas-Gulf Co., 729 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

Big Profits In Home Gardens. Plant Ginseng and Golden Seal. Small plot brings more money than many farms. Free booklet tells how. Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box 310, Narrows, Ky.

Money For Everybody, young, old. No soliciting. Not work, but fun. Endless chain. Gets the money just like finding it. Beautiful and useful premiums too. Some make $20.00 weekly. Send no money. Just write. Dept. A, Box 92, Station C, Toledo, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS

Lion Heel Plates. Sample Pair Ten cents, coin, prepaid. Folding umbrellas. Harry W. Birch, 403 Lincoln St., East Hoopeston, Ill.

Send 50c money order for recipe for salve. Will heal sores without leaving scar. Cost 10c. Mrs. A. Elizabeth Harman, Colora, Maryland.

Send Us only 80 cts, and get direct from our Mills an assortment of 10 balls of our celebrated bleached crochet yarns of various counts, also 10 balls of 4 strand yarn floss, 56 yds. per ball, white at 50 cts, various colors at 60 cts. You buy goods at wholesale prices, and save retail profits. Novelty Thread Mills, 594 Brock Ave., New Bedford, Mass.

Cash Paid For Peafowl. State ages, sexes, price and address of your bank. John W. Talbot, South Bend, Indiana.

POST CARD CLUBS

Get Acquainted. Exchange Cards and Letters with our members. Big list every month. Join now. Membership 15c. Popular Exchange, Box 3J, Windsor, N. C.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Short Stories, Poems, photoplays wanted by 100 companies. No correspondence course. Details free. W. L. Gordon, Pub., 126, Cincinnati.

FARMS FOR SALE

Southern Lands are low in price but high in productive value, make two to four crops a year and give largest profits in grain, vegetables, fruits, live stock and dairying. Unsurpassed climate, good markets. Southern Progress is on the Southern Railway. Publications on request. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 19 Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A., Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays: $50 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Wanted! Your Ideas For Photoplays and stories! Big Rewards! We Criticise Free and submit to Leading Editors. Hundreds making money. Get busy! Write today for details. Story Rev. Co., 18 Main, Smethport, Pa.

Photoplays Wanted. $10 to $500 Each. Send for Free book, How To Write Photoplays. Enterprise Co., Mc-3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—New Ideas For Photoplays at $10 to $100 each. Your "happy thoughts" worth cash. Get free book showing how. Elbert Moore, Box 772 K9, Chicago.

Write Motion Picture Plays: $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Big Money Writing Moving Picture Plays, $75 each. Experience unnecessary. Write for free booklet "How to write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Publishing Co., 301, Fergus Falls, Minn.

We Buy Photo-Plays. Have you ideas? Sample play and instructions 25c. O'Hargan, Publisher, 18 E. Oakwood Pl., Buffalo, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new mag. zine; pays on acceptance; send what you have for free examination. Cosmos Magazine, A-18 Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Make Money Writing Stories Or Articles. Big pay. Free booklet tells how. United Press Syndicate, D. C. San Francisco.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Make $30.00 Clear nightly. We start you in the moving picture business on the installment plan. No experience necessary. Write for free catalog. Monarch Film service, Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key To Success" Free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 522 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

FARMS WANTED

Wanted to Hear from owner of farm or fruit ranch for sale. O. O. Mattson, 54 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted: To hear direct from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

MALE HELP WANTED

Be A Detective—Earn $110 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Farmers Wanted. $60 to $125 Monthly. Age 21 to 50. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

I Conducted Government Examinations. Can help you secure Railway Mail or other Government Positions. Trial Examination Free. Ozment, 8-R, St. Louis.

Work For Uncle Sam. He is the best employer. Big pay, sure work, easy hours, long vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of jobs open this year. I will help you get one. Write for my big Free Book Y-1450 today.—Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Tobacco Factory wants salesman; good pay, steady work, promotion; experience unnecessary. we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Box M-19, Danville Va.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Wanted Man in your territory. Salary of $100 month, traveling expenses & commission. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. R. D. Martel. 2909 Indiana, Ave., Dept. B.Y., Chicago.

The Chimney Sweeps of Berlin

Among the sufferers from the war now raging are the chimney sweeps of Berlin. Ever since the reign of Frederick the Great, a practise has existed of entertaining the chimney sweeps at a huge dinner at Christmas time, several hundred guests enjoying the feast.

As a pleasant ending to the function each sweep is given a monetary gift from a fund existing for the purpose. It is feared that this dinner will not take place this Christmas. It commemorates the fact that the son of a nobleman, who had been kidnapped as a child in England, was later discovered in Berlin working as an apprentice to a chimney sweep, who had adopted him treating him with marked kindness.

This nobleman was a great friend of Frederick the Great, so great a friend that Frederick always kept him near and at his death, Frederick attended his funeral in person. It was at this funeral that Frederick the Great is said to have shed the only tears that he was ever known to have shed in public.

On our side of the Atlantic chimney sweeps are little known now nowadays, but in Europe the sweep with his grimy clothes and sooty face continues to be a familiar and picturesque figure, both in actual life as well as in fiction.

In England the chimney sweeps have lots to do and there is a London firm known as Chimney Sweeps to King George, who have the task of caring for the 600 chimneys of Buckingham palace.

Their work is done entirely by feeling, for their eyes are blindfolded and they climb up the chimneys in the old-fashioned way, sweeping the chimneys of the royal kitchens regularly once a week, but the other chimneys are swept only three times a year.

Chimney sweeping has realized a fortune of over $15.000 for one of its exponents in England.

Gold and Silver of U. S.

Statistics compiled by the U. S. geological survey show that the gold mined in this country in 1913 amounted to nearly 4,300,000 ounces, valued at $88,884,000. The silver produced amounted to 66,800,000 ounces, valued at 40,300,000. In order of their importance in gold production, California ranks first, Colorado second and Alaska third. The silver producing states, in order of their importance, are Nevada, Montana and Utah.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE following letter from Ethel Williams, wherein she writes of the pleasure given and received from story reading, or telling to children, brings to mind the manner in which a young friend of mine endeared herself to the children and parents of the community in which she lived and which might be satisfactorily carried out by any of my COMFORT girls.

The youngest of the family, her parents were loath to have her leave home, but the work there occupied so small a part of her time that the mother saw signs of discontent and being a wise mother knew that idleness was, in this instance, "the root of all evil." As the girl was expert in the use of the needle, a sewing club for the little girls was suggested and a room set apart for that purpose in the girl's home.

The plan was hailed with delight, not only by the children but by the mothers for it is a generally recognized fact that anything as work is tiresome to the average child, but is pleasure under any other guise.

At first, the dolls were the only ones to benefit materially but as soon as the little hands became more accustomed to the needle and the stitches fine and even, articles of wearing apparel were made.

Each child, by her own personal efforts, earned a certain sum of money and with this was purchased material necessary for a complete outfit for a small child. In addition to the fun of making, and the knowledge gained thereby, the children experienced the joy of giving when on the completion of the clothes they were given to a poor child of the neighborhood. Truly charity is a lesson many grown people have yet to learn.

The harmonious blending of colors was indirectly taught and as a special incentive for good work an exhibition was given to which parents and friends were invited to inspect the result of the small seamstress' labors.

Lest it should become tiresome, the teacher, remembering her own childhood, devoted a short time to exercise and recreation, joining in the games with the children.

This is merely the idea in outline and doubtless better ideas will suggest themselves to the girl with an afternoon to spare and she may feel sure that her efforts will be rewarded.—Ed.

MINIDOKA, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT several years and enjoy reading the sisters' letters and get a great many good ideas from them.

I enjoy the sisters' letters so much more when they give a description of their personal appearance, and cannot see that it is in any manner frivolous or vain, as one of the sisters seemed to think.

Don't you think it seems more like reading a letter from one's own friend when the writer describes herself? I do, so I will give a description of myself. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes, am five feet four and one half inches tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds and am twenty-five years old.

How many of the sisters tell stories to the little folks in the evenings and at bedtime, especially in the winter when the evenings are long? I think they enjoy being told good stories at bedtime even more than most grown-up people realize. I love to get several little people together in the evening and tell them stories, and have had some that were too young to understand what was being said sit and listen as attentively as the older ones.

If any of the mothers who are unfamiliar with good story books for the little folks wish me to I will send a list of them together with the publisher, if they will enclose a stamped envelope. I am familiar with a good many, having had several years' experience as a teacher.

How many of the sisters memorize the pretty lines and pieces of poetry that they find in the various papers and magazines? I memorize a lot of them and here is an especialy pretty one that I found in a little floral magazine:

"Who daily treads within the path of duty,
And heeds its careful promptings every day;
His eyes shall see the King in all His beauty,
They shall behold the land so far away."

Isn't the present war a terrible thing—so many thousands of lives lost and homes destroyed. I think if the mothers of every land would teach their boys and girls that there is no *honor* and *glory* in war—only death, destruction and desolation,—that it would not be very long until war with all its horrors would be a thing of the past. Considering the great amount of time, money, and care it takes to raise a boy up to manhood and then to have him shot in a few minutes, war seems one of the most foolish things that a civilized people can engage in. If all parents would teach their boys never to go to war unless their country was actually invaded or was being oppressed as ours was at the time of the Revolution it would help to eliminate war.

How many of the COMFORT mothers are trying to help develop any special ability or talent that their own children possess? I think if a boy or girl shows any special desire or talent in any certain thing that the parents should by all means give them all of the help and encouragement they can, even though the parents had had their hearts set on making something else out of the child. This is an age of specialization and it seems too sad to see so many people drifting around for lack of a development of their own talents or abilities.

I would enjoy letters from the sisters as I am a bachelor girl and am living alone on a homestead and the days sometimes seem long.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LEMON PIE.—Grated rind of two lemons, two cups of sugar, three and one half tablespoons of flour. Stir them all together, then add one egg and yolks of two more beaten. Beat thoroughly, then add the juice of two lemons, two and one half cups boiling water, butter the size of an egg. Boil in double boiler until thick. Make pastry for pie and bake with one crust twenty or twenty-five minutes. Beat the whites of two eggs light, add two tablespoons of sugar, pour on pie when cold. Put in oven and brown.

SHORT CAKE.—Two cups flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, one quarter cup of butter or lard, worked into flour. Milk enough to work well. Bake with batter between.

WATER FRITTERS.—One egg, well beaten, one and one half cups cold water, one quarter of a cup of lard or butter, melted, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar and one half teaspoon salt in flour enough for batter.

SQUASH MUFFINS.—One cup of squash, one half cup sugar, one cup milk, one egg, heaping teaspoon of butter, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, salt. Bake in gem pans.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Three tablespoons of grated chocolate, one teaspoon of flour, one cup of sugar, three tablespoons of cold water, and yolks of two eggs, beaten light. Stir until smooth, pour over the mixture one cup of boiling water, cook three minutes, add a pinch of salt and flavor with vanilla. Line



CHOCOLATE PIE.

a pie plate with paste, bake until done in hot oven, pour the mixture in and beat the white of the two eggs stiff with three tablespoons of sugar, and pile on top of the pie. Return to oven to brown slightly.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.—Two cups milk, one half cup molasses or brown sugar, salt, one half yeast cake, four and one half cups whole wheat; mix at night; in morning, beat well and turn into bread pans; let rise again, about half as much as first time and bake.—Ed.

MOLASSES LAYER CAKE.—Cream two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of sugar; add one egg and beat well, then one cup of molasses, one half cup of warm water in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, one half teaspoon of cinnamon and two cups of flour. Beat well and bake in layers, with any desired filling. MRS. BRYANT, Smyrna, Maine.

COFFEE CAKE.—One and one half cups sugar, one half cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup strong coffee, three and one half cups flour, one cup raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon each, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.

MOCHA FROSTING.—One cup powdered sugar creamed with one eighth pound butter, two tablespoons strong coffee and four teaspoons cocoa.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One half cup molasses, one half cup sugar, one egg, one half cup milk, one quarter cup butter, two and one half cups flour, three quarters teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon. Drop from a teaspoon onto greased tin.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin in slices and boil until tender in as little water as possible. Drain, mash and rub through a sieve, adding a little butter while warm. To every quart of the mashed pumpkin add one quart of milk and four eggs. Sweeten to taste and add cinnamon and nutmeg as desired. Pour into crust and bake in hot oven.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.—One half cup butter, one tablespoon of lard, one cup of sugar, one egg, salt, two squares of chocolate, one half teaspoon cinnamon, two and one quarter cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder and one quarter cup milk. Cream the butter and lard together and add the sugar, then the egg, well beaten. Beat well and add the flour, mixed and sifted with the baking powder, salt and cinnamon, alternately with the milk, then add chocolate, melted. Roll very thin and bake in moderate oven.

RAISIN PIE.—Soak one half cup of large, soft raisins, seeded, in one cup of water for two hours. Beat one egg with one cup of sugar, add the juice and part of grated rind of one lemon, with one tablespoon of flour and one teaspoon of corn-starch, then the raisins and water in which they have been soaking. Cook until the mixture thickens. Cool and bake in two crusts.—Ed.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Two oranges, one lemon. Wash, remove the seeds, and run all through the meat grinder. Measure and to every cup of the orange and lemon add one and one half cups cold water, more if you like the clear jelly, boil thirty minutes, covered. Set away for twenty-four hours, then measure, and to each cup add one and one half cups of sugar and boil thirty or thirty-five minutes when it should jelly. This will make eight glasses.

MRS. BULAH ZIEGLER, Arnold, Kans.

CREAM OF PEARS.—A dainty cold dessert is cream of pears. To make it, boil one cup of rice until very soft; drain off all the starchy cooking water, if any remains, but if properly washed and cooked it will be a white mass. Cool, then add one half cup rich milk, a small cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, and two pears which have been cut in small pieces and steamed until tender. Canned pears will need no more cooking. Simmer all for a few minutes, mash the pears and pour all in a wet mold. Serve with cream and sugar. JANIE SCHNELL, Canton, Ill.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one half cup sugar, one half cup molasses, one quarter teaspoon ginger, one third cup butter, one half cup cold water, one half teaspoon soda dissolved in the water, one and one half cups of flour.

INDIVIDUAL APPLE SALAD.—Well colored, red apples are more effective in appearance for this salad. Cut a slice from the stem end thick enough to include the stem, which answers as a handle. Scoop out the center of the apple, being careful not to cut the pieces



INDIVIDUAL APPLE SALAD.

too small, and also leave a perfect shell. Mix the apple with an equal quantity of celery, one half cup chopped walnuts, one half cup grapes, Malaga grapes are best, chopped and seeded. Mix with a mild salad dressing. Fill the apple shells with the salad and cover the tops. Serve on salad plates with lettuce leaves.—Ed.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Into a pint baking dish peel and slice two medium-sized apples and add sugar and spices to taste, one half cup of water and cover with a soft dough made of three quarters cup of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, a pinch of salt, and milk to make a thick batter. Bake thirty to forty-five minutes in moderate oven.

MRS. W. B. ELMORE, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING.—One cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, a little salt, beat quickly; put one spoonful batter into each cup, then sliced apples, a little sugar, and cinnamon if liked, another spoonful of batter until the cups are full. Steam three quarters of an hour.

MRS. N. H. GARDINIER, 1026 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.

DROP BISCUITS.—Take one quart of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted butter or lard. Stir in enough sweet milk to make stiff batter. Drop in hot gem pans and bake in quick oven.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Sift together several times one quart of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and one level spoon of salt; work in one tablespoon of butter and a tablespoon of cream. Roll about an inch thick and bake in hot oven.

ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.—Two cups scalded milk, one quarter cup of sugar, or one third cup molasses, one teaspoon salt, one yeast cake dissolved in one quarter cup lukewarm water, four and three quarters cups coarse wheat flour. Add sweetening and salt to milk, cool, and when lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and flour; beat well, cover, and let rise to double its bulk. Again beat, and turn into greased pans, having pans one half full. Let rise and bake.

DELICIOUS CAKE.—One cup sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, one half cup milk, one half teaspoon of soda dissolved in milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar put in flour, one teaspoon vanilla. One square of melted chocolate added makes a delicious cake.—Ed.

CANNED PUMPKIN.—Wash outside clean and cut up. Place in a kettle and put plenty of water on and cover. When cooked tender, take off cover and dry down, stirring often. Put through sieve and fill cans nearly full adding a little salt, then put in boiler or deep pan, being careful that cans do not touch and just lay tops on and pour cold water in boiler or pan about half way up the can and boil fifteen minutes; tighen covers and boil one hour; remove from boiler and set away but do not touch tops.

MRS. FRED CARPENTER, Hermon, N. Y.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.—Three tablespoons melted butter, five tablespoons flour, two thirds cup of milk, yolk two eggs, one cup American cheese, cut in small pieces, one half cup Swiss cheese, grated. Cook butter, flour, milk and eggs until thick; add American and Swiss cheese, salt and cayenne; cook till cheese is melted; chill; shape in balls, dip in crumbs, in beaten egg and in crumbs again and fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown a piece of bread in forty seconds.

CHEESE FRITTERS.—Cut some narrow fingers of cheese and place them in a dish with a little oil, vinegar and pepper. When sufficiently seasoned, dip them in a light batter and fry a golden brown. Serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over them.

SCALLOPED PEAS WITH CHEESE.—Heat one can of peas or equal quantity of dried peas, cooked until soft. In a baking dish, put a layer of cracker crumbs, with butter, salt and pepper, a layer of peas, then cracker crumbs, etc., until dish is nearly full; then a layer of grated cheese on top, with enough milk to cover. Bake until browned.—Ed.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix one cup of grated cheese, with one cup flour, one half teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, butter size of an egg, one egg and enough cold water to enable you to roll the crust thin; cut in strips and brown in oven.

DOROTHY A. RACE, Milford, N. J.

SCALLOPED CHEESE.—To one cup of boiling milk add one tablespoon of butter, one half teaspoon of salt, one cup of bread crumbs, one quarter pound of cheese, cut in small pieces. Stir thoroughly. Beat three eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Add the yolks first and whites last. Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot.

MISS MABEL BEANE, Oakland, Cal.

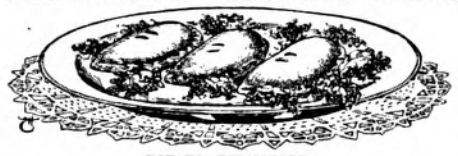
BAKED MACARONI AND OYSTERS.—Cook macaroni in salted water. When done, drain thoroughly. Put alternate layers of macaroni and oysters in a deep dish, seasoning the macaroni with grated cheese. Bake until brown having the top layer of macaroni and cheese.

CREAMED ONIONS.—Six onions, cut into small pieces. When boiled, pour off the water and make the cream of one half cup flour and cold water, well mixed; let boil, salt and pepper to taste.

CREAMED SWEET POTATOES.—Wash, pare and cook sweet potatoes in boiling salted water. Drain and let them stand until cold and then cut them up in cubes. Place in a sauce pan and to two cups add two tablespoons of butter and cook three minutes. Season with salt and pepper. To two tablespoons of flour add one cupful of rich milk. Pour over the potatoes and cook slowly for twenty minutes.

POTATOES BAKED IN CREAM.—Peel six raw, medium-sized potatoes, cut them in thin slices, place in a buttered baking dish, season with one half teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne, pour in one cup of cream, cover with crumbs, dot with butter cut into bits and sprinkle with cheese. Bake about forty-five minutes.

POTATO TURNOVERS.—Mash left-over potatoes and season, add one beaten egg and flour enough to enable the mixture to be rolled. Roll out to size of a saucer.



POTATO TURNOVERS.

Place on one half of it, seasoned and chopped meat, fold the other half and place in oven long enough to brown. Serve on celery leaves.—Ed.

VEAL LOAF.—Chop very fine three pounds of veal, taken from the leg, a quarter of a pound of pork, one cupful of bread crumbs, three teaspoons of salt, one of black pepper, a scant half teaspoon of cayenne and a pinch of cloves. Work in thoroughly two raw eggs. Put in a mold, shut tightly and steam two hours. Remove and set in the oven to dry, leaving the oven door open. When cold, turn out of mold, cut in slices very thin and serve with meat jelly.

BEEF CURRY.—Coarsely chop one large or two small onions and fry them slowly in two tablespoons of butter until nicely colored; add one teaspoonful of curry powder and cook for three minutes, then one pound of raw beef from any lean part. Brown one tablespoon of flour and mix it in a cupful of stock or gravy. Bring to the boiling point, add the juice of a sour orange and two tablespoons of apple sauce or one tart apple chopped fine. Simmer until the meat is very tender and serve with a dish of plain boiled rice.

CORNED BEEF HASH.—Two cups of meat, finely chopped, the quantity of potatoes being larger than that of meat. If one cares for onion cut up a small one very fine. Then into your spider put a generous piece of butter and your meat, potato and onion mixed thoroughly together. Over this pour milk to moisten. The longer you cook the hash the better it is. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

J. E. D., Malden, Mass.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil a chicken until tender. Cut meat off the bones and put through a meat chopper. Put this back into two cupfuls of the liquid in which it has been boiled and thicken with either corn-starch or flour, and cook five minutes. Pour into small molds or cups and press half a hard boiled egg into the center (cut side up), and set aside to cool. When serving place the molds on salad leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing. Veal can be used in the same way.

SCALLOPED CODFISH.—Place in a shallow dish alternate layers of thinly sliced fried pork, potatoes, onions and codfish that has been freshened. Lastly a layer of bread crumbs. Each layer should be seasoned with salt and pepper. Over the last layer pour milk to moisten thoroughly. Bake in a covered dish one hour. Milk may be added occasionally. Remove cover to brown.

CREAMED EGGS.—Boil and cut into slices six eggs make a sauce by creaming one level tablespoon of butter with two and one half tablespoons of flour and adding one pint of cream or milk; let it boil for three minutes. Season with teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper mixing it thoroughly. In a baking dish put in a layer of cream, one of eggs, alternating until all are used. Sprinkle cracker crumbs over the top, dot with pieces of butter and brown in the oven.

DELICIOUS BEAKFAST DISH.—Beat whites of four eggs stiff. Toast four slices of bread a light brown, dip them quickly in hot water and spread lightly with butter. Pile the whites on toast and place a yolk in the center of each and bake three minutes. Season the whites with a little salt before beating.

FRIED CARROTS.—Pare and boil two good-sized carrots; cut into thin slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. Cold carrots may be recooked in this way.

RELISH FOR COLD MEAT.—Boil young beets till tender, remove the skin and shred with a silver fork. To one cupful of beet, add one third cupful of grated horseradish with salt and vinegar to taste.—Ed.



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THE LITTLE MARPLOT

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By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

This grand story is one of the very best that this popular author has written. The heroine is such a gentle, lovable character, yet so brave and resourceful mid the cruel snares cast about her by her cunning, plotting, relentless rival, that she challenges the reader's admiration and stirs the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action, opening with a perilous situation and moving rapidly through a succession of startling events to the final solution of a baffling mystery. The desperate extremities to which love, hate and insatiate ambition carry a jealous woman appear in the working out of a wonderful plot. Read the opening chapters here and you will be keen for the rest of this interesting story which will follow in large monthly installments.

CHAPTER I.

A LOST PURSE.

"I ASSURE you, sir, that I purchased my ticket before I came aboard the boat; but, during the night, my purse, containing my ticket and all my money, was stolen from me."

"Bah! miss; that is an old, worn-out dodge, and I've had it tried on me too many times not to know what it means. I must have your ticket or you cannot leave the boat."

The above conversation had occurred on the lower deck of one of the elegant Sound steamers that ply between Fall River and New York.

The girl was a little above the medium height, with a trim, graceful figure, and a certain air that at once impressed the beholder that she had been well reared, in spite of the plainness of her attire and certain unmistakable evidences of poverty.

Her face could not be distinctly seen, for she wore a thick, blue veil; but the contour and pose of her small head were remarkably pretty, while the wealth of golden hair that crowned it—fine and glossy as satin—betrayed the fact that she was a blonde of the purest type.

"My money and ticket were stolen——"

"Humph!" he interrupted; "did you tell the stewardess of your loss?" he demanded.

"I did, and she assisted me in my search."

"Was there much money in your purse?"

"About five dollars," faltered the girl, tremulously, "and—and it was all the money I had," she unwisely added.

"Really, miss, it's a very pathetic story," sneered the official, "but it won't go down with me."

With an impulsive upward sweep of one small, shabbily-gloved hand, the maiden threw back her heavy veil, thus disclosing a ravishingly-beautiful face and a pair of wonderful blue eyes which, with the indignation that blazed forth from their mystic depths, seemed at that moment to be almost black.

"You doubt my word," she said, haughtily. "I would not tell a lie for the price of a hundred tickets, and, had not my loss rendered me absolutely penniless, I would gladly pay my fare over rather than bandy words with you. Where is your captain? I will appeal to him."

She was exquisitely lovely in her spirited indignation, and the officer's coarse face involuntarily relaxed into an expression of bold admiration, while there sprang into his evil eyes a look that made her instinctively shrink away from him a step or two.

"Tut, tut! pretty one," he said, insinuatingly. "I didn't dream that you were such a little firebrand; but," glancing searchingly around to assure himself that they were still the only persons in that portion of the boat, "never mind about the captain; just give me a kiss from those sweet lips of yours, then we'll say no more about the ticket; and perhaps I'll give you a lift on your way besides."

"Sir!" indignantly began the fair girl.

"Hush up! you haughty little empress," warningly interposed her companion, "such airs will not help your cause; you are in my power, and now I'm going to have that kiss, whether you will or not——"

As he spoke, he rudely laid hold of her shoulder with one hand, and was about to encircle her slight form with his other arm when, before the frightened girl—who was almost paralyzed with fear—could even cry out for help, a manly figure sprang into view, seized the wretch by the collar from behind, and the next moment he lay sprawling upon the deck, while his half fainting victim staggered weakly up against a partition for support.

Presently she was conscious that a tall form was bending over her and a kind, pitiful face looking into hers, while a rich, mellow voice murmured reassuringly in her ear:

"Young lady, pray calm yourself—you have nothing more to fear from that coward, who shall answer to his superior officer for the insult he has dared to offer you."

As the blur, which had obscured her vision, began to clear away, the girl found herself looking into the handsome, almost ideal, face of a young man whose splendid physique, grandly-shaped head, and classic features made her think of the pictures that she had seen of the Apollo Belvedere.

A great sigh of relief and thankfulness escaped her white lips, for she knew, instinctively, that she had found a protector, who, in spite of her poverty and misfortune, would befriend and respect her because of his reverence for womanhood in whatever sphere of life.

"I congratulate myself," the gentleman continued, "that I was obliged to return to the steamer just at this time, having carelessly left a package in my stateroom. How does it happen, if I may be allowed to know, that you have been detained so long aboard the boat? If I am not mistaken, I saw you among the other passengers last evening."

In a few brief sentences the unfortunate maiden told her story, while her companion listened attentively, studying her fair, ingenuous face with shrewd, earnest eyes.

"That girl has no ticket, and she can't leave the boat until her fare is paid!" exclaimed the petty officer, struggling to his feet.

"Don't pesume to utter another word in this lady's presence, unless you wish to repeat the experience of a few moments ago," the stranger sternly commanded. "Ah! here is the captain," he added, as he saw that official descending the steps of the companionway.

"What's the meaning of this?" the captain gravely questioned, as he approached the trio.

"That girl is a stowaway, sir; she was trying to sneak off the boat when, as I stopped her, this young cad interfered and knocked me down," excitedly interposed the under officer.

"Yes, I knocked him down," calmly returned the gentleman, in response to the look of inquiry which the captain bent upon him; "but it was because he insulted the lady, not because I had any wish to interfere with the performance of his duty."

Then he proceeded to give a brief account of what he had seen and heard, while his listener's face grew black with wrath at the disgraceful disclosure.

He turned at the close of the recital to the cringing, sullen villain, who was slyly edging his way toward the companionway, and said, in a voice of thunder:

"Knave, you are discharged! Get you gone, and never dare show yourself on this vessel again!" and, casting looks of hatred upon the two who witnessed his dismissal, the poor wretch shrank out of sight.

"And so you think your purse was stolen?" the captain continued, turning to the young girl and speaking with great kindness.

"I do not know how else to account for its loss," she replied, "for I put it carefully under my pillow just before I retired."

"Have you any baggage?"

"Only this, and a small trunk containing what clothing I have," she answered, as she held out a worn handsatchel, which she opened, revealing some clean handkerchiefs and a few modest toilet articles.

Just at that moment a colored woman came running up from the cabin.

"Oh, captain!" she breathlessly exclaimed, upon seeing him, although she could not see the young girl who was standing behind his portly form, "a poor little miss lost her purse last night, and had to go off the boat this morning without a cent of money——Why, here she is now!" she interposed, as the object of her sympathy started forward, with a low, glad cry. "I've found it, honey," the good-natured stewardess went on, as she triumphantly held out a cheap little pocketbook. "It must have slipped down among the folds of the curtains and got kicked under the lower berth, where I came across it while I was sweeping."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! I am so glad!"

With trembling, but eager, fingers the maiden opened it, and found the much-needed ticket inside.

"Now, I can prove that my fare was paid, and my story true," she said, with a charming little air of triumph, as she passed the required bit of pasteboard to the captain, a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, lighting up her beautiful eyes and chasing the clouds from her lovely face.

"And is your money also safe?" he kindly inquired.

"Yes, sir," she responded, but flushing slightly, as, with a single glance, she estimated the meager amount.

"I am very glad," said the officer, with a friendly accent, "but I regret exceedingly that you should have met with such an annoying experience on a vessel under my command. Is there anything I can do to assist you further? If so, I am at your service."

"Thank you, no; I believe I can do very well, now that I have my money;" she began, when her champion interposed, with a courteous bow:

"I understood you to say that you have a trunk; pray allow me to find it for you, and see you safely in a carriage to take you to your destination."

"You are very kind, but—I—I think I shall not need a carriage," she faltered, blushing; "but I will be obliged to you if you will tell me the easiest way to reach this address," she concluded, taking a scrap of paper from her purse to give him.

The captain intercepted it.

"I will attend to the young lady, sir," he quietly observed; "but I thank you heartily, on her behalf and my own also, for your timely assistance and protection."

"I am very glad to leave her in such good hands," the stranger courteously replied; then, lifting his hat in a respectful salutation to his fair charge, he went his way.

The captain conducted his companion to the wharf, where he soon found her trunk, then secured a carriage, and put her into it.

"Young lady," he remarked, with a friendly smile, as he closed the door of the vehicle, "I know this man, and he will take you safely to your destination, so do not give yourself any uneasiness if the ride seems long to you. Your fare is paid, too—that much is due you for the delay and annoyance to which you have been subjected. Good morning."

He touched his cap, smiled cheerily into her face, signaled the driver to move on, and the next moment the grateful girl was on her way uptown.

Just as she rolled off the pier, she glanced out of the window on her right, and caught a glimpse of the handsome stranger who had so opportunely come to her rescue.

His eyes were upon her, and, as she met his glance, he raised his hat again. She flushed with pleasure, her red lips parted in a charming smile as she nodded in response to his salute.

The next moment she had passed him.

"How kind—how grand he was!" she murmured, the flush still on her cheeks. "I wonder if I shall ever see him again. I wish I could learn his name."

The young man himself was indulging in a similar soliloquy.

"She is the daintiest little bit of humanity I have ever seen," he mused. "I wonder who she is!"

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE LEGACY.

Ruth Reynolds was the name of the heroine described in our previous chapter.

She was a Green Mountain lassie, having been born in a quiet town in Vermont, where her father had for many years acted as spiritual guide to a staid and respectable flock.

Ruth's mother had died about a year before the opening of our story, and now she had just lost her father also.

Mr. Reynolds had been failing for months, and, as he drew near his end, he was appalled by the thought that he would have to leave his sensitive, beautiful daughter alone and penniless in the world.

They had no relatives, scarcely a friend in all the world outside his humble parish; to whom he could apply in his daughter's behalf; the only feasible plan he could think of was to write to a lady in New York, who had once professed herself a devoted friend to Mrs. Reynolds, and ask her to put Ruth in the way of doing something for her own support.

Acting upon this thought, he wrote an appealing letter to her, but up to within two weeks of his death no reply had come, and he was at that time in a distressing state of suspense regarding the future of his child.

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed, one day, while giving her some instructions and advice, "I have absolutely nothing to leave you as an heirloom, save that old cane, which once belonged to your mother's grandfather."

As he spoke, Mr. Reynolds glanced, with a half-pathetic, half-amused smile, at the clumsy, ancient-looking relic that rested upon two brass hooks above the mantel.

"My mother's grandfather!" Ruth repeated, in surprise as her glance followed his. "I thought it belonged to her father."

"Yes," gravely returned Mr. Reynolds, "I know that is what you have always been told; but it is supposed to have been handed down from several generations back of him, although there was a great obstacle in the way of your grandfather Allenwood claiming kinship with them."

"How so?" questioned Ruth.

"The story has anything but a pleasant flavor—indeed, it is hardly suitable for your ears; still something impels me to tell it."

Mr. Reynolds opened a drawer in his desk as he spoke, and, taking out a small book, opened it, thus revealing its pages closely written over and read the following account:

"Amos Rothwick was the eldest son of Sir Roger Rothwick—in whose veins flowed some of England's best blood—of Rothwick Castle, Derbyshire. He was said to be a wild, dissolute fellow in his youth and a world-wide rover. Upon the death of his father he was summoned home to assume charge of the estate and assume his proper position in the world. A few months later he married, with great pomp and ceremony, a young woman above him in point of rank, but poor in this world's goods, although she possessed an excessively proud and arrogant nature. One child was born to them, a sturdy boy, who gave great promise of being the counterpart of his mother both in features and disposition. But, soon after his birth, Sir Amos and his haughty wife had a terrible quarrel, which ended in their becoming utterly estranged, although they continued to dwell under the same roof. This quarrel was caused by Lady Rothwick discovering, in some mysterious way, that her husband had formed a romantic attachment before she became his wife; that, during his 'wild days,' he had lured a beautiful girl—the daughter of one of his father's tenants—into a pretended secret marriage; that a son had been the result of this *'liaison,'* as her ladyship termed it, and the 'precious pair' were still being supported out of the Rothwick coffers. Robert Allenwood was the name of this unfortunate boy——"

"Oh, papa! not my mother's father!" exclaimed beautiful Ruth Reynolds, her face suddenly crimsoning with mingled shame and dismay.

"Yes, dear; I told you the story had an unpleasant flavor. But, in spite of the disagreeable fact, Robert Allenwood grew up a noble boy, inheriting his mother's virtues, without his father's vices. And now we come to the story of the cane," said Mr. Reynolds, referring again to the book.

"Sir Amos continued to care for the child and his mother, notwithstanding his haughty wife's displeasure, although he removed them to a distant shire beyond her reach. He even visited them once or twice a year, and upon one occasion took the Rothwick cane with him. It was surmounted with a finely carved horse's head and was given to Robert 'to play with,' while the gentleman talked with his mother. But when Sir Amos was ready to go and demanded his cane the child cried bitterly for his steed. The baronet laughed and pacified him by telling him he should have it again some time—that he would 'will it to him when he died.' The boy never forgot the promise and frequently referred to it, while his mother never attached the slightest importance to it, until one evening, just as she was retiring, there came an imperative knock upon her cottage door. Upon answering it she found Sir Amos Rothwick's valet outside, and he put into her hands the Rothwick cane and a small package——"

"Ah!" suddenly interposed Mr. Reynolds, looking up, "that reminds me that I have another heirloom for you, Ruth—I had forgotten it entirely."

Then he resumed his reading:

"The man said that his master was dying, that he he had sent the cane to the boy, as he had promised, but he must never let it go out of his family; the package was for Mrs. Allenwood. There was a letter also, the servant continued, putting his hand into his pocket for it. It was not there, however, and though he searched faithfully every receptacle on his person, it could not be found. He promised to look for it on his return to the castle, and bring it to her later; but he never returned—the letter never came to light and the poor woman never knew what message the baronet had sent her from his dying bed. Upon examining the package she found only a key——"

"A key! to what?" Ruth hastily interposed.

"My child, that was a tantalizing mystery then, and it has remained such to this day," replied her father, laying down the book. "Open that drawer again, and you will find the strange legacyq in a small box at the back."

The girl obeyed, and a moment later was curiously examining a very peculiarly-shaped key.

It was about three inches long, made of bronze, its thumb-piece ornamented with a thistle above two olive leaves, while the opposite end was shaped like a cross.

"What a strange—what a useless thing for a dying man to bequeath to that poor woman!" the young girl indignantly exclaimed.

"It certainly seems so," Mr. Reynolds replied, "but"—taking up his book again—"it says here that doubtless it was a very significant legacy, which the missing letter would have explained; but poor Mrs. Allenwood was destined never to be enlightened, and so lived out her sad life, a wronged and heartbroken woman. Robert married early in life a sensible, energetic girl, and came to America to carve out his own fortune. They settled in Montpelier, where they were wonderfully prospered for many years, only to lose everything during one of the financial crises that swept over the country.

"Robert Allenwood was a noble, whole-souled man—a man of high mental attainments and unswerving principle. Alice Edgemont was his worthy helpmate; and I, Elizabeth Allenwood Reynolds—the only living child out of five—have made a record of this strange history. My father gave me both the Rothwick cane and key just before he died, exacting a promise that I would never part with them to strangers, but hand them down as heirlooms to my children. 'They are nothing but a clumsy stick of wood and a bit of rudely-fashioned iron,' he said, 'but they are at least a link proving that the Rothwick blood flows in my veins—even though that fact brings a blush of shame to my cheek. Had my mother reared me less conscientiously, I might have been tempted to use them to work out the sentiment embodied in the Rothwick coat-of-arms—a thistle above two olive leaves—which is supposed to indicate that "a Rothwick never forgives a wrong until he is avenged."'"

"Why, papa! what a strange, strange story!" Ruth exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh, as her father concluded and wearily laid down his book. "It is a romance indeed! a mystery so profound that there seems not the slightest hope of ever solving it, and yet," she went on, musingly, "if that letter is still in existence and could be found, what wonders it might reveal!"

"My dear child, why will you puzzle your brain over anything so useless? It is not worth your while; do not make me regret that I have told you the story," her father pleaded. "And now," he added, feebly rising, "as I am very weary, I will lie down and rest a while."

He passed into the next room, closing the door, leaving Ruth absorbed in thought over her peculiar heirlooms.

She laid down the cane and took up the key.

She started suddenly, then shivered as if some cold chill had struck her.

"How queer!" she murmured, glancing around the room half fearfully, "but something seemed to tell me that some time I shall find that lock that this key fits—that some time I shall learn that secret!"

* * * * * * * * *

Three weeks later, her father having been laid in the village churchyard beside his wife, poor, homeless, almost friendless, but dangerously beautiful Ruth Reynolds, having received the long-looked-for letter from her mother's former "friend," bade farewell to her quiet home among the Green Mountains and went out into the world to earn her own living and to meet her fate.

CHAPTER III.

AN ARDENT LOVER WINS HIS POINT.

We already know what befell our fair heroine upon her arrival in New York City, and how she escaped falling a victim to a human vulture, just as she was leaving the steamer.

After the interposition of the captain, all went well with her, and, in less than an hour, she was set down at the door of a beautiful residence on West Thirty-sixth street, the silver plate upon which bore the name of William Winslow.

Several years previous Mr. and Mrs. Winslow had both been members of Mr. Reynolds' church, and, at that time, had professed a strong friendship for their cultivated pastor and his gentle wife; but a turn in fortune's wheel had made them suddenly rich, and they had removed to New York, where they were not long in becoming launched upon the restless sea of fashionable life.

For a while the two ladies had kept up their intimacy by correspondence; but this was finally interrupted when the Winslows went to Europe. Before their return, Mrs. Reynolds sickened and died; and when her friend learned the fact, she wrote a letter of condolence to the bereaved husband, telling him that if there was anything she could do for him or his, not to fail to call upon her at any time.

Taking her at her word, the clergyman, when he found he must soon leave his child alone in the world, begged her to have a care for his one darling, and exert herself in putting the orphan

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters. ETHEL WILLIAMS.

SPENCER, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please let me come in for a few moments, as I hardly ever hear from a little sister. I am fifteen years old. Papa is a renter. We live on a large farm now. I have three brothers older and three sisters younger than I am.

Mamma has taken COMFORT even since I can remember. I like to read it all, but Mrs. Wilkinson I believe I like your corner the best. I like the COMFORT'S League too. I am very sorry for the poor shut-ins; I can't help them any now but if God gives me success I certainly mean to divide with the poor.

I would like to have an education but we are poor and live near no good schools so where is there a chance for me?

Eulalie Wells, I enjoyed your letter in March COMFORT. And I would like to hear from you.

Mary J. Lewis, I wish I could talk with you a while. If there were more mothers like you I think the world would be better.

Miss Maude Black, I certainly enjoyed your letter about "A Beautiful Life," and I think it did me good, I want you to write again.

Claoma Taylor, you wrote a beautiful letter on the subject of "Idleness," and there are so many nice letters! I don't know how long it would take me to write the names of all the sisters that have written beautiful letters.

Mrs. Wilkinson, you are doing a good work. I would like to shake hands with you, and talk with you a while. Please let me say a few words to mothers.

Mothers, I think you should teach your children to work while they are young. My mother always had good health and she said she just couldn't sit down and let me cook when I didn' know how, and I didn't want to learn, because I didn't know the benefit of it. When I was thirteen years old my little sister was taken sick and had to go to the hospital and mamma had to go with her. Well, I was the only cook at home and I didn't know how to make coffee. All three of my brothers were at home, hard at work. Mamma was gone seven weeks. Now, I had a hard time. I should have known how to cook simple food. How many of the sisters agree with me on that subject?

I will not describe myself as I am not very pretty. Mrs. Wilkinson, do you think any of us would be very pretty if we described our lives as well as we do our looks? I think we ought to study more about our lives any way, and not so much about our looks.

I would like to receive cards and letters, as I don't go much, and get lonesome sometimes. I will try to answer all that enclose stamps.

Wishing you all success, I am, your loving sister,
NETTIE D. SHELTON.

Nettie Shelton. The younger sisters are always welcome, particularly when they write such a sensible letter as yours. I don't want to scold, but don't you think you are giving up too easily in the matter of an education? Even if there are no good schools near, couldn't you consult with someone capable of advising you and arrange for a course of study at home. It will be more difficult I'll admit and you'll miss the companionship and school spirit, which is long remembered, but it will be worth it. Try and see.—Ed.

JOHNSTOWN, 547 Maple Ave., PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having just finished reading Mrs. Haggerty's letter I thought I would give my experience as I come from a large family (eight) and I think that the smaller the family, the better. In that last line of poetry where it says, "Do your best and trust to Heaven," I say it's all right to "trust to Heaven," but, Heaven won't get this child a new dress, nor that one a pair of shoes, or a hat, or whatever else is needed, especially if the wages are small, and the expenses are large, for there are nine out of every ten who earn low wages. A mother who has to divide those non-elastic dollars among many cannot give as many of them to a large family as she could to a small one.

Did you know that the largest number of men earn from eight to twelve dollars a week? And how can you clothe a large family on that, especially when food and rent is high?

I am twenty-five years of age and have been married six years; am the mother of two girls and one boy.

I would be glad to hear from anyone else on the subject of quality before quantity.

MRS. HULL.

Mrs. Hull. If you will read Mrs. Haggerty's letter again you will notice that she asks advice in governing her children, and herself, and the poem refers to that, rather than to material things. People in general are too apt to take the common, everyday things of life for granted and never seem to realize they have more than their own efforts to thank for them. As to the desirability of large or small families—that subject is open for discussion and we'll wait for the sisters to express their opinion.—Ed.

HAVANA R. R. 2, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I take COMFORT and could not do without it. I am thirteen years old, have brown hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I cannot walk as I have spinal trouble, but I am in hopes I will outgrow it and walk some day. I can ride out just as much as I want to and, I even went sleigh-riding last winter, and I feel good all the time. I have not walked for three years. We have tried everything within reach.

I read a good many books and magazine stories. COMFORT has many good stories in it. I sew a lot. I can creep around a little and get around the yard by myself. I have a playhouse that I enjoy very much and I have a lot of nice pets, so you see I get a lot of enjoyment out of life even if I can't walk like other girls.

I went to school for four years, and was as healthy as most any of the children. I have a lot of girl friends that come and see me real often. I have no brothers or sisters but a very dear mother, father and grandma who cares for me. I live in Ohio.

I should like to hear from the sisters and cousins and I will answer all who enclose a stamped envelope. I hope some of them will write to me.

I will bring my long letter to an end by wishing you all the very best. WILHELMINE BROOKS.

Wilhelmine. You are a brave little girl and I hope your faith will be rewarded by a speedy recovery. Anyway, you have ten active years in the past, with all their pleasures, to think of, and we hope a great many more in the future. Let us hear from you again.—Ed.

KOOTENAI, IDAHO.

DEAR FRIENDS AND SISTERS:

Having read the letter of Anna Kirk, in the July COMFORT, I felt it right to say a few words on the subject she writes about. Now dear Anna hasn't described herself or given a Miss or Mrs. to her name, consequently we must not judge her harshly even though the majority of us do not agree with her. Personally, I have never written to the Sisters' Corner but have often thought I would. I take great interest in what others have written and when I read a letter, I like to know what the writer looks like, how old she is and whether married or single; but I can love a "fat woman" just as much as the most perfectly built one.

Christ has been described to us and I love to picture Him, not of His great beauty, but because of his great love. Not all that tell how they look are vain or beautiful. I for one, am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds and have a big nose, also big feet and hands—now that isn't very handsome. My husband tells me I am all nose, feet and hands, but he is such a dear. I know he doesn't care a mite; and who knows but what some dear sister who described herself, sent ten letters or dollars to the shut-ins and never mentioned it, or thought that God would reward her for her charity.

I am not meaning this to hurt Anna, for she surely meant to be on the right side and to help others, but just a wee bit conceited of what she herself was doing. We must see our own shortcomings in all things. I can see many of mine while thinking of the best way to do things and to teach my three little children.

I trust God will help us all and if we do wrong forgive us, and help us not to hurt another's feelings.

We live in the far West. Have a stump ranch. This is a newly settled country and the land is not cleared.

Your poem to Mrs. Marie Haggerty was very appropriate. And we mothers of larger families know of the many trials, not only with the children, but being in poor health while rearing our little ones. I think it a brave woman who will rear a family of four or five children—which is a large family nowadays.

Wit love to all, I am, Your sister.
MRS. GEORGE HAMILTON.

SO. OMAHA, 1218 N. 34th St., NEBR.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Sometime ago my name was printed in COMFORT in regards to growing "golden seal" as a means of making pin money. I received many inquiries concerning same and about other pin money ideas. I answered all who enclosed stamped, self-addressed envelope and to others I take this means of replying.

Golden seal is an herb used for medicinal purposes throughout the world. Its demand is great and constantly increasing. This war has raised the price of this herb. It is easily grown, needs no cultivation, only to keep free of weeds. It can withstand a long drought. It needs good garden soil and some shade. Once planted it stays planted and it is hard to kill out. It should be planted in the spring, about the first of April and it is ready to gather the middle of August. Roots should be got in the fall and kept in a dry, warm place throughout the winter and then set out. Roots cost about one dollar and fifty cents per fifty roots.

Now another easy way of making pin money at home so as not to take up much time is raising "Job's Tears," or "corn beads" to be made into necklaces, draperies, etc. Twenty cents will start you in business and it is so easy and fascinating that I believe no woman can resist the temptation of raising them. They require very little space and are cultivated in much the same manner as corn. They should be planted in May when danger of frost is over. There is really no failure in these. The beads are the shape of a small sea shell and beautiful in color. Once seen they never fail to be admired. The seeds also should be had ready in fall as these are scarce and hard to get. Necklaces sell according to style and length.

Raising ferns from birdseed is another way of earning pin money. The ferns are started from birdseed and in a few weeks your reward will be beautiful ferns that sell from fifty cents to one dollar. These are always in demand in my home town.

Baby shoes, made out of cream and white outing flannel, find a ready sale.

Now, I will describe myself. I am twenty-nine years of age, mother of three boys and two girls, ranging in ages from two to nine years; the three boys are the oldest, the girls the youngest. People don't believe I am the age I am and have so many babies. They take me for a young girl and ask me how I keep young. I laugh and always reply "Babies and work." I do all my own work and still have time to devote to my pin money plans.

I would like a letter shower October 30th and I will be pleased to answer questions on any of my hints if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. I love this corner, and I hope that COMFORT will always have the prosperity and good wishes it rightly deserves.

With kindest regards to all, I remain,
Your COMFORT sister, MRS. J. A. DOSTAL.

SIOUX CITY, 1707 West Fifth St., IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

As long as I can remember we have taken COMFORT and we surely could not do without it.

I have a favor to ask. Will some of the sisters that live in Oregon write to me? I would like to hear from some that live in Klamath county. We are thinking of buying a homestead there. Every year I suffer with hay fever, and I would like to find out by someone that lives there if people have any fever there.

Mrs. A. P. Stanley, the little story about Pollyanna and the glad game has helped me. I wish all the sisters would try it.

Love and good luck to COMFORT.
MRS. N. SWEARINGEN.

GOLD CREEK, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years, but so far I have let others do the writing.

In regard to Annie Kirk's letter, I would like to say that I see no harm or nonsense in the sisters' descriptions of themselves. Just because one writes that she is small and dark, she does not mean that she is pretty, and if a woman knows she is handsome, why should she be ashamed to tell it. For my part, I would never think of telling of the good I do, but some like that and there is no harm in it either.

Mrs. Marie Haggerty. Don't get downhearted because you can't care for five babies as another can for one. Do your best and teach your children to be true to themselves and to others. It is easier for a mother of one or two to do her work, but we are not here for an easy time and it is seldom that an only child grows up to be a better and stronger man or woman, than the family of five or more.

I have six children to care for and my housework and some outdoor work to do too. I have not the strength I had when I had only two, but I have more patience; time has taught me that, and I know more about children and their care. Our children are lively and some of them strong headed, so I correct them after "Grandma's" method sometimes and I think that a child who has been corrected the first six or eight years of his life does not require so much punishment as he grows older. Parents let babies have their own way and then try to mend their own mistakes by whipping the child when it is older. In my opinion a child's health and morals come first; its manner can easily be improved later on.

With best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,
MRS. R. CHRISTENSEN.

ELKINS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wonder if you will print another letter from me? I have received over ninety letters since my letter was printed in the July COMFORT, a great many wanting to know all about this place, the price of land and so on. Now for the benefit of those who didn't send stamps I will say that this is a prosperous country; the soil varies of course, the bottom farms are rich, and some of the mountain farms also.

The water is usually very good, and this place is supposed to be healthy. Most of the people farm their own land, but some of them have renters. Land sells all the way from ten to one hundred dollars, an acre, according to location and improvements.

We raise most everything. I shall surely try and answer each and every letter, except those from the bachelors, and let me say right here I am not a lonely widow, but a happy wife.

Thanking you all for remembering me and Mrs. Wilkinson for printing this, Your COMFORT friend,
MRS. BERTA WILSON.

BOISSWAIN, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I for one do not agree with Anna Kirk, because "describing," and "praising," have entirely different definitions. Take myself for instance, I am five feet six inches tall, weigh about one hundred and forty pounds, have brown hair and eyes and am twenty-four years old. I leave it with the sisters if there is one word of praise in that matter-of-fact description.

I like her sentiments all right, but I think she has applied them in the wrong place. I would not enjoy the sisters' letters half so much if they didn't describe themselves. When they do, one can almost imagine they see them in their own homes and are talking with them instead of reading; it helps to make their letters real and they don't sound like fakes.

I like COMFORT and enjoy all the sisters' letters but love Uncle Charlie best of all, and who is there that does not? Love to all.

MRS. H. P. LEWIS.

BLANCHARD, LA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

With your permission I will give a brief description of this country as it may be of interest to some. I always like to read of different countries and people.

Last winter we moved from the overflow swamp land, to this delightful ridge country and we are well pleased with the change. I consider this country a wonderful opportunity for energetic, hustling people. If a person does not succeed here it is because he doesn't try or know how to grasp the opportunities as they appear.

First, it is an easy matter to get a home here. There being lots of land for sale, both woods and improved farms. Then in this parish there are several thousand acres of what is known as Reserve Land, held by the state and Federal Government for its oil resources. On this vast tract there are hundreds and hundreds of acres of fine farming land. It is free to any and all home seekers, who care to improve and work the land. While it still belongs to the government, all its products and improvements belong to the man who improves and works it. There are some old settlers who have spent many years on this reserve land and have never paid out one penny for rent or taxes. This parish has about two thousand acres of public land subject to entry, and some of it is fine timbered land. We have fine water, both well and spring, extra good summer range, fruit of all kinds, some good roads, ready market for all country produce, mail route, ex-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Uneeda Biscuit

Tempt the appetite, please the taste and nourish the body. Fresh, in the moisture-proof package. Five cents.



You Know These Biscuit

Here are packages which you at once recognize. They contain oven-fresh biscuit—pure, clean and good. Carefully chosen ingredients go into these biscuit. Cleanliness, care and skill are exercised in their baking

Graham Crackers

The sweetness and nutriment of the wheat are retained. Always crisp and flavory. Five and ten cents.



There are many other National Biscuit Company products. They differ in form and flavor, but all are of unvarying excellence. They are easy to get, for grocery stores from Coast to Coast are kept constantly supplied by the national distribution service of the National Biscuit Company.

Oysterettes

The Oyster Cracker—crisp and flaky. Good enough to eat alone, but better with oyster stews, soups, salads or chowder. Five cents.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Women's Wrongs *vs.* Women's Rights



at 5 o'clock

this woman got up to start the washing. She lugged coal, started a hot fire, carried heavy pailsful of water to fill the wash-boiler, and



at 7 o'clock

she was already too tired to enjoy her breakfast. She didn't stop to clear away the dishes, but she hard-rubbed and boiled, boiled and hard-rubbed the dirt out of the clothes, till



at 5 o'clock

twelve long hours after she had started the washing, she finished it, and started to get supper ready. No wonder she is dragged out all the time.

This woman gets as much work done—but she doesn't work so hard or so long.

at 8 o'clock



after the breakfast dishes are washed, she puts her clothes to soak with Fels-Naptha Soap. They soak for 30 minutes while Fels-Naptha does the hardest part of the wash—gets the dirt ready to roll out with a few light rubs. There's no hard-rubbing.

at 11.30



she is ready to hang the last piece on the line, and to sprinkle down some that are already dry. Today's task is finished, and tomorrow's helped along.

at 5.30



after a good rest, she prepares supper in a bright, clean kitchen, with the clothes all folded down for the next day's ironing.

Fels-Naptha Soap does all your household cleaning as quickly, easily and well as it does your weekly wash. By starting the week right for you, it makes each day's work easier. Directions on each wrapper.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die, Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief. Cyril returns and seeing the agony in Edna's face implores her to tell him the cause. She upbraids him for the wrong he has done. Filled with remorse he parts from her. She tries to call him back; it is too late.

Mr. Richard Burdon and Edward More, brother of Sir Cyril More, in legal consultation, learn the contents of John Weston's will and the fortune awaiting Sir Cyril More which Edward More regrets. Aunt Martha and Edna are announced. Previous to Mr. Burdon reading the will to Edna, he explains its purport,—John Weston, grateful to Sir Charles More, who saves him from financial ruin, and desirous to enrich his descendants devises the scheme of disposing of his vast wealth by the marriage of his niece Edna Weston to Sir Cyril More,—the fortune going to either Edna Weston or Sir Cyril More or to both in equal shares on one condition, that they become man and wife, leaving each free to decline or accept, without depriving the other of his or her chance of it. The choice resting with Sir Cyril, Mr. Burdon sends for him. He comes reluctantly not knowing a fortune awaits him or the conditions to which he must comply. Learning them he declines to marry Miss Weston and writes her a letter withdrawing any claim he may have had or may still have to the money accounted for in the deed. Edna insists that Sir Cyril shall share the fortune with her. Mr. Burdon, knowing Sir Cyril as he does, Edna must keep it. Mr. and Mrs. Edward More call and Edna and her aunt accept an invitation to visit at Acacia Lodge, preparatory to their going to Rosedene which adjoins More Park. Edna captures the love of Bertie More whose voice reminds her of another's.

Edna and her aunt take possession of Rosedene. Wandering alone over the estate and lost in thought Edna suddenly meets a man she thinks may be one of her servants. He apologizes for trespassing. Edna assures him she feels more like a trespasser, as she is a greater stranger and inquires the way to More Park, where she stands before the old house wondering what draws her there. Going home she meets the duchess, who invites her to a dinner. Lord Mersey is announced and Edna recognizes him as the man she had taken as a servant. The duchess, leading the way, they adjourn to a smaller salon. Lord Mersey talking to Edna leaves her suddenly as Grace Bromley plays the prelude of a song she sings. Riding home by the light of the moon Edna sees a man standing in the avenue of More Park and is unconscious it is Cyril More.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IF I COULD FIND OUT!"

EDNA had started well, and continued winning golden opinions from all, save one or two young ladies who were inclined to regard Ler in the light of an intruder, poaching on their happy hunting grounds, especially those young ladies who lived in the vicinity of the manor, and were in the habit of casting designing thoughts toward that eccentric nobleman, Lord Mersey, for his lordship, in his unconscious way, which was more effective and courageous than an actually daring one, cultivated Edna's society assiduously. He had been used to confine his rambles to the Rosedene preserves, but since the young heiress had come down and lit up the old place with her sweet, innocent kind of beauty, he enlarged his walks, and soon penetrated into the flower garden, then on to the terrace, and so, by degrees, got into the habit of dropping into Aunt Martha's drawing-room, just about five.

Aunt Martha and he got on remarkably; she was always glad to see him, and he seemed particularly fond of talking to her, though Aunt Martha did not understand one half he was saying; but she liked to listen, and declared that "it did her good."

"Ah, my dear Lord Mersey, if my poor brother—Edna's father, you know—were alive and here, what great friends you would be! There was nothing he had not studied. He used to talk to Edna and me, in the summer evenings, as we were at our work, just as you do."

And Lord Mersey would stroke his beard dreamily, and say:

"Miss Weston's father—yes, I should like to have known him."

But he seemed very well contented to know Edna herself, and Edna appeared, and was really glad, to see him.

There was a particularly comfortable chair beside the window, which gradually got to be regarded as Lord Mersey's chair, and in it he would seat himself, stretching his long legs out, with an air of repose and serenity and placidly watch Aunt Martha make her tea, which she did after the duchess' own manner and receipt.

Edna's place was on a small couch drawn up beside a little table, which was generally littered with some fancy—very fancy—work, or book opened face downward. She, too, would watch Aunt Martha, or sit with her face half-shielded by her hand and gaze at the fire, and Lord Mersey's eyes would wander from Mrs. Weston's kindly, commonplace countenance to the sweet, delicate face a little further on, and he would wonder what had given to that face the strange, wistful, sad expression which would settle upon it so often, so very often.

He knew, as one does know, that while he was talking sometimes she was not listening, that she could not have told a word if she had been asked, but that her thoughts were far away, recalling something—or somebody. At this latter suggestion Lord Mersey would look graver even than was his wont, and stroke his beard until it glistened and shone again, and he would murmur and mutter to himself, and rouse the dreaming beauty with some question that would be answered.

Sometimes other visitors would drop in—Lord Mersey's mother, Lady Portfield, or the vicar and his wife, very often the great duchess herself, but Lord Mersey would keep his chair—if he could do so without too violently infringing the rules of society, which says one visitor shall beat a retreat when another enters—and naturally people began to talk. Then again, Edna was too great an acquisition, too great an heiress also, to be left in seclusion, and there were dinner parties and dances, all of which she was expected to attend. She would go, charming everybody with her simple, girlish beauty the gentle grace, and the men would go mad about her, not only because she was so beautiful and bewitching, but because she was so invulnerable.

Young Bromley stated the case—he was a barrister and heir to the baronetcy, and a lady-killer to boot—very plainly in the smoking room of Bromley Hall after a dinner party at which Edna had been the beauty and the belle.

"I tell you what it is," said he, puffing impressively at a huge regalia, and looking pensively round at the listeners as they sat or lounged about the smoking room; "this is the gem of the county, and when she comes out in town there will be a sensation. She is irresistible. It is not because she is beautiful——"

"Which she undoubtedly is," remarked Viscount Alfred, a young cornet in the Blues, who had fallen head over heels in love with Edna at first sight.

"Which she undoubtedly is," echoed Bromley, "but because she is utterly unimpressionable——"

"By your royal highness!" laughed some one.

"By all of us," retorted Bromley, with calm nonchalance. "Is there one of you who has produced any effect?" Truth as well as modesty caused the inevitable silence. "No, she is gentleness and amiability herself; there is not an ounce of vanity in her composition, and she will listen to any of us with the sweetest consideration—even to you, Alfred, my lamb, for I saw you talking to her for three quarters of an hour at the duchess' the other evening."

The young viscount blushed as hotly and prettily as any of his sisters could have done.

"But just as you think you have interested her and are making a step forward; just as you begin to feel how bewitching she is, there comes over her a gentle abstraction, a dreamy absence and unconsciousness of your humble existence—not to say proximity—that makes you cold with despair."

"That's it, beautifully described, my dear sir!" assented a fox-hunting squire, who had resisted innumerable circes and fallen at Edna's feet without a struggle. "And when you stop and wait piteously for her return to mundane affairs, she comes down from heaven or wherever she has been, and smiling sweetly says: 'I beg your pardon! I was thinking of something else!'"

"Something else? Somebody else!" groaned another admirer.

"No," said Bromley; "not somebody else, I don't think that. She hasn't that look, and she would guard against that dreamy way of hers if it were so."

"Hem!" mused the young squire. "You may be wrong there. Here comes someone who ought to know, if all accounts are true," he added, as Lord Mersey came wandering into the room.

"What are you fellows talking about?" he asked.

"About the one topic—the heiress," replied the squire.

Mersey turned to choose a pipe from the rack before he spoke.

"Do you mean Miss Weston?" he asked. "Scarcely a suitable topic for discussion in a smoking room."

And there was something in his straightforward gaze over his pipe, as he lit it, that silenced any retort, though the young squire whispered behind his hand to Bromley:

"Mersey is hit harder than any of us, by Jove!"

There was little chance for any of them, they thought, if that really was the case; for who could resist the heir to the manor and thirty thousand a year?

At least, there was one woman in this world who could not, and that was Grace Bromley; and it is only fair to say that she would have given her hand to Lord Mersey if he had been a commoner with thirty shillings instead of thirty thousand.

We have only seen her for a few hours in the salon at the castle, and it is time, as she plays no unimportant part in our drama, that we should see a little more of her.

Grace was seen to best advantage at the music stool, or beside the harp; but she was possessed of a variety of accomplishments, could ride well to hounds, danced almost as well as Edna—not quite, for Edna had caught some of the supple grace of the mountain Swiss—could skate, and lastly, had that rare gift of looking interesting and commanding, rather than attracting attention.

"Grace would have made a first-class empress of Rome in the old imperial days," her brother had declared, and he had hit it, as usual. She was a superb figure, slim and straight as an arrow, with such dark hair brushed clean from her brow, and dark eyes that lit up beneath the long, dark brows, and sweeping lashes, when she was excited or angry. A truly imperial kind of beauty, that had borne down all before it, until Edna—sweet, dreamy Edna—had come upon the scene and wrested the scepter from her hand; scarcely wrested it, but rendered it powerless to command any longer where it most desired to do so. For, at one time, Lord Mersey had shown some signs of yielding himself to the imperial beauty—had begun to feel the charm of her swift black eyes and impassioned voice—had felt a subtle kind of pleasure, half pain, half delight, in sitting beside the piano as she played, as only she could play, making the instrument obey her will and move with her feelings. Then it was pleasant to him to find her, who was so imperious and indifferent to the men about her, so attentive and amiable to him, so ready to listen to his long, rambling dissertations and audible musings on all kinds of subjects, so anxious to learn anything he chose to teach her. All promised well; the friendship which was gradually growing would have developed into a warmer feeling; Lord Mersey, the creature of habit, would have discovered one day that he could not do without the society of the imperial beauty, who was all humility and soft obedience to him, and he would have made her the future Countess of Portfield. Until Edna came!

"Came from whence?" asked Grace, as she sat beside her harp, her brows knitted over her brooding eyes, her long, shapely hands striking a sullen chord in harmony with her own thoughts. "Came from whence? No one knows! Came without a friend, save the old woman who is tied to her body and soul—came without an introduction, without any credentials of respectability!—came, and won him from me! What does he see in her—is she more beautiful than I am?"

A large mirror, reaching from ceiling to floor, was opposite her, and she glanced in it as she replied:

"No, I think not; honestly, I think not. What is it, then, that he—a man of the world, a scholar, hypercritical in refinement and culture—can see in her to charm him? Is it that dreamy abstraction, that little trick of wistful sadness? Take care, Lord Mersey! Did any girl with a blank, innocent past, look and behave as she does? If it is that which you find so charming, so irresistible, take care that it does not spring from some secret which you, with all your fine feelings, would scarcely think fitting for the future Countess of Portfield to hold."

Then her sister—much younger than herself, and a great romp, who looked upon her sister Grace with something like contempt, because she took no interest in prize bulls and the improvement of stock, subjects Kate would discuss with her father, Sir George, for hours. Kate was short, thickset and boyish, the image of her father, as they all said—came in, whistling like a boy, stopping to exclaim, in a voice, clear and ringing as a boy's also: "What, Grace! wasting all this beautiful afternoon over that monstrosity in catgut! Why don't you come out? I've been——"

"My dear Kate, spare me the details, I beg!" interrupted "my Lady Grace," as Kate called her; "I can guess where you have been—the stables, the pig sty, the kennels. Look at your boots!"

"Rather dirty, aren't they? You should see father's!—but then they're topboots, and don't matter. I wish mamma would let me wear topboots!"

"A stable boy's waistcoat and a huntsman's cap. Certainly!" said Grace, sweeping the strings of her harp.

"How shocked you would all be!—all except Mersey."

"Would you oblige me, my dear Kate, by giving gentlemen their title when you speak of them?"

"The Right Honorable Viscount Mersey!" resumed Kate, with due pomposity; "he's the best of the lot, for all his bookwormish propensities. He never scolds and worries and teases me as you do, and I believe he likes me."

"He is interested in any phenomenon, monstrous or otherwise," calmly retorted Grace.

"Thank you, my Lady Grace!" retorted Kate, coloring—she had her father's temper, short and fiery—don't you wish you were a monstrosity? He doesn't seem to take much interest in you now."

Grace paled, and her eyes shot fire as she bent down to tighten a string; but her voice was quite calm as she said:

"Did he ever do so? Kate, I think I will take your advice, so emphatically if not delicately given, and go out. Would you mind ordering the mare? I am sure you are going to the stables!" and with this parting thrust my Lady Grace rose and sailed from the room.

Kate looked after her ere she in her turn went to do as she was bid, for it was noticeable that sharp as Kate was with her tongue and rough in her manner, she was never reluctant to run on Grace's errands or do her bidding. Kate looked after her and whistled.

"Poor Grace! I wonder if she does care for him? What fools girls are to fall in love! I declare I never will!"

Grace's mare came round—a beautiful creature, almost black, and as shapely as a painted horse of Wouverman's—and Grace got on his back and started for a gallop, and for a time the green-eyed monster that even music would not exorcise, was cast off in the clear, bracing air of the spring afternoon. Grace would have been all the better for that ride, but as fate would have it, after reaching Fox Gorse cover she turned to go home by the More Park road, and coming into it by a bridle path through the wood, came full upon an elegant little phaeton, drawn by a pair of cream ponies, and driven by Edna. A tiny groom sat behind, with his arms sternly folded and his baby face fixed in stolid impassiveness after the manner of his kind; but it was not by the phaeton, or the penies, or the groom that Grace's earnest gaze was drawn, but to the beautiful girl who held the reins and whip, and drove as if she were driving in her dream, and her face set with a wistful sadness. Grace was just going to ride up to the phaeton, which was walking up the hill, when a man's figure came through the wood opposite her, and held up his hand to stop the phaeton, and taking off his hat walked across to it.

It was Lord Mersey, and Grace saw that as he approached Edna's face lost its dreaminess, and lit up with the sweet smile which was worth more than all Grace's imperial beauty.

She saw Lord Mersey look at his hands, as if they were too dirty to touch the daintily gloved one of the young charioteer, and then wipe them on his trousers, just as a waterman might do, before he took the little, primrose-colored pair. He had got something to show her, evidently, for he produced something from one of the front pockets of his loose coat, and Edna's head and his went very close together over the something; and then Grace heard Lord Mersey's deep voice explaining or recounting how he had found it, Edna listening all the while with interested attention. Then suddenly there came the old look of abstraction and absence, and Lord Mersey, perhaps, noticing it himself, stepped aside, said good by, raised his hat, and the phaeton passed on.

Grace watched them part, as she had watched them meet, pale and anxious, then she turned her horse's head toward the road again, and, climbing her whip, murmured:

"She does not care for him—I know it, I feel it!—and yet she will win him, if I know a man's nature at all. That indifference of hers would pique him into a declaration. She has bewitched him! He will grow still more infatuated, propose to her, marry her, and be miserable—yes, for I know him. It will happen, as sure as fate, unless something prevents it! Surely," she mused, her color coming and going—"surely it were no sin to prevent him making himself miserable for life—to save his happiness? Any means to such an end would be pardonable. What can I do? If I could find out the cause for that manner of hers—if I could but find out something about her!"

Patience, Grace Bromley, and chance—or shall we say fate?—may throw that knowledge in your way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN MORTON.

The spring advanced; the London season had commenced; the duchess and the Portfields had gone up; the one to the ducal mansion in Grosvenor Square, the other to the corner house in Park Lane, from whence Lord Mersey could see the flowers and the grass; but Edna still remained at Rosedene. She was growing fond of the place—the chestnuts were in full bloom; the birds made the air musical; the atmosphere was fragrant with the scents of the spring flowers—and could not tear herself away; besides, she shrank from the excitement of her debut, and did not feel strong enough to exchange the quiet lanes and silent woods, where she could commune with the past, for the noisy turmoil of fashionable life in the great city. The Bromleys also remained; Sir George was far too busy about the land, and Lady Bromley would not move without him. Then came Mr. and Mrs. More, and Edna's little sweetheart, Bertie. Mrs. More was quite charmed—quite charmed with Rosedene; everything about it was too delicious—really too delicious, she declared, and Edward More experienced a miserable kind of satisfaction in being near the great inheritance between which and him only stood his reprobate of a brother, wicked Sir Cyril.

He spent most of his time, when he was not writing in the library, wandering about the outskirts of the park, grumbling at the dilapidation and planning the alterations he would make when he reigned in his brother's stead. Mrs. More paid visits, drove about in Edna's pony phaeton, dawdled about on the sofa reading French novels, and spent the rest of her time in consultations with her maid on sundry questions of costume; then Edna was left pretty much to herself, and did not complain of feeling lonely.

It was a restful, peaceful time which promised to stretch far into the future, but the change was nearer at hand than dreamed.

One evening, in the middle of May, had been fixed for a small dinner party at Rosedene. Unlike most dinner parties it was really to be small, the Bromleys, the vicar and his wife, and Lord Mersey, who had come down expressly for it—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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IF you will arrange yourselves comfortably on my lap and give me your very serious attention I will tell you of an incident in the life of this country that is absolutely appalling in the depths of brazen infamy and criminal disregard of even the primal instincts of decency and honor. If I were not an optimist (that is a man who is hopeful and a believer in the inherent goodness of humanity) I would throw up the sponge after reviewing the facts which I am about to reveal to you, and utterly despair of any good thing ever evolving from the public servants of our cities. The scene of these deeds of criminal and moral frightfulness, is laid in a typical city of considerable size, in a middle western state. The revolting drama of graft and corruption that was recently enacted in this particular city has, though possibly in a lesser degree, been enacted in scores of other cities, in fact it is just one of the symptoms of a great national disease, corrupt politics and corrupt business, working hand in hand, ever nibbling like hungry rats at the roots of our institutions, ever threatening to demolish those democratic forms of government we have so painfully attempted to establish. An all-powerful, unscrupulous and thoroughly depraved gang of rascals obtained control of this before-mentioned city in the middle West. As usually happens in such cases, the prime mover in the plot was a corrupt and conscienceless mayor. Next came the city officers who were indebted to the mayor for their appointment. Then there was a police force, venal and corrupt—the same old grafting machine that you can find in most of our cities. Next in order we vision a circuit judge brazen and unscrupulous and a city judge of the same kidney. Bringing up the rear and filling in the somber background is outlined the usual bunch of rum-soaked politicians, ward Leelers, rum hole and beer parlor proprietors, all working hand in hand with slimy old party politicians of the typical Republican and Democratic stripe, and back of that the vampires of the tenderloin, red light white slave district, where the daughters of our land are degraded and done to death by the two-legged animals who frequent these dens of vice, disease and infamy. Last November there was an election in this particular city. The chief of the human bubbles seething in this wild devil's broth had the gubernatorial bee buzzing in his political bonnet, and many nice, pin-headed Democratic or Republican voters as the case may be were preparing to put the "gentleman" into a great and high office. It would be well for you by the way to note from just what kind of an environment we produce the typical politician that you, without thought, mechanically and with the regularity of clock work, vote into office. It was necessary for these political corruptionists, in order to retain control of the flesh pots of office, to win the election, and this is how they proceeded to do it: The assistant Chief of Police bled the gamblers, saloon keepers and white slaves of six thousand dollars for a slush fund for campaign purposes. On election day one man voted no *less than twenty-two times*, while another enterprising gentleman blistered his thumb to such an extent working the voting machine overtime for more than five hundred voters, that he found it necessary to relegate his thumb to the background and use a stick. In one precinct where there were but eighteen resident colored voters, no less than from three to four hundred dusky gentlemen managed to vote. One woman who succeeded in keeping an eye on one of the crookedest of the voting booths, noticed that men who voted would go away, change their clothes, come back "disguised" and vote all over again, and many men who did not know even the names under which they had to vote, got in their licks at the ballot box just the same. Thank God there was one man, as there usually is, for providence looks out for that, who became the Nemesis of this bunch of criminal grafters. He was the editor of a local newspaper, fearless and determined. From his editorial office he fired broadsides into the corrupt gang who controlled the city. The gang retorted by clapping the editor in jail, but they didn't hold him long. With corrupt judges working with the gang it was an easy job to put the editor behind the bars, but they couldn't keep him quiet. He was threatened with dynamite and even death, but nothing could stop him, he volleyed and thundered. Then thank heaven, Uncle Sam took a hand in the game, and Federal officials who could not be corrupted or intimidated, flashed the searchlight of retributive justice on the squirming, seething, political evil doers—and then something happened. The graft combination was so rotten that it fell to pieces of its own evil weight. The deviltry had been so thorough, so wholesale and complete, that explanation and defense were out of the question. One hundred and sixteen rascals were placed under arrest; eighty-nine confessed their guilt, knowing it was impossible to conceal it; twenty-seven more in spite of all that influence and position could do, were convicted. The mayor, the leader of the gang, was hiked off to a Federal prison for six years. The judge who jailed the plucky editor has been put behind the bars for five years, the sheriff is also doing five years' time in Leavenworth, and the city judge is also wearing stripes. One hundred others have been put under lock and key for six months and upward.

Now you will probably think that the men who went to jail were the riff raff of the city. On the contrary (and this is the thing that cuts deepest of all) many of them represented the best families in the city and the majority of those arrested were "representative" citizens.

It seems almost incredible that a whole city could thus abandon itself to an orgy of disgraceful corruption, and this in a community full of churches, culture, schools and beautiful homes. And yet it isn't so strange after all. The one great thing that is lacking in the American people collectively and individually, is a social conscience. The things that happen in our cities would not be tolerated in any other section of the globe. In the cities of Europe where the civic pride and social conscience inspire men with a high sense of duty, graft and corruption are unknown. Public office is a public trust. Public servants feel it an honor to serve their fellow men and they serve them faithfully and well. For us to fall down so disgracefully, so revoltingly, where every dictate of honor and decency should impel men to work nobly in the public positions in which their fellow citizens have placed them, is an open confession of the inferiority of our moral and ethical standards as applied to governmental affairs to those of the old world. These scandalous exhibitions of graft and corruption show how necessary it is for some purifying influence to cleanse the Augean stables of our municipal, state and national governments. In the state in which the villainies above happened the women of course have no vote. It is quite possible if they had had a vote, this hideous affair might never have happened. If the women had been voting in this particular state, they could have used the recall as they did in Seattle, and turned the rascals and corruptionists out of office. But why, oh why do we let rascals get into office? They don't in other countries. You will say we don't know what they will do until they get into office. Rubbish. They know in Europe, why cannot we know here too? Thieves, corruptionists and political adventurers are not selected to rule cities across the pond. There are plenty of honest men, men filled with civic pride in all our cities, but the honest man lacks the initiative and resourcefulness of the grafter and corruptionist, who has the well-bribed forces of evil at his back thoroughly organized, ready to win by fair means or foul, and the extraordinary part of it is these evil elements using the machinery of the old political parties always manage to get thousands of the "best citizens" to vote for them. You see it's the old, old story. The people are responsible for these conditions and no one else. What are we going to do in the face of such gross stupidity? We must develop a social conscience and a sense of civic pride. The decent elements of society should insist that politics be entirely eliminated in the management of our cities. There should be only two parties in this world, the party of truth, decency, righteousness and honor, and the party of evil corruption, crime and wrong. Let these be the two opposing forces and right will triumph, and our city administrations will be clean and honest, and if you get the cities cleaned up, the state governments will be honest and decent, and later on the national government will be purged and cleansed by the same irresistible force. Let the women vote. Let those who elect officers have the right to recall them immediately they betray their trust. That is the way to purge the nation of its political filth. That is the way to rid us of the evil reputation we have in the eyes of the world, the reputation of being the most lawless and politically corrupt of nations.

After this paper goes to press, but before it reaches our readers, I shall have passed my fifty-second birthday on the 25th day of September. To celebrate that event, as announced in last month's issue, I got out a new book which I call "Uncle Charlie's Picture Book," as it consists chiefly of pictures of people, scenes and objects of interest connected with my life and the events in which I have figured. It is prettily bound in stiff covers and makes an attractive as well as interesting volume. It can be had free as a premium for two subscriptions. For further description see announcement on another page.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort.—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

HUMANSVILLE, MO.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am a school girl, seventeen years old. Have dark blue eyes and chestnut hair, a fair complexion and am five feet four inches tall. I go to school all the time, except when sicknes prevents me. I expect to be a teacher some day, I would like to teach next winter. I have had that aim in view for some time—in fact since I was ten years old, and I think I have a talent for it.

I think I shall talk upon the subject of meddling. How many of the cousins are guilty? "Oh not I," "Nor I," I hear some say. But I say you do meddle. All of us do and that is why we should try to overcome the habit. When a friend tells you he is going away, you say, "Oh, what for?" Now that is meddling. Perhaps that person is going away on a business matter that he doesn't want everyone to know about, and he thinks he is going to get away without having to tell anyone, when just at the last moment, you suddenly inquire, and he has to tell you or make up a big lie in its place, and most of us would do the latter. By this, you see, you are doing wrong and thus causing someone else to do wrong. So let us guard against meddling. Do not ask personal questions only to a very personal friend, and not too often then. How many of the cousins have a fast chum? And how many realize what the word friend really means? I will give you a few definitions and I wonder how many have a friend that fulfills the requirements. The first person that comes in when the whole world has gone out. One, who, having gained the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom. I think these words are so true. I have a friend that fulfills these and more too. I think I have written enough for this time, I hope someone will be benefited by my letter. I wish some of the cousins would write to me as I get lonesome somtimes.

Your niece and cousin, NETTIE E. HUDSON.

Nettie, you say you would like to teach next winter. Excellent idea. Winter usually needs a good deal of teaching, for as a rule it is entirely too cold and boisterous, and it's time somebody taught it to warm up and behave itself, and I hope you'll do the job and do it in good style. Meddling is an excellent subject for public discussion. I know meddlers as a rule are an awful nuisance, but as I'm a professional meddler myself I've a sort of fellow feeling for meddlers as a class. The most meddlesome man however, in the world is the German Kaiser. I saw the other day he has given away 354,000 medals to his soldiers. Now there is a *medal*some man, if you like. You say when a friend tells us he is going away we exclaim: "Oh, what for?" Now Nettie, when your best fellow was sitting with you in the parlor in the evening, and pulled his watch out at half after thirteen o'clock and said he would have to be making tracks for home, now honest didn't you say: "What for?" Every girl I ever knew said that to me and I didn't think she was meddling either; however I had sense enough to know if I didn't go Pop would come down-stairs and start meddling me through the window. In your letter you give us as an ex-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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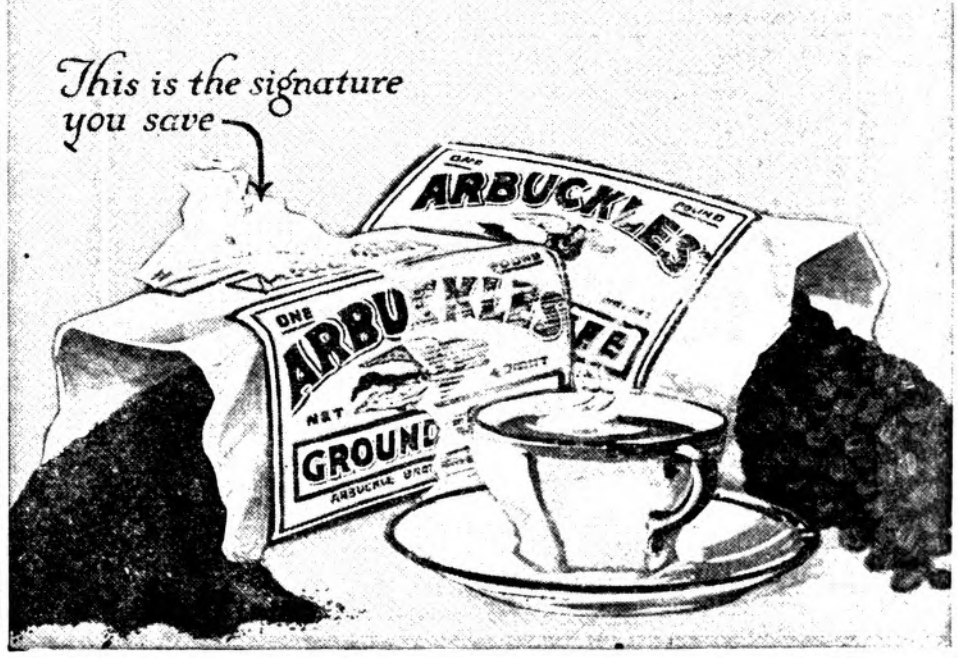
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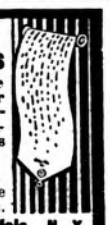
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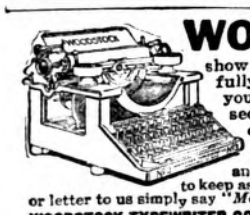
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ample of meddling: the young man who is going off to town and doesn't want people to know what he is going for, or whom he is going to see and has to answer questions with a lie or what you would call a lie. Now a fellow who can't go to town without telling a lie deserves to be questioned and meddled with. If a fellow tells me he is going to town I never ask him where he is going. I don't need to. The best way when a fellow is going to town is to address him somewhat in this fashion: "Well old boy, I hope you'll have a good time. When you have your arm round her waist, give her a squeeze for me and remember a girl with a twenty-eight inch waist can hold more than one plate of ice cream. Remember too when you get your cheek against hers that a lady's face is a lady's face and not a lunch counter; and remember before you come home, to dust the flour off your shoulder and pick the red hairs off your coat or your wife may get her hooks in your wool and turn you over to the alimony club." Now that isn't meddling with a fellow's business. That's only giving him a little friendly advice, and goodness knows most fellows need it. The asking of personal questions is not necessarily a breach of good manners. Everyone I come across I pelt with questions. It isn't because I'm meddlesome, it isn't even that I'm inquisitive or curious, it's just because I'm interested. I always ask people what section of the country they were born in. That gives me a chance to talk familiarly with them about their home town. I next inquire after their health. That gives me a chance, if they are sick, to prescribe for them. Then I ask them if they are strong for prohibition ond, if they say they are, I have the Goat pull down the shades so they can't see the saloon across the street. Then I ask them what their political views are. When they say Republican or Democrat as the case may be, as of course they will, that's where I 'phone for the lunacy commission. Last of all I ask them if they are for women suffrage. If they say yes, we open a bottle of—mineral water. If they say no, Maria and the Goat throw them out of the window. Now Nettie you might call that meddling. I don't. I call that educating. The majority of people don't care where you come from or where you're going, who you are, or what you think. Now I'm interested in everybody, and the first thing I try to find out is if the party I'm talking to has the right line of thought, and there is not one in ten that has any thought at all. That being the case, it's up to me to get busy and give them a few helpful things to ponder over. If I see that they're combative and don't want to learn (and most people would rather die then get a new idea or any idea), I present them with a book that will make them think or get Maria to show them to the door, or the Goat to butt them down-stairs. You see there is just a little difference between ordinary meddling and my meddling. The ordinary individual meddles to make trouble or to satisfy curiosity. I meddle to educate and help. Your little lecture on friendship, Nettie, is all to the good, but I think you are a little mixed in some of your definitions. You say that a real friend is the first person that comes in when the whole world has gone out. Pardon me, that's not a friend, *that's a burglar*. So sure as you walk out of your home in the city that's the cue for the burglar to walk in. You also define a friend as one who having gained the top of the ladder won't forget you if you remain at the bottom. Now I don't call that much of a friend. The real friend is the one who when he climbs the ladder carries you up on his back. I knew one of those false friends who climbed to the top of the ladder alone, while I stood at the bottom of the ladder. Now you would call that man a real friend for when he was at the top of the ladder he certainly didn't forget me. I can solemnly vouch for that, for after he had been at the top of the ladder for three seconds he let go his hold and fell down plump on top of me. If he hadn't remembered me he would have kept hanging on, but when he stood by my bed in the hospital he told me I looked such a nice soft thing to fall on, and as I'd often told him to take a tumble to himself, he just had to let go and do it. My idea of a real friend is the man who loans you fifty dollars and who hides in the cellar and instructs his wife to tell you he is out every time you come round to pay it back. Nettie you say: "I have a friend who fulfills these and more too." Delighted to hear it. Now won't you please tell us, Is he blond or a brunnette? Rats, there I am meddling again!

5 Jay Avenue, MASPETH, L. I.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am nineteen years of age, five feet six inches tall, and live in one of the nicest places on Long Island.

If you don't mind I would like to see this letter in print. And talking about sleigh rides, I went a mile a minute. In the summer time I go to the beach swimming and rowing cherry picking camping and apple picking. Uncle Charlie I wish you would come to Maspeth in the summer time to help me pass the time away. I am an optical lense grinder by trade and if you need any eyes I will make you a pair. I make eyes for people, not blew eyes.

Kindly send me your age and I can tell the size of the nose by the age. And ask Billy the Goat if he needs any. Send his age too, or the size of his horns and nose.

Uncle Charlie what's good for sore feet?

I got a small bull pup. He could take Billy the Goat in one mouthful. He only weighs sixteen pounds. Do you think he could take Billy the Goat in one mouthful?

I think I've said enough for now. I remain,
Your nephew, GEORGE TEALE.

Glad to hear from you, George. You have made one astounding statement in your letter. You startle us by stating that "In the summer time you go to the beach swimming and rowing cherry picking, camping and apple picking." Now the next time you go to the beach swimming and performing all those other remarkable stunts please let me know in advance and I'll have all New York down to see the performance. I should like to see you swimming to the beach along the mile or two of hot dusty roads that lie between Maspeth and the ocean. In fancy I see you lying prone on the dusty roads striking out madly in the direction of the Long Island shore, picking apples and cherries en route. George, I've heard of a man going to the beach by the train or the street car and then diving into the water and swimming and I've heard of people who walked to the beach and took a swim, but I never heard of a man who started swimming before he got to the water. A man once asked me what I thought would be the easiest way for him to reach the top of Pike's Peak, and I told him if he wanted an easy and novel way to reach the top the best way would be for him to get a boat and row up. My advice to you is to quit this dry swimming or some cop will come along and find you struggling in the middle of the dusty roads and put you in the Willy House. So you make eyes do you? Making eyes is a mighty dangerous business and you'd better be careful how you go about the job, or your exhibitions of dry land swimming will be a thing of the past. I used to make eyes once. I made eyes at a lady. I didn't know that the guy sitting next to her was her husband but he was, and after he got through with me I decided never to make any more eyes. You might make me a couple of gross of assorted eyes. Some of my lady friends prefer blue eyes to brown and as I aim to accommodate everybody, I'd like to change my lamps occasionally, so as to give satisfaction to everyone, and with your assistance I think I will be able to do it. If any man needs a few dozen extra pairs of eyes I do, for my eyes are concentrated on printed or written matter nearly seventeen hours daily. Usually the newspapers are in my hand by seven A. M., and it's generally after midnight before I switch off the light over my head, and try to snatch a few hours of troubled sleep. My eyes have been ruined not so much by reading printed matter as by trying to decipher some of the thousands of penciled letters that are sent me. Some penciled letters are as easily read as some written in ink. In other cases people use a highly glazed paper and a cheap pencil with bad lead that makes scarcely any impression at all; others use coarse paper and a soft leaded pencil and the lead soon rubs off. Trying to decipher such letters by artificial light has almost blinded me at times, so don't forget the eyes, George. What I can't use I'll give to Billy the Goat to eat, then he'll have an inside view of things. Don't forget to send me a nice, strong, workable pair the next time you go to the beach swimming. I'm afraid an ordinary pair of eyes would not be good enough to thoroughly appreciate a sight of that kind. George you want to know what is good for sore feet. Walk on your head for six months. That ought to cure them. Any man who swims on land is bound to have sore feet, so you had better cut that stunt out too. Billy the Goat isn't afraid of your bull pup. Billy says he'd not only eat your bull pup, but he'll swallow the kennel as well, and you'd better grab those glass eyes and run or he may get you too.

GRENINSVILLE, GA.

TO THE LEG COSINS LADDIES:

I wish to get lellers of carriesponetance from single laddies age from 25 to 35. i want ne a good woman for a wife. I am a widderer my age is 37. i have four childion. GEORGE ——

George, I am not quite certain if you live at Greenville, as the way you have it spelled is Greninsville, but as you don't seem to have a very profound knowledge of Webster, and spelling isn't your strong point, and as there is no other place given in the postal directory that remotely approximates to anything except Greensville, we'll have to let it go at last. I have published your brief but important communication George, so that our readers may see what a lot of tough propositions I have to handle. You address yourself to: "the leg cosins laddies." That being interpreted into English I am inclined to think would be, the ladies of the League of Cousins. There is a great difference George, between ladies and laddies, and between League and leg. From the gist of your letter I, with the assistance of the Goat, Maria, and a few of our neighbors, have come to the conclusion that you want a wife. This being the case I am somewhat astonished at your trying to get in communication with the laddies' leg. Maybe you are a war veteran and are a leg shy. If that is the case we'll take up a subscription and get you an artificial one. We are not particularly interested in the leg question. We are trying to reach people's brains and not their lower extremities, for we know if we can get people to take care of their brains, their minds and thoughts, the remoter sections of the body will take care of themselves. You see how important it is to spell correctly. By putting an extra d into the word ladies, you change their sex and make them laddies—men instead of women. So you see spelling does amount to a good deal after all. Just think now if I were to send you a strong healthy laddie, and you went to the depot with your eyes bulging with expectation and with your heart doing a tango against your ribs, and then a big, six foot hobo with his face upholstered with Alfalfa, was to jump into your arms, you'd be some astonished, George, and you'd realize, as few of you do, that an extra letter in a word may mean all the difference between bliss and agony, matrimony and murder. You incidentally inform us that you wish to get "lellers of carriesponetance." Why don't you ask for letters instead of lellers. I suppose "lellers" is some new brand of mushy dope that passes between spoony people in Georgia. Maybe you were too fatigued or too lazy to put a cross across those two l's and make it letters instead of lellers. And why do you want "carriesponetance." Got a penchant for Carries, is that it? Most Carries I've known have been pretty nice girls, but I don't know that they are any better than any other type of girl. Anyhow if you prefer that type we'll try and oblige you—maybe I guess perhaps. I'm glad you ask for "carriesponetance" only from single laddies, because it's a terrible thing to think what might have happened if you had asked for carriesponetance" from married laddies. A single laddie is bad enough but a married laddie is an awful proposition to be up against. I'm sorry George that you are a "widderer." It's hard enough to be a widower, but to be a "widderer" must be fifty times worse. If I were only a swe t young widow George, and belonged to the "leg of cosins" I'd come right down to Georgia by the next train and——present you with the sweetest, loveliest, darlingest——Webster's dictionary you ever saw in your life. I was thinking of presenting you with myself, but you are strong for the Carries, and I'm a Charlie and no. a Carrie; ain't that too bad? George I'm sorry I can't upholster you with a good woman. There are thousands of good women looking for good men. If you are the right kind of man, strong healthy and able to give a woman a good home, you would not have to write to me to find you a partner. Time and experience have taught me one thing, and it is that the man who lives in the old, well populated, long settled sections of these United States does not need any assistance in obtaining a wife. When he does need assistance as a rule he isn't worth having, or else there is some physical, financial or moral reason why he is not acceptable to the ladies of the community in which he resides. Heaven forbid George that I should even vaguely hint that this is so in your case. Mind I am only generalizing. There are plenty of good reasons why the man out West is at times driven by desperation to advertise for a wife, for women in some sections of the West are simply not to be had, because they are not to be found. Back East no such conditions exist, so girls don't bother your heads about men who advertise for wives back here in the East, for if you do you'll find as a rule you are only hunting trouble. I feel quite confident George that there are plenty of good women within ten miles of you who would help you run your home if you asked them. Try the home product and then you'll know what you are getting and they will know what they are getting. Marriage is too serious a proposition to be left to the hit-or-miss methods of correspondence, and these methods would be more risky than ever in your case, as you do not shine as a correspondent and then too there are those four children to be considered. What you need most is a good mother for them rather than a good wife for yourself. Think of the kiddies first George, and keep your eye on the "laddies" at home.

CROWDER, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl fourteen years old. I have dark brown hair, gray eyes and fair complexion. I go to school every day and am in the eighth grade. Say, Uncle my teacher is going to have a debate in school next week. The subject is: Which is most destructive to man, water or fire? Which one do you think, Uncle? I am afraid you will not like me because I am rather homely. I am an orphan girl, living with my grandparents, but they are awfully good to me. Well, Uncle, do you believe in reading novels? I like to read very much.

Would like to hear from any of the cousins that care to write. Hoping to see this in print. I will close. God bless and help you in your work. EDNA BAKER.

Edna, give my compliments to your teacher and tell him I think that debate on which is the most destructive, water or fire, is a very preposterous subject for children to discuss. Possibly it will make some children think a little, but it is a criminal waste of time and opportunity to discuss foolish questions that lead to nowhere and result in nothing. Now if he had asked the scholars which was the most destructive to man, water, fire or the Democratic and Republican parties he might have evoked some useful discussion and had a whole lot of fun as well. Suppose after spending a lot of time over a fruitless discussion, it was decided that water was the most destructive, what good would come of it? Water is as capable of doing as much destruction as fire and fire is capable of doing as much destruction as water. Both are good servants but bad masters; both serve a useful purpose when under control, but if you're burned you're burned, and if you're drowned you're drowned. What your teacher should do is to set you some live subjects to discuss. Why didn't he ask you to make suggestions as to what was the best way to abolish poverty, crime, ignorance, superstition, disease, war, billionaires and all the other terrible evils that menace our existence on this planet, there would be some real sense in doing that. The world doesn't need foolish debates, it needs real discussion. I'll wager not a single school in the United States except those run by a few personal friends of mine, have ever discussed the cause of poverty. When you see a plant is in bad health you don't put mustard poultices on the leaves and branches. You examine the soil that the plant grows in; you find if the pot that holds it is big enough, and if the soil has enough or too much water; or if there isn't some destructive worm gnawing at its vitals; in other words you look for causes, not effects. If I keep scratching my nose it will get sore. Now the way to heal that nose is not to put vaseline on it, that's only dealing with the effect, but to stop scratching, then nature will do its own work. Now ask your teacher to have you discuss things that affect your life and your interests and the interests of your family, community, city, county, state, nation and then the wide world and all the mighty worlds about us. Teachers have such a wonderful opportunity when the brain of youth is plastic and receptive, to sow in the fertile soil of the youthful mind, seeds of love, truth, justice and mercy, but instead of doing that they waste their time discussing things that do not help one atom to broaden the vision of their scholars. That is why children grow up with the same ossified ideas that Pop had and go on thinking and doing what Pop did, never contributing one atom more to world thought and world progress than Pop did. That's why we groan and suffer and never get anywhere and that is why life is such a fierce, exhausting struggle. All due to lack of education along right lines. If teachers would use the same sense in bringing up their scholars that is used in raising flowers and chickens we'd have a world worth living in believe me. Teacher might have asked you, Edna, what was best to do with the saloon, burn it or drown it, then you could have replied: "We don't care whether it is burned or drowned as long as we get rid of it," and you could have won the prize by saying: "Burn it and drown it." There the teacher would have accomplished something, he would have brought home to your youthful minds the fact that a saloon is a poison shop, a deadly menace and should be removed. Of course I believe in reading novels. I have said so a thousand times, but don't make your brain a fiction sponge. The trouble with most human beings is they don't read anything but fiction, nothing but stories. In our New York libraries there is an excellent rule: you can't get two story books at once; if you want a story book you must also take a work of non-fiction, a work about travel, history, biography, science, poetry, or best of all, economics and sociology. If your teachers only knew something about economics and sociology we could revolutionize the world in a generation. Along the lines where education is most needed, there is no education at all. Anything worth while that I know I have learned by study and observation since I left school. Some of the most hopelessly ignorant men I have ever met have been graduates of our greatest universities. All education should be directed to the attaining of one great and glorious end—service in the cause of God and humanity. Strive to live life right and live life well, to think good, be good and do good. Wake up teachers to the needs of the hour. The future of the race is in your hands. Everything depends on your sowing the right kind of seeds in the brain areas you are now cultivating. Ask the all-wise Father to aid you in your work.

RICHMOND, VA.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been reading your department with much interest and have received much benefit from your lectures. If you will please give me all the advice you can on introductions, it will be a great help to me as well as the majority of the other readers. I am exceedingly backward on introductions for the simple reason that I do not understand them. I have written to some manners and looks departments, but have not received a clear explanation. They say introduce the gent. to the lady by calling the lady's name first. This style is used very much, but as to its correctness I don't know. "Mr. A. meet Miss C." which one in the above case should speak first, or make the salutation? The lady I think. Is there any fixed rule which one shall speak first? In introducing your brother should you call him my brother Mr. A.?

Under certain circumstances it seems more convenient to introduce the lady to the gent. as "Miss B. meet Mr. A." Is that correct? When you want to introduce a gent. to a lady is it necessary to say: "Miss B. allow me to introduce Mr. A." or can you say "Mr. A. meet Miss B." In introducing more than one man to a lady, how do you proceed?

When a young man meets or shakes hands with a gentleman of high social standing such as ministers, should he raise his hat?

If you will give this letter a few minutes of your valuable time, it might mean more to me than you can at present realize. There are lots of people like I am, just ignorant, who need some capable person to advise them.

Uncle, you will notice I can't write or punctuate, but I can spell, for I keep old man Webster handy.

Yours very truly, HENRY AUSTIN.

Henry, why didn't you give your street number? There may be more than one Henry Austin in Richmond, and you might know that many of the cousins will write to you, as some of them are experts on etiquette. I have personally seen many of them eating soup with a fork and using the corner of the table-cloth for a napkin, so you can see they know all about etiquette and table manners. As I said before, a lot of our readers will doubtless write to you and as the postal authorities insist that street numbers be given when writing to large cities, the heap of mail that would ordinarily reach you will be returned to writers who will at once get suspicious and accuse me of concocting, devising and excogitating your letter. There are a lot of ginks of the "Doubting Thomas" variety who believe that I invent all the letters anyway. Some of them even think I've invented myself and don't really exist. Well, I should worry. They forget that no man is foolish enough to put himself to needless trouble. A man who gets more mail than Rockefeller does not need to invent letters, believe me, and no humorist in the world could invent the unconsciously humorous and extremely funny things that people occasionally write and say, quite innocently of course. Anyway it is very easy for the pee-wee brained critics to find if the letters are genuine or not, as names and addresses of the writers are nearly always given, and it is very easy to write them and find out whether they actually exist. Most people are too lazy to do this, so they nurse a grouch and think they are awfully smart, whereas they are nothing but stupidly dull, boorish and boobish. Now Henry, it happily happens that on my library shelves I have a little popular etiquette book, and the very first chapter is on introductions. The book says in introducing two persons the mutual friends should be very careful, and in fact should know that such introduction would be agreeable to both parties. Now it was the essence of wisdom for the etiquette expert to have dwelt on that all important point. Just look for instance what might happen if you were to introduce me to the Kaiser or the Czar. There would be a couple of second hand crowns on the market right away. Just think, too, what would happen if I were to introduce Lieutenant Hobson to the Mikado or Roosevelt to Boss Barnes or Billy Taft. Think, too, what a flare up there would be if I introduced Billy Sunday to our esteemed friend old Nick, or Eugene Debs to John D. Rockefeller, or old Doc Cook to Lieutenant Peary, or President Wilson to Huerta, or the editor of the Menace to Cardinal Gibbons, or a Kentucky Colonel to the president of the Anti-Saloon League. My, but there would be a monkey-and-parrot time. Some tall scrapping believe me. The war in Europe

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

A Hallowe'en Party

Innocent and Mirthful Entertainment with the Spooky Element Omitted

By Dora Morrell

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IN long bygone centuries it was believed the spirits of the visible and invisible worlds walked among men on All-Hallow Eve and because of their interest in human events were ready to tell the future to seekers after hidden knowledge and as the weal or woe of men and women had most to do with the condition of the purse and heart, of these did they testify in various tricks and charms. Faith in the reliability of these things has passed, but not the pleasure from consulting the oracles, hence the Hallowe'en party.

The beginning of the party was the appearance by mail of a card representing a witch, pointed hat, full black skirt, apron and ruff (copied from a Mother Goose book). On the apron was written, "Come join my revels, Oct. 31." On the reverse of the card, "Bring a four-leaf clover, a wishbone, or a horseshoe." The cards went out a week early.

When the guests arrived they were greeted by the Witch in person who gave each one of them a small basket holding nuts and a folder of birch bark on which was lettered "Nut-brack Night," an old name for Hallowe'en. On the inner leaves of the folder was the program of coming events. A tiny pencil was attached by ribbon. As each guest entered the room she tacked her clover or wishbone above the door to find from the Christian name of the first man passing under it what was to be His she was going to take.

The house was decorated everywhere with autumn foliage, evergreen, the red haws of roses and honeysuckles, beside such harvest fruits as could be pressed into service, ears of red and white corn braided by the stalks, and strings of corn kernels and acorns sewed on linen thread and draped effectively. The garden still held marigolds and chrysanthemums, and these filled vases for table and mantels. Little witches and attendant goblins were in all unexpected places, and when the evening was done one went home with each guest "for luck."

An open fire is ideal for a Hallowe'en party but in this instance the house afforded none so the guests were ushered into the kitchen when all had arrived, and there upon the table was a dish filled with "witches fire," surrounded by goblins. This is a very weird light, and there was no other in the room. It is made by burning salt and alcohol, and these can be renewed as they burn away. The witch led the dance and all danced after her until the light was going dim when she replenished it and sang:

"Plunge thy hand into the fire;
Fear not, though it burns yet higher,
Fate for thee holds good within,
Grasp, and fortune bravely win."

There may be nothing within but raisins, to signify prosperity, or the usual trinkets may be added with their significance.

When the light had faded, the candles and lamps hidden in Jack o'Lanterns were lighted. They were so many that the kitchen was bright enough for everything. First, according to the folder, came the nut test. This is rather uncommon. For it there must be an uneven number of girls and men, or either by themselves. Each took an acorn from the basket and strung it with others, when they wrapped this around a log and laid it upon the fire, after which they retired to the farthest corner from the fire and remainded perfectly quiet until the log and nuts were consumed. Then, unassisted, they raked out the ashes and together repeated:

"May my marriage be the theme
To visit me in this night's dream.
The image of my lover send,
Let me know his name and face,
And his occupation trace."

This was supposed to assure them fate—full dreams. Another dream producer was a small cake made of a walnut, a hazel nut, a nutmeg, ground fine and mixed with much salt and a little water. This is to be eaten when the subject is getting into bed, and at the same time she cries, "My love, appear with drink for me," but she does well to make sure of the drink by taking a pitcher of water and having it near the bed. In the morning the pitcher will be empty, and she will have dreams to tell. Nuts were named and set upon the hot stove top, indicating by their manner of burning whether two would live and die together or one would go another love to find. Sometimes they turn like one and sometimes they fly apart in pieces. If the nuts burn brightly or black, or burst, they prophesy prosperity, ill fortune or separation.

While some were busy with nuts, others bobbing for apples in a tub, each having a tiny slit holding a bit of paper with a name on it, the Witch was wandering around among them all, singing "Will anybody have her fortune told?" This Witch had learned to tell fortunes by card and hand, but for one who has no such knowledge she can have a "Fortune Tree", its green leaves holding a white inner leaf on which has been written a verse or couplet, and she can distribute these as she wanders.

"Pulling the Kale" took all the party to the cabbage patch when they were blindfolded and walked about until they stumbled; the cabbage the foot had struck must then be pulled up and was full of information as to the important He, or She when the men had pulled. Dirt on the roots meant wealth; long, full roots mean an old family; as the symmetry of the stalk and cabbage, so the physique of the individual of which it is the token; the taste of the pith tells the disposition, sweet, bitter, or spicy. They who find no cabbage are doomed to a lonely life.

"Making the Dough Cake" engaged most of the party as more than one cake could be made. This demands perfect silence from the beginning until the cake is baked. It is flour, salt and water stirred to a stiff paste, and then with a new pin each girl writes on it her initials and another's. The cake will bake in ten minutes, and those pairs whose initials stand clearly out will shortly be married.

"Throwing the Yarn" is an old charm from Scotland. The girl who wanted to know, held one end of the ball of yarn and dropped the ball, saying as it fell:

"As you unwind
My true love find;
Me to him bind,
One heart, one mind."

Then she felt a pull from the other end of the yarn and asked: "Who's there?" "Your future meal-ticket," came the reply, showing the nationality of the respondent.

It is now near midnight, and the card charm ends just at that moment. Two girls without speaking sorted face cards and aces from a pack and placed them under a pillow where they were to remain in silence fifteen minutes. At exactly quarter of twelve the cards are distributed to the company; if the number of the guests is larger than one pack of cards can serve with the selected cards, another pack may be used also. A king means speedy marriage; a Jack, broken engagement; a queen, "old maid;" diamond, riches; spades, poverty; clubs, thrift; hearts, love.

The girl who determined to try the lemon test had prepared for it by carrying in her pocket all day two lemon peels. She said she should rub the chair beside her with them at the "silent supper" so He would find her, and that was at twelve exactly. "The silent supper" is silent for but a little while. Around the table are left empty chairs. The girls are seated, the lights turned out, and the men come in, groping their way to a chair behind which they must stand. If no girl held that chair a bachelor must the man be. They could not tell if the chair belonged to a girl because the girls knelt on the floor in front of the chairs. Imagine how he felt who found himself behind his sister's chair. The lemon charm worked to perfection, so the girl said.

The table was covered with a paper table-cloth over a length of white paper. Paper napkins and dishes were used. Beside each plate was a tiny candlestick and taper. Autumn leaves made a centerpiece on which stood a medium-sized pumkin, filled with apples and nuts. Smaller pumpkin baskets held grapes and pears. Autumn leaves made mats for plates and for serving dishes. On wooden plates with paper mats were piled sandwiches in liberal supply and variety. Oat cakes belong to Hallowe'en and were provided, so too the delicious doughnut, and the simple foods that have a place at such a festivity. Apple and nut salad in apple shells was appropriate and inviting. The supper began by drinking "lamb's wool," an old Irish drink. It is the pulp of baked apple, beaten to a froth with milk, cider or other things. Another custom connected with the supper in Ireland and Scotland is to serve for this occasion a dish called "call-cannon," the meaning of the word not being known. It is a combination of mashed potatoes, parsnips and chopped onions, with a deep hole in the center filled with melted butter. A bowl of it with a ring hidden in it, is placed on the table. The finder, if single, will soon marry; if he is married he will come to the greatest prosperity. Cider and coffee were provided for drinks.

After hunger was satisfied came the apple naming, and finding by the seeds placed on the eyelids "Who loves me best." The little candles by the place were lighted; some burned clearly to the end and promised happy married life; others smoked for a while and then went out and a few would not burn without coaxing. Little boats of nut shells with bits of lighted candle were set afloat in bowls big enough for two. These bowls would be very pretty made from pumpkins if one had them to spare. As these candles lasted and floated so was the year to come typified, and if two boats drifted together, as they sometimes will, so must those whose names they carry.

Of course at the supper there is a spice cake just big enough for a piece for each guest, and in it are hidden a ring, for marriage within a year, a thimble for her who will sew her life away, a key with which to unlock all knowledge, a wheel for one fated to roam, a heart for one who will find love everywhere, a silver sixpence (a dime will do) for wealth. This cake was baked early in the evening and each person who was to eat of it had to stir it when it had been mixed. It was all ready but moistening before anyone came.

The horseshoes gave their message,—many nails told of wealth, empty holes of empty pockets; striking the metal one read by the ringing whether the one to come was clear and true, or dull and false. The evening ended with autograph writing of all present on the empty leaves of the folders for which the pencils had been attached.

There are many more charms that might be tried but the Witch decided to use her power and omit all that called on the subject to go somewhere alone in the dark, or any that were in the least "spooky," because for nervous or supersensitive persons their influence is harmful. Neither did she have much to say about ill-luck or disappointments to come. Such things have no place with jollity, and suggestions bear weight even when given at a merry-making.

The Little Marplot

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

in the way of doing something for her own support.

She received the fair girl kindly, but with a thus-far-and-no-farther air which at once nipped in the bud whatever hope she may have cherished that she was going to find a friend to love her for her mother's sake, if not for her own.

Almost immediately upon her arrival, Mrs. Winslow informed her that, having learned from her father that she could sew very nicely, she had secured a place for her as seamstress in the family of a friend who lived in the country.

Accordingly, a few days later found the lonely girl pleasantly located in a beautiful residence on the Hudson, a few miles from Albany, where she was to serve, in the capacity of waiting-maid and seamstress, another fashionable woman—Mrs. Anthony Plympton by name.

* * * * * * * * * *

"My blue-eyed darling—my modest little forget-me-not, tell me that you love me—promise me that you will be my wife."

"Next to my father and mother I believe I never cared so much for any one——"

"Ah! Ruth, darling! sweetheart! then I shall claim you as my own! You are mine—mine! and I will soon remove all doubt from your mind regarding your love for me."

The above conversation occurred, one lovely summer evening, in a small arbor that had been erected in the grounds of Hazelwood Heights—the elegant residence of Anthony Plympton, Esq.—and commanded a fine view of the beautiful Hudson river, a few miles below Albany.

Two years had passed since the opening of our story and the installment of our heroine, pretty Ruth Reynolds, in the service of Mrs. Anthony Plympton.

Meantime Ruth had developed greatly; she had even grown taller, and was expanding into almost dazzling beauty.

In temperament she was naturally cheerful; and when, as was often the case, her clear, girlish, happy laugh rang through the house, or she caroled sweet songs over her work, Mrs. Plympton would experience a jealous pang in her maternal bosom that a girl so fair should have been born to a woman in an humble sphere in life.

"Oh!" she sighed, many and many a time, "why could not I have had a daughter like her?"

And yet there soon came a day when she scornfully repudiated her as such!

And why?

Not because she was not worthy, beautiful, or intelligent—for Ruth had been a thorough student under her cultured father—but because she was—"poor" and a girl of "no position!"

At the end of two years the idolized son and heir of the house—Ralph Eastlake Hartmann Plympton—returned from a long sojourn abroad, where he had been studying some, traveling a good deal, and having a good time generally.

From the hour that he recrossed the threshold of his home and met her, he became hopelessly infatuated with his mother's beautiful seamstress.

He was shrewd and worldly—wise enough, however, not to betray the state of his feelings in the presence of either of his parents; but, as Mrs. Plympton's many engagements kept her from home a great deal, and his father was absorbingly immersed in business, it was an easy matter to conceal his penchant for Ruth, and to manage to spend much of his time in her charming society.

Anthony Plympton, Esq., was "the great man" of the region where he resided.

He had made his money in various ways—such as buying promising patents from struggling inventors, for a mere trifle, shaving notes, manipulating stocks, and advancing money at the usurious rates of from one to three per cent per month.



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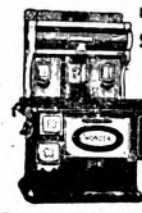
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He had gone up like the proverbial rocket, but with no likelihood of coming down like the stick also mentioned in the familiar adage.

Therefore it will surprise no one to learn that he was a purseproud, would-be aristocrat, having a great deal to say about "the Plympton family," "the Plympton estates," and "the Plympton prosperity" generally, while it also goes without saying that, ever since the birth of his son, he had been building famous castles in the air for the scion of "the Plympton house" and the pride of "the Plympton heart."

But how true it is that

"The best-laid schemes, o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley!"

And the said scion and pride of Hazelwood Heights proceeded at once, after returning to the paternal mansion, to prove that much quoted proposition of the shrewd old Scotch poet.

But to return to that arbor overlooking the broad Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Plympton had gone to Saratoga for a few days, to meet some friends from the West, thus giving the young lover a most propitious opportunity to pursue his wooing, and which he proceeded to improve most industriously, as we have already seen.

It was a warm, lovely afternoon early in September, and Ruth, weary of remaining indoors, had taken her work and stolen out to the pretty Gothic summer-house that had been built on an elevated point of land.

And so Ralph Plympton found her; he always found her as soon as the coast was clear; and before a half-hour had passed he had made the declaration we have recorded.

The attraction between the young couple had been mutual, to a certain extent. Ruth would not have been human not to have been gratified by the attention and respectful admiration which she received from the handsome, aristocratic young man, whose familiarity with social life had served to invest him with a polish and bearing that were extremely pleasing to her, as to every one.

He was twenty-three years of age, possessing a fine figure, an attractive face—though, to a careful student of physiognomy, there were certain lines indicative of an easy-loving, self-indulgent nature, without much depth or strength of principle to balance it—a pair of bright, mirth-gleaming brown eyes, to match his waving hair, a ready smile, and a fluency of speech that was one of his chief charms.

She sat with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks, after his last triumphant assertion that she belonged to him, and he would soon remove from her mind all doubt regarding her affection for him.

Surely she had never liked anyone so well; she was always happy when she was with him; she missed him when he was absent, and eagerly looked forward to his return; indeed, her last thought at night was of the enjoyment his companionship had afforded her during the day—her first thought in the morning one of anticipation of what the day would hold for her in connection with him.

But was this "love" such as he expressed? did she "worship" him? would she feel that her "life" would only be complete with him for her constant companion?"

These were questions which, for some reason, she could not satisfactorily answer at that moment.

"Ruth, love, why do you not tell me that I may claim you," the young man at length questioned, as he leaned forward to look into her averted face. "You have twined yourself so effectually about my heart that I cannot live without you."

"Surely you do not mean that!" she murmured, in a startled tone.

"Indeed I do," he cried, excitedly. "Could you bear to have me go away and never come back to you?"

"I had not thought of such a thing," she said. "It would be very lonely; I—I believe I should miss you more than I can express."

"Then I am sure you love me, darling," cried the young lover, his face lighting eagerly while he drew to his heart the small hand he held. "You must love me—you must tell me that you love me—you must promise that you will marry me, or—I must go away. I cannot go on living with you here from day to day, and know that you can never be mine."

"But, Mr.——"

"Ralph," he interposed, with fond authority.

"Well, then—Ralph," she repeated, a shy smile flitting over her lips, a lovely flush mounting to her white temples, "I am afraid you ought not to have said this to me—I am afraid Mr. and Mrs. Plympton would not approve."

The red blood suffused the young man's face at this; too well he knew that they would not approve.

"I do not see why they should not approve, my darling," he fondly replied; "but even if they could find the slightest objection to you, I do not think such an argument should be allowed to weigh against the happiness of two lives," he continued, gravely. "I am of age—I know my own mind, I have an independent fortune, and in choosing my wife I intend to please myself, though if my choice meets the approval of my parents, I shall only be so much the happier."

She believed he would make a true and loving husband, but she did not answer.

"Dearest, do you think the opinions of others should be allowed to interfere and part two people who truly love each other?" Ralph continued.

"No," said Ruth.

"And if you were sure you loved me, and that I was in any degree worthy of you, would you allow any one to part us?" questioned the young lover, eagerly.

"No," she answered again, "and yet—I should shrink from causing any trouble—it would make me very unhappy if through me there should be a rupture between you and your parents."

"Which would be the worse?" he questioned, "to blight my whole life—as it will be blighted if I lose you—and send me out into the world again, a lonely wanderer, my existence a burden because shorn of every hope for the future, or to temporarily offend the pride of an over-fond father and mother? I do not say that the latter would be the fact; I am only supposing the case, to argue my point, Ruth, I love you with all my heart; I believe you love me in return; we are congenial in our tastes; I have abundant means to enable me to make life pleasant for you; and there is no earthly reason why we should not follow the dictates of our own hearts.

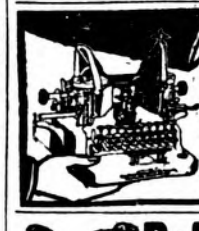
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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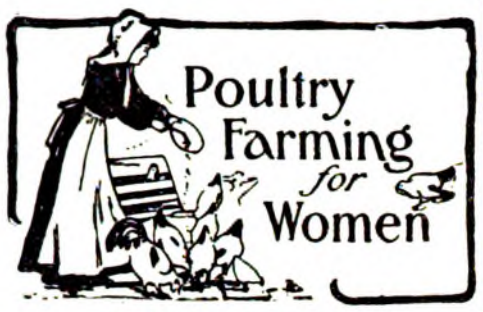
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Practical Chicken House

AS everyone who keeps chickens usually realizes that they want a new house at this season of the year, I have had a photograph taken of one of our houses, which I consider most practical for a flock of birds numbering from twenty-five to forty. The open front insures circulation of fresh air and ventilation, so the house is especially valuable for sections of the country where they have cold winters, as the constant circulation of air night and day prevents the birds getting overheated during the night or chilled in the early morning, which they are very apt to do when closed houses are used. You will see from the picture what the outside of the house looks like, and I will try to explain the construction and inside fixtures so clearly that any handy man can build it without the help of a real carpenter.

The house should be located on dry, well-drained land, and should face south or a little east of south. Twelve posts are needed, five for each side and one in center of each end. Post holes should be made three feet and posts should be well tamped to make them firm. Sills of four by four inch stock are laid level on top of posts and spiked to them. Ends are halved to match sill joints.

Nest is placed with entrance at drop board level (two feet above top of sill). Food hopper and water pail are at convenient height for fowls. We prefer to place them high and to make a slatted platform in front of each for fowls to fly up to. This keeps food and water up out of litter and dirt. It also leaves more free floor space as floor beneath platform is open and available. If rear section is made two feet deeper, making whole house 16 feet deep, it will give room for one more roost and give a capacity of forty layers for winter or thirty for summer; fowls confined to house or with only a small yard. Nests are simple boxes twelve by twenty-four inches inside measure, open at north end only and have shed-roof hinged cover. With more than twenty-five fowls a second nest should be supplied.

Building Instructions

Door placed between two highest studs in east wall with bottom just below top of sill to break joint and stop draft. Door opens outward and hinges on north side. A screen door of one inch mesh netting should be made to open in, just inside of solid door. This is useful in summertime or at any time when it is desired to have door open. A litter board from floor level to four to six inches above sill is used to keep all litter in rear section of house. It should be made removable, resting in cleats. Front section should have sand or earth floor only. In rear section use clean oat straw litter or dry leaves. This house may be made with sand or gravel floor only, filled in to top of sill, but we use light wooden floors and raise the house on blocks. Sand and litter should be renewed as often as needed.

After sills are laid studs should be placed in position and nailed to sills. Plates are spiked to top of studs after making sure to have them plumb. Rafters are lightly notched to engage plate. Side boards should be put on in horizontal position and should be covered with good roofing fabric. Roof boards lay east and west. Joints of sides with roof should be flush and smooth. Roofing fabric for sides should go on up and down and should lap on roof about one foot. This gives a wind-proof joint. Eaves at north end of house should be made by a double course of shingles to project three inches. Roof covering should be laid to roll east and west with generous laps, and should allow only four inches of shingle course to make eaves in same manner as north end.

Windows for semi-monitor top should be three three-light common small cellar windows, and should be screwed tightly in position to make a wind-and-storm proof joint. These windows may be removed in hot summer weather, but in cold climates should be firmly fixed in place from September 1st until first settled warm weather in June. West window may also be removed in hot summer weather and replaced by wire screen. With windows out in warm weather the house is cool and comfortable even in "dog days."

Front Elevation

The front is boarded up from bottom eighteen inches to break floor drafts and is also boarded down six inches from top. Balance is one quarter inch wire netting. Door for fowls is only break in wire front, and is closed by a board shutter run in cleats on the inside.

Nest boxes, which contain two nests each, are placed at each end of the house. The dropping board is eighteen inches above the floor, three feet wide, and runs the full length of the back wall. The roosting frame, consisting of one or three perches, according to the number of birds which are to occupy the house, is elevated above the dropping board on nine-inch legs. Three self-feeding hoppers stand on a shelf fixed on the wall of the east end of the house, and eighteen inches above the floor. A perch is fixed in front of them, so the birds can hop upon it while helping themselves to dry mash, grit or oyster shell. A water fountain stands on a smaller shelf on the west end wall, and, of course, a perch in front of it. Lifting the feed and water on shelves leaves all the floor space free, and prevents feed or litter being scratched into them. Whatever else you may omit in the way of inside fixtures, don't forget to put in a board to keep back all litter, otherwise it will be scratched up under the windows and get wet every time there is a driving rain or snowstorm. And then, ten to one it will become mouldy, and within a month or so birds will commence to show signs of sickness, for mouldy bedding causes trouble with breathing and digestive organs, and is often the unsuspected cause of serious epidemics. We have had such a hot, stormy summer that I am afraid the cold days of fall will bring colds and other ailments into the poultry yard, so I advise you all to keep a sharp watch on your birds, and if any one is sneezing, or looks the least bit dumpish, catch it and shut it up in some dry, clean coop, which should be kept for a hospital.

Bronchitis, canker, pneumonia and influenza are all more or less alike in symptoms and are constantly mistaken for roup. They are kindred diseases anyway. All spring from cold. My advice is, don't wait to diagnose the case. At once start to destroy the embryo germs, without waiting to determine the particular family they belong to.

Having quarantined the suspected bird, start treatment. If there is any discharge anywhere, thoroughly scrub with some antiseptic solution night and morning. Dr. Woods recommends hydrogen dioxide with fifteen drops of tincture of phytolacca root in each pint of drinking water. Food to be light and nourishing. For all forms of colds he gives: Tincture of aconite, ten drops; byronia, ten drops; tincture of spongia, ten drops; alcohol enough to make one fluid ounce. One spoonful of this to be added to every quart of drinking water.

My own personal supply of drugs for self, family, poultry, pets and livestock consists of permanganate of potassium. It comes in little flaky, deep-lake colored crystals, and costs next to nothing. Dissolve a thimbleful of these in a quart of water, and you have an A 1 disinfectant. A dessertspoonful of that mixture, diluted with half a pint of water, becomes an antiseptic solution that meets every requirement for internal or external use. Fifty cents' worth will last a year, even if generously used, as a purifier in or out of the house. It has also the added advantage of being easily sent through the mail without fear of breakage. If kept in a tin with a close-fitting lid or a wide-mouthed bottle severely corked, it will last indefinitely.

When we have a bird with a cold, it goes into a coop with plenty of straw on the bottom, and it is kept all the time in the sun. At night a curtain of bags insures warmth. Mouth, eyes and nostrils are swabbed with water, to which the permanganate mixture has been added; half a teasponful goes down the sick bird's throat.

Food consists of stale bread moistened with milk, in which onions have been boiled. If the diarrhea is bad, a thimbleful of poppy seed is added, or water in which mullein has been boiled is given as a drink. A change of food is arrived at by boiling rice, mixing it with chopped parsley and green sprouts of onions, chopped fine, and charcoal mixed in, once a d y. If we have milky pudding for dinner, some of it goes to the patient—in short, any of the nourishing food you would give to a child will serve.

This "homey" doctoring has always answered with my poultry. It's much easier than doctoring with medicine, often not on hand, and, on a farm, not easy to get.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

E. P.—My chickens are six weeks old. When they were one month old they became sick and half of them died. They were hatched in an incubator. I sent away for the eggs.

A.—The chicks had white diarrhea. Three grains of powdered catechu in every quart of drinking water might have helped them, though I have not much faith in a cure for the disease. The only way of fighting it is along the lines of prevention, which means getting eggs from healthy hens and clean nests. White diarrhea is a germ disease which may be transmitted from the hen, or a dirty nest is often the breeding place for the spores which adhere to the shell and develop the germs of the disease in the incubator or on the hens. For this reason, all eggs for hatching should be wiped with a clean cloth moistened with alcohol. The droppings from one afflicted chick may spread the disease through an entire hatch within a few hours. Disinfect your incubator, brooder, and everything which has come in contact with the sick chickens.

D. H. B.—I have received much help through your poultry department in COMFORT and I come to you for information. I have lost Learly all my young turkeys. I cut one open and it had sores on the liver. I also lost one old turkey hen; her liver was more than three times its natural size. It was covered with sores, pimples and hard knots that were filled with a substance, resembling bone. I would like to know the disease and cause. They have full range on the farm, and live mostly on what they pick up of waste grain and table scraps.

A.—Without doubt the turkey had the disease and liver which is commonly called blackhead, because in some cases the bird's head turns dark before death. It is contagious and most difficult to eradicate if it once breaks out on a farm. Doctoring young birds is just time wasted. The only hope is along the lines of prevention. The greatest difficulty lies in the fact that common hens may spread the disease without anyone suspecting that they are ailing, as they rarely, if ever, show show signs of sickness. But the microbes are in their droppings, and so contaminate food and water, and are by this means carried into the digestive organs of turkeys, where they rapidly develop and usually prove fatal, especially in young birds. Old turkeys have more power of resistance, and are frequently infected for months before showing signs of sickness. The best way to fight disease is either to keep sick poultry in yards, or the turkeys in large enclosures, changing the location of the turkeys' enclosures at least twice a year before they are again allowed to run on it. Give old birds two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil once or twice during the months of November and December, to clear out the intestines, and once a week from then on, mix two tablespoonfuls of moist bread or mash, which must be made into pills the size of large peas, two or three to be given to each bird. Next spring, wipe the eggs for hatching with alcohol, and set them under strong, healthy fowls. When the hatch is over, put the hen and brood in clean coops on ground far removed from all other poultry. Feed on curds from sour milk, and give hardly anything else. When the young turkeys are three days old, let the hen which is mothering them have free range, and they will pick up plenty to eat.

M. C. S.—Last spring I had much trouble with my geese eggs hatching. The eggs were fertile, but the shells so hard the geese died before they could come through. I dipped the eggs in lukewarm water the day before hatching.

A.—The best way of moistening shell is to sprinkle the nest and surrounding ground with water every second day during the last two weeks. Perhaps the fault lay in the breeding stock. Eggs from geese under two years of age rarely hatch, though they are usually fertile, as the goslings are wanting in constitutional vigor, and lack the strength necessary to break through the shell.

E. G.—We had fourteen young Indian Runner ducks. They got along fine, until now. They are in the water, begin to get lame and die in a day or two.

A.—Young ducks should be kept away from swimming water until they have exchanged their down for feathers. And always give them plenty of dry bedding to sleep on.

H. S.—Please tell me what I can do for my hen. She is two years old and the latter part of May was broody. After setting two weeks she could not walk. She seems to be well in other ways.



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G. P. 296

A.—Probably the ground under the nest was damp, and the hen is suffering with rheumatism. Rub her feet and shanks with a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil.

C. C.—I am a subscriber and I get much good from your Poultry Talks. I have never seen anything described like what my ducks have. They appear hearty, but when they are nearly grown, all at once they act as if they were hurt. Their wings drop, their eyes swell shut and act as if back was hurt before they die. They are sick about two days. I lost thirty last year.

A.—I really can't account for the condition of your ducks. It is most puzzling, especially as you say that you lost thirty in the same way last year. If any of our readers have experienced the same trouble, and can suggest a remedy, I shall be glad to hear from them.

H. C.—My chickens are droopy and their droppings are like matter (yellowish green), and after two or three days of sickness their combs turn black. They have it about a week and then most of them die. The first symptom is they do not eat.

A.—In cases of real cholera, it is very little use trying to doctor the birds, for usually the disease has advanced to a fatal stage before any symptoms are noticed. Diarrhea, which may result from poison which the birds may have got around the farm—such as paint skins, strong fertilizer, putrid meat or lime—can be cured if treated in the early stages. Give two spoonfuls of Castor oil, and three hours later a feed of bread which has been toasted, soaked in scalded milk, allowed to cool, and squeezed almost dry. Give no grain for three or four days, and nothing but rice water to drink. True cholera is very contagious, so if you are at all doubtful as to the true character of the disease your birds are suffering from, clean up and disinfect the chicken house and all fixtures, and plow or spade up the yards.

E. G. R.—My little chickens stand with their heads in the air and seem to be tasting something. Their wings drop down and the crop fills up with gas. They have a nice, dry clean coop and plenty of water and green food along with the regular chick feed. (2) What causes chickens to hatch without any eyes? I had two that way. One of them had blue lumps all over the top of his head; they were soft.

A.—You don't say if the chickens were hatched in an incubator or under a hen. If the former, I am inclined to blame their present condition and the want of eyes to uncertain temperature during the term of incubation. If they were hatched under hens, the breeding stock must be badly inbred or very much out of condition. There is nothing to do in such cases except get rid of all male birds and sickly or mopy looking hens; then buy strong, healthy cockerels to mate with what hens you may think worth keeping.

S. B.—My chickens seem to be all right, until two or three days before they die, when they cannot breathe and gasp for breath. I cut three of them open and the wind pipe was full of little red worms about three quarters to one inch long. It's only the chickens that have had this.

A.—The birds are suffering from gapes, which is caused by a parasite worm. Affected birds should be confined to small quarters, away from other poultry; otherwise the whole flock may become contaminated; and be especialy careful, next spring, to keep brood coops off from the ground where the afflicted birds' droppings have fallen. After the sick birds are quarantined, mix twenty drops of turpentine with one teaspoonful of sweet oil, dip the end of a narrow wing feather into the mixture, have someone hold the bird, then take its head in your left hand, stretch out the neck to its full extent, hold the beak open, and push the feather down its throat, give it a quick turn and pull out. Usually several of the small worms will come with it. Let the bird have a few minutes to recover its breath, and repeat two or three times, and again the following day. Feed on soft, flourishing food; put a teaspoonful of asafetida in every quart of drinking water, both for the sick birds and for the flock from which they were taken.

F. W. C.—I am starting into the Rhode Island Reds. Do you have to inbreed them to hold their color? My neighbors say they are a hard chicken to raise.

A.—To keep the color in all birds like Rhode Island Reds, it is necessary to practise line breeding, which needs an amount of experience, careful study, and a rigid system of keeping records, without which it is impossible not to fall into the error of inbreeding. Rhode Island Reds are naturally strong, vigorous birds, and if you only want them for eggs and market, it is not necessary to worry about plumage. The eggs are usually fertile, and hatch strong, easily raised chicks.

J. A. C.—My geese get so they can't walk. Some die, and others sit around and then die. They have spells, as though they were dizzy and then refuse to eat. They have a whitish discharge.

A.—If goslings are fed much grain, they are almost sure to lose the use of their legs and get out of condition. Give very little mash, made of equal parts of ground oats, corn and wheat bran. Let them have free range on short grass. Cover floor of sleeping place with plenty of clean dry litter.

J. L. B.—Can you tell me what is meant by showing the red in young turkeys and at what age, and what to feed them at that time?

A.—The term "showing red," refers to the turkey's head and neck turning red, which it usually does when they are about three months old. If they are out on free range, feed nothing but sour milk and curds night and morning.

J. W. W.—I have three dozen hens. They all seem healthy, but do not lay. They did not set this summer. I used the lice powder recommended in July COMFORT. Last spring I got twenty-four eggs from them every day. Last spring I used an incubator but the chicks died the day after they were hatched.

A.—As the hens all laid well during the spring, should say that the want of eggs in July was due to the hens' moulting. Give a mash every morning made of equal parts of wheat middlings, corn meal and ground oats, and wheat bran. To every quart of this mixture add two tablespoonfuls of beef scraps and animal meal. At noon feed oats or wheat, scattered in deep litter; at night all the whole corn they will eat up in ten minutes. There must have been something faulty about the way you regulated the incubator, otherwise you would have hatched out more chickens, and they would not have died off so quickly. If the temperature in an incubator is very irregular, it has such a disastrous effect on the embryo chickens that there is nothing one can do after they are hatched that will make them strong and healthy.

H. M. B.—I have the Rhode Island Reds and the American Dominiques and in every case the sickness is with the Dominiques. I have one hundred and have lost ten. They get dopy and stand around all hunched up for a day or two, then their eyes close and a thick white cheesy substance forms in them but there is no discharge from mouth or nostril.

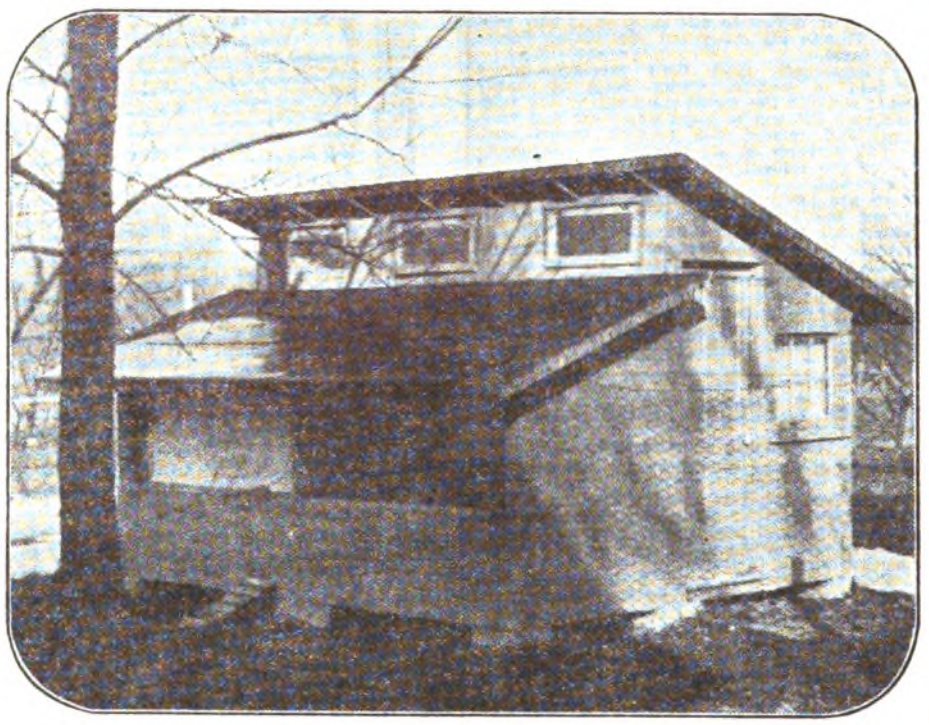
A.—Examine the bird's throat. If there is any disagreeable odor after the beak is opened, you are safe in doctoring for roup. If there is no odor, it is only a cold, or a roupy condition of the eyes, and may be cured by bathing with a solution of boric acid. Just add a little tincture of iron to the drinking water for a week or two.

A. S.—Will you please tell me what size house I should have for forty-eight hens, and would a house dug in a south hillside with the front walled up with rock and of course plenty of light and air be all right? Is there any other grain I can feed instead of wheat? It is very high here. Would there be any money in early frys, say to set my incubator in November and from then until March? I receive many helpful things from this department.

A.—A house twenty feet long and ten feet wide would be about right for forty or fifty birds. If the hillside is very dry, it might be safe to make a dug-out. Personally, I would rather have a wooden house covered with roofing material. Use oats instead of wheat at noon, and mash in the morning. See answer to J. W. W. It would depend entirely upon your market as to whether broilers would be profitable or not, so early in the season. But you must remember that from November to February fresh eggs bring very good prices, and unless you have a good brooder house, it is difficult to raise young chickens at that season of the year.

A. R. S.— As this is my first year raising chickens I wish you would tell me if scraps, bread and meat,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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The Highest Honor

By Owen Hugh O'Neil

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THE president sat in his office, scanning his personal correspondence. One letter after another he drew from the tray on his desk, and two typewriters clicked busily as he dictated his answers.

There were envelopes white and blue and gray, with addresses neatly typewritten and stamps carefully affixed; but at length he selected one that seemed out of place on the president's neatly appointed desk. The envelope was rough and coarse, and of a grayish-yellow color. It was soiled with greasy thumb-marks, and in one corner were the printed letters, "R. R. S." The address, a big, boyish scrawl, had been written with an indelible pencil, and was somewhat blurred. Altogether, it was a disreputable-looking letter, but the president's eyes brightened when he saw it. For an instant he held it between his thumb and forefinger, wavering between desire and duty; then he laid it aside, and resumed the duties which, for a time, claimed his attention.

An hour later he again took up the letter and tore open the envelope, disdaining the paper-cutter which lay on the desk. He extracted several large sheets of paper, ruled in red ink; at the top of each sheet was the name of the railroad of which he, John Reeves, was president. And between the folded sheets was a photo postal—the picture of a young fireman. He held his soiled buckskin gloves in one hand; the other grasped the handle of his shovel. His overalls were soiled, and his face, too, was greasy. And this was William Reeves, the president's son!

The president held the picture in his hand and studied it critically. It seemed strange to think that this greasy fellow in overalls was the same brown-eyed Billy who had played in the mansion up on the Avenue,—the same little black-haired Billy who had stood foremost at school,—the same big Billy who had graduated with high honors at college—the little Billy, the big Billy, the Billy who had never known a mother's love.

But the president was proud, for had not he himself worked his way up? He had started on the lowest round of the railroad ladder, as water-boy on "Section Six," and now he was president of the big system—such a president, it was said, as had never been known before and might never be known again. For when he had attained power and influence, he had not forgotten the men who had aided him in his youthful days; although he was president, he was still "one of the boys."

And now his boy was one of the boys—a fireman on the Mountain Division—the worst run on the road. He could imagine just how Billy looked, his back bent, his left foot forward, shoveling ton upon ton of coal into the hungry furnace, with a long string of cars stretching behind. Some day Billy Reeves would be president, and then he would realize, as never before, the value of early training.

At first, the idea had been distasteful to Billy; he had shrunk from the thought of associating with the "men of the cab and rail," eating his meals from a tin dinner-pail, wearing coarse clothing, and facing the dangers of the Mountain Run; but he determined to show the world and his father that he was a man in every sense of the word, and when he donned his overclothes and prepared for his first trip over the Mountain Division, it was with his own full consent. He had been given his choice; a monotonous commercial life, or that of railroad man, knowing that some day he would be railroad president; and he had chosen.

It was a long letter that John Reeves held in his hand; part of it ran as follows:

"I am not on the extra board now, I was promoted to regular fireman last week. My engineer is Ross Garrahan; our engine, the two-forty-two.

"You have often spoken of Joe Garrahan, the veteran railroad man; you placed him on the retired list three years ago, you know. Ross is his son. He says that he is slightly acquainted with you. Ross is the only living son of Joe Garrahan; two others Dennis and Theodore, were killed on this division. You may have known all this before; it is new to me however. Ross is a fine fellow, and treats me just as he does all the other railroad boys. I am just plain Billy Reeves now, not 'the president's son.'

"* * * You know, Dad, that the motto of one of the great railroad organizations, is 'Fidelity, Justice, Charity.' Well, fidelity, justice, and charity are only a few of the great things that a man learns on the railroad. I honestly believe that my seven months of railroading have been of as much value to me as all my years of college life.

"* * * * * * I never realized what a wonderful thing one of these big engines is, until, as fireman, I knew that my life was in her keeping. She is completely in our power, yet, just as completely, we are in hers. Ross Garrahan's left hand can send her flying over the rails, or bring her to a dead stop in an inconceivably short space of time, and yet, if a wheel should break while we were spinning around one of those sharp curves, or if any one of a thousand other things should occur, our souls would be thrust into eternity more quickly than you can snap the case of your watch. Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful!

"I spoke of it to Garrahan yesterday, and he said, 'These engines aren't built to go in the ditch; they're built to stay on the track.' I made no answer, and then he said, 'I understand, Billy. At first you are almost overcome with awe, but you grow accustomed to it after a while. It sort of wears away.'"

The president read the letter through to the end, then folded it carefully and replaced it in the envelope. And once more he studied the photograph that lay on the desk before him; the high forehead, with the black hair waving away from the temples; the honest brown eyes; the firm lips and chin—every inch a man! The president wished that Billy's mother could read this letter, and see Billy's picture, but she had been dead many long years.

For a little while the president mused, and then placed the letter and the picture in an inner pocket of his coat. It was noontime now, and he rose from his chair and prepared to leave the office. An attendant rushed in at this moment, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Telegram, sir!"

The envelope was marked "Rush," and somehow, he knew not why, Mr. Reeves feared to open it. There was nothing startling or extraordinary about a telegram marked "Rush," and yet he felt that this little envelope contained tidings of disaster.

He tore the envelope open and let it drop to the floor. An instant later he gave a loud cry of despair, and the telegram dropped from his fingers. The attendant picked it up, and could not help but see the words typewritten on the yellow slip.

"Your son, William Reeves, was killed in wreck at Shell Ridge at 11:30 A. M. today. Body still in wreckage. R. Clark, Supt. Mountain Division."

Billy was dead! Handsome, brave Billy Reeves, the president's only son! For a moment he stood like one in a dream; then he rushed down the stairs and to the railroad tracks.

There at the station stood the Limited, almost ready to start.

"An engine!" cried the president. "An engine and right of way over everything between here and Shell Ridge!"

The only available engine was that attached to the Limited, but the demands of the frenzied, grief-stricken president could not be ignored, so the four-forty, with one car to give her weight, was uncoupled, and the president climbed into the cab.

"Another fireman!" he cried, and the fireman of a yard-crew was quickly summoned.

The four-forty swung out over the steel. Two hundred and fifty miles away the president's son lay dead under a mass of wreckage, while at the east end of the line the president cursed himself for having demanded the boy to "work his way up."

Frank Bertram was running the four-forty that day, and Frank was known as the most reckless runner on the road, yet even he could not satisfy the president's demands for speed, speed and still more speed. Fast freights and passengers alike were sidetracked, and the four-forty ate up the miles as she ate up the coals. The two firemen toiled unceasingly, till the perspiration poured from their faces. It was a warm summer day and never before had they toiled so hard and steadily.

The four-forty was known as one of the best and most reliable engines on the line, just as Frank Bertram was known as one of the best engineers, and for that reason the president wished to retain the services of both engine and engineman until he had reached his destination. So they stopped at Riverside for water and coal, instead of changing engines, and here they secured two new firemen, but Frank Bertram still held the throttle when they pulled out.

The thought at the bottom of the president's heart was this: Perhaps Billy had not been killed, after all; perhaps he had been injured seriously, even fatally. But even in that case, perhaps he—the president—could reach the scene of the wreck in time to speak to his son once more—just once more—and ask forgiveness for having demanded him to face the dangers of the rail in order to gain experience in the railroad game.

Constantly he begged for more speed, but Bertram protested that even now they were making a record run, that would be talked of for years to come. Many a man, when he saw the four-forty and her one car approaching, cried "Runaway!" and when they recognized the president's face, and saw the firemen toiling as if their very lives depended upon the amount of coal they could shovel into the furnace—when they saw that the special did not even slow up at the crossings, but rushed by at a fearful rate of speed—they were more than astounded.

It was twelve o'clock, noon, when the Four-forty left the east end, and it was three-fifty P. M. when they reached Shell Ridge. Two hundred and fifty miles in two hundred and thirty minutes—"a mile a minute and twenty miles to the good," as Frank Bertram said afterward. How they made it none could tell, but make it they did.

They had extricated Billy Reeves' body just a short time before the president arrived, and now they were removing the wreckage underneath which Roscoe Garrahan's body was pinned.

"What was it?" demanded the president of a group of officials standing near.

"The side-rods snapped," replied Superintendent Clark. "They hadn't a bit of a show, poor fellows!"

At length they brought Ross Garrahan's body and laid it beside that of Billy Reeves—alongside the track, on the soft sod.

Old Joe Garrahan was there, too, but no tear came from his eyes and no sob from his throat. He sat there, by his dead son's body, his lips set tight, and his hands clenched. But John Reeves did nothing but implore Billy to speak to him, to forgive him.

At length Joe Garrahan could stand it no longer.

"Reeves," he said, "don't take on so. It's hurtin' you, and it don't do Billy any good. Don't you think my dead boy there is as much to me as Billy is to you?"

"Oh, Joe, if I had only kept him at home!" cried the president.

"Kept him at home? What for? You wanted to make a man of him, and you did it. He took a man's chances, and lost—and so did Ross. They were men, just as you and I were men, in our younger days. We won, but they lost. That's all the difference, John, don't you see?"

"But he was my only child, my only boy!" moaned the president. "Oh, Billy, why did I make you do it? Why did I let you do it, my boy?"

"Your only boy, John?" said Garrahan softly. "So was Ross my only boy—the only one left of three fine fellows.

"There was big, strappin' Dennie—you remember him, John. He was the oldest, and as steady as clockwork, and they brought him home to me dead. I thought my heart would break, but his engineer—he was fireman, you know—the engineer says to me, 'Garrahan, it's the highest honor that can fall to the lot of a railroad man, to die in the discharge of his duty. The highest honor, Garrahan, man.' And he was right.

"Then there was Teddy—you're after rememberin' Teddy, Mr. Reeves, and how his yellow hair used to blow into his eyes, and he'd toss his head, and shake it out—Teddy, with his blue eyes shinin' with mischief—oh, he was the handsome boy, John!

"'Twas on the evening of his twenty-second birthday that the message came to me that Teddy was dead. A misstep in the dark, and 'twas all over with him. Dennie and Teddy—and now it's Ross. Three good boys they were, but I'm not complainin'. 'Tis the highest honor, Mr. Reeves. If your Billy had lived, he'd have been president of the road some day, and he'd have been honored by everyone, maybe. And again, maybe he'd have bitter enemies, who'd have maligned him and defamed him, as the best of men are maligned and defamed. And when he died, they'd forget him, the world would, and cease to honor him, but the railroad men who have died in discharge of their duty will be honored through time and eternity, John.

"'Tis the highest honor that man can receive. 'Tis not as if he had died in disgrace, you know. If he had been to blame, or if Ross had been to blame, 'tis the sorry man I'd be today; but they did their duty, both of them. Workin' his way up? Yes, but not as you worked your way up. You're president now, but Billy is more. You're loved and honored, but not as Billy and Ross are loved and honored. He has worked his way up, 'tis true, but not to an official position on the railroad. He has worked his way up to higher things. It's hard—I know it's hard. My last boy—and your only one. But it's not ourselves we must think of—it's them. We must think of them, and rejoice—for they have worked their way up to higher things—and they have received—the greatest honor."

Garrahan's voice broke, and they sat silent, with bowed heads, for a long time. Then they rose and prepared for the journey home.

"Good by, Joe," murmured Reeves, as they clasped hands. "I thank God that my boy has received the highest honor."

Comfort Sister's Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

cellent poultry country, and but very few mosquitoes; that is, around the homes, but some in the creek bottoms. Plenty of running water and fine fishing lakes. The majority of the farms are fenced with barbed wire. Land rents at one and two dollars per acre and but very few white renters here.

The school system is good but there is a scarcity of children, owing to a thinly populated country now. Why this condition? Can't tell you, only I know many of the first settlers have moved away to the city. We are three miles from the nearest railroad. There are a good many negroes here, but they are mostly hard-working, honest people. Some have fertile farms and beautiful homes. People are social and kind.

The soil is adapted to corn, cotton, oats, peas, pinders, both kinds of potatoes, sugar-cane, most all kinds of hay; in fact, most everything known to the Southern clime.

And above all things we think this a healthful location, our health is so much improved.

If I am welcome will come again with some helps and recipes.

MRS. MOLLIE E. ADAMS.

OLIVE BRANCH, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Through the medium of COMFORT we are granted the privilege of communicating with every reader of its interesting pages by a few strokes of the pen. One sister asked in the May issue how the hired man should be treated. Are we not all one great family? The same sun, moon and stars light our way. The same God guides our destiny. God did not create lofty mountains, grand canyons, beautiful streams, trees, birds and flowers for the rich alone. The poor share in Nature's beauties. Then why discriminate against the poor? Why should one who is fortunate enough to own houses and lands feel superior to his brother man who, through misfortune or an undeveloped business mind, has to toil for his bread? Greed and selfishness are the bane of civilization. It is crushing the true social spirit for which our ancestors were famous. Greed of the trusts and the money lords are, today crushing the toiling, helpless thousands, housing them in hovels and denying them the right to live on equal terms with their fellow men. Free and equal is a misnomer applied to the poor. It is true they are allowed to vote but often at the dictation of their employer.

It is good for revenue that causes our government to grant the sale of intoxicants. It permits the saloon, that giant octopus that reaches its tentacles out and drags the youths of our land down to ruin, the youth who are to be the future citizens of our great and glorious country. The saloons are the leper spots that blot city and country alike. Now if every sister who reads this will rise with one voice and say, "The saloon must go, I have no son to sacrifice," it would soon go. Sister, if you have no husband, father or son who is a slave to drink, have pity on those who have, and rise up as one great army and protest to our government against the sale of that which ruins our homes, sends men to prison, to the gallows, the work house and asylum. It causes innocent children to go naked and hungry, grow up without an equal chance in the world, to be future criminals. It is feeding the hearts of women and children into the greedy maw of the saloon keeper. Our county officers allow the blind tigers to flourish in districts where the vote of the people has driven the saloons out. The people seem helpless to combat this evil without the aid of the government. When, oh, when, will the love of our fellow man overcome greed for revenue and stamp out that which receives its revenue from women's tears, wrecked homes, blighted childhood and lost souls.

I will not describe myself as I am not young, nor pretty and have no John.

MRS. JULIA DUNCAN.

BRIDGEPORT, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading the sisters' letters and came to Mrs. Marie Haggerty's letter, and must say I agree with her in regard to children. They certainly have to be corrected and sometimes punished or at least I find it so.

I have five children, the oldest a boy eleven years old, the youngest three, one girl eight years and it takes patience and strong nerves to keep those children as they should be kept and do all my housework, including sewing, raising chickens, making a garden and milking.

We live on a farm of one hundred and fifty-three acres, three miles from Indianapolis, the capital of the state, and raise corn, wheat, oats, rye, clover and have lots of fruit and a nice vegetable garden.

I love the farm and would not think of taking my boys to town.

I see very few letters from sisters around here. I have taken COMFORT for ten years and could hardly do without it.

I see Annie Kirk does not like to read the description of the sisters. Well, I rather like to know what aged lady I am "talking" to. They can describe themselves without telling how "Pretty" they are, which I do not believe in myself, for "pretty is as pretty does" you know.

I think Uncle Charlie is a wonderful man and many more of us should pattern after him. He certainly has patience enough to rear a large family. I was greatly amused at the eighth verse in the little poem, "Training the Other Woman's Child." 'Tis true one can seldom fix rules and keep them where boys are wide awake and alive, which my boys are and the girl, too, for that matter. I teach them to do things that are not too hard and think it right for them to work as well as play. I am sending blessings for all.

MRS. FLORENCE MOHA.

LETITIA, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Is there room for a Kentucky girl in your happy band? I enjoy your letters very much and get many helpful suggestions from them.

My deepest interest is in the educational uplift of our country. So many of us make a mistake in regard to education. We think it must all be obtained in the schoolroom. One may master every course of study in America and still not be educated in the true sense. The school is an important and indispensable factor in obtaining an education, but so much of it must be obtained elsewhere. If you were to ask me, "Who is really educated?" this would be my answer:

"The one who loves the scenes of Nature and can see

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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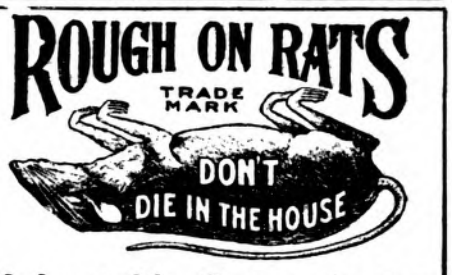
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



JAUNTY redingotes will be popular this fall. There is also a strong tendency in favor of Russian blouses. In skirts one will find the circular effects with conservative flare, also plaited styles, and tiered, and gathered forms.

Collars on suits and coats are to be worn high, but so arranged that they can be turned low at the throat. Flat collars are also seen.

Waists show fitted lines and there are lovely Princess styles, with unbroken lines at center front and back, the fitting being under the arm.

Dressy afternoon and evening gowns have sleeves wide from elbow to wrist, while for coats and suits the sleeves are set in at the regular armscye, and are closefitting to the wrist.

Long separate coats will be worn, but on suits, coats will be generally 28 to 32 inches in length. Belted styles will be popular, also those cut in two sections: the skirt portions with much flare.

Russian blouses are particularly attractive in youthful dresses for practical wear.

Semi-fitted lines are seen on many gowns, but the curve under the bust is more clearly defined, while the hip is shaped slightly only.

Sleeveless evening gowns are made with tulle yokes to which transparent sleeves are joined.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1272—Girls' Cape. For general wear, for stormy or cold weather this model has many good features. It will afford protection from rain if made of water-proof cloth. The hood may be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; four, six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

9764—A Dainty Set of Aprons and Work Bag. Silk, satin, cloth, cretonne, or lawn, may be used for the bag, while mull, lawn, linen or silk is suitable for the aprons.

The patterns are in one size; medium. It requires seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for Heart apron, two and one half yards for Bretelle apron and one yard for bag, of 36-inch material.

9817—Infant's Layette. These simple styles, all of which are provided in this pattern, are all practical and easy to make. The cloak may be of cashmere, Bedford cord, serge or silk. It may be finished without the cape collar. The cap is suitable for the same material and for lawn, nainsook, cambric or corduroy. The kimono and sack will develop nicely in flannel, cashmere, silk, domet or outing flannel. The slip is nice for nainsook, lawn or cambric. The pinning blanket may be of domet, outing flannel or wool flannel. The shirt of cambric or flannel. The diaper drawers of cambric diaper cloth, or rubberized material. The Barrie Coat of cambric or long cloth. The bootee of silk, quilted satin, eiderdown or suede. The band of flannel. The cold feet gown of flannellet, flannel or cambric, and the bib of silk, lawn or cambric. It will require: Cloak, two and three quarters yards; carriage robe, two and one quarter yards; cold feet gown, two and one quarter yards; kimono, two and one eighth yards; slip, two and one half yards; Barrie coat, two and one quarter yards; cap, five eighths yard; shirt, three quarters yard; diaper drawers, one half yard; sack, five eighths yard; pinning blanket, muslin, three eighths yard, flannel, seven eighths yard; bib, one half yard; bootee, one quarter yard; band, one quarter yard. Each of 36-inch material. Price 15c.

1118—A Pretty Cap and a becoming bonnet. For the cap, embroidered lawn, bastiste or linen would serve, or silk, cloth, velvet or corduroy. For the bonnet, silk, messaline, crepe de chine, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in two sizes for children one and two, and three to four years. It requires five eighths yard of 24-inch material for either style.

9797—Child's Night Drawers. Suitable for domet, or canton flannel, flannelette, cambric, nainsook or muslin. The garment will be found very desirable, as it affords protection and covering and is most comfortable.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1401—A Simple Stylish Model. The waist is made with convertible collar. The skirt, a nine-gored model has plaited fullness at the seams. It is good for taffeta, poplin, voile, serge and cloth and all wash materials.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require seven yards of 44-inch material.

1448—Costume for Misses and Small Women with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with gored skirt. Plaid suiting in gray and blue tones was used for this style. It is nice for serge, taffeta, gabardine, cashmere, linen, gingham, chambrey, voile and poplin.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires six and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size.

9770—A very Attractive Chamber or Lounging Robe. This model is good for cashmere, silk, flannel, or flannelette. The waist is in Empire style, and is finished with a pretty collar.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1173—Girls' Underwaist, Bloomers and Petticoat. The designs here portrayed are easy to develop and convenient and comfortable.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. For an eight-year size it will require one and three quarters yard for the petticoat, one and one half yard for the bloomers, and one yard for the waist of 36-inch material.

1425—Ladies' House Dress with long or short sleeve. For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1452—Girls' Dress in Surplice style, with four-gored skirt and sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is good for serge. Shepherd checks, mixed suiting, chambrey, Devonshire cloth, khaki, percale and flannel. The skirt is made with four gores and may be trimmed with a jaunty pocket.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 40-inch material for a six-year size.

1145—A Practical, comfortable Apron. This attractive model is cut with raglan sleeve portions to which the back and front portions are joined. The pattern is good for percale, lawn, seersucker, gingham, drill, alpaca or sateen.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1298—Boys' Blouse Suit with Knee Trousers. The blouse may be made of khaki cloth, drill, linene, galatea, linen, madras or flannel, cambric or muslin. The trousers are good for most any suiting, and will be found very comfortable, and easy to make.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

9603—Ladies' Night Gown with long or shorter sleeve and with or without added yoke. This design is cut on simple, comfortable lines, and may be made in sack length, or in regulation gown length. The model is suitable for muslin, cambric, lawn, nainsook, crepe, batiste, flannel, flannelette or silk.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the gown in full length, and four yards for sack length, for a 36-inch size.

1080—A simple Comfortable Frock for Mother's Girl. This style is easy to develop, is graceful and attractive, although simple, and is good for any of the season's dress materials. The waist fronts and the three-piece skirt is finished with a box plait, under which the dress is closed.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1424—Ladies' Costume with sleeve in either of two lengths. This stylish model was developed in white cotton crepe. It is also good for serge, taffeta, madras, linen, gingham, lawn or organdie.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1123—A Natty Dress for Mother's Girl. How comfortable and attractive this simple little dress will be to the wearer. The deep armscye and front closing are good features of this model. It is a one-piece dress, with closing under the plait in front. Corduroy, velveteen, galatea, percale, linen and gingham are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1414—Ladies' Dress, with six-gored skirt, and sleeve in either of two lengths. The design is good for voile, grenadine, poplin, serge, faille, taffeta, linen, linene, gingham, or chambrey.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1258—Girls' Over Blouse Dress with skirt attached to a separate waist, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This dress is easy to develop and easy to launder, so wash goods are very appropriate for it. The closing is effected on the shoulders, and the neck finish may be high or in round Dutch style.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for the dress, with one and three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the underwaist for an eight-year size.

9646—A Splendid Shirt-waist, with or without yoke portions and turn-back cuff. White voile was used for this design. It is equally effective in lawn, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe, linen or silk.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

1022—A New and Stylish Model. This garment is comfortable and has good lines. The pattern is good for velvet, corduroy, tweed, cheviot, serge, chinchilla, and all the new novelty fabrics now in vogue.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1468—A Dainty Dress for the "Tiny Tot." Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe, voile, mull, silk, percale, cashmere or flannelette may be used for this design. It has simple lines, is easy to make and pretty.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a three-year size, with two and one half yards of four-inch edging for ruffle.

1406—Suspender Dress for Misses and Small Women. Of all new styles there is none more in vogue or more attractive than the suspender frock. The model here shown has full bodice portions with suspender straps over the shoulders, a smart five-gored skirt with jaunty pockets, and a neat shirt-waist with convertible collar, and comfortable sleeve.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size with two and one half yards for the waist.

1404—Junior Suspender Dress, with guimpe, in high or low neck outline and having two styles of sleeve. All the girls are wearing suspender dresses, and there certainly is no style so simple and so effective. In taffeta, gingham, ratine, crepe, linen or linene this style is very pleasing. If preferred the suspenders may be omitted.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1396—Ladies' Four-gored Skirt in normal waistline. The plaits may be stitched in tuck effect and pressed to position, or left to flare in soft folds.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1447—Dress with Smock Blouse and three-gored skirt, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This very popular and attractive style, is most desirable for voile, chambrey, lawn, batiste, taffeta, gabardine, linen and drill. The skirt may be joined to an ordinary waistband, or to an underwaist.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

1395—A Unique and Comfortable House Apron. The body and sleeve in one idea has been carried out in garments of every sort, hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker, will welcome this mode in an apron that is simple and is easy to make because of few seams.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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Work Necessary in Fall

WHAT a lot of different things the farmer has to do at all seasons of the year; but in fall, when winter is looming ahead, it seems that a host of things accumulate which have been postponed until cool weather. Pardon us if we suggest a few of the things that should not likewise be postponed until one can "get around to it," or until spring comes when one is sure to be so busy that he will put the work off until fall. Among the "do it now" things that come to mind are the cleaning and whitewashing of the house cellar. On damp fall days one notices that dank smell of raw potatoes coming from the cellar and that means an unhealthy condition requiring ventilation, sunlight, cleaning up and free use of whitewash. The wash is a great deodorizer and purifier and its timely use makes for better health in the family. This suggests also the putting of all stables in right condition for the wintering of stock. Lice, ringworm, itch, worms, all are most common where stables are not cleansed, ventilated, sunlighted and whitewashed for winter occupation. It will pay to put such places in order. At the same time what about the implements? Are they stored for winter? Have they been overhauled, oiled and painted? If not these things should be done. *Far more machinery rusts out than wears out with work.* Write that statement in your memory and see that it does not become true on your farm. Harness needs cleaning, repairing and oiling before winter and should be hung in a dry, moderately warm place. The stable medicine chest needs replenishing now. See that it contains simple drugs, like raw linseed oil, Castor oil, epsom salts, saltpeter, turpentine, coal tar disinfectant or dip, and that suturing needles and silk, absorbent cotton and bandages, a syringe and drenching bottle are there to be used at once when need arises. The orchard needs the fall cleaning work. Dead branches harbor vermin and should be burned. Dead and loose bark harbors insects and should come off. Whitewash does good to the tree trunks. They also need protection against rabbits. The fall plowing should be finished early and then manure should go onto the fields before snow lies.

Curing Meat

Many farmers are content to use salt pork and beef throughout the warmer months of the year who could as easily have excellent home cured meats if they took the trouble to prepare them. The majority of these, however, much prefer the cured meats but do not know how to cure them so that they will keep properly and be palatable at the same time. All the recipes here given have been thoroughly tested for years and if directions are followed a palatable, delicious product of good keeping quality is assured.

Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon

This recipe calls for seven pounds of salt, two pounds of light brown sugar and four ounces of saltpeter for each hundred pounds of hams or bacon. Bacon meat should be cut into long strips and hams and shoulders trimmed and tightly packed in a large earthen jar after thorough cooling. This cooling is important as no animal heat should be left in. Before packing the jar should be washed and scalded with boiling water and thoroughly cooled. The salt, sugar and saltpeter should be dissolved in hot water and thoroughly cooled before pouring it over the meat. Enough boiled and cooled water should be added to cover the meat which must be kept under the surface by weights that have been boiled and cooled. In from two to four weeks the bacon will be salt enough for smoking. This may be determined by cooking a sample. If it is to be kept for some time it better be too salt than too fresh. The hams will be ready in from five to seven weeks, depending upon their size. They, too, should be sampled. When ready, drain thoroughly and smoke for two days, using clean corn cobs for fuel.

Dried Beef

Dried beef may be prepared by using exactly the same kind of pickle, smoking in the same way and then thoroughly drying, or drying to suit taste.

Corned Beef

The same pickle is excellent for corned beef. For corned beef, however, the beef should be drained every five or six weeks and the pickle boiled, skimmed and thoroughly cooled before pouring over the beef again. In fact, as soon as any evidence of spoiling is shown either in pork or beef, the brine should always be boiled and cooled if the meat is to keep. It is also a good plan to rinse the meat at the same time in clean cold water.

Canned Beef

Fresh beef may be canned and perfectly preserved in ordinary mason fruit jars. First remove all bone and boil beef in the least amount of water possible long enough to insure its being heated through. Prepare the mason jars exactly as in canning fruit and fill with the boiled fresh beef in exactly the same way, covering the meat with the liquor of its own juice. Beef canned in this way keeps perfectly and is of delicious flavor. It is better to cook the beef in the cans after tightly packing, with just enough water to cover, when one understands how to can fruit by this method.

Hams, bacon and dried beef, to keep well, must be hung, when prepared, in a cool, dry place away from flies. A coating made by using a paste made from cayenne pepper helps their keeping qualities if one does not object to the pepper, most of which can be brushed off before using.

Good Flavored Mutton

While appreciation for mutton is gradually increasing in this country there are many people, and most of them upon farms, it is said, who do not care to eat this meat. We fancy most of the mutton haters live in the city, but wherever they are found their dislike of mutton might be done away with by improvement in the way mutton is produced and then prepared for the consumer. It was the greasy Merino sheep and the scrub sheep kept for weed and brush eradication that brought mutton into disfavor, or failed to gain popularity among our people. While such mutton was being marketed here, totally unprepared by proper feeding and injured by improper methods of slaughter, the people of foreign countries were making choice mutton one of the leading foods of practically every meat eating family and there nobody ever expressed a dislike for mutton. The reason was that mutton breeds of sheep were employed to produce this meat, the sheep used were properly fed on mixed rations, by trained shepherds and then the sheep were slaughtered by men who understood the business. Readers of COMFORT will get over their dislike for mutton if they produce it from mutton breed sheep, such as Shropshires, Southdowns, Hampshires and Oxfords, or their grades or crosses, and several other breeds of sheep will produce fine mutton if quickly and properly fed for slaughter. On general principles it may be said that the sheep that is kept primarily for weed and brush eradication will make poor meat unless specially fattened on mixed rations and even then the meat will not be first-class in quality if the sheep is old when fed off. Have the lambs fed generously from birth, on choice feed and finish them on succulent or green feed, choice mixed clover and Alfalfa hay, roots and oats, bran, oilcake of flaxseed meal and little corn and their meat will be sure to prove juicy, palatable and of fine flavor. The secret, apart from this, of producing fine mutton depends upon killing in cool weather, or instantly cooling out the carcase, so that no animal flavor (sheepiness) will remain and being scrupulously careful not to allow the warm flesh to touch the wool or to remain in the same place with the wool. The sheep also should be emptied by starving for twenty-four hours before slaughter.

Maintaining Permanent Fertility

It is a mistake to suppose that the mere rotation of crops will maintain fertility. Each crop removes soil nutrients (plant food) and in time each crop grown will lack necessary food. Neither will return of all of the plant food present in the manure of animals eating all of the crops grown upon the farm fully restore the removed fertility. Some of this will have been wasted by evaporation, or leaching. Ordinary soils contain great stores of potash. Dr. Hopkins of the Illinois station says that in his state the normal soils contain from 25,000 to 45,000 pounds of potassium per acre. It therefore is not absolutely necessary to purchase potash for ordinary soils, but it may have to be bought for use on some sand soils or peaty marsh lands. The amount needed by plants will be liberated from the soil if clover and other green stuffs are plowed under. Growing clover does not suffice. The roots will not supply the needed fertility. The entire plant, or plants of like kind, must be plowed in to insure permanent fertility. In so doing one gains the nitrogen which has been taken free from the air by the clover plants and other legumes. Carbon and oxygen are derived from the air in like manner and hydrogen is obtained from the water absorbed by plant roots. Iron and sulphur are also abundantly supplied by nature. In addition to potassium and nitrogen, the other necessary elements for plant growth are magnesium, calcium and phosphorus. These five elements are the ones which the farmer must be sure are sufficiently abundant in the soils of his farm. If one or another is known to be lacking it must be supplied. The farmer should only buy what is absolutely necessary and as a rule he will find that it is phosphorus that must be bought. To obtain necessary calcium where it is lacking ground limestone should be bought and applied. This limestone will also supply magnesium in right form for plant food. The Illinois system of maintaining permanent fertility is to apply about two tons of ground limestone per acre every four years, in a four year crop, rotation, consisting of corn, oats and then clover. Alfalfa also is to be grown on such farms. Phosphorus is the most lacking quantity. Ordinary soils only contain some 2,000 pounds of it per acre, compared with the 50,000 pounds of potassium such soils may contain. According to Dr. Hopkins phosphorus can be purchased in Illinois for about three cents a pound in the form of fine-ground natural rock phosphate. Many of our readers in Southern states can obtain it very much cheaper than this. The cost is about 10 to 12 cents a pound in steamed bone meal and 12 to 15 cents a pound in acid phosphate. It is cheapest to buy and use ground rock phosphate and one should apply at least 1000 pounds per acre every four years and much more should be applied the first year. To keep up the nitrogen supply in the soil one must then keep live stock, plow under clover and make Alfalfa the crop of one field to be plowed up every five years while another field is to be seeded to Alfalfa. The application of mixed fertilizers and stimulating chemicals merely coaxes the land to grow a crop at the time; but it does not store up fertility and it does not insure permanent fertility. Ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, who is a most successful Alfalfa grower has been applying ground phosphate rock and ground limestone for ten years and says that his farm is steadily growing more and more productive each year. He maintains a large herd of dairy cows and sells their products. They soon would impoverish the farm, despite the return of their manure, from the Alfalfa and other feeds they eat, but the ground phosphate rock and ground limestone is more than maintaining the fertility of the soil.

In commenting in the Prairie Farmer upon some Ohio experiments in the use of phosphate rock Director Thorne of that station said: "When manure is reinforced by materials carrying phosphorus to make up for its inevitable deficiency in this element, and is then applied directly to the field or protected from the losses due to exposure to the weather in open barnyards, or to heating in piles, either in the stable, yard or field, there is nothing better for keeping up the fertility of the soil. The assertion is made that on most farms not enough manure is produced to keep up the fertility, which is true. In this case manure must be reinforced with whatever elements are not supplied in sufficient quantity. Phosphorous in the form of raw rock phosphate or acid phosphate is generally the essential element. In our experiments 40 pounds of rock phosphate costing 17 cents, added over a dollar to the crop-producing value of a ton of manure, because it supplied the element lacking in the manure."

The moral is not to depend upon manure and clover alone, but to add phosphrous to the manure and add limestone powder to the land at the rate of about two tons per acre every four years. It will be found absolutely impossible to keep up the fertility of the soil by merely stimulating the crop each year with chemical fertilizers.

Feeds that Helped Out the Grass

We should like to hear the experience of some of the readers of COMFORT who took the advice of this department of the paper and put in "catch crops" or "adjunct crops" of green stuff to eke out the pastures in the dry weather of July, August and September. Let them tell us what they used for this purpose and how the cows liked the feed and thrived upon it. In our own experience such feed has proved the salvation of the situation, so to speak, during the past season. First there was some winter rye for the cows to pasture while grass was getting ready, and they liked that pretty well. It slightly "tasted" this milk for a time, but that occurs too when green grass is fed in early spring. It is of little injury, if the milk is quickly stirred and aired to get rid of abnormal flavors and did not show up in the cream. When the grass became short there was a good big patch of peas and oats to cut green. The cows just loved that feed and when we started with it the milk increased in quantity and the flow kept up very well, despite flies and mosquitoes and the hot weather. At the same time the pigs were luxuriating in a lot where we had sowed a mixture of Essex rape, peas and oats. My, how that mixture grew, for there was lots of rain last season and the land was rich! The pigs went out of sight in it and the crop grew so strong and tall that we had to cut it for the cows and that allowed a second crop of rape to spring up at once. Next season, on Riverholm Farm, we shall not mix oats with the rape and peas for the hogs. Rape alone does well, or peas and rape, but for the cows it is best to omit rape and increase peas. We did not use enough peas and the oats alone, or with very little pea vine, do not appeal to the cows as much as we should like. While the cows were eating peas and oats we had a big patch of broadcasted silage corn coming along to cut green and cutting started before the tassels appeared. The cows like such feed well and do well on it. We noticed that where the seed had been too thickly sown that the plants were stunted and pale green or yellowish in color. It is a mistake to seed too lavishly. The plants want room to grow big, dark green leaves. For next season's use there will be a mixture of one bushel of rye and ten pounds of winter vetch to the acre, seeded in the cornfields "the last time through." This should give three weeks of fine pasture for the cows in spring and then will be turned under as green manure for the next crop. It is a good cover crop to prevent washing and it enriches the soil: but we do not care for it is a preparation for corn or tobacco. It tends to harbor the moth that produces cut worms, for they look for just such a green growth in which to lay their eggs. The vetch makes a fine growth and is good feeding for cows and sheep, but the seed is too dear at present to make it popular with farmers. We paid at the rate of $18.50 a hundred pounds or about half what Grimms' Alfalfa seed costs in the Western states. Talking about Alfalfa we have also arranged to have some of that to cut green next year and the following years, if all goes well. The old orchard was plowed last spring and seeded to oats and peas for green feed and as soon as that catch crop was cut off we plowed deeply again and disked and harrowed the ground over and over again until it was as fine as meal. The low places were filled in with a plank drag, so as to level the ground, and when all was as fine and smooth as possible twenty pounds of Grimms' Alfalfa was seeded to the acre and then harrowed in lightly. That was on August 11 and an hour afterward we had a nice shower of rain and another one fell next day, so it is about certain that a fine catch will be secured. It should be added that five hundred pounds, or so, of soil from a sweet clover patch on the roadside was sowed broadcast on the surface of this new Alfalfa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Scalp Massage and Healthy Hair

IF I could make a list of all the hair ills I hear about daily, you would all raise your hands in horror, for when one of you writes me that your hair is brittle and dry—or oily—or falling out—or faded—or thin—or too short—or broken—or any one of the things which hair that isn't just as we would like it is sure to be, you, of course, don't guess that almost every girl in our Pretty Girls' Club is writing me a letter which is just as plaintive as yours.

But she is!

I have come to the conclusion that really healthy hair is a rarity. Let me whisper a secret to you—that is because perfectly healthy people aren't as numerous as they might be.

Most of us think of the hair as something apart from the rest of the body, and all of us expect and want pretty hair, even if we have indigestion, or insomnia, or liver trouble, or constipation, or a chronic cough. But the hair is just as closely related to the rest of the body as the skin and the nerves. If our stomach is out of order, our hair will be, too, before very long; if we are constipated, the hair suffers as quickly as the complexion—and pimples and blackheads and muddy skins show us how quickly that is.

So, the very first thing you must do, if you



HANDS READY FOR THE ROTARY MASSAGE.

want to stop your hair from falling out or turning gray, or becoming unbeautiful in other ways, is to get stomach and bowels in apple-pie order!

The next thing is to stimulate the circulation in the scalp. If the scalp is not kept loose upon the skull, the flow of blood to the roots of the hair, which brings it nourishment, will be interfered with, and lifeless, falling hair will result; and the little oil glands which keep the hair smooth and glossy and full of life will dry up and not be able to do their duty.

Test your scalp with the fingers—does it move very easily back and forth, and from side to side, and round and round on the skull? If not, there is where the main trouble is—with your hair. It is not enough that you can force it to move slightly—it should respond to the slightest touch.

I would be almost willing to wager that ninety-nine—or at least ninety-eight and a half!—out of every hundred of my Pretty Girls will discover that her scalp is difficult to move—in certain spots, at least.

So let us get to work and overcome that condition at once. Scalp massage will work a wonderful change for the better, if we are diligent about applying it, so suppose we resolve to begin tonight. Ten to fifteen minutes every night for a month will do a great deal to put the hair in good condition.

Most hair does not get enough air. It is pinned up closely to the head during the day, heating the scalp, and sometimes, when we are a little more tired than usual as bedtime approaches, we are guilty of going to bed with the hair still pinned up. This is all wrong—and a beautiful way to cover the scalp with dandruff. Whenever we comb the hair during the day, we should gather the extreme ends in one hand and then shake the hair over and over. This causes it to fly apart at the scalp and let the air in. This, too, is the first thing we should do when taking down the hair at night. Shake for half a minute, then comb out the snarls, and part the hair from forehead to crown.

Now, place the tips of the fingers of each hand, held close together, on the part, and, pressing firmly, move the scalp toward the forehead, then back, forward, back, for many times. Part the hair again a few inches to one side of the first part, and repeat the movement. Go over the whole front of the head in this way; then part the back hair from crown to neck, place fingers on part, and repeat the treatment. Part again, and so continue until the back of the head has been gone over vigorously.

Shake the hair again for a minute, then slip the hands under the hair close to the scalp on each side of the front part, and move the scalp in a circle, or, rather, move the fingers and the scalp will move with them, since they are pressed tight to the skull. Go over the entire head in this way—then brush the hair for fifty strokes, and go to bed with it in two loose braids and with the consciousness that the blood is busily feeding the little hair follicles and supplying the oil glands which are to make your hair healthy and beautiful.

Of course you mustn't forget that the blood must have nourishment in it, or it can't feed hair or anything else, so be careful to eat healthful foods in healthful ways, to drink plenty of water and keep the bowels regular and active.

If the hair is beginning to turn gray before its time, you can darken it by dampening with a Sage Lotion, at night, before massaging and after shaking it to air the scalp.

Don't go to bed nor braid the hair until it is entirely dry. There is nothing worse for the hair than to do it up while the slightest bit of dampness remains. The sage lotion can be easily made at home as follows:

To Darken Hair

Into an iron kettle put two ounces of green tea, two of dried garden sage, and three quarts of boiling rain-water. Put on the back of the stove, where it will simmer gently, until the liquid has been reduced to a quart. Take off the stove, and without removing from the kettle let stand for twenty-four hours, after which you may strain through cheese-cloth and pour into bottles.

This should be used every night.

An unguent which is said gradually to darken the hair can be made by adding one dram of tannic or gallic acid to an ounce of olive oil; this should be massaged into the scalp every night.

Personally, I do not like "hair-darkeners"—I think it is much better to put the scalp in healthy condition, purify the blood, and get the digestive system working properly; for then you have really accomplished a cure, while any lotion which darkens the hair isn't changing conditions at all, but merely disguising them and sometimes making them worse. The real cure is the thing to work for.

If there is dandruff, of course there is no objection to applying a lotion to help loosen it from the scalp. With very oily hair, the scalp can be dampened with a Castor Oil Lotion, made of one pint of alcohol and six teaspoonfuls of Castor oil shaken together, and then massaged.

To apply this lotion, a medicine dropper is convenient. You can get it at your druggist's. Part the hair, run the dropper along the part, then massage as previously directed. Each time you make a new part for your massage, use the lotion again.

If the hair is dry, then this should not be used, because alcohol is drying. Instead, you may add sixty grains of sulphur to an ounce of vaseline, and dip the fingers in this before massaging and at intervals during the massage. Use this only about every third night; but on the other nights give just the plain massage.

Of course, you mustn't forget that a scalp can't be healthy unless it is kept clean; so be careful to shampoo the hair once in two weeks. Use white soap or green soap—never the yellow household soaps—and do not rub on the hair, but either scrape it and melt in boiling water beforehand, or make a suds in the bowl just as you are ready to wash the hair. In either case, rinse and rinse the hair many times after shampooing, in warm water, and finally in cold.

Here's to healthy hair—to pretty hair—to luxuriant, satin-smooth hair—for all my Pretty Girls!

Answers to Questions

Horseback Girl.—If your eyelashes are coming out, anoint the edges of the lids each night with vaseline. Probably the eyes are not in very good condition, so be careful how you use them. Do not rub the eyes with the fingers on waking in the morning. Wash them very gently with warm water, until all the vaseline has been removed; then with cold water. Wash the eye out twice daily with an eyecup and a four per cent solution of boric acid. For the hands, use this whitening lotion:

Lotion for the Hands

Orange-flower water, four ounces; rosewater, four ounces; borate of soda (borax), one half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram; bruised almonds, one ounce.

Your druggist can put this up for you. If you want to do it yourself, mix the first two ingredients and the almonds, and after twenty-four hours filter, add the soda, stir constantly until dissolved, then put the benzoin in, drop by drop, stirring and shaking constantly. Before applying this lotion, scrub the hands thoroughly, then rub gently into the hands. Let dry, then make another application. You can do this two or three times before going to bed, unless the skin begins to feel irritated.

S. R. H.—You weigh a little too much for your height, and your bust should be a trifle larger. I judge from your description of your itching skin and the fact that it cracks and chaps, that you are using a strong soap on it, and not rinsing it properly. Use soap only once a day, on going to bed, and then do not rub it on the skin, but merely make the water soapy. Scrub the face nightly with a camel's-hair complexion brush, and the hot soapy water, then rinse and rinse and rinse, in hot water, in warm water and in cool water. Rub a little cold cream into the skin finally, and go to bed knowing that your skin will be much better on waking in the morning. At that time, wash the face with tepid water—no soap, and dry thoroughly. If you use powder at any time in the day, rub a little cold cream into the skin first, and wipe off with a soft towel; then dust on the powder and wipe again. Do not under any circumstances scratch the face, as you say you do. You will hopelessly mar your skin, and may even scar it. If your face gets soiled during the day, rub a little cold cream into it, and then go over it with a soft towel or cloth; the dirt will all come away. Yes, theatrical cream will do for your skin, or any reliable cold cream. For the prominent collar bone and the hollows in your neck, practise the following exercises. Also, be sure to stand straight, with the chest raised a little, the shoulders dropped.

To Fill Out a Hollow Neck

With hands pressed closely to sides of legs, drop the head forward on the chest; then throw it back as far as it will go; repeat several times. Then let the head fall toward the left shoulder as far as possible toward the right shoulder; then revolve the head, letting it fall forward, toward the left shoulder, backward, toward the right shoulder. Practise until you feel fatigued or dizzy.

Mrs. J. F. S.—You can order a camel's-hair complexion brush through your druggist, because he can, in turn, order it from the firm of chemists which supplies him with his goods. It should cost about twenty-five or fifty cents. If he will not get it for you, write to a department store in your nearest large city, or to any of the big mail-order houses which advertise in the magazines. It is against the rules of this department to print addresses.

N. M.—I regret that letters to this department cannot be answered by mail, and that you have thus had to wait for your reply. In taking the milk diet, I have suggested an evening meal the first week; after that, there should be no solid food. This means



SOFT SATINY, HEALTHY HAIR.

fruit or anything else. You can, of course, have six prunes each morning, that have been soaked over night in a tumbler of water, but that is all. The thing is to confine yourself to the milk, since that contains all the elements the body needs in almost perfect proportions.

Mrs. C. M.—I am very glad to print the formula for the Orange-flower Skin Food.

Orange-flower Skin Food

Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; white wax, six drams; spermaceti, six drams; borax, two drams; glycerine, one and one half ounces; orange-flower water, two ounces; oil of neroli, fifteen drops; oil of bigarade, (orange skin), fifteen drops; oil of petit grain, fifteen drops.

Put the wax, spermaceti, and oil of sweet almonds in a double boiler and mix over a low flame. Add the glycerine to the orange-flower water, dissolve in this liquid the borax, and pour it slowly on the mixture in the double boiler, stirring constantly. Just at the last, the vessel having been removed from the fire and the mixture beginning to cool and grow firm, add the three perfume oils. For your thin nails which crack, massage the skin at the roots of the nails to stimulate the circulation and increase the blood supply. You should care for the nails daily, being careful to gently manipulate the skin. Coating the nails with flexible collodion will protect them while they are getting stronger. Do not trim the nails except when they have been softened in warm soapy water, as otherwise they will be liable to chip.

B. J.—No, do not use olive oil to massage the face; it certainly will cause a growth of hair. You may use just a little of any good cold cream on the finger tips, and gently massage the skin nightly. Remember that gentle massage builds up the tissues but vigorous massage breaks them down. You probably need building up all over, because it would be unlikely that your face would be very thin and the rest of your body in perfect proportion. Why do you not take the milk diet for a month or six weeks, it will fill out your face, clear and whiten your complexion, and help overcome any defects in your figure.

Miss F. J. S.—Ask your druggist for the lapactic pills—that is their name and they are so labelled. I presume the price varies in different parts of the country, running from thirty to fifty cents, but I can't be sure about this. Under the drug laws, labels show the ingredients.

Mrs. J. L. D.—If you have liver spots, you must at once correct your diet, in such a way as to give your liver more or less of a rest. Fats and sweets give it extra work to do, and you should omit them from your diet. The probability is that you have been overfond of them in the past, this means to cut out preserves, and cake, and candy, and much sugar on things; also you should eat very little if any butter, no gravies, little cream, and no fat meats. Every morning drink the juice of half a lemon or a whole lemon in a glass of cool water, without sugar, half an hour before breakfast. Eat plenty of green fresh vegetables and fresh fruits when you can get them. Where you live, you ought to be able to get oranges and grapefruit, ought you not? If you could eat grapefruit every morning for breakfast, it would be a good thing for you. Do not eat vegetables which have been cooked with fat pork, and avoid hot biscuits and hot breads. Corn bread is the least objectionable of hot breads. When you can't get green vegetables, eat onions and canned vegetables. Pineapple is the very best fruit you can possibly eat, and I wish you might have it—fresh or canned—at least twice a week. In addition, you must practise exercises night and morning, while in your night dress. An excellent one is to lie on your back on the bed and, without bending the knees, raise the legs as far as possible, then let them sink slowly back to the bed, as if being held up by a weight. Do this fifteen or twenty times. It will be easier for you to try it first with the left leg, then with the right, then with both together. Another exercise is taken lying flat on the bed on the back. In this position try to touch the headboard with the toes. Practise this fifteen or twenty times. Precipitated chalk is good for the teeth. Dampen the brush, put in the chalk, and then scrub the teeth with it. Any good powder which you see advertised by reputable concerns is safe to use.

Essie.—I am so glad you like our department, and more glad that you are practising the exercises. Here's success to you! I know that if you will be faithful the results will be just what you want. In taking the milk diet, use sweet milk, as fresh and rich as you can get it, not buttermilk. To make the eyelashes and eyebrows grow, anoint them nightly with a little melted vaseline, and brush them night and morning (being careful to follow just the right arch in doing so), with a tiny eyebrow brush which you can get at your druggist's. It looks like a doll's toothbrush.

Missouri Girl.—At fourteen or fifteen, your skirts should be just above your shoetops, so that a tiny bit of stocking shows between shoe and skirt. For the freckles, try mopping the freckled spots at night with a lotion made from one dram of ammonium chloride and four ounces of distilled water. Your druggist can put this up for you. Just lemon juice put on the spots and allowed to dry will sometimes bleach them, and taking good care of the skin through the winter usually disposes of them. Then one can be careful when spring comes again, to protect the skin before exposing it to the sun.

Rosebud.—You weigh just about the right amount; your bust is a little large for your age, but that will get smaller a little later, so do not let it disturb you. Get all the outdoor exercise you can and it will help; and do not eat many sweets or fats—by that I mean cake, candy, preserves. You will lose some of your flesh before you are sixteen, but you can help the matter along by exercising. How do you do your hair? Why not part it a little to one side of the middle, then brush it smooth, and braid it in one or two braids. That is the fashionable way for girls of your age among the rich Fifth Avenue families of New York. Or you could cross your braids and bring them around your head, fastening a bow where they cross in the neck. This would keep the hair neat.

M. C. L.—For the freckle lotion, formula for which you send me, just mix the ingredients, let stand twenty-four hours, and strain. Blonde hair frequently turns darker. You could add a little soda to the water in which you shampoo your hair, but remember that this is drying and do not "get the habit." Frequent shampoos, even without the soda, should help the color—shampoo once in two weeks unless the hair is dry.

D. W.—For the freckles, use the paste for which I gave formula in the last issue of COMFORT. By the way, why don't you start a scrap-book and keep the formulas and exercises I give from time to time? They would prove a help "in time of need."

Teddy.—Don't use cocoa-butter on the arms, but it will help the bust, though exercise would be better. In applying it to the bust, hold it over a flame and slightly melt, then rub it on the breast with a circular motion, following the contour of the bust and going round and round. Since your arms are thin, too, I should think the very best thing for you would be to take the milk diet for a month or six weeks. This would build up the bust, the arms, and your figure generally, besides increasing your weight. You speak of the large veins. I judge your circulation is not good. The milk diet will help that, too. See that your bowels move freely every day.

B. V. S.—Read answer to Mrs. J. L. D., on liver spots; use the freckle paste given in last month's COMFORT, and the treatment for superfluous hair given there also. As to the red pimple on the nose, sometimes it is dangerous to meddle with spots like this. Try keeping your bowels open daily, drinking lots of water, and eating healthful foods; also obeying the directions for liver spots. If this is an ordinary pimple, such treatment will drive it away forever.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

from a hotel is good for chickens. Please tell me what is best to feed.

A.—Table scraps are very good food for laying hens if they are chopped and well mixed, so that no bird can get too much of any one thing, especially fat. If there is plenty of meat and potatoes in the table scraps, corn chops and oats will make a well-balanced ration, but if there is very little meat and potatoes in the scraps, you had better feed whole corn at night during the cold months.

W. Z.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my chicken. She looks and lays good but has a cough. After coughing two or three times she will squak and act as if she were trying to get something out of her throat.

A.—Probably the bird has bronchitis or some slight affection of the throat and air tubes. Give one-grain pills of quinine sulphate night and morning for a few days, then at night only for another two or three days.

J. R. N.—What is the trouble with chickens when they have some kind of choking in their throat? Sometimes they can scarcely get their breath and have kind of rattling noises.

A.—See answer to W. Z.

A. W. H.—I have trouble in raising turkeys. A swelling will come under their wings, something like a blister and seems to be full of water. They will droop around and finally die.

A.—Pierce the blisters with a needle, and gently press out the water. Add half a teaspoonful of nux vomica to every quart of drinking water to tone up the bird constitutionally, for the blisters are a sign of debility.

D. H.—I am an old subscriber and get much good from the Poultry Department. I want advice about my chickens and ducks that have had some kind of disease. The ducks get weak in their legs, and then they drop their wings, stretch their necks out and sit in one place till they die. The chickens stretch their necks out and close their eyes and sit in one place a day or two before they die.

A.—The ducks and fowls have eaten putrid meat, or some such irritating substance, or there may be some stagnant water on the farm, from which they have been drinking. If you can't find and remove the cause, the best plan will be to confine the birds for a week or ten days until the conditions have changed. Feed lightly on mash, and add a tablespoonful of Castor oil to each cupful of feed.

B. E. O.—Read answer to D. H.

J. R. S.—Read answer to H. M. B.

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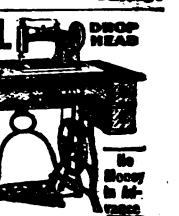
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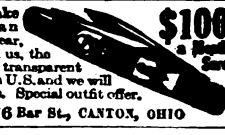
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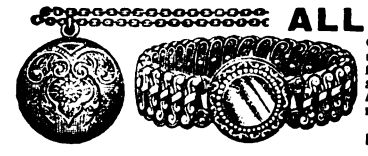
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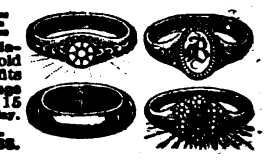
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

would have to take a back seat. So evidently the best thing to do, if you have a bunch of people in the parlor and another bunch coming up the stoop, is to waltz the stoop bunch out into the woodshed in the backyard and quietly inform them who the parties are they are going to meet. For instance you would say, "George Smith, there's a lady in the parlor with red hair, a bunch of freckles on her teeth and a couple of warts on her nose, and, by the way, her name is Mrs. George Smith and there is an angry look in her eye and I think I saw a razor looming out of her pocket. Will you have any objection to meeting her?" Then George would begin to tremble and through his chattering teeth he would whisper that the lady waiting in the parlor was the wife he had deserted a few months ago, and that the lady on his arm waiting to be introduced to the company was quite unaware of the existence of the other Mrs. Smith. Then Mr. Smith bigamist would be seen beating it across lots, while Mrs. Smith 14a would be throwing a fit on the woodpile. You can bet your life the very essence of prudence and wisdom dictates that you know a little about the history of people and their peculiarities before you introduce them under the shadow of your roof. The etiquette book bears me out by stating: "The better way would be to inquire of each out of hearing of the other, if there is anything in the way to prevent an introduction." In making the introduction, it is always better to introduce the younger to the older, the gentleman to the lady, and the inferior in station to the more intelligent. You will proceed thus: "Mrs. Jones, allow me to introduce to you Miss Samantha Freckles. Mrs. Spookendyke, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my friend Mr. Doodlesocks." Of course it is not necessary for you to use the exact language I have, but that is just about what is used in what is called high sassiety, and of course, Henry, you wouldn't be found dead moving in any other kind of sassiety. It is always well to remember that aviators move in high society and the coal miners move in low society. There is only one man who moves in all classes of society and that is the man who owns the moving furniture van. When there are about sixteen dozen people awaiting to be introduced to one individual, name the one individual first, then in swift succession name the others, each of the parties as they are introduced will duck his or her nut to each of the twelve as their names are called out. If the party whose duty it is to duck his or her nut twelve times in succession gets a crick in the neck, send to the drug-store for a quart of vaseline and rub gently with both feet on the afflicted spot. The etiquette book says if a person has just returned from foreign travel it is customary to announce that fact by saying: "Mrs. Doughface, allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Greenwhiskers who has recently returned from expioring the barbarous foreign city of Chicago." This not only makes both parties acquainted but it gives them a good subject for conversation. Always be careful in introducing a member of your own family to state his or her full name thus. (Of course if they are too full don't introduce them to anybody but turn the hose on them and put them to bed.) If they haven't been booze hoisting you can get busy thusly: "Mrs. Falseface I should like to have the pleasure of presenting to you my grub spoiling sister Miss Mary Dooley. Never say my brother Jim, or my sister Sue as that would leave people in doubt as to whether your sister or brother were married and might spoil their chances of getting their matrimonial hooks on some poor unfortunate. If you are unlucky enough to have persons of fame or distinction under your roof, you will introduce them in this manner: If it's a Congressman you'll have to put the prefix Honorable before his name. Of course it would be far nearer the mark to say Dishonorable, but then sassiety is artificial and any man who told the truth in sassiety would be either put in the electric chair or sent to the rummy house for the balance of his natural. If you introduce a man of letters or art you will proceed thus: "Ladies and what came with you, if the door is locked and you have no objection, I would like to have the privilege, honor and pleasure of introducing that notorious villain Uncle Charlie, the author of that literary masterpiece entitled "Who pushed the cockroach in the soup, or the bloodstains on the cellar door." In meeting a lady on the street it is correct for the lady to recognize the gentleman first. The male animal should never salute the lady first, unless she is a very intimate acquaintance. When you are introduced don't grab a person's lunch hooks and deposit all your microbes in her well-washed hands, but duck your head and let it go at that. Never say "Mr. A. meet Miss B." It sounds as if you are trying to arrange some clandestine meeting. To hear anyone calling out "meet, meet, meet" seems to me the essence of vulgarity. One would think you were in the butchering business trying to work up trade. I would raise my hat to any man I greatly respected, but whether or not I raised it to a minister would depend on what kind of dope he was preaching. People who wear wigs should be very careful about raising their hats unless the wigs are nailed on. Wigs can be safely nailed on the majority of heads as most heads are wooden. Now Henry you can go into sassiety and take all the medals for introducing people.

REST, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you let a little girl come in to your happy circle? I am thirteen years old, five feet high, weigh eighty-nine pounds, have light hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

My grandmother takes COMFORT, and I certainly enjoy reading it, especially the Cousins' League.

I can do most any kind of housework. I can cook, wash dishes, sweep, make hair switches milk cows sew and make up the beds. I also work in the field. My school was out the 26th day of February. I certainly was sorry, for I do love to go to school, and I had such a good teacher too. Cousins, don't you think Uncle Charlie does a great work? I do. I dearly love to read. I have read a number of books, and I read lots of papers, am also a dear lover of music. My parents are both living. I have a brother and sister living and two brothers in heaven. As my letter is getting pretty long, I will close. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again. Your friend,

NONA TILGHMON.

Delighted to have you join us, Nona. Your address is Rest, Ark., I notice. I wonder they didn't name that burg of yours Ararat, as that's where the ark rested. You are certainly a wonderful housekeeper. Your accomplishments in that line have got me completely woozy. Once a little girl told us she could make beds milk cows sweep the floor and play the organ. But that isn't a circumstance to what you can do. Think of a little girl who can make hair switches milk cows and make beds. It would be worth half a million bucks to see a hair switch milking a cow, handling a needle and making beds. It seems to me if you could only distribute those hair switches around the day of the hired man would be over. I hope, however, you won't let the hair switch fall in the milk. That reminds me of grandpa when he was at the table. He was old and very short sighted and he astonished the family by saying: "That's excellent noodle soup." Just then one of the kids chirped up: "Hi there, grandpa's got his beard in his mouth again." So your school is out on the 26th of February. Your school term shouldn't finish until the middle of June. Just think of the folly and expense of keeping all that educational plant idle for nearly two thirds of the year. Education should be taken entirely out of the hands of county and state authorities and handed over to Uncle Sam. Then we would have competent teachers and educated children. Most of our schools are fine establishments for the perpetuation of ignorance. The country that can't get along without pushing its children into mills and factories ought to invite some kindly planet to smash it into pulp, and even then it is too merciful a finish for it. You'll find more on this subject in another column.

CROGHAN, R. R. 2, Box 93, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a farm girl eleven years old. I go to school, am in the fifth grade. My hair is a dark brown and I have blue eyes and quite tall. My sister and I made up poetry which I am sending. I can sweep and cook and wash dishes, but I like outdoor work best.

I am hoping to see this letter in print. My teacher is Ivah L. Brown. Your niece, ALICE V. ADNER.

The Liesure Hour

BY ALICE V. ADNER.

It is the hour of liesure, and the children are at play,
While mother is a sewing and father cuts the hay,
Sister in the garden weeding out the rows,
Brother in the oat-field, with his big pail he sows.

And father coming home at night, he sits down on the steps,
He looks up in the meadow and says, "Here comes the children with all their pets."
Jimmie with a pony, Malvin with a frog,
Nellie with a kittie, Jessie with a dog.

They will take their shoes of and go in at the door,
They take their hats and caps of and lie down on the door.
Then father peeps his head inside just around the door.
And says, "Just see them all a-lying on the floor."

Alice I am very glad to have an opportunity to print your pottery. It is all good, healthy, wholesome stuff, no broken hearts or busted lives. You have quite a healthy vision of life and you ought to have considering the fact that you inform us "You have blue eyes and quite tall." The title of your poem is "The Liesure Hour." Maria and Billy the Goat say they never heard of a "Liesure Hour" but I have. I had a clock once that was either a day and a half fast or three weeks slow. When it ought to have been striking eight o'clock in the morning, you'd find it striking half past seventeen in the middle of the night. Every hour that clock struck it was a *lie*sure hour. We have all come to the conclusion Alice, that you mean Leisure Hour. We would not care for you children to have a *lie*sure hour. A lie still hour would be all right, and a truthful hour would be all right, but we don't want any of you to be fibbing the hours away. You inform us that:

Brother is in the oat field,
With his big pail he sows.

How can anyone, even your brother sow with a pail? I once succeeded in sewing a button on with a hammer and a couple of tacks, but I never tried a pail. Oh, I see, he was scattering seed from his pail. Now why didn't you put it thus:

Sister's in the garden
Chewing up the weeds,
Brother's in the oat field
Distributing the seeds.
Mother she's got COMFORT,
And is sewing while she reads.
And the dog is busy chasing fleas
Of variegated breeds.

Your description of the children coming home with their pets and spending a "liesure" hour on the floor is very appealing. Now I'm absolutely sincere when I say that. It's fine to come home with that healthy tired feeling and take a nap. What I don't understand is your statement that the children and their pets take their shoes "of" and go in at the door, then they take their hats and caps "of". I've seen people take their shoes off, but I never saw them take their shoes of. Make that off Alice, instead of of, and I think it will read properly. I think you have very indulgent parents to allow you to bring all your pets into the house. Say Cousins, wouldn't it be some fun to see Jimmie's pony taking his shoes off as he goes in the door, and it would be funnier still to see the frog, the cat and the dog removing their shoes, and not only their shoes but their hats and caps. Hang on there to the brass rail while the frog puffs up the stoop, pulls off his patent leather shoes and doffs his high silk hat. That must be some sight when his father puts his head round the door and sees the hatless, capless, shoeless animals and children peacefully dreaming in one another's arms. Alice, if you'll only get papa to take a snap shot of that thrilling scene it shall certainly be published in the very earliest possible edition of COMFORT. The Goat says when that frog takes his shoes off he's going to hang his head out of the window.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and have only been reading your wonderful work for a short while, but in that short while I feel that your intelligent, honest, plain spoken words have done me more good than all the newspaper articles and all the sermons I have heard from the pulpit in all the rest of my life. I would be very glad to read an article of yours advising young men and women of the poorer classes who have to rely on labor for their daily bread not to go through life without striving to make the future better than the past and not to go blindly on thinking of nothing only of fleeting pleasures, thinking these are the only things that make one happy. I think a few of your intelligent words will cause many to stop and think and some to change to a broader and more rational, worth while way of living. God bless your noble work a thousand times, and I hope He will permit you His servant to minister to his people for many years, and let you continue your noble work which will undoubtedly be of more value to all people than the work of any or many other writers.

Yours respectfully, P. W. PEAK.

Thank you, Brother Peak, for all the lovely things you say about the dope I hand out in these columns. It tickles me to death to know that nearly all of our readers think as you do, and that they are with me heart and soul in my efforts to get humanity out of the nut class, and chase hell from off this planet. I have been trying for years to do what you say you are anxious I should do, and that is to get folks, the young people especially, interested in something more than the pleasures and frivolities of the day—the boys to think of something more than cigarettes, beer, flirting and the movies, and the girls to have an interest in something a little higher, nobler and more inspiring than short skirts, swell duds, cold cream, lip rouge, face powders, curling irons, evil smelling perfumes, love stories (though they are all right in moderation) joy rides and empty-headed boob boys. Most people go through life without ever tasting its real sweets or having one worthy aspiration. Instead of trying to do something to make this world a better place to live in—and if a person won't do that they have no right to be here—they stay like unhatched chickens in the egg shells of their stupidity and ignorance, dying and getting out of the world being the only worthy act of their lives. In fact about the only graceful and useful act that a vast number of people perform in this world is to die and leave it. If you give the matter a little thought you'll find I'm not far wrong. There is so much to be done in this world, so much good that can be done with very little effort, that the attitude most people adopt towards life is simply inexcusable. Life is hard because some other boneheads before them did just what they are doing—nothing. Some people think they cannot do any good in this life unless they have millions of dollars to give away, forgetting that it is thought and not dollars that moves the world forward. If these people had the money they crave they wouldn't give any of it away anyhow. It isn't the man who goes around building hospitals, endowing libraries, orphan homes, kennels for the aged, etc., who is a public benefactor. These things are all good in their way, but they don't get people anywhere. We don't want charitable people, except those who are charitable in their thoughts, and we don't want people who need charity. What we need is justice, not charity. Instead of building hospitals we want the knowledge that will root out the diseases that fill hospitals; instead of having Mr. Carnegie build us a library, we want somebody to teach us how to build libraries with our own money. The only real benefactor in this world is the man who instead of giving to the poor, will show them that poverty is born of injustice, vice, profligacy, laziness or stupidity, and is wholly unnecessary, and that we ought to be thoroughly spanked and whipped for tolerating it. We need the man who will make us wise up. But the world is too stupid to deal with causes. It only wants to treat effects and that's why progress is so painfully slow, and why millions of men are forced to lay down their lives in Europe and millions more possibly may have to lay down their lives here, just simply because they won't think. There are men in Europe who think they are fighting for their country, millions of them, whereas as a matter of fact they are fighting for their rulers, for their kings, for a governing class, and fighting against themselves. Brother Peak it all hinges on the one thing, first getting the people to think, then getting them to think right. Now you are alive, you are thinking, you appreciate my work, and understand what I am working for, but there are some people who get infuriated if you try and blast a few more new ideas into their slumbering craniums. Here is a letter from one of the special standpatters, etc. from Deer Lodge, Montana. I get a few of these yearly and enjoy them immensely: "Dear Uncle Charlie: It's seldom that I read any of your uplifting (?) talks, but sometimes while glancing through the paper I catch a line or two that sounds like the blitherings of an idiot that's trying to 'blow off' and show how much he thinks he knows, when he just shows how much he don't know. I don't know whether I have done right to criticize you as I have or not. At times I don't think you are responsible, and it's a pity to upbraid one in that condition, but I do think they ought to remove you somewhere for safe keeping. There is no two ways about it, you are either insane or downright ignorant. Now my beloved Uncle Charlie, I wonder if you will print this letter among some of those who seem to think that you are the whole cheese, when you are not even the mould on the rind. I'll look for it. Very sincerely, Aunt Emmy." Some roast eh? Unfortunately Aunt Emmy didn't have the courage to print her name. People with her ideas never do. If she had, Brother Peak, you and a few thousand more of our progressive friends doubtless would have had some interesting things to say to her. Anyway you can see from that little effusion, acrid and vitriolic, that the way of the reformer is a highway of thorns. Christ found it so, all others who have tried to help humanity have found it so, and will continue to find it so, until people realize that God Almighty gave them brains, not to put in the ice box, or lock up in cold storage, but to think, and think rightly with. Now there is another class of people and a very large class that I want to tell you about. These are the people who think they want to know, but when you put them to the test you find that the thought was only a momentary flicker that died as soon as it was born. Here is a letter I recently received from one of this very numerous class.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

"Uncle Charlie, Dear Sir: Will you please ans, these questions for me, and whatever charges you make I will pay for and whatever conditions you lay down I will comply with. When was the Panama Canal begun and finished? What did it cost and how large is it? What is the cause of the present European War? Who is the Czar of Russia, Emperor of Germany, King of England? Which countries are fighting each other and what are they fighting for? We are cut off from daily news here and I want to know these things. Let me hear from you at once, and oblige, yours truly, J. S."

I receive thousands of letters similar to the above. You would think all these parties were eager and hungry for knowledge, thirsting for information. Once upon a time I thought so, but oh, heavens, how I was deceived! Once upon a time too when I was green and foolish, I replied to some of these letters, often spending hours in research, but never in a single instance did anyone carry out his or her promise or keep faith with me. Not even a card of thanks was received, and the cost of writing personal replies to letters of this description (one dictating and one typewriting) is seldom less than a dollar. I found that the greatest need in every home is an up-to-date encyclopedia, a good magazine such as COMFORT is for instance, and a good, independent, progressive metropolitan newspaper. With these things in the house it is unnecessary to ask for information of anyone, and as all these things can be obtained at a very trifling outlay it is simply criminal for people who spend more yearly on tobacco, booze, chewing gum and other fool things than would purchase a decent library to deny themselves the knowledge that would set them free from the bondages of ignorance in which their mumified bodies are swathed. The very cheapest things in the world today are book and magazines. Food for the stomach is dear, terribly dear, precious food for the brain is cheaper than dirt. No nation, no people, no race ever moved forward on its belly. It is what we put in our brains that counts. Thousands write me and say: "The people round here have no money for books, no time to read, they are too poor." Now it is because they do not read and do not think that they are poor. The man who stints his stomach to buy books, magazines and newspapers, does not have to stint it long, for the power and profit he derives from his brain food, soon gives him all the money he needs to fill his stomach and soon frees him from the grind of eternal drudgery. My brain food costs me from fifteen to twenty dollars every month of my life, and at the foot of my bed is a thirty volume encyclopedia which cost no less than $165. You will throw up your hands when you hear of a set of books that cost as much as a piano, but you should not. Thousands of you have pianos in your home that you cannot play. For a fiftieth part of what you have paid for a piano you could have all the knowledge and wisdom of the world in condensed form at hand that you could study, use and profit from daily. But not in more than one in a thousand homes will you find a decent encyclopedia. People in the mass are willing to learn if they can learn and get information and knowledge without effort, without thought and without expense. This of course is absolutely impossible. You cannot file the chains of ignorance from your hands and feet, the chains that keep you twin brother to the ox, unless you pay something for the file, and you must use the file yourself and use it good and hard or you will never cut through the chains. I spent over an hour dictating a reply to the party who wrote me from South Dakota. Did I get any reply or thanks? Certainly not. I did not expect it. But I am not pessimistic. I'm the greatest optimist in the world. The masses of the people all through the ages have had a terribly hard time of it. Their noses have been at the grindstone for centuries. This generation is getting opportunities for both knowledge and pleasure that other generations never dreamed of, but quite naturally whatever spare cash people get hold of is being expended for pleasure. Only here and there will you find people who prefer to spend their money for knowledge and the truth that will set them free. There is however, a new generation springing up with a more serious bent of mind, a reading and thinking generation, a generation that is hungry for truth, hungry for knowledge, a generation that thinks more of the brain than of the stomach. Brother Peak is one of this generation, and there are thousands of brother Peaks growing up all around us, young men and young women who have a real object in life and who want not to exist, but to live both spiritually and physically, a generation with aspirations and ideals that wants to know the whys and wherefores of everything, a generation that wants to see and that will live to see peace and brotherhood replace war, hate and destruction. So read all you can, get hold of all the good books you can. Feed your brain, feed your soul and the stomach will take care of itself.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Fred C. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Crippled from rheumatism for fourteen years. Has also curvature of spine, stomach and kidney trouble. No means of support. Highly recommended. Sad case. Send him the sympathy that buys bread. Wallis Harless, Green Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Had back broken two years ago while working in a lumber camp. Paralyzed from waist down. Do something for him. Mrs. A. E. Primrose, Bedford, R. R. 3, Va. Invalid. Husband too poor to provide treatment. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Princeton,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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IN & AROUND The HOME

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Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

New Ideas in Crocheting

AS our plan last year of giving in this issue and the next a collection of novelties suitable for Christmas gifts met with the general and enthusiastic approval of COMFORT'S fancy work lovers we are repeating it.

We feel sure our readers, who fashion their own remembrances, will be delighted with this new way of using a simple crocheted braid, glued in place, and afterwards shellacked resulting in durable, but inexpensive articles of various sorts.

Although this work is easy the larger pieces require considerable time, so workers will appreciate this extra month which really gives not a bit too much time before the arrival of another holiday season.

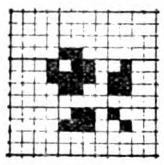


FIG. 1.

Materials Required

For articles made in this way one can use ordinary coarse, white ball darning cotton for small things such as photo frames, napkin rings, small baskets, boxes, etc., afterwards tinting with either silver or gold paint.

For other articles such as trays, candlesticks and the jardiniere, one should select macrame cord or a tightly twisted twine. A fine bone hook will be needed as the chaining should be close and firm, also some glue, shellac or varnish and a small brush for applying.

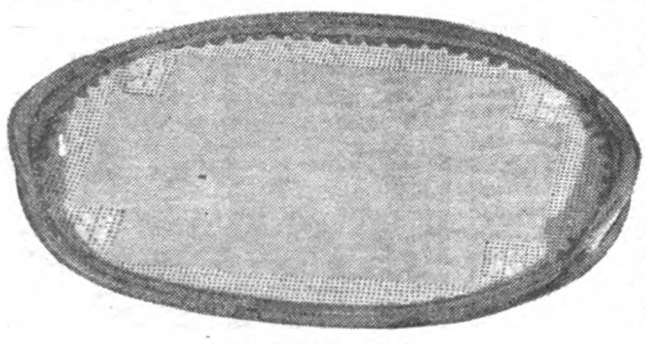
Double Chain Braid

Tie loop in cord, ch. 1, insert hook under cord at back of chain, draw loop through cord over hook and draw through 2 loops, repeat. Several yards of this braid will be needed for any good-sized article and in working it up the wrong side of the chaining is always used for the outside, or the side opposite that which shows the chain stitching. This being more irregular, it gives a more attractive appearance to the finished articles.

Foundations for This Work

Pasteboard shaped into various forms for handkerchief, jewel or collar boxes, work baskets, candlesticks or shades, lamp shades, photo frames, etc., can be covered with this braid and then gilded, or stained a green or mahogany with most satisfactory results. The pasteboard foundations should be either securely sewed or fastened together with short strips of court or adhesive plaster so that they will be firm.

Broken glass or china vases can be covered, as well as earthern flower pots or wooden window boxes. For all smooth surfaces to which the glued braid cannot be directly applied, use a thin coat of putty. Press the braid into this, beginning at the bottom of an article always, and working round and round towards the top, applying a little glue to the upper edge of the braid and pressing the layers together closely.



CROCHETED TRAY.

Always allow the glue to become throughly dry before applying the finishing coats.

Crocheted Tray

Such a tray, as the one illustrated is as substantial and durable as if made of wood, and as is usual is fitted with a glass bottom. For the double chain for this article either macrame or heavy wrapping twine can be used and then stained as desired.

The shape can be either round, square or oval. A doily of white linen with monogram in the center or a handsome piece of silk or cretonne can be used under the glass.

After deciding on the size and shape, have the glass cut. Stretch whatever is to be used for the center over a piece of corrugated pasteboard (or two thicknesses of ordinary pasteboard) cut one quarter inch larger all around than the glass.

Turn the edges over and glue in place on the wrong side and leave under weights to dry.

The outside of the back of the tray can be covered by crocheting a piece the proper size and just the top and handles made of the crocheted double chain braid or this can be used for the entire tray.

In this case begin in the center of the back and apply a little strong glue, place the end of the braid in place and then make round after round until the back is entirely covered. Let it dry perfectly in flat position. Next work on right side, filling space around the glass with braid glued in place. Place one round of braid glued to and overlapping the glass. Continue

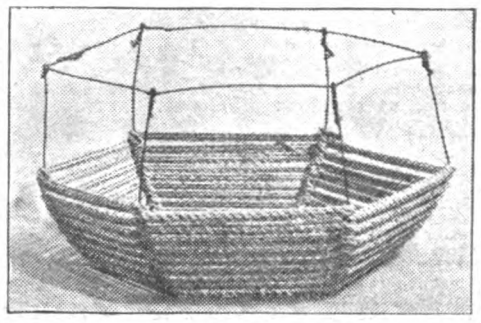


ILLUSTRATION OF MANNER OF MAKING CROCHETED WORK BASKET. FIG. 2.

In making this basket, the braid is all wound on the wires, then with a brush glue between braids and pressing together finish shaping; thoroughly dry before shellacking.

making rim as heavy and high an edge as desired.

The handles are glued braid set in between the rows. These should be sewed or tied into place and also well glued.

Put each row on carefully and press and shape the edge until most dry.

Finish by staining and then with shellac or varnish and the result will be most pleasing and lasting.

Directions for Crocheting Tray Center

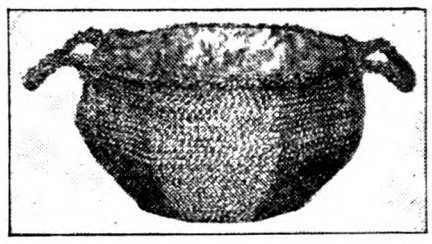
The center of the tray shown is of linen with a filet crocheted edge. The pattern of the inserts in the corners (see pattern in detail, Fig. 1) is made as follows.

Ch. 32 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next 2nd ch., repeat making 12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

2nd row.—12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—2 sps., 4 d. c. over next sp., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.



COMPLETED WORK BASKET.

4th row.—5 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 3 sps.

5th row.—12 sps., ch. 6, turn.

6th row.—4 sps., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 2 d. c., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—2 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

8th row.—3 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 4 d. c., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—6 sps., 7 d. c., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn. Next 2 rows all spaces. The sides and ends are also filled in with spaces to fit the shape directed.

In inserting these motifs in the corner the linen should be cut out on a thread.

Crocheted Work Basket

This attractive basket has for its foundation, wire cut from an old hat frame. It is six sided in shape. Three wires of equal length should be fastened together in the center, measure out three and one half inches from the center on each wire, turn up and then over a wire which forms the bottom of the basket.

The six wires should be turned over this bottom wire equal distances apart, then the shape of the basket will be correct whether it be octagon, square, round or oval.

Twist the ends of the wires over a top wire, also measuring carefully to keep the distances between wires equal. With the wire frame made, tie the braid into the center of the bottom and working on the outside from left to right, wind the braid over each wire, making a smooth outside and braid covered wires inside although the manner of working can be reserved if one prefers.

Press the rows together closely when winding so there will not be gaps.

Finish the top and form the handles of a braid made of three strands. Line with any bit of silk or ribbon after giving the basket two coats of shellac or clear varnish.

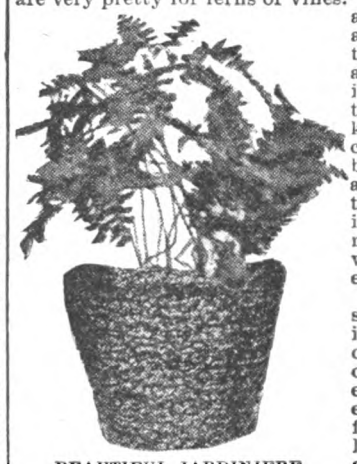
Beautiful Jardiniere

This work is very effective for covering pots or flower boxes and is so cheap anyone can make their winter window gardens attractive by covering the unsightly pots in this way.

Such a pot containing a fern or some bulbs for early blooming would certainly make an appropriate Christmas gift for any flower lover.

Hanging Baskets

These can also be fashioned of this braid and are very pretty for ferns or vines. Use wire as a foundation and cover in the same way as is shown in making the work basket, or the chaining can be woven in and out over the wires, but in this case more wires will be needed.



BEAUTIFUL JARDINIERE.

A good-sized hanging basket can be made of seven pieces of wire, each twenty-four inches long. Fasten all together securely in the center. Tie in chain and commence weaving in and out, over and under the wires, shaping the basket as you proceed. Twist the ends of the wires down over the edge of the top and finish with a plait made of three strands of chaining.

Form the handle of wire making it about fourteen inches long, cover by winding with crocheted chain. This should be made fast to the basket by running half way down the sides and twisting around the wires. Shellac if desired.

Fruit baskets of various shapes can be made in a similar way, but for these macrame cord will be best as they should be strong.

Water Pitcher Set

A circular tray about twelve inches in diameter with six small trays or coasters, as they are commonly called, for the glasses, is but another of the possibilities of this new work.

Under the glass bottoms one can use bright colored silk or cretonne to good advantage instead of crocheted centers.

Pin, hair-pin and comb-and-brush trays are also pretty, and will be new and novel gifts which will not be likely to be duplicated.

Candle Shade

A circular or square shade can be made of silk and outlined top and bottom with the chaining or one can be easily made all of crochet as follows.

Crocheted Candle-Shade

Begin with chain 76 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 2 d. c., repeat making 18 spaces in all.

2nd row.—2 d. c., in first ch. 2, ch. 2, 3 d. c. in next ch. 2, repeat.

3rd row.—2 d. c., in next ch. 2, 1 sp., 3 d. c., 1 sp., 3 d. c.

4th row.—Sl. st., to first sp., 3 d. c., 1 sp., 3 d. c.

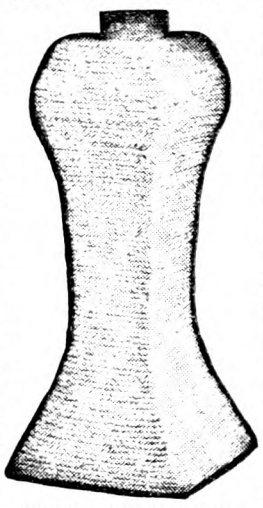
5th row.—Sl. st., to sp., 3 d. c., complete each point, making 6 in all. Then finish with 6 small tassels.

Numberless discarded articles can be refinished with this braid and made into ornaments which will be most useful and surprisingly gratifying.

Candlesticks

These can be made by using pasteboard for a foundation or a clever whittler can combine a piece of a broomstick with wooden squares for base and top.

The one here shown has heavy pasteboard used as a foundation. Height ten inches. Bottom six inches square, graduating into two and three quarters inches, and then broadening to four and one half. From this curve into three and one half. After cutting a good paper pattern, cut four pieces of pasteboard exactly alike, allow the edges to meet and join by using small pieces of court or adhesive plaster. Then cover with chaining glued in place as usual.

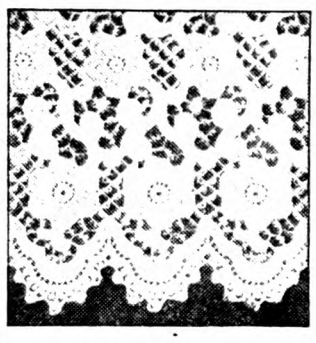


CROCHETED CANDLESTICK.

Jewel Box

From one of our home workers who certainly is capable of utilizing materials at hand to advantage comes this beautifully effective crocheted box.

Fig. 3 shows the bit of Hamburg from which the motifs were cut and arranged to form the circle in the cover of the box, one being used in the center. This idea is a valuable suggestion as by using bits of lace and embroidery combined with crochet or tatting one can get elaborate, unusual and decorative effects with greatly lessened handwork.



HAMBURG. FIG. 3.

Medallions in old waists, children's dresses or worn-out underclothes can probably be found in many a rag bag, some perhaps large enough to nearly cover the top of some boxes, as powder, handkerchief, glove and jewel boxes can all be made in this way.

All-over Lace Pattern

For Sides of Boxes

This is made in the length.

Begin with chain required length, plus 12 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 12 st. from hook ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next second ch., ch. 7, 1 d. c. in next seventh ch., (always count from last double made) ch. 2, 1 d. c. in second ch., ch. 7, 1 d. c. in seventh ch. Repeat entire length, 1 d. c. in last st., turn ch. of the necessary length to keep end of lace even.

2nd row.—3 d. c. under ch. 2, between 2 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c. under next ch. 2, repeat.

3rd row.—1 d. c. on first of group of 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on last of group of 3 d. c., ch. 7, repeat.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—Same as the 3rd row.

Simple filet lace patterns are also very effective for covering the sides of these boxes and a handsome design in filet crochet for a square box cover can be made as follows.

Roman Woman's Head

Begin with ch. 70 sts., turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next 2nd ch., repeat making 31 spaces in all in this row, ch. 6, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., repeat, ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—31 sps., ch. 6, turn.

4th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 6 sps., 13 d. c., 1 sp., 19 d. c., 2 sps., 13 d. c., 4 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—5 sps., 22 d. c., 2 sps., 25 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 7 sps., ch. 6, turn.

6th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 4 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 2 sps., 25 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 2 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—4 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 1 sp. 13 d. c., 2 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 7 sps., ch. 6, turn.

8th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 5 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4



JEWEL BOX.

d. c., 1 sp. 22 d. c., 2 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—3 sps., 10 d. c., 1. sp., 16 d. c., 5 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

10th. row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 6 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

11th row.—3 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 2 sps., 7 d. c., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—1 sp., 4 d.c., 9 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—3 sps., 4d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 25 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 13 sps., ch. 6, turn.

14th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 8 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 31 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

15th row.—9 sps., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 19 d. c., 10 sps., ch. 6, turn.

16th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 7 sps., 22 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 9 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

17th row.—9 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 37 d. c., 7 sps., ch. 6, turn.

18th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 5 sps., 31 d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 7 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

19th row.—11 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 28 d. c., 7 sps., ch, 6, turn.

20th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 5 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 3 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 8 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp.

21st row.—9 sps., 13 d. c., 1 sp. 13 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 7 d. c., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

22nd row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 4 sps., 19 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 6 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

23rd row.—7 sps., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 3 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

24th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 2 sps., 7 d. c., 3 sps., 13 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 5 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

25th row.—6 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., ch. 6, turn.

26th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 3 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 7 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., 4 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

27th row.—6 sps., 7 d. c., 3 sps., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 2 sps., 16 d. c., 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

28th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 5 sps., 7 d. c., 3 sps., 7 d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c., 1 sp., 13 d. c., 5 sps. 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

29th row.—8 sps., 13 d. c., 1 sp., 16 d. c., 1 sp., 10 d. c., 9 sps., ch. 6, turn.

30th row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 10 sps., 13 d. c., 13 sps., 4 d. c., 1 sp., ch. 6, turn.

31st row.—31 sps., ch. 6, turn.

32nd row.—1 sp., 4 d. c., 1 sp., 4 d. c., repeat ending row with one space.

33rd row.—31 spaces.

Square Arabian Medallion

This design is very effective and as it is a pattern best suited for coarse materials one can make a number of medallions in a short time.

These can be made up into bags, collars, used as inserts in doilies, scarfs and pillows.

Begin with ch. 14 sts., turn.

1st row.—Sk. 5, 1 d. c. in 6th ch., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., repeat making 5 spaces in all.

Next 4 rows of 5 spaces each. Next 3 s. c., under d. c., in end 5th row, 2 s. c., under each next 2 sps., ch. 9, sl. st., in 3rd s. c. back, turn 3 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., all under ch. 9, 2 s. c., in next sp., 6 s. c., in corner sp. Repeat on either 3 sides.

Join with sl. st., ch. 7, 1 s. c., in picot, ch. 15, 1 s. c. in 3rd p., ch. 7, 1 sl. st.

Last row.—* 3 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., under first ch., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., under second ch., 3 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. Repeat all around and finish off.

The Other Car

By Juliette Augusta Parnson

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"BUT you will marry me," Marsden was persuading Norma Hastings, in a darkened corner of the Club veranda., "Just say that you will marry me, and I'll take the risk of all the rest."

"But I do not love you, Mr. Marsden. I cannot even pretend that I do."

"Love? My dear little girl, how could you know anything about love? How many girls ever marry the men they think they love? How many boys ever grow up to be the policemen and ice-wagon drivers that they intended? Love, real love, comes only through marriage and intimacy. Trust me, my dear; I know."

Yes, the girl reflected, he probably did know. He was a man nearly twice her own age. There was a mildly cynical wisdom about his mouth and eyes that made him a little mysterious and very attractive to all girls, and to some who were no longer girls. Women said that he would never marry, that he had never made a definite proposal to any woman. She knew that some women in their Club set had smiled wisely, even a little pityingly—that was what made her angry, at his attentions to her. If she accepted him now, she could laugh at them. If she refused him they would never believe it. They would say that he had played the summer with her, and had tired of the play. It *was* a little cold-blooded, she admitted to herself. It was very different from the throbbing, compelling love that she had dreamed. But, at least, it would punish Jimmy Lake, and just now she was perhaps more interested in punishing that gentleman than in anything else. He had flirted outrageously with the Burgess girl and then had tried brazenly to defend himself by saying that she, Norma, had driven him to it by having Marsden continually hanging around her. Decidedly, Jimmy must be punished.

"Yes," she said, coming quickly to her decision, "I will marry you."

Marsden came quickly to her and grasped her arm, but she looked up coolly at him.

"Remember," she warned, "I have not promised even to pretend."

He stopped, rebuffed by her coldness, but apparently not disturbed. "As you wish," he said. "I can wait."

It was a beautiful, pearly white moonlight night as they sped swiftly towards her home in his car. Marsden found in the scene and the time the setting for love making. Norma felt herself suddenly snatched up and before she knew what was happening she found herself struggling in his arms. He was kissing her madly, wildly and she was frightened and disgusted. He was like some old satyr with a human maiden in his power. She had never dreamed that it could be so horrible as this. She tried to scream and fought him away viciously, but he only held her the more tightly, seeming to gloat over her frantic struggles.

Then something happened. The high steady whine of the big car under speed broke down into an angry roar of back-firing. Marsden released her and rose to look over the chauffeur's head. The car slowed down to a standstill at the side of the road. Marsden and the chauffeur both got out.

Norma slipped out into the road on the other side. The lights of the car were turned to the side of the road, so that the road ahead was in comparative darkness.

"What's wrong?" She heard Marsden's irritated voice.

"Carbureter, I guess," was the answer. "I think I know what's wrong, but it'll take some time, sir."

"Well, get at it. I'll help."

Norma fled swiftly down the road. Her home was only a mile or so away. She might be able to reach there before they had the machine fixed and could come on. She did not think of the consternation she would cause by coming home alone and on foot at this hour. She thought only of one thing, to get away from that man, never to see him again. His cynical, sardonic assurance of possession in her, because she had said certain words, revolted all the strength of her girlhood.

The moon suddenly became overclouded, so that the darkness dropped down about the girl, and a turn of the road took her out of possible range of the lights of the machine. She felt safer now, for even when he should miss her he would not start in pursuit until the machine was repaired. Just as she was beginning to be assured that she would reach home before being overtaken, a car came howling around a turn of the road behind and threw its lights full upon her.

Fear leaped upon her and caught her by the throat. It was as though that huge car were Marsden himself, with all of his smooth strength and confidence and careless power. Her knees trembled under her with fright, so that she thought she must fall in a huddle right there in the road before the oncoming machine.

But she somehow found strength to stumble to the side of the road and crawl over the low stone wall that formed the boundary. Once having the wall between her and the road, her powers came back and she started to run freely away from it.

She had not thought that he would stop or leave the car. But as she ran she heard the machine stop at the place where she had left the road, and, looking back, she saw the black figure of a man silhouetted against the gray of the night sky as he climbed the wall.

Then she forgot everything: Forgot that she was a normal young woman with society training, forgot that she really might go back and face Marsden, or any other man, and that he would hardly dare touch her.

She was no longer a young woman with a position in the world. She was just a little hunted thing that ran desperately, wildly away, anywhere, away from some vague, taunting horror. It was not fear of the man's anger. She never thought of that. It was the blinding, sickening shame and horror of his touch, of his kisses, that drove her on and on, without direction, without purpose.

She heard the thud of a man's pursuing steps and turned, with the instinct of the wild, to a growth of underbrush, for hiding. She heard a man's voice calling her name. It did not seem like Marsden's voice, but that only frightened her the more, for she was sure it was a trick of her disordered mind. Was she going insane?

She ran on and on, pursued by the thought and the voice, her gown tearing and her little sharp-heeled dinner slippers tripping her at every step. She stubbled through a little brook—the step and the voice close behind her now—and staggered up the other side, where she ran headfirst into a tree and fell fainting at its foot.

She opened her eyes at the insistent, repeated pleading of a man's voice that said over and over:

"Norma darling, speak to me. For God's sake, tell me what it was!" It was Jimmy Lake, and as soon as she opened her eyes he gently kissed them shut again. She was pillowed up safely and warmly in his arms.

"It was Marsden," she said. "I was running from him."

"So the brute showed himself for once without the gloves, did he? I know now why I wanted to stop and kill him where he stood in the road, when I saw that you were not in the car."

"Oh, Jimmy, keep me, keep me! Never let him see me!" she pleaded into his shoulder.

He gathered her up to carry her back across the brook, murmuring into her hair:

"With my life, dear little heart, I'll keep you forever."

Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

By Adele Steiner Burleson

INTRODUCTION

The intimate acquaintance with the Burleson family which our readers have enjoyed through the "Toughey" stories of last season will intensify the interest and pleasure with which they will follow this family's tour in foreign lands as charmingly told by Mrs. Burleson in the "Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad" series, to appear exclusively in COMFORT this fall and through the coming winter and spring.

It is a true story of the experiences and adventures in great variety—curious, annoying, amusing, thrilling—that befell the author and her family while touring Europe about twelve years ago, though in the narrative she modestly hides her identity by calling her husband and herself Mr. and Mrs. Deering.

For the information of our new subscribers we will briefly introduce the characters.

Mr. Burleson, now Postmaster General, was then a member of Congress from Texas.

Though, as a devoted wife and mother, care of home and family has been her paramount duty, Mrs. Burleson has found time, nevertheless, to figure prominently as a social leader and take an active part in many benevolent and charitable movements, while her talent as an author of essays, plays, dialogues, stories and magazine articles has won distinction for her in literary circles.

"Toughey" who plays the title role, is the eldest daughter, a prim little miss of fourteen, and feels a great responsibility for the conduct of her little sisters. She was christened Laura, but in the family went by the pet name "Toughey," conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Nan and Bess, the two younger girls with only a year's difference in their ages and usually referred to collectively as "the children," are playmates and fast friends. Their vivacity and childish pranks are a source of worriment to serious-minded Toughey who is several years their senior.

Grandmother is Mrs. Burleson's mother, to whom the two little girls flee for consolation in time of trouble

EDITOR.

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CHAPTER I.

THE TRIP ACROSS.

WHEN the greatest doctor in the world prescribed a year abroad for Mrs. Deering, the household was stirred to its lowest stratum, which Toughey explained to the children meant them. Each one had a vision all her own of the trip and what it meant to her. With the children it was too nebulous for expression and Toughey's carefully cultivated indifference was intended to conceal the thrills of her ambitious little heart. Meanwhile the intermediate happenings until the sailing date were not always of the children's choosing nor to their liking. Vaccination laid them low, each with a swollen purpled leg. But germs had to be met and overcome so their rebellion was



WALKING THE DECK WITH THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

useless and in time was even merged into comfort and pride as they viewed their mottled fevered limbs.

The disposing of their pets was the hardest of the trials they had to meet. The excitement of packing them up made parting with dolls and tin soldiers and the wooden inhabitants of arks easy; and they turned forgetful eyes from the paper ladies on the walls of their playroom, but giving Dandy, the collie over to a strange man to be taken down into Virginia was a heart-breaking affair. And thrusting Moon, the cat, into the reluctant arms of a friend, after other suggestion for her except the lethal chamber at the city pound, had failed was no less agonizing. Then there was the small turtle, which, since their last summer's trip to the seashore had had the freedom of the house and was the survivor of so many perils that the children felt a special and tender interest in his existence.

"He can't live much longer anyway," said Toughey consolingly. "He hasn't eaten a morsel for over four months."

"You said you would feed him!" The children were at once suspicious and indignant.

"I did too, and everything in this house would starve to death if it wasn't for me." Toughey fixed the children with a severe eye. They looked guilty but vigorously denied the charge.

"Ikey used to be so fond of raw meat, but since he fell out of the third story window," she paused for a minute to look reproachfully at her little sisters, "where you left him, he's never had any appetite. I am afraid he was crushed a little," she finished reflectively.

A few days after this conversation Ikey settled all doubts concerning his future by taking a final and fatal plunge down the cellarway.

"You'd better stop mourning over Ikey and begin to think what you're going to do about the white rats," advised Toughey. The rats were indeed a problem which threatened to prove unsolvable; notwithstanding the children's industrious advertisement of their charms and the advantages of having them as members of a household.

"Don't they bite?" was the usual question of a prospective rat owner.

"Never!"

This was a strictly truthful answer.

"What do they eat?"

"Anything. Everything."

This also was true. Any statements beyond these had to be diplomatic or even evasive.

The children united by a common interest, generally met the situation successfully unless Toughey happened to be present, when they were seeking a safe and comfortable home for their pets. Under her hypnotic influence all of the facts in the case were brought out sooner or later.

"Yes, they *do* get out of their cage sometimes and roam all over round the house and eat up your best handkerchiefs and get under your pillow in the middle of the night and get lost."

Once started along this line, the children did not seem able to stop themselves.

"We call the father rat, Cannibal, because he eats up all the baby rats as soon as they are born."

When one little girl after another declined the responsibility of the Cannibal and his family the children turned on Toughey.

"I don't see why you have to knock 'em so *nobody* wants 'em," was their argument.

"I've never said a word about them."

"Well, but you look at us so," they grieved.

"Well."

"But you make us feel as if we were going to tell stories about the rats!"

"Well, were you?"

This settled the matter. The children's resentment at having been keyed up to perfect truth by Toughey, yielded to their satisfaction at being able to prove they had been.

The Navy Hospital's offer of ten cents apiece from whom the original pair had been purchased for rats for laboratory experiment was shudderingly rejected.

To sell the entire lot of nine, for the scandalous price of fifteen cents to the animal dealer at twenty cents a head was the final degrading alternative to setting them loose in the street. The transaction finally went through, but it left the children humbled and reticent.

There still remained the two goldfish and Feathers, the canary, to be disposed of, for Mrs. Deering was firm in her refusal to take any live things to Europe save only Toughey and the children and their grandmother. Just when a happy future seemed to have been secured for these remaining pets, an unfriendly providence took actual charge of their destiny. The very day they were to have been transferred to other careful hands a caller arrived with a small boy. Mrs. Deering led him kindly to the goldfish and he did the rest—he went fishing. At the end of his mother's visit the only animate sign among the little school of fish was a single tiny gasp and a feeble flip of one tail.

At the very same hour in another part of the house occurred the tragedy of Feathers. He had sported gaily in a sudden burst of spring sunshine until the unusual heat dried the water in his cup. The children were too busy with other things to notice his extremity.

"Brain fever and neglect!" was Toughey's verdict and all the tears the children shed could not make her change it.

When the day of their departure from Washington arrived the children showed no trace of either tears or regrets. Their father's cheery good by and promise to join them in England in a few months was entirely satisfactory to them and they wondered a little that Mamma and Grandmother and even Toughey should look so serious over the farewells.

Once on the big ocean liner their interst centered in her. They wasted no time gazing pensively at the receding shores of their country or shedding sentiment at the feet of the Statue of Liberty. There was too much interesting housekeeping to be done below in their stateroom. The swollen suitcase into which, by some miracle performed only by mothers and grandmothers, all of their effects had been stored was now disgorging its contents. Each article was to be disposed of according to its nature, affinity and the resources of the stateroom. The little new kimonos must find hooks, the books and games a shelf, the extra clothing a safe drawer in the chiffonier. All went gaily



THE YOUNG DOCTOR THAT WAS STUDYING AMERICAN CHILDREN.

for a time and order was beginning to emerge from confusion when a queer slump took place in their spirits. They lost their ambition suddenly. Everything in the stateroom seemed to be swimming about including themselves.

At this moment Toughey dashed past, darted into the adjoining stateroom, which she occupied with her grandmother, and slammed the door. Mrs. Deering also made a precipitate arrival in their stateroom which now resembled a junk-shop. The children were painfully surprised at the events that quickly followed and in which they themselves participated. Only grandmother survived the general ruin.

It was several days before the little family were reunited on a common ground of cheerfulness.

"You were awful seasick, weren't you, Toughey?"

"Almost as bad as you were," she replied smoothly.

The question did not impress her as being sympathetic as it appeared. At any rate it proved to be debatable and was discussed at intervals during the remainder of the voyage.

"Nurse," having remained in America for a year's rest, the supervision of the children devolved upon Toughey, Mrs. Deering and Grandmother. Mrs. Deering looked after their baths, clothes and meals. Grandmother amused them with checkers, backgammon, and reading aloud. Toughey did the rest. But peace did not always prevail.

"We weren't doing a thing!" was the invariable defense when Toughey complained of them to their mother.

"Oh, no, of course not; only climbing up the rail trying to fall over into the ocean," she explained.

If the weather was fine and everybody busy with shuffle-board, all went well, but when Toughey wanted to remain in her berth and read an interesting book and the children wanted to roam, there was trouble. Their range was considerable. Toughey once dug them—fiercely—out of the engine-room.

The Captain insisted that nothing could happen to children on his ship, that he often tried to lose them and failed. But even Toughey refused to accept this theory and continued to keep a watchful eye on the doings of her little sisters.

Sometimes they promenaded the decks with a young doctor who was trying to understand children and fast reaching the conclusion that American children were a trifle puzzling. Occasionally they talked furtively with a New York boy whose nurse and governess kept him for the most of the time a close prisoner in his stateroom; more often they played dolls with a little Irish girl whose greatest privilege was being permitted to "stub up for dinner." "She means *Stop* up for dinner," the children explained when Toughey looked mystified. "Most times she has to go to bed *before* dinner."

One day when the children were having a quiet game of jacks on deck, Toughey attempted to combine maid duty from her steamer chair, with the thrilling adventures of the "Count of Monte Cristo." The plan seemed to work perfectly, a glance at the children, then back to the fascinating story. But presently an ominous silence made itself felt. Toughey looked up from her book. The children had disappeared. They were close by, of course. She read on a few pages. "Walking with the young doctor," she told herself, and read on. "Down in the stateroom playing dolls," was the next answer, she made to her conscience. But it was no use. So she crawled out of the warm rug, closed her book, with a bang, it is true, but she closed it and raced down the deck in search of her runaways.

The young doctor was inspecting a sail through his glasses; the little Irish girl was tempting Providence, standing on the ship's rail watching a school of porpoises; the American boy was taking an unhappy walk with his forbidding nurse, but the children were nowhere to be seen. Toughey scrambled down-stairs, ran to their stateroom and as she entered, beheld Nan with her body half out of the porthole. Bounding forward she seized the child and dragged her back into the room.

"What are you doing!" she exclaimed pantingly.

"I was just looking for Bess." she answered. At Toughey's scream of terror, Nan gave a frightened giggle.

"In the ocean!" Toughey managed to stammer, her eyes starting from her head, her fresh color gone.

Bess jumped from behind the portiere and threw herself with shouts of laughter on Toughey.

"We fooled you this time! We did! Didn't we?"

Toughey dropped on the sofa and burst into a passion of tears and nothing the children could do or say would comfort her. It was upon this scene of confusion that Mrs. Deering and grandmother, who had been having tea in the big dining-room, now arrived. Mrs. Deering looked grave when the case was stated, but grandmother was openly indignant at the children's idea of fun.

"We're not wicked and miserable little sin-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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Toughey as She Is Today

By Edna Mary Coleman

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MRS. RICHARD VAN WYCK NEGLEY of San Antonio, Texas, formerly Laura Burleson, the eldest daughter of Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson is one of the busiest young matrons of the Texas city where she now resides.

Like her mother, she is full of energy and though her husband and two small sons, Albert and William aged four and two respectively claim the largest share of her attention, she still finds time to participate in the social activities and keep up her interest in the various clubs to which she belongs. Mrs. Negley is a natural social leader as she possesses the rare gift of attracting friends and the still rarer one of keeping them. She has a charm of manner that never wears off and to meet her once is to remember her always. Throughout her school, university life, travels and brief belleship in Washington society preceding her marriage, she drew around herself a large circle of admiring friends whose regard she had the happy faculty of retaining through the changes made by time and residence.

But Mrs. Negley has another vast circle of friends of whose number and identity she knows but little, and they in turn regard her, not as a stately grown-up woman, with multifarious social and domestic cares, but as the courageous, warm-hearted, impulsive, but dependable little heroine of Mrs. Burleson's charming child stories of "Toughey" in Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch which has had such a wide circulation during the past year through the columns of COMFORT. Mrs. Negley may climb to dizzy heights of intellectual attainment or scan the peaks of literary culture or scientific lore, but she will never thrill her friends and acquaintances more genuinely than "Toughey" does through the various exploits and adventures of her childhood days, when with her little sisters, she revelled in the glorious freedom of vacation life on their father's Southern plantation. Through them all the sturdy childish honesty and uncompromising standards of right and wrong, devoid of priggishness or pretense is one of the greatest charms of the stories.



MRS. NEGLEY (TOUGHEY) AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

"Toughey" was never anything but natural and normal and Mrs. Negley is simply "Toughey" grown up. None the less natural, none the less normal, but with the dignity and poise that characterized her as a little girl intensified and rounded out into wholesome womanhood.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Burleson hold decided and advanced ideas concerning the education of their children, which have been faithfully followed with them all. College training had always been considered by them as the finest possible equipment for life's responsibilities and vicissitudes and their children never had any other idea about education but to finish their schooling with university degrees.

Mrs. Negley attended the public schools of Washington and also high school. By means of extra summer work she was able to qualify for the University of Texas in a special course and thereupon took up her studies in her home city, graduating with honors. Her father was a member of the first graduating class in law from this institution. Here she specialized in history and English and took up various other courses. Upon the completion her father gave her a substantial reward, usually fifty dollars, and upon one occasion gratified her longing for a certain diamond ring.

As her parents were living in Washington, Miss Laura, while attending college, spent most of her time with relatives where she was a cherished addition to the family circle, but after becoming a Phi Beta Pi she concluded that she would like to live at the fraternity house with some of her classmates. Mrs. Burleson agreed to this believing that the experience would be of value to her from an economical standpoint, as there she would have real responsibilities to assume and discharge. Accordingly the twelve girls and a chaperone put in some delightful months living in this fashion. To meet her obligations her father gave her a certain amount of bank stock which yielded her an income amply sufficient for her needs. Out of this she was expected to maintain her social position among her own and her family's friends, pay her share of the living expenses, provide her clothes, amusements, etc. Being obliged to live on a set income taught her many valuable lessons which her parents believed could only be learned in this manner. She learned the real value of money, from the things she purchased, and soon discovered that recklessness of expenditure in one direction was sure to be followed by necessary and painful self denial in others. She learned to carefully consider her wants and to shape them to fit her income, and these lessons of self control and careful management from the view-point of her parents were fully as important to fit her for life as the stereotyped curriculum of the college.

Mrs. Negley gave a great deal of study to Latin and Spanish, speaking the latter fluently and this past winter she has been taking a university extension course in French so as to more thoroughly understand and appreciate the best of French literature. Literature has always been one of her favorite studies and the winter just prior to her marriage she took a course in Russian literature for the simple reason that she had never known much about the literature of the land of Tolstoi, Turgenef and Gorky and therefore desired to learn.

In her college career she also took courses in botany, geology, physics and short courses in pedagogy and the drama, while domestic science was also included in manner sufficiently thorough and amplified to render her a finished housekeeper and manager, and charming hostess.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Negley are fond of horseback riding, golf and tennis and enjoy swimming, and are members of the Country Club. Mr. Negley is a Yale graduate where he made a record in the athletics as well as in the cultural courses. He is now treasurer of the Standard Trust Company and is interested in other large business enterprises in San Antonio.

Mrs. Negley also belongs to the Suffrage club, and one of the literary clubs of San Antonio.

They have recently purchased a home on the highest point in San Antonio and are busily engaged in planning landscape effects for the grounds.

While it is too soon to formulate any plans for the education of her little boys, Mrs. Negley has already settled that they shall have a college training, for that is a foregone family conclusion and she is already developing and demonstrating her own theories concerning them as the older boy has been taught to speak Spanish which he does almost exclusively.

They are both to be enrolled in the cause of Woman's Suffrage and to become Boy Scouts as soon as old enough.

Mrs. Negley's views regarding philanthropic and charitable work are much like those her mother holds and follows. She believes that each person should do all in his power to relieve the distress that comes within the reach of his immediate daily life and that the best way to perform real lasting philanthropy is to help people to help themselves.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

though he declared that he had come to get a breath of air and to see grass that was not covered with half an inch of dirt.

The dinner was served in the small dining-room; the drawing-room and the conservatory adjoining it were lit up, the latter being thrown open to the room for the first time. Mrs. More was in her glory, attired in a costume just fresh from Worth's, and glittering like a huge firefly with diamonds. Edna also wore one of Worth's costumes, but it was neither gorgeous nor glittering, simply a soft, clinging material that was neither cashmere nor crape, and neither dove color nor stone-gray; its simplicity was rather increased than destroyed by the rich, quiet-looking lace that seemed to have lit upon it like a spider's web, and for jewelry she wore a small blossom of azalea—a daring thing to do—but perfectly successful. Even Mrs. More, who had inveighed against the dress as a plain, dowdy thing, not at all up to Worth's firm, was fain to admit that it had made Edna—or she had made it, which was it, Mrs. More?—look remarkably effective.

A year ago how the glad, untroubled heart of the girl would have delighted in that admission, but now—she just glanced in the glass in answer to the imploring look of her delighted maid, and felt a small sense of satisfaction.

Bertie happened to be in the drawing-room as she came down, and he stood and looked at her for a moment with speechless admiration in his blue eyes.

"How beautiful you look!" he said at last. "What is that dress you have got on? You seem to float in it. Why doesn't mamma wear a dress like that, instead of that one she has put on, which seems all on fire?"

Edna assured him that mamma's was a much prettier dress than hers; but Bertie remained obstinately incredulous, and at last silenced Edna.

"If you think so, why didn't you wear one like it?"

Edna might have explained that it would not have suited her, but she contented herself with stooping down and kissing the child, and that satisfied him very much more completely.

As a great favor he begged to be allowed to remain in the drawing-room until dinner was announced, and although Mrs. More at first ridiculed the idea, when Edna seconded the request she granted it rather reluctantly. Bertie was getting too big a child; he reminded people of mamma's age too forcibly.

So Bertie ensconced himself behind Edna's chair, and presently a carriage dashed up to the door and the Bromleys were announced. Almost at the same moment the vicar and his wife made their appearance, and, wonderful to relate, Lord Mersey, punctual to the moment, was heard in the hall telling the footman, in a deep voice, to be careful with his coat, as there were some fern leaves in the pockets which he had gathered as he came along.

Bertie watched them all in his little, critical way, and for the moment, as Grace sailed into the room, tall, dark and imperial, in a close, habit-like dress of dark blue with a touch of crimson at the bosom and a ruby jewel in her raven hair, he stared with all a young artist's delight, but presently he turned his blue eyes toward Edna, and let them remain there until Lord Mersey came in. There was much shaking of hands and the usual small talk, in which Mrs. More's voice could be heard predominant, and the butler was just announcing dinner when a footman called him outside, and after an animated conference with the great dignitary, in a hushed whisper, entered with a card on a silver salver for Mr. Edward More.

"Ed, what's this" said Edward More, who was talking politics with the vicar—your clergyman is always ready to talk politics or warfare, perhaps because he is debarred from taking an active part in either. "A gentleman in the library. I can't see the name by this light; strange fashion this for keeping a room half dark—quite mediæval, and the name is printed, too, small enough to require a microscope. What is the name, Edna?"

Edna took the card, and in her sweet, musical voice, read out, "Capt. Morton."

"Morton!" echoed Edward, with a nervous twitch of his eyebrows, as he glanced at his wife. "What on earth—will you excuse me a moment, Edna?" and muttering and grumbling he left the room. Talk dwindled away while he was gone, everyone felt curious to hear who Capt. Morton might be. The butler worried himself to death about the dinner in the hall, and the cook, a French chef, to whom Edna paid a salary larger than a colonial bishop's, raved and swore in the kitchen at the prospect of the dinner being spoiled.

Presently Edward More returned and came up to Edna; he looked just as he looked when he was arguing a rather terrible case at the Chancery bar, and fidgeted with his eyeglasses as he explained:

"A great friend of mine come down on business—was very sorry to intrude—and would call again——"

"Oh, but," said Edna, opening her eyes, "surely you asked him to stay."

Edward More dropped his thick lids over his keen, little eyes, and muttered something to which Edna responded warmly "By all means," and again Edward More left the room, returning in a few minutes to explain that his friend, Capt. Morton, had accepted Edna's kind invitation, and as soon as he had changed his dress would join them, and he begged that Miss Weston would not spoil the dinner, etc., etc., and as Edward More seconded the modest request, dinner was announced.

The soup, upon which the chef had expended many anxious hours, was dispatched with very little consideration, owing to the general curiosity, and the fish would doubtless have shared the same fate if a footman had not thrown open the door, just after the turbot had appeared, and announced "Capt. Morton."

As all looked up there entered a tall, distinguished-looking and singularly handsome gentleman.

Everybody looked surprised.

Edna for her part had imagined a fair, florid and rather stout man of the ordinary military type. But Capt. Morton had nothing martial about him, excepting his dark and carefully trained mustache and his upright figure, and the latter was toned down and softened by a singular grace, that pervaded face, figure and expression, and was almost feminine.

The captain glanced around with a pair of dark and perfectly composed eyes, picked out Edna at a glance, bowed over her hand as he murmured a few admirably chosen apologies and thanks, and with a general bow around, took a seat that had been left vacant for him next the vicar's wife. It was a capital place for the captain, who might naturally be expected, as a stranger, to be slightly curious as to his company, for it commanded the whole table.

Soup was brought to him, conversation flowed on and past him for a time, and then Edward, just as if he were grumbling, remarked that he, the captain, had not taken long to change his dress.

"A soldier should always be able to don his uniform, either for the field or the drawing-room, in ten minutes," said the captain. And again everyone was struck by the soft, musical tone of the unmartial voice. "Besides," he added, with a smile, "to tell you the truth, I have traveled far, and was very hungry; visions of dinner to say nothing of fairer and better things, rose before me; and I don't think the man in the play who changes his costume four times in fourteen minutes could have felt more anxious to don the proper habiliments."

This little pleasantry broke the ice, and let the captain into the general conversation, and certainly it was improved by his admission; few men could talk better, and not one in a score of them knew so well when to talk and when to be satisfied with listening. Capt. Morton was an artist at all points, and had studied his subjects deeply; so it happened that, whether Lord Mersey started

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

in them the manifestations of the power of God and His love for humanity; who trusts Him fully and seeks His wisdom and guidance; who can control his temper, return evil words with kind ones and who has a smile and a kind word for everyone; who comforts the distressed and lends a helping hand to the poor and needy; who has learned the value of character above wealth; who seeks the welfare of those about him first, and strives to set a noble example for others; who does not think it a disgrace to labor with the hands in any honest profession; who secures food for his mind from the choice works of literature."

Cooking, home making, choosing literature for the home, entertaining and every art that tends to make home real, should be added to the girl's course.

Another thing we consider too lightly is our thoughts and our reading. One may say that it does not matter what we think, but I assure you it does. "Our character is tinged with the complexion of our thoughts" and reading is the food for thought. How can we think pure thoughts and read impure ones? And it is impossible to read them without recalling them.

Young people, especially, should use every caution in selecting their reading and when they find the impure, discard it at once. The title or first few chapters should be enough to determine the story.

One should also be careful in selecting places of amusement. I read once, I do not recall the writer, but she said, "Never go anywhere that you would not wish to be found if the Lord in His mercy should call for you." It made a lasting impression on me and I am sending it to you.

I am twenty-one years old, five feet, eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and seventy-nine pounds and have light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

I should be pleased to hear from some of my coworkers in the teaching profession, or any of the good sisters who are interested in education.

May God extend to you all His richest blessings and may we all be permitted through His Grace to meet in one unbroken band in Heaven.

Your loving sister, MAGGIE ALLEY.

LINDEN HEIGHTS, P. O. BOX 353, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first letter to COMFORT and I hope I may be rewarded by seeing it published. I want to make a few remarks on the article Mrs. Wilkinson wrote regarding the keeping of Sunday. I agree with her to a certain extent; that is, as far as she went. I do not approve of laboring on Sunday unless it is absolutely necessary. In these days of so many different opinions I really think in the end it rests entirely with one's own conscience whether they are doing right or wrong in the way they keep Sunday.

The point I wish to bring out clearly and distinctly is that in my opinion there is too much religion on just Sunday. Some go to every service on Sunday and while I am not censuring all church goers, I know a great many of them leave their Christianity in the church from one Sunday to the next. During the week they say and do things that are not becoming to Christians; their children are permitted to run on the streets while on Sunday they force them to go to Sunday school and strictly forbid them doing certain things as it is Sunday. These parents know not what their children see and hear on the streets. In order to gain a child's confidence you have to be its friend and display an interest in its welfare. I speak from experience as we have a boy of six who is just as apt to get into mischief as any other normal child. We teach him to tell us everything and so far as we know he has always confessed all wrong doing on his part. Perhaps it will take him a few days to think over his troubles but in the end we know all from him. How many Sunday school teachers teach their scholars to do as we have taught our boy? I'll venture to say not one half do. You can't do exactly right yourself and expect your children to do right if you are religious only on one day—Sunday.

As the world stands today, the working class is ruled by a hand of iron, wielded by the rich employers. They demand certain work done in a certain number of days and no time is given the employees for amusements or recreation. Only on Sunday can they enjoy themselves and as the churches are not very warm in greeting the poorer classes of people they seek other places and amuse themselves as best they can. The churches can find plenty of work to do for Christ but they close their doors six days out of the week and the would-be Christians wonder why men and boys spend their evenings in saloons and poolrooms. Does the church offer inducements for them to spend their time elsewhere? If a room of a church were given over to the public for reading and the other good causes that church would be well patronized and better thought of. As long as the churches remain closed and the money kings grind out the lives of the working class this great problem of how best to observe Sunday will never be solved.

How many sisters agree with me? I shall be very glad to receive their different views on this subject and will answer all I can. MRS. W. C. LAWRENCE.

CARDINGTON, OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT a short time and must say I am well pleased with it. I never read the Sisters' Corner without feeling I should like to join the army, and then I feel just a little timid and afraid that I cannot say very much to interest others.

I take several papers but think COMFORT one of the best and often wonder how the editor can get so much good reading in one paper.

I live alone and must have something to read to help pass the time as I get very lonesome.

I think the most interesting subject to write about in our corner would be home. I often ask myself the question, why is it there are so many unhappy homes? Home ought to be the happiest place on earth and would be always if every one in the home would do his or her part to make it what God intended a home should be. If I could take each wife who reads the Sisters' Corner, by the hand and ask "Are you happy in your home?" I wonder if the half could say "yes." How many women that are trying to do right and be true wives feel they are appreciated? There are thousands of women today dragging out miserable lives because they think they are obliged to. It takes a man and woman both to make a home. The husband may furnish a house with furniture; his part in this work is soon done. The wife's is a long and weary work and every whit as important as his. Give men their choice as to which they prefer to do, and every man would select the man's part rather than the woman's and yet they take their parts naturally and in this work they help each other to a home and to a perpetual companionship in the home. All this is right and beautiful, but after he has for years enjoyed the home with her, which with their mutual labor they have produced and kept together it is the height of unfairness and assumption for him to claim that he was the only producer in making the home and that she all the time has been spending his earnings. There are scores of wives, especially farmers' wives that spend but very little of anybody's earnings, not as much as the hired girl. And sometimes men never think about it, until their wives are gone and taking their long rest, and they have to pay a housekeeper or do their own cooking.

I have been married more than once, but I do not know what happiness is. I have been a man's slave and I know what it is. Some of the sisters talk about their good Johns. If you have one show him you appreciate him. I believe a good man likes to know he is appreciated as well as a woman does. I often hear women with good husbands and good homes say if they ever got rid of the husband they have they never would have another, and I know if their husbands could hear them say such a thing they surely would feel hurt; and I think if some women like that should lose a good husband they might wish sometimes they had him back again, especially if they had to earn their own living.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters who live alone and have to earn their own living. We might be able to help each other in telling how to earn money.

With best wishes and long life to old COMFORT,

MRS. BELLE MLLLS.

CAMP, FULTON CO., ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to write a word to encourage those who I know must have been discouraged a short time ago by the lengthy list of books suggested by a COMFORT sister. There are many, many farmers' wives situated in isolated places where circumstances compel them to toil both outdoors and in the house, with little ones clinging to their skirts and from twelve to sixteen hours a day. Sounds hard, doesn't it? It's still harder in the performance. Yet sisters you can gradually gain an education of the higher sort and true culture. If you can only read a page or a paragraph each day and thoroughly digest it and in your selection of authors there are two points to consider. You want those you can enjoy and those that will contribute to your improvement. For years I plodded through Charles Dickens' works. I would occasionally rest and then return to him again. The "Tale of Two Cities" still is fascinating. I can close my eyes and still hear the tramp, tramp of many feet. But on the whole (hear all ye Dickensites) I prefer Walter Scott. Treason, is it? Well I am glad I am not an imitation student. The first reading of Scott's works was dull. But I didn't have any choice at the time. It was his books or nothing. Now he is my favorite. Is there anyone who doesn't enjoy "Lorna Doone?" I never expect to read all the books mentioned by the sister. For there are articles in current magazines that are well worth the time spent. Besides a woman on a farm must know the details of her home work and now that there is information in regard to all kinds of farm work, from the growing to canning, pickling, preserving and jelly making, dispensed free by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, there is no use in anyone being ignorant. Then the fifteen-cent classics, and plenty of monthly papers and one large weekly for twenty-five cents a year. Verily we live in times that are easy to get an education. The penny Perry pictures supply the artistic side.

Now sisters be clean, but don't overdo it. The mind is just as important as the body. Learn which are the essentials and do them. Don't burden yourselves with non-essentials. Life is fleeting, seize every minute of happiness. Be satisfied with simple pleasures, and teach your children to be the same. The old-fashioned virtues of economy, truthfulness, industry, perseverance and reverence for old age are fast becoming obsolete.

Yours for a better outlook on life,

ISABELLE WATKINS.

MAYFIELD, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for several years but have never written to our corner before.

I enjoy all the letters very much, especially, those that teach us to be satisfied with our lot in life.

It isn't so much what we have as how we feel in our hearts that makes us happy. Let all of us learn to count our blessings and I think there will be many more of us satisfied with our surroundings than there now are.

Will the sister who told how to prepare and use goose oil for cataract on the eye come again with particulars as to its use or write direct to me as I have an uncle who has a cataract on his eye and I wish the information for him. I will appreciate the favor.

Will close with good wishes to all, MRS. J. W. HALL.

CUMBERLAND, R. R. 1, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come to give some help to pay for all the good I have received from dear old COMFORT.

First, I am going to tell how a dear old neighbor told me how she and her husband lived an ideal life. She said, "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." They have lived fifty years of unruffled companionship and each has the sympathy and respect of the other. She said, "we have been sorely tried with life and also with each other, but we made up our minds to settle each day's trouble before the day ended. We have our little hour at the end of each day when we balance up the day's books. Then we made it a business to clear up the little ripplings of the day and to retire with the page clear for the day to come. The rule has worked well. It has become a habit with us, until I believe we each look forward with genuine expectation to the end of each day, with its sweetening moments." There, if you will believe it, is a master rule from two of life's masters. The beginning of strife is proverbially small. Little things that in the hour of them are but very little, gather bulk in the stream of existence and with a new day's sun they have grown into something ominous indeed. But these same little things, if they are taken when they are little, before brooding and self-concentration have their effect can be easily smoothed out, and then, when the next day dawns, there is not a single trace of them left. There are many people who begin the day with a period of devotion, which in itself is a most admirable practise, but I was greatly struck with the peaceful moment at the day's end and with its immense possibilities as a regulator and a sweetener of life.

In planning a new kitchen or remodeling an old one, we are learning to consider four important factors, namely, cost, convenience, cleanliness and beauty. Starting with the empty room, we begin to study these factors in connection with the floor, walls and ceiling. In most old houses these are respectively of soft wood and lime plaster, the first two often painted, and the last calcimined. If the floor and walls are in good condition, a fresh coat of paint from time to time will keep them so indefinitely. Calcimine cannot be washed, is not to be recommended for the kitchen, and would better be cleaned off and the ceiling painted with a light tint of the same color used for the walls. What this is to be of course, depends partly on personal preference and partly on exposure. Pale blue or green walls make a cool-looking kitchen of a sunny west or south room, but one that faces east or north will appear warmer and cheerier if deep ivory, buff, light tan or terra-cotta pink be chosen. Choose a varnish paint for the floor, and either a flat or enamel finish for the ceiling and walls. It pays to buy the best, for it wears longer and will not peel or discolor under the vigorous scrubbings for thorough cleanliness of a kitchen.

Never put a teapot away with the lid closed, as dampness gathers and the pot soon has a musty odor.

Air the beds every day. Few people realize the amount of effete matter thrown off through the skin by perspiration.

Cellars should be considered one of the most important features of the home. They should be kept scrupulously clean and well ventilated. Remove a brick from the bottom of the chimney flue so the damp air may escape. Whitewash cellar twice each year.

Now something for our home. The living-room is the center of the home. This means that it should be in every sense the "living-room!" It need not be expensively furnished, but it should be a comfortable place, with roomy chairs, a floor which will not too easily show the marks of dirty feet, plenty of light and air, both by day and by night, and if you are building a new house or remodeling the old one, don't forget the fireplace, for it adds wonderfully to the comfort and cheer of cool evenings and rainy days. There should be books and papers and room a plenty for the housing of the hobbies of individual members of the family. The living-room should be the playroom, workroom and the rest room of the whole family. And the children who grow in this room will remember that room and the father and mother who made it and will not wander far.

I will close with a toast of laughter to all.

"Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bread of the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief, it is what kings envy in peasants, plutocrats envy in the poor, the guilty envy in the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple of the water's delight; the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would shrivel, for it's a glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness."

With love to dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,

MRS. R. R. GOLDEN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

If soup is too salt, add grated raw potato to it and cook a few minutes.

Keep honey in a dark place and it will not granulate so quickly.

When ironing, stand on a soft, thick rug and the feet will not become so tired.

To remove fruit stains from the fingers, dip them in strong tea and wash in warm water, using no soap.

To prevent cheese getting dry or mouldy, wrap it in a cloth dampened with vinegar and keep in a covered dish.

Keep your doors and windows closed while filling preserving jars, thus avoiding drafts and breakages will be rare.

Mix corn-starch with salt, to prevent lumping; allowing one sixth part of corn-starch.

To remove white spots from furniture. Dip a cloth in hot water, almost to boiling point. Place over spot, remove quickly and rub with dry cloth. It may be necessary to repeat.

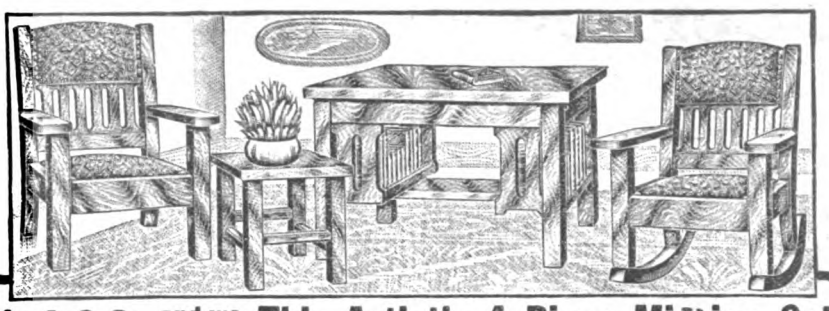
Try dusting rattan furniture with a small brush.

Remedies

HICCOUGHS.—No matter how persistent they can usually be stopped by taking a few drops of vinegar on sugar.

CANKER.—Canker may be cured by rinsing the mouth with a mixture of salt and vinegar.

BURNS.—Apply equal parts of white of egg and olive oil, mixed together, and cover with soft cloth.



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Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

News of Andrew Flathammer (dead or alive), age twenty-one, left Kenyon, Minn., March 1912, heard from in Texas, January, 1914. Please write his widowed mother, Karrie Flathammer, Sheldon, N. Dak.

Information of my father Edward Johnson. I was raised by my mother's brother, Bill Bell, Denison, Texas. Her name before marriage was Lulu Rector. Write me, Edna Stephens, Pottsboro, R. R. 2, Tex.

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Weight and Health

"Every man and woman almost seems to think that if they lose weight their health is falling off and if they gain it that they are improving," said a doctor looking gentleman, "when the fact is that weight hasn't much to do with the health as long as it is not too little or too much—the very thin person and the very fat one, not being in proper condition, as a rule. Among young people those who are slightly over the average in weight are in the best health, and among the older people those a little underweight are apt to be the healthiest. From 20 to 30 an excess of from 40 to 60 pounds will mean no harm, but after 30 the weight should decrease and between 35 and 45, 35 or 40 pounds excess doubles the chance of not living. The tall persons have a better chance with overweight than the short, thick ones, and at the age of 40 only the strictly temperate and in light occupations and having a chest measurement greater than around the abdomen are safe in carrying any extra weight. Fat women have a better chance than fat men, because as a rule their work is not so heavy and they are less inclined to go at things in such a hurry. The fat ones should keep their weight down and the thin ones should increase theirs, and I want to say to you that it is harder to diet yourselves and keep your weight down, than it is to eat nourishing food and increase it."

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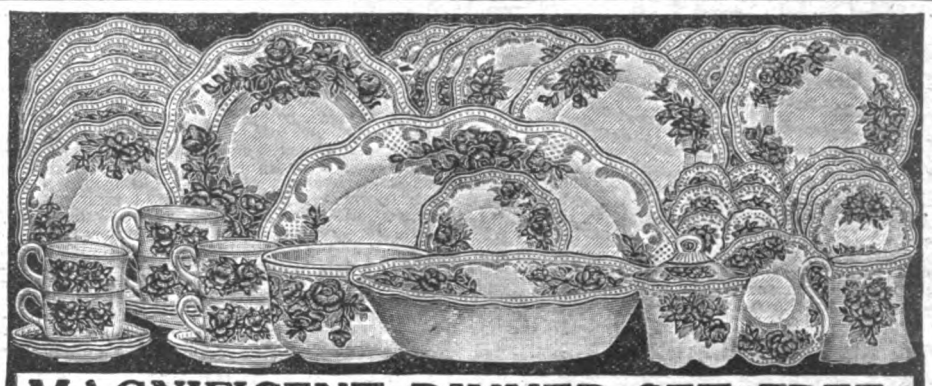
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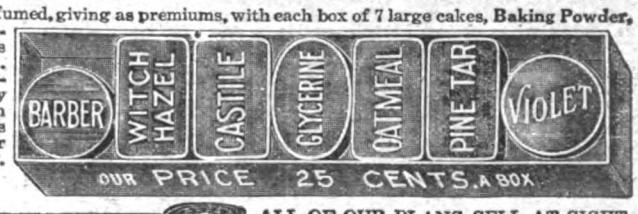
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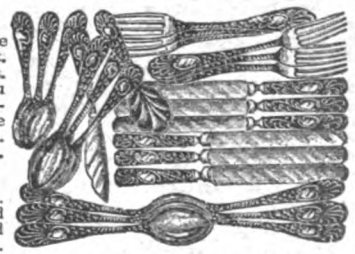




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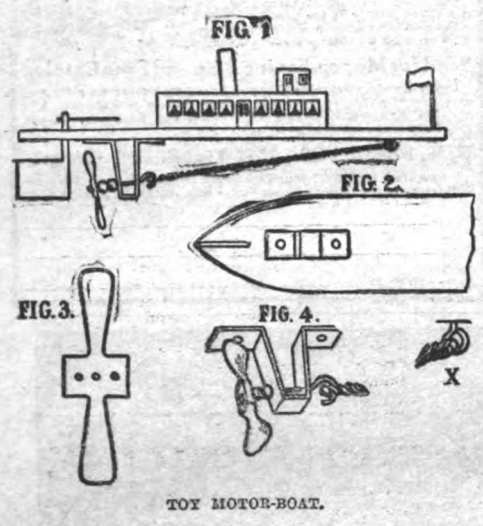
By Uncle John

THE cool breezes of October seem to ask the question, "How are you prepared for the winter?" If we look around and study the habits of insects, birds and animals, we will learn that each creature has prepared for the barren days to come. The squirrel and beaver have their stores of food laid away, most of the birds have migrated to warmer climes, the frogs have burrowed deep in the mud and the woodchuck, bear and some other animals have denned up to sleep till spring. All things that fly or crawl or walk obey the instinct of self preservation. While the dumb creatures are governed by instinct, we are endowed with brains and will power. These are the weapons with which man has conquered the world. Without them he would have fallen an easy victim to the wild monsters of the jungle centuries ago. Today man has reached a high point of development, but there is infinite room for improvement. You must do your share. You must do it with the power of your brains, knowledge, and the power of your soul, determination and courage. Do not scorn working with your hands. Remember that the mind directs the muscles and that while you are training one the other benefits. I believe it is as natural for a boy to want to make things as it is for a girl to play with dolls. With this idea dominating, I offer this month some plans that you can utilize. Only a few common tools are needed but these must be in good condition. If you cannot do it yourself, get some man to put a good edge on all your cutting tools. I will be pleased to receive letters offering suggestions for the improvement of this department.

A Boat That Travels

The picture shows a toy boat fitted with a propeller and rubber band motor that will drive it from fifteen to fifty feet. By following directions given here, you can make a model like it in a short time. The main part of the boat is a flat board whittled to a point as in Fig. 2. A piece of soft pine one half inch thick, nine inches wide and eighteen inches long will be just right. The cabin in the center of Fig. 1 may be a real enclosure or simply a one inch piece fastened with nails driven up through the flat piece into its edge. The smoke stack could be made of a flat piece of wood and the doors and windows painted on.

The propeller is made of a piece of tin three inches by one inch. Its shape is shown by Fig. 3. The holes along the center are punched with a nail. Each blade of the propeller is given a twist in opposite directions so that in revolving it will have a screw motion or thrust. A piece of heavier sheet metal or doubled tin is bent to form the hanger that supports the propeller shaft, as in Fig. 4. The hanger is tacked to the bottom of the boat, exactly on the center line with its center four inches from the rear. A piece of bent wire forms the shaft. One end of the wire is fastened immovably to the tin propeller,



TOY MOTOR-BOAT.

the other is a hook over which the rubber band goes. Between the hanger and screw wheel, two glass beads are used for bearings. They make it run a lot easier. The fore end of the rubber band is held by a screw eye in the bottom of the boat. To run the boat, twist the propeller until the rubber is tight, then place boat in water in running position and suddenly release wheel. It will skim along for a good distance.

About Alligators

Although the traffic in alligator skins has practically died out in this country, by virtue of the fact that alligators no longer exist in sufficient numbers to induce any one to make a business of hunting them, in Colombia, it is a large industry and capable of almost incalculable expansion. At present the skins come from three hundred miles of lagoons along the Magdalena river, while this one country alone contains over four thousand miles of "alligator bearing" streams. Early extinction of the species is not very probable either, as each female lays one hundred eggs annually. Of the many varieties abounding in the shallow waters, only two have skins of commercial value. If they measure from seven to ten feet in length the hunter receives one dollar and fifty cents each. The hides must be green salted for drying stiff in the sun spoils them. The hunters ride on the end of long, narrow canoes, using spears to catch their prey. One man paddles the boat, the other stands with uplifted harpoon, and woe to the alligator who shows a snout within thirty feet of him. Sometimes the agile hunter will shoot his spear at a streak of bubbles made by a submerged reptile and generally his aim is true. After being speared the alligator is towed to the bank and stunned by a blow with a large hammer.

During the high water season millions of alligators come up to prey on ascending fish, and when the water recedes and rivers shrink to their natural boundaries they are left stuck in the mud. It is then the hunters make big catches, but large numbers of the best skins go to waste because they become stiff before they can be properly treated. Alligator eggs are relished by the natives but the flesh, which is white and seemingly palatable, has no food value. The grease of the alligator produces a light, yellow oil which the natives use as a cure of lung diseases. In the main rivers the 'gators are not hunted because they can easily get away in deep water.

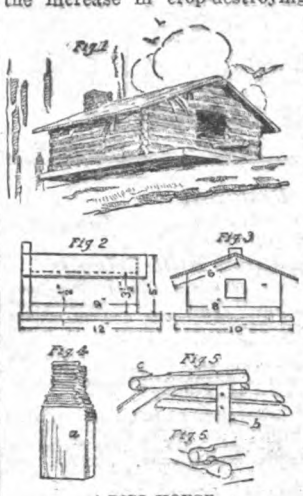
An Unusual Lake

Situated between Bolivia and Peru is Lake Titticaca, the highest navigable body of water in the world. Imagine an expanse of water one hundred and fifty-five miles long and forty-four miles wide at an elevation 12,500 feet above the sea level. Only one large passenger boat plys on it and that was brought from Europe in sections and put together on the sandy shores. The sections must have been quite small too, because each one had to be carried up a mountain trail. Since that time a primitive railroad has been built. The general shape of the lake is oval but the bank is irregular with bays and coves. Near the center are eight large and fifteen small islands. The water is icy cold and no metal, even iron or steel will rust in it. On the shores are prehistoric ruins of large buildings. They ere made of large irregular shaped blocks of the hardest granite put together in marvelously accurate fashion without mortar or cement. Archeologists have excavated and turned up thousands of bones which the traveler may see lying about. One of the most famous ruins is the entrance to the Sun temple where the ancient races worshiped. One stone which forms a kind of landing is thirty-two feet long and half as wide. It is reasonable to suppose that a race of people that could accurately handle such large blocks knew something of engineering science although they existed thousands of years before the age of steam and electricity.

The outlet of Lake Titicaca is the Desaguardero river which flows into Lake Poopo which lies entirely in Bolivia. This latter lake is 12,000 feet above the sea level, has no visible outlet and is the same in area as the state of Rhode Island.

A Bird Log House

It is needless to say that every wise boy is interested in conserving the birds of our land. It has been proven by study and investigation that the increase in crop-destroying pests is proportionate to the slaughter of our feathered friends. The appetite of a bird is enormous. Their ability to digest big meals rapidly is marvelous, when compared with human digestion. I have seen young sparrows and robins eating army worms for an hour at a time. There is no telling how many each would eat in that time but I fancy it was close to one hundred. Think what would happen to you if you ate a hundred links of sausage. I did not know until a few years ago that wild birds were frozen to death and starved in the woods but I found many dead and dying quail in a winter hike one bad season.



A BIRD HOUSE.

If you want to do a little toward protecting the birds, you might make this winter home and set it up in a place likely to attract them. Figs. 2 and 3 are intended to give all dimensions. The baseboard is ten by twelve inches and one inch thick. You may build your house out of twigs, joined at the corners as shown in Fig. 6, and trussed for a roof as in Fig. 5 or you could build an enclosure out of shingles or thin boards and then lay branches on the outside for appearance's sake. They could be tacked on with one-inch brads. Fig. 4 is a solid block which represents the chimney. It fits into a hole in the roof and all that shows above same is covered with the twigs. In Fig. 5, "C" is the ridge-pole at the highest part of the roof and "B" is the piece which supports it. The last course of the roof construction may be shingles, tar paper or tin. Put a chunk of tallow inside and occasionaly other food and you will soon have a tenant for your log house.

Word Freaks

I know of only two words that contain the vowels in their natural or alphabetical order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious." Did you ever notice that "charcoal" is in reality "charred wood" and that the heavy end of a match is the "light" end? It might be proper to say that army was defeated with great "slaughter," but think how foolish it would sound if you left out the first letter. A sentence has its pause at the end of its clause but a lion has its claws at the end of its paws. Although the word "stone" has five letters, if you take away the first and second only "one" remains. The same might be said of "alone," "atone" and "shone." In a big dictionary that I have before me, the definition of the simple word "fire," occupies more than a page. It has forty different meanings. Speaking about long words, "beleaguer," has a "league" or three miles between the first and last syllables. A boy being asked how he would punctuate the sentence, "A big lemon pie was on the table," replied, "I would make a dash after the pie." You would compliment a man if you told him he had a "level" head, but if you said he had a "flat" head trouble might result. A contractor who was told to raise a building two stories "razed" it instead. As a closing I will say that it always puzzled me to hear a school closing entertainment referred to as "commencement exercises."

For Hallowe'en

Here is a new idea in jack o' lantern making. A barrel is used instead of a pumpkin and a half dozen candles or more in place of only one.

A light barrel like those used for sugar, salt or flour is the kind to get. Draw upon it the diagram of the face and keep improving it until you feel that you cannot make it any better. You then saw out the eyes, nose, and mouth, keeping your saw cut on the center of the line. Use a narrow-bladed saw and start it by boring holes so the point can enter. Trim the edges of the cut with a knife. If an old discarded barrel without head or bottom is used, the stretcher shown in Fig. 2 will serve both as a bottom and a carrying device. Fig. 5 shows how three nails are driven from the underside of the bottom to hold each candle. The candle "c." drops down between them. The cover is represented by Fig. 3. It should have holes bored to let the heat out. In Fig. 4 one way to arrange the candles is shown. A lamp or lantern would do instead of candles. Red tissue paper or thin cloth is pasted over the openings on the inside. It would be well to have the outside of the barrel painted black.



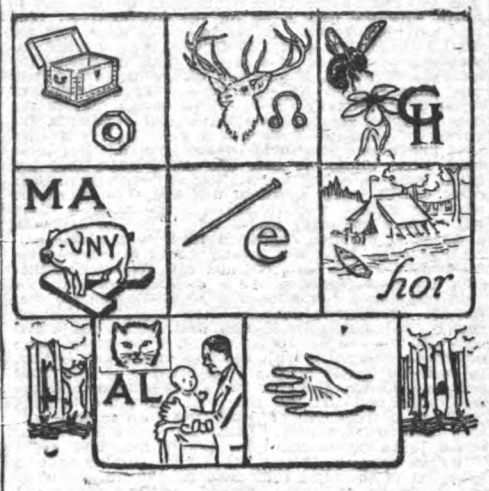
BARREL JACK O' LANTERN.

Game

When you are seated around the table in the evening after lunch you might try this game. Give each player a pad and pencil and choose for a subject a general class of articles like "Things to eat." An initial letter is then agreed upon, the signal is given, and the players begin to write each a list of "Things to eat," beginning with the chosen letter. The first one who has written ten shouts "Done," and the others must not make another stroke. The list is then read and if properly made, the player who made it gets one point for each word and ten extra for winning. The other players get a point for each proper name of something to eat and are penalized three points for each improper word. One hundred points win the game, the score being marked after each inning. Here is a specimen list, supposing "h" to be the letter chosen. "Halibut, hash, huckleberries, hominy, hogs, hens, ham, hardtack, hazelnuts and herring." You will find it far more difficult to prepare such a list than it at first seems. You can take for your subjects, trees, flowers, birds, animals, cities, girls' or boys' names or things wearable, usable, cookable, or dangerous. The initial letter is changed for each inning and the players take turns in choosing it.

Puzzle

Each of the eight squares represents the name of a tree. Can you make them out? The answers are printed below.



Answers

Chestnut, buckeye, beech, mahogany, pine, camphor, catalpa, palm.

Riddle

I know of three peculiar things. The first is made longer by cutting it at both ends, the second gets bigger as you contract it and the third, if put in a barrel will make it lighter. Can you guess what they are?

Answer

The first is a "ditch," the second, "debt," the third, "holes."

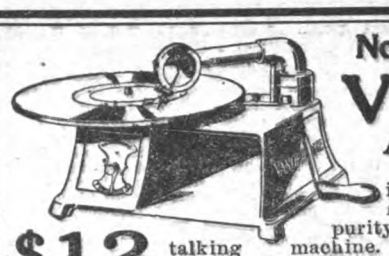
Problem

A boy of eleven is one third the age of his father. In how many years will he be one half as old?

Answer. In eleven years.

After you have read this page you should lay it aside for future use. I suggest that you get a scrap-book in which to paste the Boys' Corner each issue. It will be good to refer to when you are at a loss to know what to do or what to make. It will always have something seasonable and of genuine help to the boys. Look for next month's number. It will be bigger and brighter than ever. Until then, permit me to remain,

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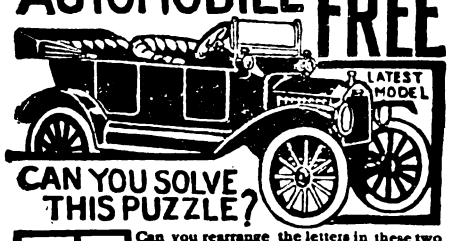
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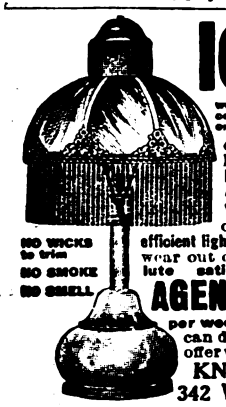
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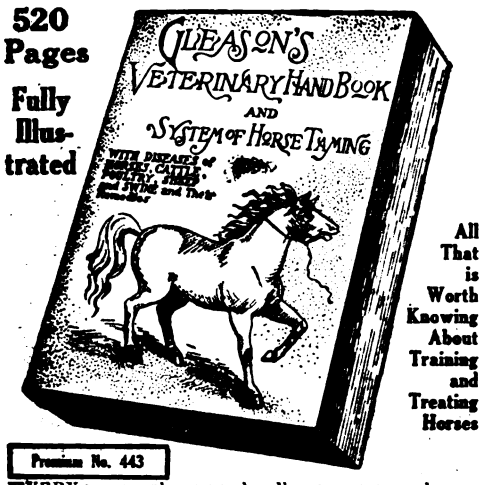
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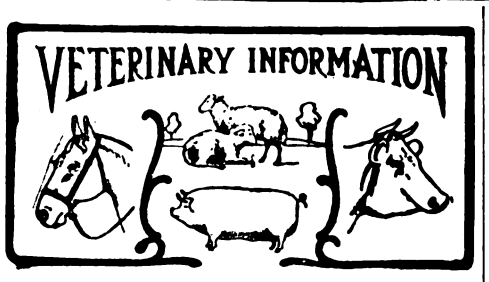
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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

TETANUS.—I had a four-year-old horse that became so stiff he could hardly get in and out of the stable. He would tremble all over when it was hot. He was this way about four days before he died, and two hours before he died he would try to run. W. M. A.

A.—The horse in all probability died of tetanus (lockjaw) due to infection of a wound. A characteristic symptom is that the haw (mambrana nictitans) of the inner corner of each eye protrudes over the eyeball when the head is raised. Treatment would not be likely to succeed in a severe case.

EPILEPSY.—My cow has a calf three months old. When the calf was three weeks old the cow lowed and dropped suddenly. She raised her head, turning it to her side. The nerves round her eyes jerk and a thin slobber runs from her mouth as she begins to recover from the attack and she looks around as though everything was strange to her. She is in good condition and gives three gallons of milk a day. H. Y.

A.—The cow apparently has epileptic fits and there is no cure. Better fatten her for slaughter, as the meat will be fit for use.

CATARRH.—I have a horse thirteen years old. He was sick and is still weak. He sweats freely. Bloody water comes from his nose. E. E. B.

A.—Bloody water may come from the nose in either glanders or purpura hemorrhagica. Glanders is incurable and requires destruction of the horse, in accordance with state law. The other disease is associated with great swellings of the abdomen, legs and head. It can only be treated successfully, in some cases, by a graduate veterinarian. You should employ one at once to make an examination. Home treatment will not suffice.

FISTULA.—I have a yearling colt, that has a sore, or a hole on the burr of his ear. Hair grows from the inside of the hole. A white fluid runs from the hole. It does not appear to be sore. Will it cause the ear to flop? H. L. H.

A.—A fistulous tract connects with a secreting cyst which should be dissected out by a skilled surgeon; but unfortunately this does not always succeed and the fistula is liable to recur. Ordinarily it does not cause the ear to lop.

WORMS.—In one number of COMFORT I read that kamala was good for worms in dogs. I went to our town druggist to secure it, but he did not know what it was. Could you give me another name for the medicine or tell me what to do for a dog that has worms? A. R.

A.—Kamala is the correct name of the drug and your druggist could easily obtain it by writing to his wholesale druggist. Freshly powdered areca nut does fairly well, in place of kamala, and is given in the same way; or your druggist may have a proprietary worm medicine for dogs that will do the work.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a cow that has a pipe in her teats, and I can't milk her without stripping that teat. It does not seem to hurt her. A. F.

A.—The best course in such a condition is to dry off the milk secretion in that teat. Treatment will be likely to do more harm than good. Rub in a mixture of equal parts of fluid extract of belladonna leaves and camphorated oil twice daily while drying her off.

STIFFNESS.—I have a cow about eight years old that has had a stiff neck about ten months. It does not interfere with her feeding. It appears to be sore in the morning until she gets her head down. L. B. W.

A.—This may have been due to an injury, or to rheumatism; but in many instances tuberculosis of the bones of the neck is the cause and for that reason it would be well for you to have the cow tested with tuberculin as soon as the weather becomes cool. Tuberculosis is incurable. If tuberculosis is not present a dram of iodide of potash given night and morning in water might do some good, but it makes the cow thin, shrinks the milk flow and may induce abortion. It is given until slobbering, emaciation and scurfy skin is seen, constituting "iodism". At the first sign of these symptoms, or one of them, the medicine should be stopped.

WORMS.—Can you give me some good remedy for curing worms in dogs? A. A. E.

A.—Starve the dog for twenty-four hours and then give half to one dram of freshly powdered kamala according to size of dog, in a little cream or soup. Repeat the dose in two weeks. If you cannot obtain kamala at your drug-store use freshly powdered areca nut in the same doses, and add five to ten drops of turpentine at time of administration; then give a full dose of Castor oil an hour afterward.

GARGET.—One night my cow came home from the pasture, and when I milked her nothing but bloody milk came from one of her teats. When I milked her the next morning clotted blood came and her udder was swollen very hard and has been so for ten days. I could not see any bruise or scratch anywhere. The other teats appear to be all right. What do you think can be the cause and what do you advise me to do? W. K.

A.—The quarter is ruined for milk production, at this stage of the attack of garget (mammitis) which may have been due to a bruise or other injury, or to infective matter entering the teat. Milk that quarter three times a day and twice daily rub in a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of soft soap or lard. It would be best to isolate the cow and milk her last, as such udder troubles sometimes are contagious.

DIFFICULT MILKING.—I have a cow five years old. She has her second calf. The cow holds up her milk and I am obliged to take the calf to her the second time before she will give down her milk. MRS. B. V.

A.—Place the calf in front of the cow at milking time and also let her eat some relished feed at that time. Gently massage the udder for a few minutes before starting to milk. If the teats are sore apply Castor oil after milking.

DEPRAVED APPETITE—CHEMICAL DEHORNER.—I would like to know what cows need when they chew old sticks and boards whenever they can get them. They seem to chew them worse when eating German clover. They have salt to lick. (2) I would like to know what to use to prevent a calf's horns from growing. P. H. B.

A.—The cows lack some needed ingredient of feed. Often it is lime that they want, or phosphates. Feed wheat bran freely and allow access to slaked lime and salt, or mix two teaspoonfuls of precipitated phosphate of lime or a tablespoonful of bone meal in the feed night and morning until the habit subsides. (2) When a calf is three days old, or under a week old dampen the skin over the horn button and then rub in caustic potash until a crust is formed, or the skin is well cauterized. This will prevent horns from growing. It is useless to give the treatment when the horns are through the skin.

CANCER—GARGET.—I have a fine horse that has a cancer wart on his eye. It was cut out once and came back. He can't see out of that eye. It runs and looks badly. (2) I have a fine cow that has something the matter with her left front teat. It is hard to milk. Last year it was hard, but this year it is worse and the last part is bloody. She hurt her udder one time. MRS. J. F. W.

A.—Have the eye removed by a surgeon and then dust on a mixture of equal quantities of iodoform, tannic acid, acetanilid and boric acid twice daily. (2) Dry off the milk secretion in the affected teats and fatten the cow for slaughter, if you think that will pay. She will never prove profitable for dairying. Rub in camphorated oil twice daily while drying her off.

WEAK STIFLE.—When I let my cow out in the morning she drags her leg. She bends her knee a few times and then her leg will be stiff and she will drag it along. At night, when she comes home, she is all right. E. H. L.

A.—The muscles and ligaments of the stifle joint at the flank are weak and let the patella (knee cap) slip out of place. When the cap is out the leg will be held backward. Rub the stifle once daily with a liniment composed of one ounce each of turpentine and aqua ammonia and eight ounces of cotton seed oil or raw linseed oil. Stop for a time when the skin becomes blistered.

LAMENESS.—I have a six-year-old mare. About six months ago she was kicked on the inside of her gamble joint. It is swollen and at first it was very hard. J. P. P.

A.—If the lameness persists it would be best to have the veterinarian fire and blister the hock joint and then give the mare six weeks' rest in a stall. Do not have this done in very hot weather or when flies are troublesome. Meanwhile rub in some iodine ointment every other day.

PUFF.—My six-year-old horse has had a soft lump on the first joint above the hoof on his front foot for two months. He is a heavy horse and good puller. When he walks it seems to move a little. (2) I would like a remedy for ringbone above the hoof on front feet. M. W. E.

A.—Clip off the hair and rub in a little oleate of mercury every other day. If that does not prove effective swab with tincture of iodine daily until the skin becomes blistered then stop for a few days but repeat again, if found necessary. (2) Lameness from ringbone of a fore pastern is practically incurable and unnerving is usually resorted to by the qualified veterinarian. When a ringbone is seen to be coming and before lameness is present keep cold wet swabs upon the part, rest the horse and if necessary also apply tincture of iodine every other day. This may stop the formation of the bony growth.

BRITTLE HOOFS.—I have a horse six years old and cannot keep shoes on his feet. The nails pull through the hoof. E. U. T.

A.—Mix together two parts of oil of tar and one part of oil of balsam of fir and apply at the juncture of the hoof and hair every other night and in six weeks, or so, the hoof should hold a shoe. Afterward apply twice a week.

BOTS.—Please tell me a remedy for bot worms in horses and mules. M. C. N.

A.—All pastured horses are infested with bots and they do little if any harm. No medicine strong enough to kill bots in the stomach can be given without killing the horse, but bisulphid of carbon, administered in a capsule, may drive the bots out. Ask the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. to send you a circular as to this treatment. Singe the bot eggs of the hairs on a pastured horse's legs and breast; or apply a five per cent solution of coal tar dip, or carbolic acid.

LAMENESS.—I bought a mare last March five years old. She was stiff in front, but has come out of that all right, but drags the left hind foot along the ground. She was kicked by a horse. I don't know whether the hip or ankle or hock. The inside of the hock swells up. I have been a subscriber fifteen years. A. M.

A.—There is little chance that improvement will take place while the mare is worked. It would be best to turn her out on good grass pasture. Once daily rub the muscles from stifle to hip with a liniment composed of half an ounce each of turpentine and aqua ammonia, four ounces of druggist's soap liniment and water to make one pint.

BLACK TONGUE.—In looking over your page in COMFORT, I notice the question of black tongue. Now as I have lost a number of good dogs in that way I know what it means to the owner of those four dogs. I have used boric acid and find it good, but what I use now and find it better is blue vitriol. I have cured one dog three times and another once. Put enough blue vitriol in water to make it light blue, wind a soft cloth on a stick and wash the dog's mouth carefully. If you find any yellow sores wash them and be sure to get all the yellow out; it may bleed but that is all right. I watch my dogs and if I see any symptoms I wash out their mouths once and they are all right. If their mouths are in a bad condition I wash three and four times daily. Pour fresh, warm milk with a beaten egg down their throat. Cut good raw meat in small pieces and put as far down their throat as possible so they can swallow. I gave a dost of salts one time, I don't know whether it helped or not but think it did no harm. I hope this may help others as it did me. MRS. C. V.

A.—We are very glad to get this helpful letter from our correspondent as we of the North do not have this dread "black tongue" disease of dogs to treat and so cannot experiment with drugs until a suitable one is found. Sulphate of copper (blue stone) is the best possible drug for killing molds, fungi and vegetable growths. It also is a splendid caustic. A solution of it is effective as a wash for the inside of water troughs and tanks that become green with algæ and it also will clear a pond or lake of such growths. We use it for a great many purposes and can quite believe that it is better than boric acid for the diseased mouths. Tincture of iodine also is effective for swabbing the sores and ulcers. We hope our readers in the South will give the blue stone solution a trial if they have a dog attacked with black tongue.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

botany or travel, Mrs. Edward More dress and fashion, Edward law and politics, or the vicar war and rumors of war, Capt. Morton was equal to all. He had seen the new plant in the Jardin Botanique in Paris, and could describe it to Lord Mersey accurately; he had also seen, in the same city, the new costumes worn at the last Elysee ball, and had much to say about them for Mrs. Edward More's and the other ladies' delecation; he had brought the latest news about the probable change of ministry from town, and he was ready to enter into a discussion of the theater of war in Spain or the Cape Coast.

And yet he did not intrude into the conversation, but, with exquisite art, actually led it, while appearing to be led by it; all the while seeming to open his mind and lips with a frank confidence, while in reality he was gauging every mind about him.

When the ladies moved to the drawing-room, the captain got a tone more genial, and was all war, politics and sports. He had hunted game, small and great, all over the world, and had anecdotes to tell and experiences to relate, besides which the records of glorious runs after the immortal fox seemed tame and spiritless.

And yet it was no vain boasting; the vicar and Lord Mersey would have caught him if he had sinned against veracity. He had really shot tigers in Bengal, raced the kangaroo in Australia and snared the subtle beaver in North America.

"Capt. Morton appears to have been everywhere," said the vicar, as Edward More rose as a signal to join the ladies.

"I think I might almost plead guilty," said Capt. Morton, quietly. "I am cosmopolitan. A free lance, and I am almost one, stands a chance of going anywhere and everywhere, and picking up a little of something wherever he goes."

Tea was on the table, and Aunt Martha was deep in the mystery as the gentlemen entered. Capt. Morton made his way to her side, and took the greatest interest in her proceedings, mentioning casually that he had seen the Russians make tea—they are the greatest tea drinkers in the world—and explaining that they introduced a pinch of lemon.

Aunt Martha, delighted to get a new idea on her favorite topic, rang for a lemon instantly, and Capt. Morton cut it with his own hands—they were long and shapely and very white, though the right hand had a long scar across it—and squeezed the proper quantity of juice into the tea.

Then he moved away and joined a small group in the conservatory. They were gathered, not round a flower, but round little Bertie, who had been caught in the act of stealing in to get another glimpse of the beautiful ladies and grand gentlemen before going to bed.

The captain was very fond of children—so he declared—and stooped down to put his hand upon Bertie's silken head and ask him his name. He did it in his softest and most insinuating voice, but Bertie, after looking at him for a moment with childish steadfastness, moved slightly away and refused to answer, which greatly shocked Mrs. More, who explained that he was a most peculiar child, and terribly fanciful and willful—"And, I am ashamed to say, Miss Weston encourages him!"

Then the captain turned to Edna, and they two walked down the conservatory together.

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Capt. Morton's manner to Edna, the heiress and hostess, was perfection; full of respect and profound attention. When she spoke he listened as if her words were those of an oracle, and when it came to him to speak he did so with the deference that might mark the tone of a subject addressing a sovereign.

Edna came back from that short walk more than ever charmed with Capt. Morton, and she would not have been a woman if she had felt otherwise.

The cards were on the table when they re-entered the drawing-room, and the captain was quite ready to take a hand, but stood aside for the vicar, with the greatest amiability, taking a seat next Aunt Martha, and charming the soul out of the gentle old lady, telling her all about the fans in Spain and Japan, and looking over the one he held at the people in the room with his dark eyes that noticed every little look, and sharp ears that let not a single word slip by them.

Lord Mersey and Edna were standing talking together near the conservatory; Lord Mersey was telling her how much the duchess wished that Edna would come up to town, and adding a few words on his own account, and Edna stood with a hesitating look. Anyone would have guessed that they had been talking of some matter more important and nearer their hearts than this, and the captain, turning his eyes toward Grace Bromley, as she sat at a table looking at some book, fancied that she for one thought so. His eyes rested on her handsome face and downcast eyes for a moment, then he said he would go and fetch a leaf he had admired in the conservatory to show Mrs. Weston, and he made his way across the room and glanced over Grace Bromley's shoulder. What made him smile, as he came back, leaf in hand, with a self-satisfied smile? Was it because he had seen that the book Grace seemed so deeply engrossed in was upside down? Presently Aunt Martha asked if Miss Bromley would sing for them, and as Grace moved to the piano, the captain opened it for her, and was ready with her music.

He stood by while she sang, his eyes on everybody, and more especially on Lord Mersey, who soon left Edna, with that reluctant way peculiar

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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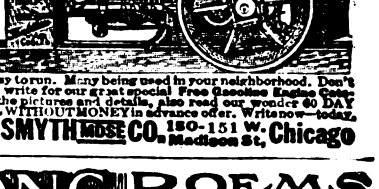
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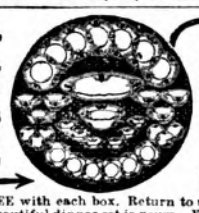


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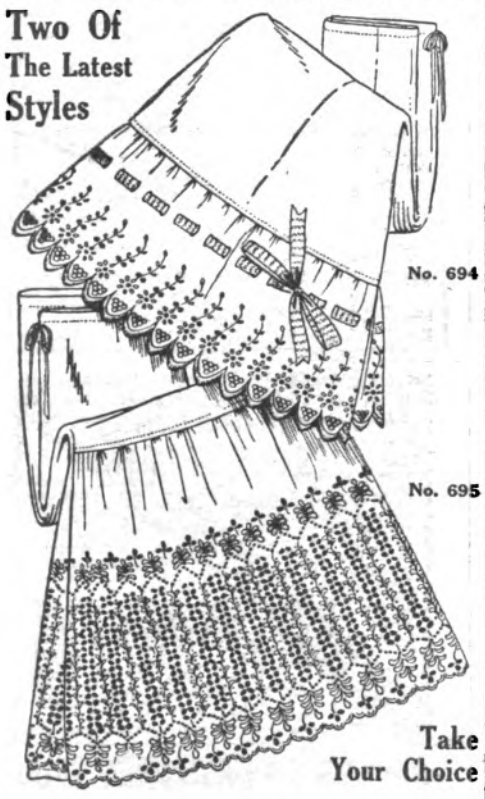
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The Little Marplot

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

We will go to Europe—we will travel the old world over, stopping here and there, as our fancy prompts, and when we are weary of roving, you shall choose the spot on which to make a permanent home. Darling, shall we go together and be happy, or—will you send me away alone, too wretched to care to live?"

She lifted her lovely face to him.

"Oh, Ralph! I cannot tell you to go away," she said.

"And you love me! you will be my wife?"

"Yes, I know I care more for you than for anyone else in the world."

CHAPTER IV.

TWO ENRAGED WOMEN.

Half-an-hour after Ruth had pledged herself to Ralph Plympton, and while the lovers were absorbed in the happiness resulting from their new relations, a messenger came from the house to tell her that she was wanted; that Mrs. Plympton had returned and required her services.

"My mother returned!" exclaimed Ralph, springing to his feet in surprise. "Why! she was not expected until tomorrow!"

Ruth, with rapidly-beating pulses, gathered up her work and went swiftly toward the mansion, but with a strange feeling of depression settling upon her heart.

She found Mrs. Plympton in her private sitting-room where the woman greeted her, in a matter-of-fact way, as if she had not been away at all, then set about some work which she professed to be in a great hurry to have completed.

In this way Ruth was kept busy all the evening, and had no opportunity to see Ralph before retiring, as he was detained by his mother in the drawing-room until a late hour.

She was a little disappointed that Ralph did not try to see her before retiring, if only to bid her a hasty good night; she was even more dismayed and astonished upon learning, the next morning, that he had left home—his father having dispatched him upon some important business which he had not time to attend to himself.

She was scarcely seated at her work, when Mrs. Plympton swept into the sewing-room with haughty mien, her stern face denoting some relentless purpose, her fine eyes blazing with wrath.

"Ruth Reynolds!" she began, in a tone that pierced the girl's heart like a knife, "so you have dared to promise to marry my son!"

As this unexpected thunderbolt fell out of her apparent cloudless sky, the girl's hands dropped nervelessly upon her lap. Before she could recover herself sufficiently to speak, the enraged woman went on, with increasing passion:

"You little, insignificant, country rustic! you—beggar! with nothing in the world to recommend you but your baby face, do you think I would tolerate you as my son's wife? Oh, I never would have believed that he could make such a fool of himself if I had not heard him with my own ears! I was warned of what was going on here, and so returned just in season to catch you at your shameless scheming. Here I have you under my roof—given you a home for two years, only to have you turn and sting me like this! Put down your work! go, pack your trunk, and—begone from my sight!"

"Yes, I will go," Ruth remarked, as calmly as if she had been asked to do the woman a favor; "but, Mrs. Plympton, don't you think it would have been more just if you had required your son to explain how I came to promise to marry him?"

"Silence, girl!" commanded the haughty woman, but flushing to her brow as she was made to realize how she had lowered herself by her unladylike demeanor. "Do not presume to argue this question with me, but leave my house with all possible dispatch. And—let me warn you," she continued, in a menacing tone, "if you dare force yourself upon my son again, I—I will crush you!"

The angry mother did not wait to observe the effect of her threat, but, turning abruptly, swept with a stately bearing from the room, while the gentle girl, who had so faithfully served her for two long years, went to her own to prepare to go out again into the world a homeless wanderer.

* * * * * * * * * *

Two days later, on a bright, perfect afternoon, a handsome carriage drew up before a quiet but eminently respectable hotel in New York City.

Two people alighted from it; the elder an aristocratic-appearing young man, clad in the height of fashion, every garment being of the richest material and latest cut.

His companion was a young girl of slight, graceful proportions, quietly but tastefully dressed in a traveling suit of brown broadcloth, a pretty hat of the same color surmounting her golden head, and gloves to match upon her slim, ladylike hands.

The eyes of the gentleman gleamed with deepest tenderness as he assisted her to the ground.

"My darling!" he whispered, in a low, intense tone whereupon his companion flashed a luminous smile up at him.

Just at that instant another carriage rolled by the hotel. A dark, brilliant woman, very richly, almost gaudily, dressed sat within it.

As she caught sight of the young couple a low, startled cry escaped her, and she leaned from the window for a second look at them, when an ugly frown swept over her face—a hiss of wrath escaped her intensely scarlet lips.

"Traitor!" she breathed; then the carriage rolled on and mingled with other vehicles in the avenue.

The young man conducted his fair companion to a reception-room, then left her to go to the office to register.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hartmann," we read as we glance over his shoulder, to watch, with pardonable curiosity, the hand that traces the name.

But the face and form are those of Ralph Plympton, and it is evident that, although he desires, for the present, to conceal his identity, he has managed, by some means, to balk the plot of his proud parents to separate him from the girl he loved and take the reins of fate into his own hands.

After registering he sought his bride, and then followed the obsequious attendant to their room, where, the door once closed and locked, he turns and catches that slight, brown-clad figure to his breast.

"Little wife!" he cried, in an eager, impassioned tone, "mine! all mine, so long as we both shall live!"

"Are you sure you will never regret what you have done today, Ralph?"

"'Regret,' love! There is no such word for me where you are concerned. I am the happiest man alive; and tomorrow we shall be on the briny deep, sailing toward another world, where we will live an ideal life, and no one can interfere with us. Are you not happy, sweetheart?" he concluded, smiling fondly down upon her.

A tiny hand crept up about his neck, a pair of red lips met his in a soft caress, and, though no words issued from the lips of the youthful bride, the ardent husband was evidently satisfied with her answer.

Later, after they had lunched and returned to their room, where they were chatting about their prospective voyage, Ralph abruptly inquired:

"Are you sure, Ruthie, that you have everything you wish or need for your trip? Remember, there are no shops on shipboard, so you had better set your brain at work to see if there are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

R. R. 2, Mo. Widow. Has crippled boy twenty years of age. Has to be waited on like a baby. They are very needy. Give them a boost. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams, 2627 St. Paul St., Bellingham, Wash. Aged couple, sick, poor and helpless. Postmaster recommends them highly. Send them some assistance. J. A. Wolfe, Bancroft, W. Va. Has broken back from accident in coal mine. Absolutely helpless. Has wife and three small children. Very sad and very worthy case. Send them a dollar shower. Elmer Dahlgren, 1104 W. 1st St., Duluth, Minn. Both legs amputated. Aged mother his only support. Very lovely character. Needy and worthy. Send him a greenback shower. Mrs. Lucy Vernon, Price, R. R. 1, Box 7, N. C. Invalid. Unable to work. Has litle girl deaf and dumb. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Geo. W. Campbell, Martinsville, Va. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Annie Lee Vinson, Margerum, Alabama. Invalid for many years. Lovely character. Remember her. Mrs. Alice B. Fahl, Auburn, Box 56, Pa. Invalid for many years. An operation might cure her, but she has no money to pay for transportation or hospital expenses. Who will help her? Mrs. Nancy Salmons, Elamsville, Va., eighty-eight years of age. Oct. 18. Would appreciate a postal card shower on that day. Monroe Gibson, Imboden, Ark. Invalid, sixteen years of age. Needs a brace, but has not the means to buy one. Who will help?

We have had a ten billion dollar harvest. Won't some of you who have reaped that golden harvest from the Almighty's bounty, show your appreciation by sending a few greenbacks to these poor, sick and hungry brothers and sisters of yours.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Story of Uncle Charlie's Life Told in Pictures

THAT beautiful and interesting Picture Book which Uncle Charlie brought out last month as a souvenir of his 52nd birthday is going fast. Only 2000 were printed, but while they last you can obtain a copy as a free premium for a club of two subscriptions at 25 cents each, 50 cents in all; you may send your own subscription or renewal and one other to make up the club.

It is like visiting Uncle Charlie in his home if you have this book which shows his famous "chicken coop," outside and inside, with new pictures of himself, Maria and the present and a former Goat, all busy with their work.

There are numerous pictures of Uncle Charlie, which trace his life history, showing him as a youth, as an actor, an Indian, a soldier, a vested chorister, and last a helpless cripple on the narrow cot on which he has lain for the last nineteen years; also a picture of him with his only son, Herbert, now in his 23rd year, and a much treasured picture of Uncle Charlie's mother; pictures also of places and people connected with his eventful career. They are reproduced in the finest style of the art and are printed on thick, glossy, heavy coated paper.

The book is beautiful and artistic, as are all Uncle Charlie's productions, for he is a lover of the beautiful.

Send the subscriptions to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and you will receive the book direct from Uncle Charlie, by mail, postage prepaid. This is his venture; he has published the Souvenir Picture Book at his own expense and I pay him for all that are used as subscription club premiums. If the entire edition goes quickly there will be a small profit in it for him. Two subs at 25 cents each, 50 cents in all, gives you the book.

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Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

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All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tip-top, Spalding, Nebr.—We fear that your middy blouse which was originally blue and is now washed nearly white can never be made whole white. You might have it dyed blue again, but to make it pure white is beyond human aid. That's the trouble about cheap dyes, they won't stay in their own color, nor get out and leave the original white.

Reader, Lowden, Iowa.—A bride should mark her household linen with the initial of her legal name, which is that of her husband. So also as to her silverware and anything else she has marked. Her maiden name is no longer hers and she has no right to use its initial, even.

Blue Eyes, Elkton, Mo.—You speak to the family doctor when introduced as to any other person, or in your case as you are still only a kid, it was enough to bow. It is proper to thank anyone for any courtesy extended, no matter how slight it may be. As for learning how to talk in company, you will be able to do that best by listening to other people until you have something to say. If you will read books, magazines and newspapers you will have a fund of things to talk about and be worth listening to. Girls of fifteen are at the awkward age and not much is expected of them and they had better be seen than heard, usually.

M. G., Phoenix, Ariz.—We don't know what your physician meant by his various attentions you mention, but on general principles a physician has no right to extend any attentions to a female patient except such as are purely professional and whenever he goes beyond that limit the female patient will do well to seek another physician. Fortunately this class of physicians is comparatively rare, but there are some and they are dangerous, and to be avoided by all decent girls and women.

Brown Eyes, Bennett, Wis.—Notwithstanding your husband treated you so badly you had to get a divorce from him you say you still love him and ask our advice about remarrying him. We haven't much to say. It is said that experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other way and you can't be a fool or you would have learned. Maybe you had better try another term under the same teaching. We are glad to hear that you married him when you were only sixteen, because if you had waited until you were twenty-one you mightn't have married him. You are eighteen now and maybe you had better wait until you are three years older. By that time, if you still want to try him again, you have our permission.

Two Girls, Loveland, Okla.—When a young man persists in coming to see you when you don't want him to come, why don't you decline to see him when he calls? After he has been turned down a dozen or so times, perhaps he will take the hint. (2) Certainly if you don't love the young man don't write to him. Some girls though can write to young men who are merely friends. (3) The young man owes you a letter even though you answerd him last with a post-card. Don't write till you hear from him. It is not very encouraging to answer a letter by a card, but it is frequently done by ladies. (4) Your first duty at the ice-cream party was to your escort and you should not have gone off with another fellow and had your first dish with him. He did quite right in taking you home before the party was over. Did he buy you a dish before he left? We hope he didn't.

Peggy Gray, Powersville, Mo.—Marrying at fifteen, not by any wish of your own except to please your elders, it is hardly to be expected that you would know anything of the love a woman should have for the man she marries. But you have children now and your husband is quite as good as the average and your whole duty is to him and your children. The friend you mention who talks very nicely to you and tells you he loves you, but you must be true to your better self is, we think, an individual for you to have nothing whatever to do with. Send him away and if he persists in his pious talk, tell your husband to throw him out. Many weak women who did not love their husbands have gone to the bad through the attentions of just such men. You are a good Christian woman, wife and mother and we believe you can very easily do the right thing.

Regretful, Morris, Mont.—When a widower with children marries a woman and not only tells those children he will punish her if she punishes them, as she should when they need it, but strikes her in his temper, we think the woman is justified in leaving him. A wife-beater is no kind of a man for any woman to try to live with, and if she is a woman of the proper self-respect she will not.

J. B. E., Dallas, Pa.—There is really no harm in a good girl keeping house for an elderly gentleman, but the gossips would make harm of it in very short order, unless the man was a thousand years old. There are, however, ladies who hold such positions in spite of the gossips and hold them creditably. Accept the position if you are superior to the gossips.

Anxious, Jennings, Va.—You can bring him to a point by not being so anxious about it. If he once knows you are on his trail, as you admit you are, he will jump it and flee to the waste places. You know it is contrary to all rules of etiquette for a lady to pursue a gentleman who is ignorant and unsuspecting of her designs.

W. M., Utica, S. Dak.—No gentleman who has serious intentions in his attentions to a lady wants to hug and kiss her right away. You may therefore consider this one as an arrant flirt and treat him accordingly. (2) In any differences, between a lady and gentleman, the one at fault should be the first to offer reconciliation. (3) The weight of a woman, five feet nine inches tall, is from one hundred and thirty-one to one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, average one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

A. L. P., Montello, Wis.—At a parsonage wedding the bride may dress as she pleases, as there are no rules of etiquette controlling and nobody much present to make invidious comments. It may be as informal and unconventional as an elopement wedding.

R. M. L., Buckhart, Mo.—When you are older than fourteen you won't care how postage stamps are put on, so long as they bring the mail all right. In the meantime, you think only of the help it will be to busy postal clerks for you to put the stamp in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope and tell all your friends to do the same.

F. C., Brownwood, Texas.—As the young lady's parents have no objection to your calling on her, and her uncle comes in when you are calling and in the absence of her parents whips her and orders you out, it seems to us that Texas etiquette would permit you to knock his block off with anything you could lay hands to. Of course, keep on going to see her and if you are afraid to tackle the uncle in person, have the law on him. What the parents of the young lady say is your rule of guidance.

Blue Eyes, Renick's Valley, W. Va.—One of the best indications of true courtesy from a gentleman to a lady is in his attentions to her when it is not convenient for him to be attentive. The man who is polite only when it suits his convenience is not truly a gentleman. In addition he is a selfish individual whose place should be worth more to you than his company. (2) You have committed the error of letting the young man know you are in love with him and he is so sure of you that he neglects you for other girls when you are out together. Can you blame him? Don't you always forgive him? Why don't you neglect him a while and show him two can play at that game? This isn't etiquette exactly but it is common sense.

Troubled, Salt Lick, W. Va.—The social problem of how a lady can free herself of the attentions of any gentleman she does not like, in a manner to retain his good will and that of his family has not yet been solved. In our judgment the lady is justified in administering a snub that will count for good, if he will not take an ordinary hint. Some men will not take a hint and some men's families are about as stupid. (2) Etiquette provides no rules by which a lady can win a gentleman's love. If she is rich maybe she can buy it, or an imitation of it that will last until he is her husband with a chance at her money.

Petey, Almond, N. Y.—Many harmless informalities are permitted in rural communities among young people which are hardly possible in city society, and we suppose it would not be very bad form if you did send this bashful young chap a post-card bearing the mystic inscription: "Guess who!" in your own handwriting. You are about as bashful as he is and maybe if you got acquainted it would improve both of you. Anyway, try it, but don't tell anybody. You will have to devise your own entertainment if he should call, but we will suggest that some little refreshments, something to drink or to nibble on, helps to pass away the evening and make you forget your other troubles.

Disheartened, E. Tawas, Mich.—The young man doesn't know the rules of ordinary etiquette as between ladies and gentlemen sufficiently to treat you with common politeness and why you are so anxious to stand in his good graces would surprise us if we did not know how rudely men may treat women and women still consider them gentlemen. As his mother and you are good friends and she wants you to visit her, you ought to go and while you are there you should snub the son until the mother asked you to explain. Of course, you will not do this, and it would not be really polite for you to do so, but it would be of a piece with the pattern of manners you get from him.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

to him, and came and stood beside the piano, his hands folded behind him, his head bent and his whole attitude one of the dreamy enthusiast.

"Perhaps Capt. Morton will sing for us?" said Edna, and the captain, after protesting that he would sound like a raven mocking a nightingale, sat down to the piano.

At the first few notes there was a profound silence; the card players suspended playing, Lord Mersey got close to the piano and shut his eyes; the captain's triumph was complete.

They implored him to sing again, and he did so, modestly and unaffectedly, and sang better than before.

As he raised his head to give vent to the last high note, he looked up in the glass over the piano and saw Grace Bromley's face reflected. She was looking at the downcast one of Lord Mersey, and with such a look that if Capt. Morton had any doubts as to her feelings before that look solved them.

The revelation—or confirmation—nearly spoiled that note, but the captain did not mind that, for he felt that he held the key to Grace Bromley's heart, and he was satisfied.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Lord Mersey, in his deep bass. "Capt. Morton, I have never heard any tenor better than yours, excepting Mario's."

"Humph!" growled Edward More, over his cards. "I've told him often that he would have made a fortune on the stage."

The captain glanced across and smiled, and no one would have guessed that there was anything in that smile but the merest gratitude for a rough compliment.

Then the carriages came up and the party broke up; a servant waited to conduct the captain to his rooms, and he said good night, shaking hands with Edward More with the rest, but adding, in a whisper:

"Come up to my room; I will wait for you."

CHAPTER XIX.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

The handsome and captivating Capt. Morton was something more than "an old friend" of Edward More's—he was, truth, a distant relative. One of the Mores, in years gone by—a cousin of Edward and Cyril More's father—had been what is commonly known as a "loose fish," and had put a climax to a number of offenses against his wealthy and high-born relatives, by marrying a second-rate French actress from the Porte St. Martin.

The direct line of the Mores had thereupon disowned him, and he, possessing no mean share of the family pride, had retorted by disowning them; in other words, he took his wife's name, and was known as Morton.

The affair had been so admirably hushed up that the world had either not known or had quite forgotten that such a person as George More or Morton had existed; and as neither George Morton, his wife, nor their son ever claimed relationship with their powerful kinsmen, the world was not likely to be reminded of it. That son was our friend, the elegant captain, and it is scarcely necessary to explain why Edward More's compliment respecting the captain's chances in a professional career was neither in good taste nor exactly pleasing to the recipient. It is not pleasant to be reminded that you are the son of a third-rate French actress and a disowned branch of the house.

Edward More, as he made his way to the captain's room, was rather sorry that he had made the little speech—for, if the truth was told, Edward More, the irritable, bad-tempered barrister, of whom many people were afraid, was, in his turn, rather afraid of Capt. Morton; for what reason, it would be rather difficult to say, but the fact was indisputable, and Edward More was aware that the captain as well as himself was perfectly cognizant of it.

Edward More knocked at the door, and having received permission, given in a soft, sweet voice, entered the first of a suite of three rooms—dressing, bath and bedroom—which had been allotted to the captain.

The captain was seated in a luxurious chair near the fireplace; a small fire had been lighted, for the nights were still chilly, as is usual with our English spring, and the captain was lounging back, with his slippered feet resting on a small Louis-Quatorze chair; he wore a dark crimson satin dressing gown, of which he had turned back the wide wristbands, leaving his hands free to hold before the fire; they were very shapely, as has been said, and they looked as white as a lady's against the dark background of satin.

The captain looked up with a smile as Edward More's frowning face came round the door, and removing his feet from the dainty chair, he waved one white hand toward it, saying:

"Welcome, my gentle Edward—be seated."

"Phew!" replied Edward, shaking his head at the fire angrily. "Not near the fire. What on earth do you want with it?"

"Ah!" said the captain, pleasantly. "You northerners are all in love with your native cold; but we—I am half a Frenchman, as you were kind enough to remind me tonight—like warmth—warmth, wine and women; was not that the old Sybarites' motto?"

"I don't know," said Edward More, snappishly.

Then, as a pleasant smile stole over the face of the not-to-be-irritated captain, he turned upon him sharply.

"What brings you here, Morton?"

"The ricketiest and dirtiest fly, I think, I ever traveled in; and I have traveled in many sorts in divers countries. If I could have let you know, you might have sent the carriage!"

Edward More looked as if he would rather have sent a hearse for him, but he controlled himself, and said:

"That's no answer, as you know. I asked what brought you here? What is the reason? You don't do things without a reason generally."

"There I think you make a mistake!" retorted the captain, holding up his white forefinger as if he were prepared to indulge in a pleasant argument. "An idle whim brought me here—or shall we say the desire to see your friendly face again, my dear Edward, and indeed I am so very glad to see it—I have seen so many ugly scoundrels lately!—that you ought to feel some little glow of delight at the sight of mine."

Edward More grunted, but deeming it best to attempt conciliation, said:

"Where have you been lately? What have you been doing?"

"Ask me where I have not been, what I have not been doing," answered the captain, with a little yawn. "My dear Edward, I have been half over the world—anywhere, everywhere. Do you object to my putting a few more coals on?—and I have been at the old trade——"

"Card sharp—card playing!" snarled Edward.

"Fie!" retorted the captain with a pleasant laugh. "What is a solider's trade but fighting? I have been fighting, my dear Edward."

"Where?"

"My dear Edward, you make a capital cross-examining barrister; no wonder you are rich and famous. In Spain, if you must know, with Don Carlos. Spain, the land of the grave and the garlic; Spain, the land of the——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Edward More; "what did you leave for—you did no good, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, I did a great deal for his highness, I hope," replied the imperturbable captain. "I have never been accused of cowardice, my friend, and there were some sharp brushes now and then. Yes, if I had stayed I should have come back to you a colonel, or a general who knows? But I came back—that is what you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



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Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

ners," they bawled when they found sentiment going against them.

"Suppose the boat had given a big lurch when you were hanging out of that window, where would you be now?" and Toughey buried her face in the pillow to shut out the horrid vision.

"But we're *not* boobs, and she thinks we *are!* We *can* take care of ourselves," was their defense.

It was a day or two before Toughey's frigidity towards the children relaxed, but they were so frankly penitent and so docile that peace was finally established.

When the boat at last came to a stop at her dock in the Thames river, everyone stepped gaily down the gang plank. The trip had been pleasant enough but no one cared to prolong it. They remained in London only long enough to see Mrs. Deering's doctor and decide on the little village in southern England, where conditions were supposed to be especially suited to her and the need of others of the family.

They were not sorry to leave behind the icy discomforts of the old-fashioned hotel to which they had gone in London.

But were full of eager anticipation of the journey and the joys to follow at its end.

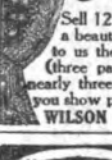
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Elders' Sanitarium, located at 504 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

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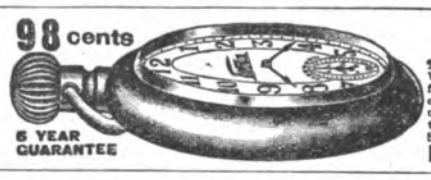


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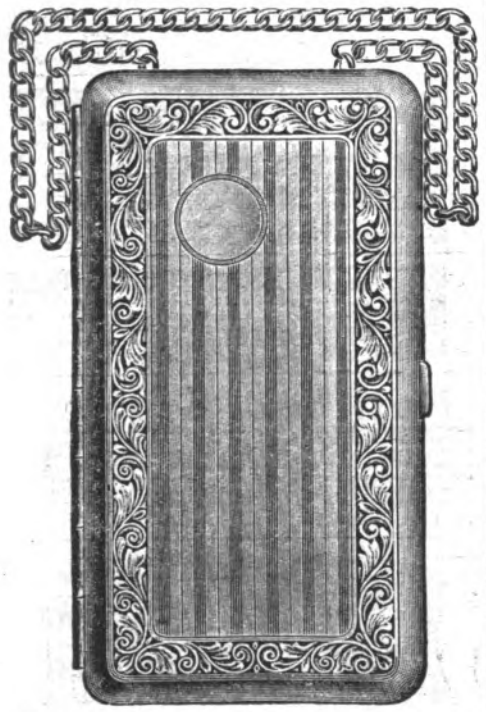
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

T. T., New Hampshire.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the surviving husband is entitled to receive from his deceased wife's estate curtesy of a life estate in her real estate, provided there be issue born alive to the marriage, and from her personal estate one third thereof if decedent leaves issue by such survivor; if decedent leaves no issue fifteen hundred dollars, where value of whole estate does not exceed three thousand dollars, and one half where such value is in excess of three thousand dollars; and that the survivor may reject the term of a will and take such intestacy share in case he so elects.

R. T. G., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no widow, child or descendant, his property would go to his father, mother, brothers and sisters and their descendants depending upon who is left surviving him; if he leaves no one related to him, his property would escheat to the Commonwealth.

Mrs. G. V. M., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state prohibit a marriage between a nephew and aunt.

Mrs. W. E. S., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man or woman, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, the whole estate to the amount of seventy-five hundred dollars, after payment of debts and expenses of administration and one half of all the estate in excess of said amount shall go to the surviving spouse, and the other one half of said excess shall go to the parents, if no spouse the whole shall go to the parents.

Mrs. J. N. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, or that one child can be preferred by will if the testator so elects, but that in case the decedent only has a life estate in property he she cannot dispose of the remainder interest therein.

Mrs. I. C. G., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against all actions upon open accounts and contracts not in writing within four years, but that said statute is suspended by the removal of the defendant from the state, until he returns to reside, and that the statute does not ordinarily run against infants, idiots, insane persons, or persons imprisoned, who are such when the cause of action accrues, until the disability is removed.

Mrs. A. M. C., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage other than such as is separate property, is community property of the marriage, that the husband has the same absolute management, control and disposition except testamentary, of the community property that he has over his separate property, except that he cannot give it away or convey it without a valuable consideration, cannot sell or incumber the homestead property then used as a home by the husband and wife, without the consent of the wife; that on the death of the husband and after the payment of debts, the whole one half of the community property and one quarter of the other half goes to the surviving wife, and the balance, or one quarter of such community property to his children, or in the absence of surviving wife or children or both, in the same manner as separate property; we think the husband must support the wife unless she abandons him or is living separate from him by agreement not stipulating for such support, and if he does not support her others may, and recover the cost of support from the husband, provided he is not unable because of infirmity.

M. Z., Iowa.—We think that if the mortgage you mention is in all respects a good and valid one, payment of the same can be enforced through a foreclosure action brought for that purpose, and that the fact that same was made by the father of the holder of said mortgage does not affect the validity of said mortgage, but that failure of consideration or delivery of same or any other proper requirements in connection therewith might defeat said mortgage.

Miss C. W., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, and leaving no will, the widow would receive one third of the estate, the balance going in equal shares to the children, but that the homestead estate, which is the right to the possession, use, control, income and rents of real property, occupied or held as a homestead descends to the surviving widow and that when such estate is fully satisfied the property descends as other property.

Mrs. E. M. S., Virginia.—We are of the opinion that marriages between first cousins are prohibited in Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indianna, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

E. R. J., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if the woman you mention was of unsound mind at the time she made her will the same could be set aside in the proper contest brought for that purpose and the former will made by her, if the same is a valid one, would be probated as her last will and testament or if she left no valid will her estate would be disposed of under the intestacy laws; we think she had a legal right to make larger bequests to some of her children than to others, if she possessed testamentary capacity and no undue influence was exercised upon her; we do not think an executor or administrator can be compelled to account or pay legacies in less than one year from the time of his appointment; we think that upon the death of a testator the executor or other person having possession of the will should file same in the probate court, and that all persons interested can then examine same if they so desire; we think it is customary for the executor to distribute copies of the will to the persons interested in the estate as a matter of courtesy to them, but that there is no legal requirement upon him to do so.

THEY SAT ON BURGLAR.—A negro was taken prisoner in Chicago recently by all of the family sitting on him. Geo. A. Smith, Jr., entered his home after attending a dance. He saw the intruder dodge behind a portiere in the parlor. He grappled with him and when he raised a cry, his father, mother, and sister came to his rescue. Father and son succeeded in felling the burglar, and then all aided in holding him on the floor. The sister left for a while to call the police on phone. She opened wide the door and then took her seat beside the rest of the family, on top of the negro. A husky police sergeant a few minutes later, asked if there was any trouble. "Ah should say thar be trouble; please get me out this 'dicament!" answered the negro.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

patch and harrowed in to inoculate the ground with bacteria which cause the growth of nodules upon the roots. These nodules collect nitrogen for the Alfalfa and without them there would not be a full crop. The seed germinates without this inoculation and the young plants may grow fairly well for a time, but when the available nitrogen decreases the crop droops. This is not the case when inoculation has caused nodule production on the roots.

Community Buying

If a farmer has to go to the elevator or feed store and buy extra feed by the bag or hundred pounds he will not be likely to make money from the feeding work. Such feed costs too much and never more than now. If it is to be fed profitably it must be bought in bulk and that the small farmer cannot afford to do. But there are a dozen or more neighbors in every district wanting a ton or two, or even a few hundred pounds of bran, or middlings, shorts, flaxseed or cotton seed meal, cornmeal or screenings, and if these men could get together and buy as a unit a great saving could be had. This is equally true of the purchase of ground limestone rock, ground phosphate rock, marl, commercial fertilizers and like commodities. We also know of one community where bulk buying was tried and so much appreciated that the idea spread to the buying of flour for household use and there is no reason why sugar should not be bought in the same way. Next time you think of going to the store for a hundred of bran or middlings sit down and figure out how much of these commodities you will need through the season; then see if you cannot get a few neighbors to do the same thing and join in the purchase of a carload to save freight and middlemen's profits. A supply of feeders or breeding cattle may be had in the same way. This is being put into practise in many states. The farmers are banding together to buy a carload or more of grade dairy breed heifers, or young pure-bred bulls, or grade feeders and they save money in that way and get better stock than would be possible by buying here and there from neighbors. It takes some capital to go into community buying; but capital is only possible to the men who have business sense to invest in the way we have suggested and when a man obtains a reputation for business ability and integrity the banks will supply the needed cash for a business "deal." This idea should also apply to the purchase of a pure bred stallion. Do not wait until some stallion peddler comes around with a fattened sire that is not the sort wanted or the one that will do the most good in the district. Get some neighbor owners of mares to band together, form a little company and go to a reputable breeder for the selection of the right sort of horse. He will cost less in that way and be much more likely to give good satisfaction.

Death to Woodchucks

A Wisconsin Alfalfa grower was much annoyed by woodchucks which established themselves in his fields and made great, unsightly holes with many burrows and exits. The vermin also did considerable damage by eating Alfalfa and so the farmer tried every possible plan to exterminate the pests. No plan succeeded perfectly until one day a happy thought struck him. He attached a rubber hose to the exhaust of his automobile, pushed the other end of the hose down into the woodchuck hole, speeded up the motor and then stood back to see the inhabitants bolt from the hole. He was disappointed in that. Soon smoke and engine gas belched from the holes, but no woodchucks ran out. They had been asphyxiated at once, so the farmer stopped every hole with earth, let the motor run a while longer and came away satisfied that the pests had been put to sleep forever. He has since destroyed every woodchuck on the farm in this way and we have no doubt the plan will be enthusiastically adopted and put in practise wherever a combination of woodchucks and automobiles can be arranged. It may also prove a good plan of getting rid of prairie dogs and other vermin. The writer is going to try the plan on his farm as there are several big woodchuck colonies there. We hope many of our readers will also give the plan a trial.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and pas'e them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

ALFALFA IN W. VA.—Would Alfalfa be a paying crop in West Virginia, or not? Where can I get the material to inoculate the soil with?

MRS. L. A. B., Annamoriah, W. Va.

A.—Crimson clover and other legumes are more commonly grown than Alfalfa in your state, but the crop no doubt succeeds in some sections. Write to the agricultural experiment station of your state for a bulletin or other information on the subject and they will also tell you where to obtain Alfalfa soil or sweet clover soil for inoculation purposes. Do not attempt raising the crop before taking the experience of your neighbors on the subject and following the advice of the experts of the state experiment station experts. As we have frequently explained in this department, you inoculate for Alfalfa by sowing broadcast a thin application of soil from an old Alfalfa or clover field.

CUCUMBER VINES WILTING.—Can you tell me what causes my cucumber vines to turn a yellowish brown and then die? They turn first at the root end, generally when the runner is about four feet long and just commenced to bear well. What can I use as a cure or preventive? (2) What causes my vinegar to be full of tiny white worms that are barely visible to the eye? I was told that the "mother" was weak. I got more "mother," but it did not make any change. Store vinegar was affected the same way.

L. F. T., Framingham, Mass.

A.—The soil is not sufficiently rich in nitrogen. Manure it well and mulch heavily after the vines are growing well and do not need cultivation for weed killing. When enough cucumbers are set on each runner pinch off the end to prevent further running. If mulching does not retain sufficient moisture to prevent yellowing water two or three nights a week with weak manure tea. Woodashes worked into the soil about the plant will help. We take it for granted that striped cucumber beetles are not affecting the vines. (2) If worms ("wigglers") are present in the vinegar it has been exposed to the air and flies. Strain the vinegar through cheese-cloth and add new, clean "mother." Scald the keg or barrel in which the vinegar is kept.

PARALYSIS.—Would like information on following: We have a 60-acre wheat field that has a wonderful stand of clover—now knee deep—in it. We have been advised to cut same and not to cut the clover—which is right? (2) We have a ten-month sow—a mother of seven piggies now weaned—that has been down on her hind quarters for the past four days. What treatment would you advise? We think it is kidney worms. She looks well, feeds well, but seems helpless to rise her back limbs. (3) We are going to sow ten acres of Alfalfa this month. What preparation for same would you suggest? J. A. C., Richmond, Ind.

A.—It would be a great mistake to cut the young grass from last spring's seeding. Leave it alone to winter well and make a bumper hay crop next summer. (2) Kidney worms do not cause paralysis. Common erroneous belief to the contrary. The trouble is brought on by the strain and drain of nursing pigs and affects sows from pampered stock, especially corn-stuffed and under-exercised animals. If she is in good flesh she may be slaughtered for meat but treatment will not be likely to succeed. (3) Unless seeded by the fifteenth of August, Alfalfa should not be put in until spring when it may be seeded with a small amount of spring wheat, barley or oats. Land for Alfalfa must be rich, well-drained, free from weeds and prepared as for a flower bed or garden. If it has not grown Alfalfa (or white clover) it must be inoculated by applying 300 pounds soil from an Alfalfa or white clover patch. If the soil is not rich it should be dressed with well-rotted farmyard manure and also have an application of at least 1000 pounds of ground rock phosphate and 2000 pounds of ground lime stone to the acre. Sow 20 pounds of Alfalfa seed to the acre.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

HERE we are, my dears, with October awaiting us. I don't know how many times I have said it to you, but I'll say it again, which is, that I think October is the finest month in the year. Neither too hot nor too cold and in such a glory of crimson and gold that one almost shouts for joy to see it. Of course, we know that it is not far from the dreary days of winter, but we don't think a rose is any less beautiful when we know it fades so soon, do we? We do not, and we should love October for its beauty if for no other reason. We should also—but I must stop talking and go to work. October is not a bad month to work in, if work is so awfully nice in any month.

The first letter is from Cousin Ojay of Belle Plaine, Iowa, who is only fifteen years old and she wants me to write her a personal letter and tell her how she can persuade a young man she loves to love her. Cousin Ojay hasn't been listening very closely, or she would have heard me say many times that love cannot be placed anywhere one wants it to be. However, she will grow older by and by and will learn. Love never hurts fifteen-year-old girls very much.

Peggy, Lime Springs, Iowa.—Nineteen is too young, I think, to marry, but in some instances waiting a year or two is not advisable and a girl may marry at that age with perfect propriety and with as much chance of happiness as though she had waited. Your fiance's age, thirty, will be a balance to your youth. I wish you both much joy.

Tennessee Girl, Gleason, Tenn.—It is a very foolish thing for two young people, the boy and girl kind, I mean, to become engaged with a whole lot of silly vows about being eternally true to each other and all that sort of gush. They will forget it in very short order and the girl will be the sufferer,' if anybody suffers. It is all right to be good friends, and they may even have an understanding that they will marry when they are old enough, but an engagement is foolish and harmful to both.

Rebecca, Port Henry, N. Y.—You have found a man who loves you truly and whom you respect and almost love and I think you will be making a serious mistake to let this old sweetheart, who slighted you once, come back again. Probably you do love him more than you do the man you are engaged to, but he does not care for you as he should, and as the other man does, and even if he did marry you, your married life, in my opinion, would be a disappointment. Be true to the man who is true to you.

Dolly, Hickory, Tenn.—When a young man, engaged to be married on a certain date, announces to the girl that it must be postponed until after he has made a trip of several months, I think it is time for the girl to announce that the postponement will be final and there won't be any wedding. But some girls are so anxious to marry that they will tolerate anything.

Blue Eyes, El Centro, Cal.—Don't talk about the girl who talks about you and have just as little to do with her as possible. Whatever she says to the young man he should tell you. That is the only way to protect yourselves. Did the earthquake get you?

Lonely Hearted, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—By all means wait for the soldier. The three years intervening before he will be discharged will be long enough for you to learn a great deal about love and marriage and I think it will be really and truly true love if both of you think the same of each other three years hence as you think you do now. I wish to goodness more of you girls had to think it over for three years before marrying.

Papa's Baby, Pawhuska, Okla.—The more jealous he is, the more you go with other young men and maybe it will teach him what an ugly trait of character unreasoning jealously is. I wouldn't marry one of those mean jealous dispositions if I never got married.

Kitty, Samaria, Idaho.—As it is not an engagement ring, you needn't worry over keeping it just as you would any other present. You haven't really broken with him and it will be patched up by and by. Silly girls and boys in love can't be happy if they don't quarrel occasionally.

Two Chums, Friendship, Tenn.—Being the daughters of wealthy parents, I should think you would have all the beaus you wanted and more, too, if you merely let the report get around that you were rich girls. It works everywhere else, and it ought to where you are. Try it.

Dimples, Livermore, Colo.—Decline to meet the young man who has written asking if he may call. Tell him you have refused four young men in two months and positively will not be bothered with any more suitors until you are old enough to marry.

Opal, Joelton, Tenn.—Because your father and the young man's father disliked each other is no reason why you two should not marry, even if your mother is holding your dead father's dislike to the young man's father. A prejudice of that sort is a blind folly that would wreck two lives for no good purpose whatever. Marry him, of course, and let your mother outgrow her foolish prejudice.

F. A. B., Saginaw, Mich.—It is fine to be an American, but a really fine American does not object to a decent young man of another nationality who is an American citizen, simply because he is not all American blood. Our country owes too much to its foreign citizens to draw any line like that, and I think you ought to stand with the young man against your father.

Sad Heart, Jamestown, N. Y.—Of course you can't see why he doesn't like you better than he does your sister, and he can't see, either, but he does and there is no help for it. If he could love you, no doubt he would, as you love him so much, but he can't and no power on earth can make him. I'm sorry, my dear, but that is your cross and you must bear it.

Troubled, Larimore, N. Dak.—So you have "lots of fellows which would like to marry" you, but there are two which you love best but don't know which one to pick out? Well, I should say you didn't, if you don't know any more about selection than you do about grammar and spelling. Suppose you pick out a grammar and spelling-book and don't bother about the young men for a year or so.

Perplexed, Brookside, Cal.—No matter what the law of California may be about first cousins marrying, don't marry your first cousin. Go outside of the family to marry.

Two Girls, Norwich, Conn.—A New England girl of thirty-three is not considered old at all and to have two gentlemen callers is not too many, even if you are not the kissing kind, which I am glad to hear. Yes, a girl who does all the housework should have an allowance and she should go out in an auto, too, if the young man is a careful driver, but I never did like to see a girl on a mortor-cycle with a young man. It isn't safe and it isn't pretty. Neither do I think girls should be always watched by their parents. It is almost sure to drive them to do things they never would do if they were free to act on their honor. I think the parents of lots of girls who go wrong are more to blame than the girls are.

Down-hearted, Clarksburg, W. Va.—If there is no objection to the young man except that he is a foreigner, you will be quite justified, I think, in marrying him anyhow, when you are of age and don't have to have your parents' consent.

Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes, Hilton, S. Dak.—When girls are so anxious to "keep up" with other girls and boys that they are willing to disobey their parents to do so, those girls are very apt to keep it up until they come to a bad end. If you wish to do that, go ahead keeping up with your fast companions, and you'll get your wish, all right—or all wrong, rather.

Pruss, Duluth, Minn.—Go right along, my dear, letting him kiss you whenever he wants to, no matter if people do make fun of you, and you can smell whiskey on him. Marry him, too, and by and by that whiskey smell on him will mean something very different from what it does now. But you love each other so, and a drunken husband doesn't count against a whiskey smelling sweetheart.

There, my dears, your questions are answered and I think I have been real nice and sweet about it, even if I did have to scold some now and then. But it is all for the best, and now run along and get ready for Thanksgiving. It comes nex month and thinking about your beaus so much, you may overlook it. By, by, and may the good Lord have us in His keeping, always,

COUSIN MARION.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

want to know—in consequence of a little unfortunate affair with a brother officer. A foolish young Spaniard, with too much fire in his blood and too little discretion in the use of the rapier. Poor boy! He fancied that his little ladylove—a pretty little thing enough, your young friend, Miss Bromley, reminds me of her immensely—and I were too great friends; it was no fault of mine, I swear! The little girl would look at me with her black eyes, and it wasn't for me to tell her that though a cat may look at a king, a young girl, as handsome as herself, with a jealous young boy lover, must not look at another man. I liked the boy better than his little ladybird, but what was I to do? He forced a quarrel on me and—one mustn't smoke here, of course, not even a single cigarette! Ah, well, you know best! Where was I? Oh, yes. He fell at the first thrust, straight through the left lung. I don't think he lived three minutes afterward," and with a gentle sigh the sensitive captain warmed his hands and looked pensively at Edward's horror-stricken and disgusted face.

"It turned out afterward that the boy was a near relation to Don Carlos himself, and so, as I have a horror of imprisonment in those dirty Spanish jails, and a still greater dislike to facing six muskets early in the morning, I thought it best to make for the frontier and pay a little visit to dear old England."

"But what made you come here?" asked Edward, after a significant pause.

The captain raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Have I not told you?—well, well," as Edward More uttered a snarl and fidgeted on his chair, "if you must know, I found London full of the prettiest little romance I had heard for a long time: you know all about it, and shall tell me the true version directly, and I was so filled with curiosity to see the beautiful heroine that, hearing you were here taking care of her, I came down. I knew I should get a hearty welcome from my dear Edward!"

"His dear Edward" bit his lips and looked as if he would have liked to pitch the gentle captain out of the window.

"They said she was beautiful," resumed that fascinating gentleman, "and allowing for the exaggerations usual in such a case, I expected to see a pretty little girl of the dairymaid type; but, by Heaven, they were right! She is simply lovely!"

"You are talking of Miss Weston, I suppose?" growled Edward.

"Of whom else is all London talking?" rejoined the captain. "Of whom else but of the girl who comes into a million of money, and of the man who refused her and it on the same day."

Edward More looked from under his frowning brows, and commenced to bite his nails.

"I doubted the million—I always make allowances for report and gossip," continued the captain, in a soft tone of self-communion, "but I distinctly refused to believe that any man could be so mad as to decline even half a million of money, though it was tied in a bundle with a charming young lady—and so I came down here to get a true version of this pretty little romance from your veracious lips. So proceed, my dear friend," he said, laying his hand on Edward More's knee, and looking up into his face with a smile full of confident power.

"I can't tell you any more than you know already," said Edward More, irritably.

"The million is correct then?" said the captain.

"I suppose so. I am not a trustee under John Weston's will, and I am not in Miss Weston's entire confidence. They say it is a million."

"A million!" echoed the captain, nodding gently at the fire. "And she has no one excepting that amiable but weak old lady to protect her?—barring you, my dear Edward, who are a host in yourself, of course."

"I don't know what you mean," growled Edward. "Miss Weston has plenty of people to protect her; she doesn't want for friends!"

"She would be the only millionairess who ever did!" said the captain, with a smile. "And there are no relatives—no grim uncle, or stern guardian—no one but yourself, my dear Edward?"

"Miss Weston lives alone with her aunt," replied Edward More. "What on earth do you want to know? What can it matter to you?"

The captain smiled.

"Tut! tut! All by herself. Poor little thing! And now, my dear Edward, to come to the most romantic chapter of the story; is it true that the head of our house—the rash and reckless—what is it you call the poor devil?—the 'wicked Sir Cyril,' actually, of his own free will, refused this sweet, beautiful girl and her money—actually, to put it plainly, refused to take his chance of her declining him, and so handing him the whole million instead of half?"

Edward nodded sullenly.

"Yes, Cyril refused."

"But why, why?"

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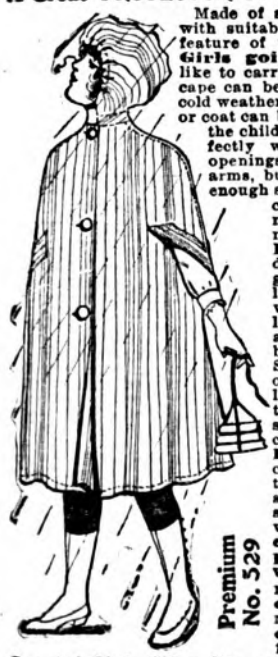
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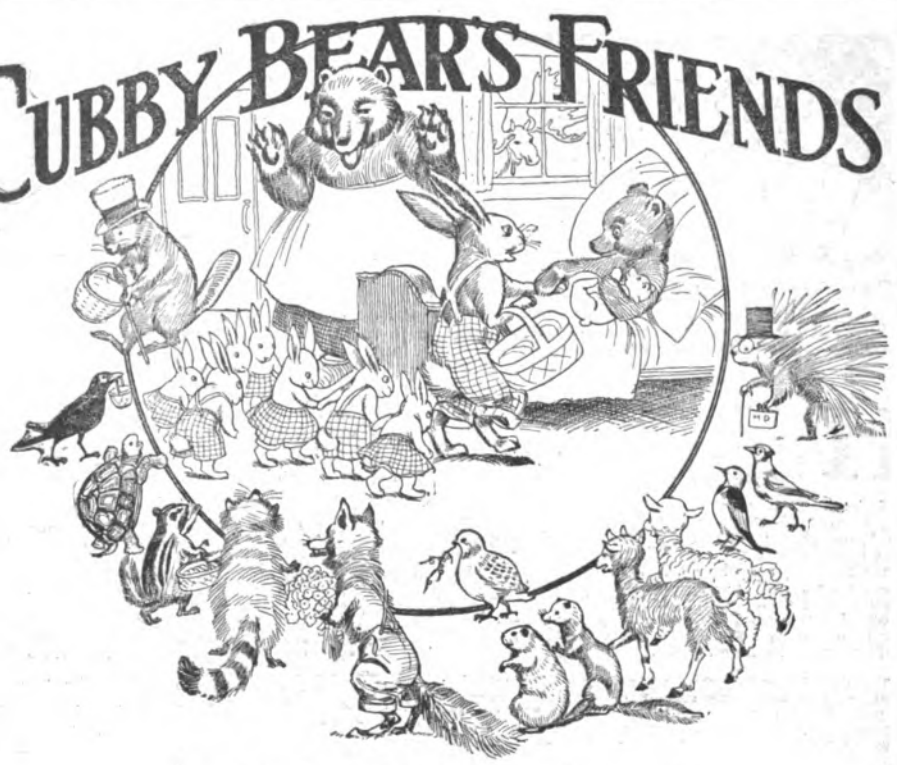
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CUBBY BEAR'S FRIENDS



By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"OH, I don't feel happy a bit, Mamma Bruin!" whined little Cubby Bear dolefully. "I am so sore and lame, and I have to stay in my little bed all day. I want to run out and play!"

"Do not fret, little Cubby," Mamma Bruin told him. "You will soon be better. Be glad, as I am, that you were not killed by your fall!"

"I am ashamed when I think how I got hurt," said little Cubby Bear, speaking very low, "I ought to have known I could not fly, but it looked so easy for Billy Bluejay and Redtop Woodpecker!"

"Yes, and so you climbed a big tree and tried to fly, too," said Mamma Bruin, "but got a bad fall instead. Oh, well, never mind! You will not try it again, and you will soon be as well as ever!"

Cubby Bear turned away his face, so Mamma Bruin would not see it. He was crying! Yes, for his hurts were painful, and he felt sick and miserable.

"Please tell me a story," he begged. So Mamma Bruin told him a story of long ago, when Grandma Bear's mamma was a tiny baby bear, and was *almost* drowned by falling into a river. Then she said:

"Why, here comes Busy Beaver to call on you!"

"I seldom go so far from the Big Brook," said Busy Beaver, "but I heard you were sick, Cubby Bear. I am so sorry! Look, I have brought you some nice, tender roots to eat! Brother Binny Beaver dug them today."

"Oh, thank you," said little Cubby Bear. "But must you go so soon?" for Busy Beaver was putting on his hat.

"Yes, I must go, for I have much to do. I will come again if I can help you. I remember how you helped Brother Binny Beaver and me to save our homes last spring when the water was high."

Just as Busy Beaver went away, who should come in at the door but Bunny Rabbit, with all his Baby Bunnies, fresh and clean for a call!

"I went way down beyond the big pasture to the farmer's garden this morning to get you some cabbage leaves, because I heard you were sick," said Bunny Rabbit.

"How good you were," said little Cubby Bear, "to take so much trouble for me! I *like* cabbage leaves!"

"I was glad to go for them," said Bunny Rabbit. "I remember how good you were to take care of my Bunny Babies when I was away and they were sick!"

"Here is another friend come to see you," said Mamma Bruin, and in came Shinyblack Crow.

"Poor little Cubby Bear!" he cawed. "I have brought you some corn to eat. I hope you will soon be well. Hark! what's that I hear? Someone big and heavy is coming!"

Bunny Rabbit took his Baby Bunnies and jumped quickly out at the window, without stopping to say good by, just as a long face, with kind brown eyes, looked in at the door.

"Oh, Mr. Big-horn Moose!" cried Cubby Bear in delight, "I am so glad to see you!"

"I will not stop," said the big visitor, "for I shall frighten away your friends. I called to tell you how sorry I am you are sick, for I remember how kind you were to me, and trusted me, when all the other animals of the forest hid in fear, and would not let me show them that I did not want to hurt them!"

After he was gone, Tillie Turtle was found hidden away in her shell, near the door. After some coaxing, she put out her head and feet, but would not come in the house.

"I am glad that big creature did not step on me," she said to Mamma Bruin. "I came to ask for Cubby Bear. I like him. Some little bears would have eaten my eggs, when they had found them, but Cubby Bear left them in the sand when I asked him to."

Chirpy Chipmunk came in with some beechnuts.

"My! these are heavy!" he chattered. "There are more at the door. Racky Coon helped me bring them. Do not thank me for them, Cubby Bear. They are some of the nuts you gathered for me last fall, when I had a sore paw and could not get them myself. You got so many, they are not gone yet!"

"Oh, look, look!" cried Cubby Bear. "The pretty pretty flowers!"

They all turned to look, and sure enough, someone was holding a big bunch of flowers in at the window!

It was Foxy Reynard.

"No, thank you, I will not come in," he told Mamma Bruin. "The flowers are from Woozie Weasel and me. He was here just now, but ran away quickly so you would not see him! We remembered how Cubby Bear left his picnic to bring us cake and ice-cream after we were unkind to him."

A little tapping was heard at the door, and little Polly Partridge came sidling bashfully in, bringing a spray of delicate partridge berries.

"These are for the good little bear who brought me cough syrup when I was sick," she said, and went out hurriedly, just as Minnie Mink and Wollie Woodchuck came in.

"Poor Cubby Bear!" aid Wollie. "I am going to stay here and help Mamma Bruin take care of you if she will let me. You were so good to me when the big tree blew down and hurt me and spoiled my house!"

Two little animals, one with a shaggy, hairy coat, and one covered with fluffy white wool, came running in together—Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin!

"We were so frightened," said Kiddie Goat, "coming so far from the big pasture alone! But Bunny Rabbit told us this morning that you were sick. Oh, Cubby Bear, I shall never forget how kind you were to me when my leg was broken, and how you brought me home and took care of me until I got well! Come, Lillie Lambkin, we must hurry back, or the farmer's boy will think we are lost, and perhaps send Rover Dog to find us."

Redtop Woodpecker and Billy Bluejay called together, and told funny stories to make Cubby Bear laugh.

Dr. Squilly Porcupine came to see how his patient was getting along, and put three large huckleberries on Cubby Bear's tongue for pills.

"I put the medicine inside them," he said, "so you would not taste it."

Then, when all the other callers were gone, Robbie Reddie sat on a bush just outside the window, and sang to Cubby Bear a sweet song of the bright, shining sun, and a safe little nest, and five blue eggs, 'neath a warm, downy breast!

"Oh, Mamma Bruin!" said little Cubby Bear, his eyes shining happily, "I am sorry I cried, and was so naughty and whiney. I am glad now I am sick, for I have found I have so many, many friends who love me! It is a good thing to have friends. I never, never knew I had so many before!"

The Little Marplot

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

not some few last things that you would like."

"Oh, Ralph! you have already given me more things than I know what to do with, but if you really want me to spend some more money I'll try to oblige you," laughed the pretty bride, and flashing a roguish look at him. "Let me see—yes, I think I must have a pound of 'Huyler's best,' —a flask of violet-water, and a bottle of that 'Crown Sal Volatile,' like what you bought your mother for headaches."

"All right, I will get them for you after I have had my smoke," the young man returned, rising to go below to enjoy his Havana and look over the papers.

"No; let me go out to get them while you are smoking," Ruth responded. "I noticed as we drove here that there are several shops just around the corner. I can easily find my way to and from them, and you'll have your cigar finished by the time I get back, while I shall not have to stay alone."

"As you like, sweetheart," Ralph fondly replied, and, pulling a roll of bills from his vest pocket, he slipped a couple of V's into her pretty hand.

As he did so a folded paper dropped out upon her lap.

"What is that?" she queried, picking it up and unfolding it. "Oh!" she added, with a slight start, "this belongs to me—it is our marriage certificate, which the justice gave you this morning, after the ceremony."

"That is so," Ralph remarked, as he gently attempted to take the paper from her.

"Wait a minute, Ralph, please; I want to read it through—I never saw one before," pleaded the young bride, with an absorbed air, but without relaxing her grasp upon the document.

The young husband frowned slightly, but made no further opposition to her request; then, lightly touching his lips to her forehead, he sauntered from the room, choosing his cigar from a handsome case as he went.

Ruth seated herself by a window and read the paper carefully through, heaving a little sigh of content as she finished it.

"I am glad I have seen this," she murmured, musingly, "and—I—I think I will keep it. Oh, dear! I haven't any pocket in this dress," she continued, as she involuntarily put down her hand to find it, "and Ralph has the key to my satchel. Never mind—I'll put it here until I come back from my shopping, then I will take care of it."

She opened a Bible that lay on the table beside her, and placed the marriage certificate carefully between the leaves.

Then, donning her hat, she went out to make her purchase.

Ah! upon what trivial acts one's future destiny sometimes hinges!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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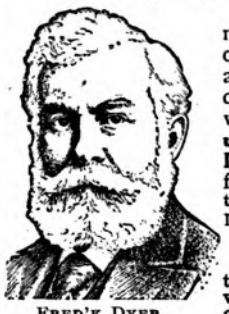
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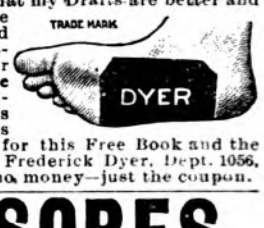
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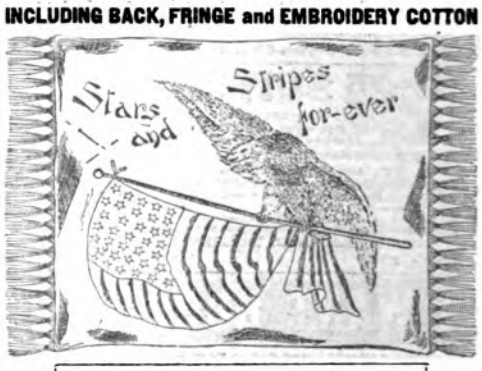


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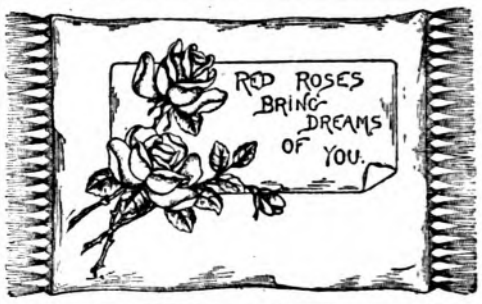
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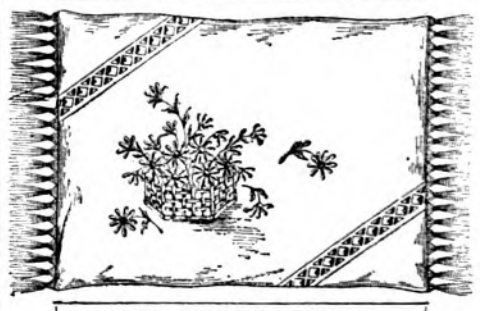
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

G. G., Wallowa, Oregon.—The sample you send we think is yellow root, but it is almost too small to judge and is not commercial size. To you and to all COMFORT readers who wish to market roots and herbs we want to say that full knowledge of them, where they grow and how, is absolutely necessary and the only way to learn is by having some old hand at the business show them to you so you will make no mistakes and lose your labor and what you hope to gain. In other words unless you have a good knowledge of any business you can't do business.

A. C., Etna, Maine.—To blow the muck out with dynamite, you have simply to sink the ordinary dynamite stick deep into it and set it off. But be sure you have an expert dynamiter with you to show you how or you will go up with the muck. But why blow it out? Muck from a pond is a fine fertilizer and why not haul it out and put it on the land? Or give it to farmers if they will haul it away, if you can't use it? That sort of humus is very valuable for some land.

C. T., Melbourne, Ky.—To keep cider sweet add one and a half glassfuls of grated horseradish to the barrel and shake up well. After two or three weeks rack off and put in clean casks closely bunged.

Mrs. E. B. S., Augusta, Wis.—To you and to all COMFORT readers who are unskilled in story writing we want to say good and hard: "Don't." Thousands of skilled writers are writing and the supply of material exceeds the demand. If you must write, go ahead and give your stories to your local editors, because other editors will not buy them. You may think you can write stories, but you cannot—at least such stories as will sell. Most of our inquirers on this subject don't even know the first rules of composition and the pity of it is that they are so ignorant of the writing game that they don't know they don't know.

F. B. S., Richmond, Va.—As the literary lady wishes a secretary, which means a stenographer and typewriter, if she could afford one, we hardly think it would be proper to offer her your gratuitous services in any other capacity. Besides the lady wants a female secretary. (2) Newspaper syndicates have got very nearly into the magazine system and a novice would have no more chance to sell to them than to the magazines. Both magazines and syndicates order a great deal of their matter, though they are always ready for anything of importance, or of unusual interest. (3) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon Downs's (Georgie Sheldon) address is not given in "Who's Who," but a letter sent to Ashland, Mass., would probably reach her.

I. O. Y., Litchfield, Ohio.—COMFORT can give no advice on divorce matters.

Anxious, Vintonton, N. Y.—Bookkeepers receive from fifteen dollars a week, up, beginning at less than that and being advanced according to experience and ability. When a bookkeeper gets eighteen hundrd dollars a year he thinks he is doing as well as could be expected.

S. E. W., Heber Springs, Ark.—Lincoln pennies are worth a cent apiece and Buffalo nickels are worth five times as much, each.

E. P., Vichy, Mo.—First cousins are first cousins whether they bear the same name or not, and state laws against the marriage of first cousins apply to the relationship and not the name.

E. D., Great Barrington, Mass.—About the only purchasers for meteors are museums and public libraries or large schools and they want only something unusual in material or size. Ordinary small meteoric specimens have no particular value, as they are too numerous. Talk to your town librarian about it.

H. M. B., Casey, Ill.—The barber's trade in some localities is a fairly good one, but it is not one in which big fortunes are made. The work is not hard, but it is confining and not always pleasant. We should not recommend it for anyone who is in poor health.

Miss S. M., Collinsville, Ill.—Write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., about silk-worms and books on the subject. Also inquire about butterflies and moths.

Mrs. P. J. L., Apin, Mich.—For list of civil war pensioners for any one state, write to Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. and you may get it, though you may not unless there is a very good reason why you should have it.

G. A. R., Independence, Mo.—If you have rocks with ancient pictures of animals on them, they may be of considerable value. Write to Sup't Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. fully describing what you have and offering to send a specimen for inspection, if he wants to see it. He is reliable. It may be the Institution might buy what you have, as you need the money. Usually specimens are donated, but if they want anything of pecuniary value they will buy it. Advertise your other curios in Kansas City and St. Louis papers. Tell the Smithsonian about your petrified chicken and duck also the human face thing. Other COMFORT readers with any unusual natural specimens should write to Smithsonian. P. S. If the Smithsonian does not want them ask for address of reliable dealer, or collectors. You must remember that you can sell nothing of this sort except after inspection.

D. L. S., De Kalb, Ill.—See answer in this column to G. A. R., Independence, Mo. Any specimen you might find on ground open to the public would be yours. At least, if you said nothing about where you found it nobody would know. Send specimens by parcel post and have the parcel insured, when you pay th postage. The extra cost is small, and the government is able to pay any loss. (2) For copyright blanks and information write to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C. Copyright will cost one dollar.

M. B., Utopia, Fla.—No Vice President of the U. S., that we recall now, was sworn in on foreign territory. Still Vice Presidents are such obscure persons that we do not keep a record. The territorial center of the United States you will find by taking a map of the same and figuring out for yourself about where it is. It will also improve your geographical knowledge. Also find out for yourself with a pair of scales, if a silver dollar is of the same weight as the same amount in fractional coin. Then you won't forget as you would if you didn't do anything more than ask us. A state is surveyed from any point that may be selected by the surveyors. Most state lines when not natural, as rivers, are marked at intervals by small monuments of stone or other material. The direction of the Panama Canal is northwest-southeast, the Pacific entrance being about twenty miles east of the Atlantic end. Look at the map. Some north and south tidal rivers may run each way six months, counting the tide as current, but no river with one-way current does so regularly, though several rivers in Northern South America vary their currents during floods. Stromboli, we believe, is called the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean—not "Mediteraean," as you have it. Vladivostok, Siberia, is the most northerly port of any importance open all the year. We don't know the difference betwen the African and the "Astatic" elephant. What is an Astatic elephant? Also while you are lookin' up geography and other things suppose you dig into your dictionary and see if "whitch" and "foriegn" "perticular", as you spell them, are as they should be.

Puzzled, Burlington, Vt.—The answer to the puzzled: "I went to India, but I did not stay there, and I did not stay there because I did not go there," is a watch, or clock. For, why should it stay there if it didn't go when it got there?

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"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humilitation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, for building up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free should be an eyeopener to you. We send it that you may see its simple, harmless nature, how easy it is to take, how you may gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 12-K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 12-K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Our Country

"It is a good thing," said a man of importance, "for us to stop occasionally in our wonderful progress as a nation and take account of stock. We are all so busy making money, or trying to, that we forget what the country as a whole is doing and every citizen, whether he is a patriot or not, should know something about the country he is part of and supports. For example, our total national wealth in 1914 was $187,739,971,000, or $1,965 for every man, woman and child of the population. Our total public debt, less cash in Treasury, was $1,027,257,000, or $10.41 per person, leaving a balance to each one's credit of $1,954.59, which is a very fair showing, even if every one of us hasn't the money in his pocket. The total money in circulation was $3,492,015,427, or $34.25 per person. Total bank deposits, $18,517,732,879, of which $4,936,591,849 was in savings banks in the actual possession of 11,109,499 depositors, some of whom you ought to be if you are not. The ordinary receipts of the government for the year were $743,673,167 and expenses $700,254,490, leaving a balance to the nation's credit of over 43 million dollars. We paid out in pensions to 785,239 pensioners $173,440,231, and our post-office expenses were $283,543,769 with receipts of $287,934,566. The value of money orders issued went to 769 million dollars. Our total imports were $1,893,925,657 and exports, $2,364,579,148, which have very considerably increased since the war in Europe. The value of our farms and farm property was over forty-one billions and of farm animals over six billions. We produced nearly 89 millions of gold and over 40 millions of silver and our total mineral production was $2,445,805,017. Our total manufactures were 22 billions and wages paid were four billions, and a billion was paid in salaries to officials. We had 251,984 miles of railway carrying over a billion passengers and over two billion tons of freight. We had 18,523,558 pupils in the public schools with teachers drawing over 300 million in salaries and a total school expenditure of $534,058,580 and I have told you only a part of what we have as a nation and the almost incomprehensible volume and wealth of the business of the nation and its people. The only item that is not a credit to us, of all I named, is that in 1914 we used over two and a half billion gallons of wines and liquors. When we have cut that down about ninety per cent, we will have a big increase in wage receipts and savings bank deposits and the nation will be stronger than ever."

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL



Total cost only **$7.50** by Our **7 MONTHS TIME** Purchase Plan

to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—
to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $25.00—
to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music.

Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit **AT OUR EXPENSE** if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.

S. H. DAVIS, Y-62 6101 May St., CHICAGO

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method, guaranteed. Write to Edw. J. Woods, P 147, Station E, New York, N. Y. Show this to others.

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Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE; never break. Send 2c stamp for sample.

PROF. LONG, 917 Ash St., Pekin, Illinois



BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size. Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 6, East Boston, Mass.

Old Coins WANTED, $1 to $500 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1894. Send 10c for our Ill. Coin Value Book. It may mean your fortune. OLD COIN CO., 302 EAST 61st ST., CHICAGO

FREE GRAND SURPRISE-PACKET

15	22	5	18	12	1	14	4	
13	1	24	23	5	12	12		
3	8	5	22	18	15	12	5	20
6	15	18	4					
19	1	24	15	14				

WIN A PRIZE

Each one of these five lines of figures spells a word. The five words constitute five articles that we are giving away. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the five words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE FIVE WORDS WE WILL SEND YOU A SURPRISE-PACKET CONTAINING 5 BEAUTIFUL GOLD EMBOSSED POST CARDS, ALSO A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND PRIZE CONTEST. USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the five words. ACT QUICKLY. Write the five words on a slip of paper, mail it immediately with your name and address and you will promptly receive as your reward this SURPRISE-PACKET, which is a handsome assortment of five beautifully colored Gold Embossed Post Cards, together with a copy of a New York Magazine, also a CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND PRIZE CONTEST, which closes Dec. 23, 1915. Act promptly. This is your opportunity to enter this great contest in which we give away FIVE AUTOMOBILES—An OVERLAND, a MAXWELL, a CHEVROLET, a FORD, and a SAXON—All of them brand new of the latest 1916 model—also PIANO, PHONOGRAPH, GOLD WATCHES, CASH PRIZES, etc. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize, a Prize identical in character and value will be given each person so tied. TRY AND WIN. Address,

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$15.00 Weekly Spare time advertising proposition Nothing to sell. Advertising Agency, Shepard, Ohio

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GOITRE

$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

Age?.....How old is Goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Hands Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name.....
Address..... 815



Removed At Home Without Operation or Danger

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Convince yourself without pay or obligation. Send above coupon TODAY for **$2.50** Test Treatment FREE.

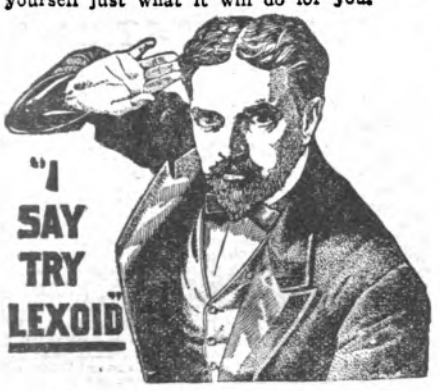
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SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address—A Full Complete Treatment—SENT ON TRIAL.

My treatment has helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they tried had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.



STOPS BACKACHE

If you have backache, **kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism,** nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands **write for my treatment without a minute's delay.**

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to **drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.**

Now here is my offer—I will send you a **regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense,** just as I promise.

Take it when it comes. **Use half of it, and see just what it does.** Then when you know it is helping you, **when you know you are getting better,** just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part **when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me.** Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, **not before. When you have used half of it,** if you are not satisfied, **return what's left and pay nothing.** Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this,

DR. H. Michell DeWerth,
282 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Send No Money; Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH
282 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment on Trial as you promised above, all charges paid. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumtism.

My name is .....

Post Office .....

St. or R.F.D.....State.....

Please write name and address plainly



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

S. J., Knoxville, Tenn.—Typhoid leaves many strange conditions in its wake, some of which are outgrown, or gradually disappear, and others remain, to a greater or less extent as may be. Sometimes the after effects are very serious, but in this one of loss of memory, we believe that in time and with some effort of memory teaching, the patient will be restored. Time only can tell certainly, and you must wait.

Star Route, Harrison, Mich.—There is no method of shrinking thick lips which will give satisfactory results, though we believe some "beauty doctors" make some attempt at it. You are foolish to imagine that you will be thought to have Negro blood because your lips are not as thin as you would like them to be. Many persons who unmistakably have Negro blood have as thin lips as white persons.

R. A., Marion, Ind.—Your heart palpitations due to gas are caused by indigestion, that is the food in the stomach ferments instead of being digested. It does not indicate organic trouble of the heart, but if continued may result seriously. Diet yourself, eating rice, milk, eggs, cooked fruit, stale bread or hard toast and chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. Drink no tea or coffee. Use little or no tobacco. To correct any acidity of the stomach take a pinch of soda in half glass of hot water when you feel it. Drink a glass of hot water morning, noon and night.

Inquirer, Mound Valley, Kans.—Bed-wetting in children is quite common and not usually serious if properly treated, but in mature persons it means derangement of the urinary organs which require the attention of a physician who can personally examine the patient. In some instances it results from nervous trouble, not organic, but in any case it calls for a physician's personal knowledge and treatment. The longer you delay, the more difficult it will be to remedy.

Miss J., Stratford, Cal.—"That tired feeling" affects pretty much the whole world of mankind and about the best remedy for it is to get out in the open air, or in cheerful company and fight it with will power, proper food and plenty of exercise, rather than with tonics and pills. Sulphur is not a bad thing to take if you can take it in the form of natural sulphur spring water. You will get rid of the pimples, if they are ordinary pimples, as soon as you get your blood to circulating right and your system livened up. Eat only such food as agrees with you and chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. Drink no tea or coffee, but plenty of water and take it hot.

E., Hayes, Kans.—The dark circles under your eyes are to some extent natural as they have been there from childhood and your general health is good. By gently massaging under the eyes, rubbing outward for a minute or so several times a day—rub very gently so as not to abrade the skin—you will dissipate much of the blood which gathers there. Don't take medicine, but regulate your diet and try to prevent instead of curing. Eat wholesome food and not too much and never swallow a mouthful without chewing it to a pulp. Drink no tea or coffee and get as much sunshine as possible. Practise deep breathing and get oxygen into the blood to make it active.

Mrs. P. D., Phoenix, Ariz.—Many people have skin diseases which are of long-standing, some from birth almost, and as a rule these are incurable. But they might have been greatly alleviated if proper treatment had been given them early and the patients instructed in the care of them so that a physician's services would be rarely if ever needed. You should have taken your boy to a doctor when the disease first appeared. Now after seven years, nothing can be done except by a physician who can make an examination and apply the proper treatment. Skin diseases cannot be properly treated by guesswork at long range, as from Maine to Arizona.

Mrs. S. G., Davenport, Ohio.—An operation for appendicitis in January should not be troubling you now, if the operation were properly done and there were no other complications. As there is still some pain you should see the physician who performed the operation and get his advice. We hardly think your throat trouble results from the operation. Have a physician make an examination. It is the only way to get at the cause and the remedy.

Worried, Goodland, Kans.—The pains in your neck and head are rheumatic or neuralgic and are quite common as all the nerves of the body get to the brain along that route. They are due to congestion and this may be relieved if you will stand straight, throw your shoulders and turn your head from side to side, as far as you can, for fifty times or more. Then bend the head forward and back as many times and from from side to side as many without turning. These motions get the blood to going around the nerves and the pressure and pain are relieved, as a rule. Do this when you get up in the morning and any time during the day if your neck feels a bit stiff. It may hurt at first, but that will pass. A minute or two for each of the three movements will be about right and you may do it a hundred times if you find that it relieves. Apply chloroform liniment on a cloth (don't rub) if the pain should become severe. Remove the cloth when you feel that it is biting to a blister, and apply again, in a few seconds. It is hot stuff, but very efficient. These neuralgic pains are to be found among all kinds of people and if COMFORT readers, specially the older ones who feel stiff in the joints, would go after them with this sort of exercise instead of medicine they would be surprised and delighted at the relief they would have. Most men and women who work think they get all the exercise they need, but they do not, for many of their muscles are never used at all and they only know they have them when they begin to hurt with neuralgia from lack of use, which means congestion, that is, too much stagnant blood pressing on the sensitive nerves.

Brown Eyes, Banks, Ala.—The louse family is well known all over the globe and you are fortunate never to have made the acquaintance of any of its members, as most childrn meet the head-louse somewhere or other. The body-louse is not so generally known and is more vicious than the other. The small insect which you mention as something like the louse you have heard of, we do not know, and if the scientists at Washington have told you they did not know, then there isn't anybody who does. Did you submit a specimen? If not, do so at once and they will tell you what it is, even if they never saw one before.

Mrs. D. G., Bessemer, Ala.—Ear troubles cannot be treated by guesswork as you ask us to do, because the ears must be examined to locate the trouble as the ears are subject to many derangements which if ignorantly guessed at and treated may result in total deafness. There is some catarrhal trouble and blood pressure which your doctor should be able to relieve as soon as he has located them. You may be too poor to pay a doctor, but you would be still poorer if you lost your hearing. Besides doctors are very liberal with really poor people.

Baby Doll, Springfield, Mo.—As you are only fourteen and have so much trouble already with catarrh, we advise you to prepare yourself for making your own living in Arizona or Colorado, or marrying some farmer out there and not be a chronic catarrhist all your life. In certain climatic conditions a cure is impossible. You must be painfully sensitive if a solution of borax and water is so dreadfully sickening to you. If you have a severe cough there is more reason than ever why you should go to the dry air of the West or Southwest.

T. J. M., Columbus, Ga.—Riggs's disease is not scurvy, nor is it in any way related to pellagra. It is contagious. It is a very painful and stubborn disease and if not properly treated the gums will recede until the teeth fall out. It cannot be treated by mail and you must see a dentist, or possibly a physician, as the entire system is more or less affected by it. It may be expensive, but would you rather have less money and more health, or less health and more money? COMFORT readers are advised that if they have painful recession of the gums they should consult a dentist or physician to determine if Riggs's disease is indicated. At one time treatment of Riggs's was usually unsuccessful, but in recent years great progress has been made and it is now successfully treated.

Mrs. J. R., Mon Louis, Ala.—It is rather remarkable that with all the years that the most skilled medical scientists have given to the study of cancer without finding a cure, they had not thought of this simple poultice of violet leaves which you say will cure it. We cannot give you a formula for preparing the poultice, but when you have seen cancer cured by it, will you please let us know at once. Aside from its help to humanity, there's millions of money in such a remedy.

W. H. G., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Some people are naturally thin and some are kept thin by tapeworm and your daughter may be of this class. But we cannot guess at it and prescribe for tapeworm when there may be no tapeworm. Your daughter must be examined by a physician to find out if there is a tapeworm. Other stomach worms sometimes have the same effect, but all of them are amenable to treatment, and if your daughter is thin as a result of worms, the doctor will soon have her so she will fatten up to normal size.

J. B., Tredine, Wis.—Your nasal passages are clogged up owing no doubt to catarrh and that condition probably brings on the nervousness. If it is catarrh and you have had it for any length of time, you should get out of your present surroundings and go to Colorado, Arizona or New Mexico. You may have polypus, or there may be a bony growth in the nose as often happens. Have you ever been examined by a physician?

W. P., Adams, Oregon.—Epilepsy is a very serious disease and in most of its forms, if properly treated may be cured, or very greatly relieved, but it can be successfully treated only by a competent physician who can see the patient at frequent intervals to note conditions. Inherited epilepsy has been cured, but the cases are so rare that it may be said to be incurable. Other causes are numerous, largely nervous, and cures are doubtful though many are cured. You only make matters worse by attempting to doctor yourself and if you expect to have any good results at all from treatment you must go to a physician who will be honest with you and treat you properly or tell you frankly that he can do you no good. There are hospitals for the special treatment of epilepsy, and we recommend that you go to one of them. Have some doctor you know send you to the one nearest your home. There may be one in Portland.

BIG LIVESTOCK YEAR.—The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture reports that this is to be the greatest year for stockmen of the Southwest in half a century. The report says, "Stockmen have come to realize that they must feed; that winter range alone will not produce the income to which they are entitled." The prospect for a big crop of lambs is better than it has been for a long time, and as wool is likely to be worth twenty-two cents a pound, it would take a miracle to prevent the stockmen of the Southwest making money this year.

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If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

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Sister: Read My Free Offer!

I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my **free ten days' trial** of a **home treatment** suited to your needs. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing **pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.**

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. **When you are cured,** and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for **young or old.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. **Remember it costs you nothing** to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. **If health is worth asking for,** then accept my generous offer and **write for the free treatment,** including my illustrated booklet, **"Women's Own Medical Adviser."** I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. **Send today,** as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.



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this **GOLD PLATED LOCKET** (opens to hold two pictures) set with **8** similitude **RUBIES,** and a lovely 22-inch **CHAIN,** and these **4 GOLD PLATED RINGS** ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone that will sell only **12** pieces of Jewelry at **10c.** each and return us the **$1.20.** We trust you and take back all not sold. Address **F. C. DALE MFG. CO.** Providence, R. I.



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My method reduces weight **3 to 6 Pounds a Week,** turns ill health into robustness, sluggishness into activity, relieves that feeling of fullness and oppression and gives other benefits in a great number of cases of overstoutness. No starvation, no tedious exercising, no absurd "drugless" lessons, nothing to ruin the stomach. I am a **regular practicing physician** and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My scientifically perfected method strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, quickly removes double chin, large stomach and fat hips. Write to-day for proof treatment, book of valuable advice and testimonials, **all sent free.** Address: **Dr. F. T. BROUCH, 20 East 22d St., 9D, New York.**

This Man Tells FREE How He Was Cured of Catarrh



It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—**FREE.** I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card, Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say, I will understand and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite K 601
1325 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. Positively removes freckles. Leaving beautiful complexion. By mail 50c; booklet free. Dr. C. H. BERRY COMPANY, Chicago.

AGENTS COIN MONEY selling Repeat products. Give premium with every sale. Samples Free. Interests everyone. **Kittredge Co., 10 Front, Tunkhannock, Pa.**



FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely Free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

Two Wheel Chairs in September

297 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I don't know why it is, but September seems to be the most unfavorable month for getting subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club; so I am not discouraged by the drop to two chairs for September, for that is just what we did in September last year. I have sent out 39 wheel chairs since the first day of January, and that beats the record for the corresponding nine months of any previous year. Experience has taught me that as cool weather comes on the wheel-chair subscriptions mount up again.

The two September wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their respective friends in their behalf.

Silvan Felts, 8th and Edison Ave., La Junta, Colo., 200; Mrs. Rilda Scott, 616 Ouachita Ave., Hot Springs, Ark., 79.

The entire 200 subscriptions for Silvan Felts came in one club on the seventh day of September, and were all sent in by Mrs. James Felts, but she did not give me any description of Silvan for whom the chair is intended. Mrs. Felts has fully earned the chair and did it very quickly.

Mrs. Rilda Scott's case is indeed a hard one. She is a poor widow with one child and has no relatives to help her. She has creeping paralysis which has deprived her of any use of her lower limbs. For over two years she has been unable to walk, and yet this brave, crippled woman does fancy work, making a desperate effort to earn what little she can toward the support of herself and child, so to be as slight a burden as possible to those on whom she is dependent for the necessaries of life. She and her friends began working for a wheel chair for her last April. She writes that if she had a wheel chair which she could run herself she believes she could do much more to help herself. I trust the wheel chair will prove as helpful as she anticipates; certainly it will add much to her comfort.

You will notice by this month's Roll of Honor that Miss Ellen Young, to whom a wheel chair was awarded in August and announced in September COMFORT, has shown her appreciation by sending in 62 more subscriptions to help on the good work of our Wheel-Chair Club since she got her chair. She has my cordial thanks in behalf of the shut-ins on our waiting list.

Some touching letters of thanks follow, also the interesting Roll of Honor, which I hope will be larger next month, and I ask you all to do your best to make it larger.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Fully Meets Her Expectations

GREENVILLE, S. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

The wheel chair for my crippled son arrived in good condition and is all that I expected it to be. I will always speak a good word for COMFORT and send you any subs that I can get to help provide wheel chairs for the shut-ins. I have a large family to keep house for, but I shall give all the time I can to promoting your good work.

With best wishes for your success,
MRS. J. I. WILSON.

Thanks for Aid to One so Helpless

KERMIT, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept for Mr. Gannett and yourself my sincere thanks for the wheel chair which arrived in perfect condition. I also wish to thank, through COMFORT, the many friends who so promptly and cheerfully responded to the appeal for aid of one so helpless.

Sincerely your friend,
THELMA LUCILE LEEMAN,
Per J. A. LEEMAN.

Little Boy Shut-In Delighted With His Wheel Chair

DALLAS CITY, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Have received the rolling chair for our little son, Harvey. He is so delighted with it because he can use it just fine. We are very grateful for it and wish to express our thanks to you and Mr. Gannett and the many friends who helped in getting the chair. May the Lord bless you and Mr. Gannett is the sincere wish of Harvey's father and mother,
MRS. F. A. MARTIN.

Her Wheel Chair Enables Her to Get Out of the House for the First Time in Months

HARTFORD, KANS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair in good condition and am well pleased with it. I was taken out in it the evening it came, and that is the first time I have been outside the house since the fourth day of last November. I expect it will be a great benefit to me. I hope to be able to send you the full 200 subs as I wish to do all I can to help other shut-ins to get wheel chairs. I thank you and all who assisted in helping me get this chair. Wishing COMFORT success in the good work it is doing for the unfortunate shut-ins, I am, Yours truly, MRS. M. E. WILLYARD.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. James Felts, Colo., for Silvan Felts, 290; Ellen Young, Okla., for general, 62; Miss Gracie Jacobs, Wash., for Mrs. Alice White, 51; Ed. Buck, Iowa, for own wheel chair, 23; Daniel C. O'Bryan, Pa., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. James Moss, Wash., for Daryl Moss, 20; Mrs. G. L. Achesen, N. Dak., for Della Wyman, 19; The Sibly Cradle Roll Society, N. Dak., for John Boren, 14; Eunice Young, Texas, for Saloma Young, 14; Mrs. Jane Moore, Okla., for small child, 10; Miss R. M. Hoskin, Ariz., for Ida Gross, Colo., 10; Mrs. Clara Stevens, Texas, 10; Mrs. Lydia Thompson, Cal., 10; Mrs. Grace S. Johnson, W. Va., for Mrs. Virginia McGuire, 7; Mrs. Olive Grob, Ill., for Harold Grob, 6; Mrs. J. H. Gill, N. C., 5; Mrs. Mary Armstrong, Nebr., for Mrs. M. E. Willyard, 5; Mrs. Della Perkins, Ind., 5; Mrs. Adella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 5; Effie Davis, Wash., for Dayrel Moss, 5; Wilma Wolverton, Oregon, for Mollie Graham, 5.

Children's Happy Hour

ONCE a rich lady invited all the little girls for miles around to a party which she gave in their honor. It was in the month of October and the weather was too chilly for light summer frocks but not quite cold enough for winter coats and furs. The reason the lady gave the party to so many was quite strange. Her own little girl had been sick a long while and was now well and out of danger. During her illness, of course, no one could play with her and she was very lonesome. Now that she was able to play again her mother asked her whom she would invite over for the afternoon. Annette pondered for a while and then said, "Oh, ask every little girl in the county. I've been so sad and lonely that I want to see them all." The mother did so and at last the day came for the big party. Each little guest had a bright shiny new dress on but one girl whose name was Lucy had to go through the woods and in taking a short cut she tore her party dress on a thorn bush. This made her cry bitterly but a fairy came along and said, "Do not cry Lucy, I will make you a dress very quickly if you bring me the goods." This surprised the child and made her feel a little hopeful, but she did not see where she could get dress goods and told the fairy so. "The ground is covered with beautiful patches," answered the fairy and Lucy knew that she meant the autumn leaves and quickly brought her a big armful. The good fairy tossed them up in the air and they came down all over the child and covered her like a new gown. She was delighted and picking up her basket of fruit started again for Annette's. A little further on a goat chased her and in getting through a barbed wire fence she tore her leaf gown. She did not wait to lament it, but raced into a corn-field and hid behind a shock. The goat got through the fence and came toward her and she snuggled in between the bundles. When the goat passed, she came out and lo, and behold, she was covered with a dress made of husks. Of course it was the fairy who did it, and it would have lasted good if a hungry old cow hadn't reached over and eaten it right off her. "Fear not," said the fairy, and in a second she had her clothed in another dress made of wheat straw. When she arrived at Annette's, everyone was delighted with her strange dress and after she had told her story, all the children went out and gathered leaves and husks and straw and made dresses for themselves. They were nice for Hallowe'en but I think they could not have succeeded without the fairy's help.



Directions for Harvest Doll Cut-out

This October girl has three dresses. The one in the left corner is made of a sheaf of wheat, the others are of corn husks and autumn leaves. She looks cute in each one but you will have to dress her yourself to find out which is really the nicest. To dress the doll you paste the whole picture on a piece of cardboard and then put it in the middle of a large book to dry. It should remain there at least one day and night. For paste you may use the white of egg or a boiled flour and water mixture. Mucilage is not good for this purpose. Cut each dress out separately and color them according to what they represent. The bundle of wheat will be light yellow, the corn husk gown light green and the autumn leaf brown. The little flaps at the shoulders and hips bend back and hold the dresses on. Each dress has a hat to match. Cut a slit on the dotted line seen on each so that it can go on dolly's head. The pumpkin head is a reminder of Hallowe'en and has nothing to do with the dresses.

UNCLE JOHN.



ALL THESE FREE Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone and 22-inch chain, one Nethersole Bracelet to fit any arm and these 4 gold plated Rings **ALL GIVEN FREE** for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry today. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 9, East Boston, Mass.



How Some Burglars Have Been Captured

By C. L. Chapman

Copyright, 1915, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

THE simplest "burglar traps" imaginable have been among the most efficient in capturing desperate burglars.

A parrot, an ordinary bird of rather doubtful intelligence, captured a burglar in Washington after the police had searched for weeks for him. The parrot had a way of greeting everyone who entered the house a habit of which the burglar was not aware. At night when the burglar attempted to enter the house the parrot heard him, gave his usual salutation, "Hello there, old man," which was so unexpected that it caused the burglar to lose his nerve and he was easily captured by a member of the family and held until the arrival of the police.

A neat housewife was the cause of the capture of a burglar in Oregon. After scrubbing her kitchen she put a number of newspapers on the floor, spreading them out so as to protect the clean floor surface. A burglar attempting to gain entrance, climbed into the kitchen window, stepping on the newspapers. They rattled and tore. He attempted to pick them up and the noise awoke the whole family, who took charge of the burglar, who was more frightened than any of them.

Any unusual noise frightens a burglar. He is alert to the usual noises and knows how to avoid them, but the unusual sounds not only annoy him but make him lose his nerve. When he is once frightened his capture is easily effected.

The principal of a girls' school has a tiger, little more than a cub, which has proved a successful burglar scare. During the day he is chained, but at night he is allowed to run at large within the school grounds, a high fence keeping him from getting away.

Not only have there been no burglaries during his watchfulness, but there have been no elopments either, while a year before there were three.

Fly paper captured a burglar in the White Mountains. He tried to gain entrance into a summer camp, which was well stocked with provisions. Sheets of fly paper had been spread about to prevent the entrance of flies or mosquitoes. The campers were surprised on awakening in the morning to find a burglar covered with fly paper and almost unconscious with fright and pain. One piece of fly paper had become wrapped around his face, another in his hair and his hands were both covered.

SMALLEST PARK IN WORLD.—Pasadena, Cal. will soon boast of having the smallest park in the world, if plans of the Oak Knoll Improvement Association are carried out. The park will contain one fiftieth of an acre of ground, and when it has been improved and filled with bright flowers, it will be deeded to the city.

Money $ $ FOR WISE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums, Star Beau Catcher and list of 2000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., H14 Cadiz, Ohio.

PILES PAY IF CURED— We pay postage and send FREE RED CROSS Pile and Fistula cure. REA CO., DEPT. 80, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Blessing To Women

Gunagathon positively removes the cause of Leucorrhea (or whites) which is the beginning of most of the serious diseases that affect women. To be free from it the cause must be removed, Gunagathon has been removing the cause for twenty years, is a treatment that does not inconvenience the patient and is now within reach of all. Write for particulars and advice, free, to Medical Department. THE GUNAGATHON COMPANY, 4458 West Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo.

APPENDICITIS

If you have ever been threatened, or have ever had pains in the right side, **our Book on Gall-Troubles sent Free upon request,** may throw valuable light on this subject and give you the key to the cause & cure of your trouble.

Gallstones Internal remedy (*No Oil*). Avoid an operation. No more aches or pains, sick stomach, colic, gas, biliousness, headaches, nervousness, catarrh, constipation, yellow or sallow skin, chronic appendicitis. Write for Home Treatment-Medical book on Gall Troubles **FREE** GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. B-14, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

OLD SORES

Since 1869 ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE has healed more old sores than all other salves combined. It is the most powerful salve known and heals sores from the bottom up, drawing out the poisons. By mail 55 cents. Book free. J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., Dept. B25 ST. PAUL, MINN.

A NEW WAY To Get Your Clothes Free



Make Big Money During Spare Time

Something Different, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. **Lower prices—better clothes—bigger cash profits** Express paid on everything.

Double Pay

FREE clothes and cash besides. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. **An Extra Present** with every order. Not a prize scheme. Choose what you want, work for it and get it besides your **Cash Profits. Complete Outfit FREE,** 56 real cloth samples, 50 Fashion Plates. Inside wholesale prices. Get the **big money.** Your name on a post card brings **everything FREE.**

SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept. 600 Chicago

1916 NEW MODEL ENGINEER SPECIAL

To introduce our catalogue of Elegant watch bargains we will send this regulation R. R. size watch post paid for Only 98 cents. Timed tested and regulated ready to wear, very accurate timekeeper, nickel-silver or gold finished dust proof case.



98 CENTS Post Paid

FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE sent with watch. Send 98 CENTS at once and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 1048, CHICAGO, ILL.



Crying Baby Doll FREE She is an awfully Noisy Baby. You can hear her all over the house. Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her free, by parcel post paid, for selling only six easy selling jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We trust you. Simply send your full name and address to JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 105 ATTLEBORO, MASS.



FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS This guaranteed camera and complete outfit, chemicals, etc., for only 15 sales Gold eye needles. Sell 2 packages for 10c with thimble free. Return $1.50 and premium is yours. Order today. Keystone Gift Co., Box 422 Greenville, Pa.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free Short breathing relieved in a few hours—swelling, water and uric acid removed in a few days—regulates liver, kidneys and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 41, Atlanta, Ga.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last; Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does it. DR. CHASE. 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

LADIES RUBBER If it's rubber, we have it. A full line of Rubber Goods. Send stamp for list. National Toilet Co., Muncie, Ind.

War on Disease

DR. FOOTE'S PLAIN HOME TALK, answers 1001 questions, many of which we don't like to ask even a doctor, but that all need to know. 1200 pages. 330 illustrations—80 in 5 colors. **FREE** Write Today without fail for free descriptive booklet. Mury Co., 122 Lexington Ave., New York.

CANCER

It's successful treatment without the use of the knife. Hundreds of satisfied patients testify to this mild method. Write for free book. Tells how to care for patients suffering from cancer. Address DR. W. O. BYE, - - Kansas City, Mo.

Fits I have treated Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. To prove my ability I will send any sufferer a free two weeks treatment. If you, a friend or relative suffer, send me name, age, address and describe case. Dr. Fred E. Grant, Dept. 201, Kansas City, Mo.

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who are unable to control their Kidneys during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send no money. Address ZEMETO CO., Dept. One, Milwaukee, Wis.

Remedy Constipation With Safe P. O. LAX!

You need a box of P. O. Lax Tablets in the house for stomach and bowel troubles to save doctor bills. P. O. Lax tablets, the pleasant-to-take laxative, remedies constipation without griping or ill effects. Neglected constipation leads to serious ailments and should be treated at once. Recommended and used by physicians. Safe for children and aged. Don't be without this Household Constipation remedy longer. Don't delay getting this remedy. Send 50c today for full sized box and save doctor calls for constipation. Sold only by the Vienna Medicine Co., 535 Pinewood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass



Engraved Gold Bracelet

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION



Prem. No. 450.

THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

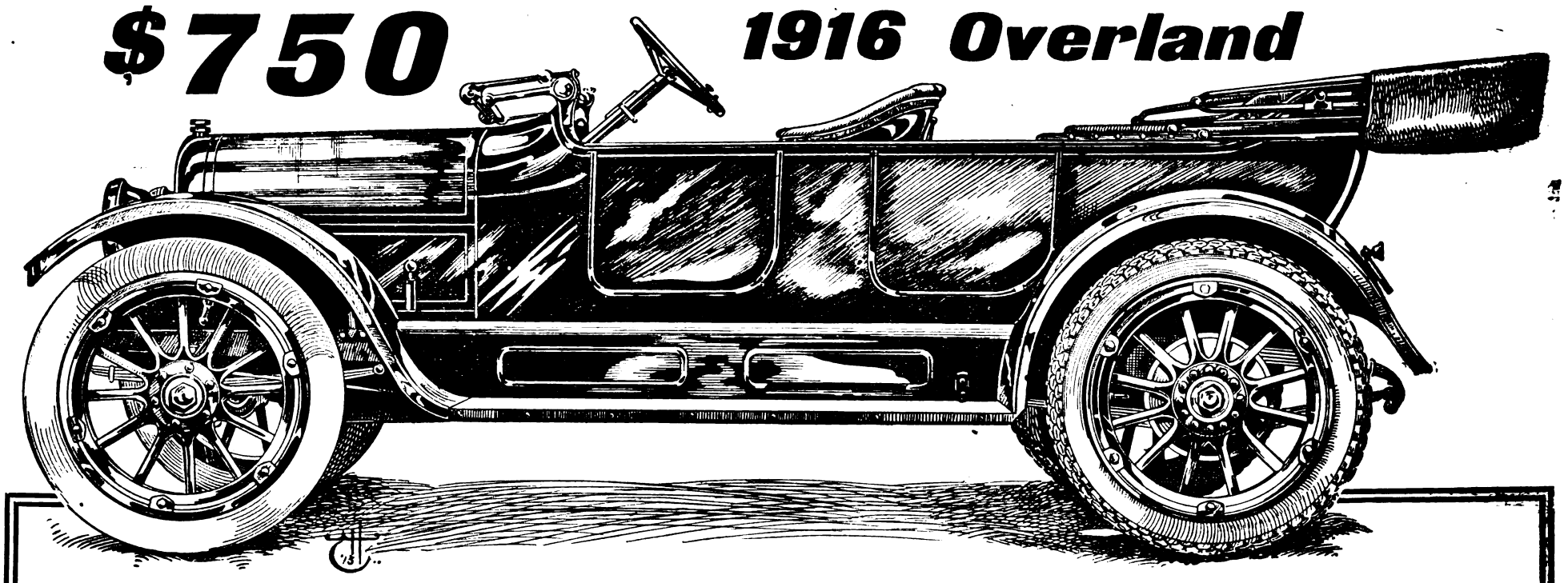
Offer No. 450 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 450 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 450.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Someone Will Get This Auto Free!

$750 1916 Overland



35 Grand Prizes And Hundreds Of Dollars In Monthly Cash Prizes To Be Given Away In COMFORT'S Great Subscription Contest

The contest is now on and is open to any man, woman, boy or girl in the United States excepting those who live in Augusta, Maine, news agents or dealers, and professional subscription solicitors. No money is required to enter this contest and compete for the prizes. ***It is free to all!*** And like COMFORT'S previous prize contests it will be conducted with the utmost fairness toward all. Each and every contestant will be given an equal opportunity to win. No favors or special concessions will be granted to any one contestant, thus giving him or her an unfair advantage over the others.

This beautiful 1916 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car with complete equipment will actually be given ***free and freight prepaid*** to the person who complies with the rules of this contest and sends in the largest number of subscriptions to COMFORT before midnight April 30, 1916. This is practically the same famous Overland that last season sold for $1075. It has speed enough to suit the most enthusiastic motorist. It is easily operated, commodious, beautifully finished and best of all the cost of running it is so low as to be within the means of the average family. It is the ***ideal*** family car—a car that mother and the girls can drive as well as father and the boys—and it is complete in every detail. Besides this fine Auto we shall also give 34 other Grand Prizes and 108 Monthly Cash Prizes. We will also reward every contestant for all subscriptions he or she secures with premiums or a liberal cash commission. So you see this is a contest in which you simply ***cannot*** lose. You are ***sure*** of being well paid for your efforts.

142 Valuable Prizes Besides The Auto.

The $750 Overland Car is not the only prize we are going to give away in this contest. There are also 34 other Grand Prizes ranging in value from $5.00 to $250 each and 108 Monthly Cash Prizes ranging as high as $180. The Monthly Cash Prizes will be awarded each and every month—from November 1915 to April 1916 inclusive. They will be paid to the contestants who send in the most subscriptions **during** each month (Subscriptions secured in October count on November Cash Prizes). The Grand Prizes will be awarded at the close of the contest April 30, 1916. The fine $750 Overland Car will be given to the contestant who sends in the most subscriptions up to midnight of April 30. The choice of either a $250 Motor-cycle or Upright Piano will be given as second prize to the contestant who sends in the second largest number of subscriptions, a $150 Shetland pony with Rig and Harness complete as third prize to the contestant who sends in the third largest number and so on. A complete list of the Grand Prizes is given below. They will be sent **charges prepaid** to the winners promptly at the close of the contest.

First Grand Prize, $750 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car.
Second Grand Prize, Choice of $275 "Harley-Davidson" Motor-cycle or Upright Piano.
Third Grand Prize, $150 Shetland Pony with Rig and Harness.
Fourth Grand Prize, $100 Diamond Ring.
Next Two Grand Prizes, $30 Waltham or Elgin, Lady's or Gent's Gold Watch.
Next Two Grand Prizes, Lady's or Gent's, Boy's or Girl's $28 "Hanover" Bicycle.
Next Four Prizes, $25 "Victor" Talking Machine.
Next Four Prizes, $22.50 "Seneca" Camera.
Next Two Prizes, $20 Steven's Double Barrel Hammerless 12 or 16 Gauge Shot Gun.
Next Two Prizes, $18 Steven's Rifle (any calibre desired).
Next Five Prizes, $10 Cash each.
Next Ten Prizes, $5 Cash each.

Monthly Cash Prizes Double and Thribble

If you win a Monthly Cash Prize one month we pay you at once. If you win any Monthly Cash Prize the **next** month, we will pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize and we will continue to pay you double each **successive** month that you continue to win any Monthly Cash Prize. Doubling begins with **December.**

If you win the **same** Monthly Cash Prize **three months in succession** we will pay you **double** the amount the **second** month and **thribble** the amount the **third** month and we will continue to pay you thribble the amount each **successive** month that you continue to win the same Monthly Cash Prize. If you should win the **First** Monthly Cash Prize **each** month for the **whole six months** then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. Thribbling begins with **January.**

Subscriptions mailed to us any time between the first day and midnight of the last day of any month will be counted to your credit on that month's Cash prizes as well as on the Auto and the 34 other Grand Prizes. This gives an equal opportunity to all contestants no matter how far off they live.

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES.

First Prize	$30	Next 3 Prizes	$5	each
Second Prize	20	Next 4 Prizes	3	each
Third Prize	10	Next 8 Prizes	2	each

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES.

First Prize	$30 or $60	Next 3 Prizes	$5 or $10	each
Second Prize	20 or 40	Next 4 Prizes	3 or 6	each
Third Prize	10 or 20	Next 8 Prizes	2 or 4	each

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES.

First Prize	$30 to $90	Next 3 Prizes	$5 to $15	each
Second Prize	20 to 60	Next 4 Prizes	3 to 9	each
Third Prize	10 to 30	Next 8 Prizes	2 to 6	each

The Cash Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January **with the exception** that the First Prize is $30 to $120 for February, $30 to $150 for March and $30 to $180 for April.

Remember You Will Get Your Premiums Sure

Bear in mind that this is not a contest in which a few contestants win all the prizes and the others receive nothing in return for their efforts. All of COMFORT'S regular premium offers are open just the same to those who enter this contest for the Auto and other Grand Prizes and Monthly Cash Prizes. Every club will entitle you to a fine premium which you may select from our regular Premium List or any issue of COMFORT. And we will place the very same club to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and the Auto and other Grand Prizes. If you do not care for premiums, we will pay you a liberal cash commission. If you choose premiums they will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of every club you send in. If you prefer the cash commission you may deduct and retain 40 per cent of the subscription money and remit the balance when you send in your club. In this way you are absolutely sure of being rewarded for your work and in addition YOU may win one or more of the Monthly Cash Prizes and become the proud owner of the fine 1916 five-passenger Overland Touring Car April, 30, 1916.

Rules and Conditions—Please Read Carefully

The Grand Prizes including the $750 Overland Car will be given in their order to the thirty-five contestants sending in the largest number of subscriptions to COMFORT before midnight April 30, 1916.

The Monthly Cash Prizes will be paid each month (from November 1915 to April 1916 inclusive) to those who send in the most subscriptions during that month. The money will be mailed to the winners not later than the eighth day of the month following.

Subscriptions mailed on the last day of any month will be counted toward that month's Cash Prizes provided the postmark on the envelope shows that it was mailed before 12 o'clock midnight.

In case of a tie for any prize (a Monthly Cash Prize or a Grand Prize) a prize exactly like the one tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

All subscriptions must be secured from people living in the United States. No Canadian or foreign subscriptions will be counted in this contest.

The full subscription price must be paid by each subscriber.

No "gift" subscriptions will be accepted. In other words, you must not make a present of COMFORT to your friends by paying for their subscriptions yourself. Any contestant who violates this rule will forfeit all claim to any of the prizes.

Subscriptions for any period of time not exceeding six years will be accepted. You may send one-year subscriptions at 25 cents, two-year renewals (solicited from old subscribers only) at 40 cents, three-year subscriptions at 50 cents and six-year subscriptions at $1.00.

The Monthly Cash Prizes and the Grand Prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions. Therefore every 50-cent three-year subscription will count as two one-year subscriptions and every one dollar six year subscription will count as four one-year subscriptions. A 40-cent two-year renewal will count the same as one one-year subscription.

Any contestant may get his or her friends to help secure subscriptions but the subscriptions must be sent in by the contestant with his or her name and address signed on the bottom of the subscription blank.

All clubs that are to be counted towards the Monthly Cash Prizes must be mailed before midnight of the last day of each month. Any clubs mailed later than 12 o'clock midnight April 30, 1916 will not count in the contest at all. In order to determine what time the clubs are actually mailed we shall go by the postmarks on the envelopes.

Don't hold subscriptions back but send in your clubs as soon as completed. Always name the premium you desire in return for each club. We will not be responsible for any clubs sent in that are not plainly addressed "**Prize Contest Department.**" Therefore be **sure** to address all of your clubs to COMFORT, Prize Contest Department, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT, Prize Contest Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Please enter my name in the Contest. ***Date*** ***191***

Enclose find $..... ***to pay for the following subscriptions to be placed to my credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes, the Automobile and other Grand Prizes.***

Subscriber's Name	Post Office	Street and Number or R. F. D. Number	Box No.	State	Write Below Length Of Time Subscribed For

Send me Premium No..... My Name is ..... State.....

Post Office..... Street and No..... R. F. D. No..... Box No. .....

COMFORT'S Subscription Price is 25 Cents a Year, 50 Cents for 3 Years, $1.00 for 6 years, 2 Years Renewal (for old subscribers only) 40 Cents. Foreign Subscriptions are Barred from this Contest.

Send The Coupon With Your First Club!

Right now is the time for you to make a start towards winning the Auto and Monthly Cash Prizes. Don't wait and let others get ahead of you, but hustle right around for your first club of subscriptions and send it to us as soon as possible using the coupon printed at the left. If the coupon will not hold all the names and addresses then use writing paper or one of our regular subscription blanks **pinning the coupon to it.** Remember—in entering this contest you place yourself under no obligations whatever and you forfeit nothing if you stop at any time. In other words, the subscriptions already sent in will still remain to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes. But we know that you won't want to stop after you once get started and see how easy it is to win a fine Cash Prize each month besides your Premiums or Cash commission, **with the knowledge that every club you send in is counted to your credit on the Auto and other Grand Prizes.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this contest. You cannot possibly lose because you are **sure** of your Premiums or cash commission anyway. Mail us the coupon with your first club right **away** and have your name entered in this grand contest for the 1916 Overland Car and other Prizes.

Address All Prize Contest Letters and Orders To

COMFORT

Prize Contest Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide

Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl.** Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes **free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 698.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Transfer Outfit of Over 150 Designs!



Grandest Pattern Collection Ever Offered! Premium No. 7281 Sent To You Postpaid For One Subscription!

OUR lady readers will welcome this new outfit consisting of a mammoth collection of popular transfer embroidery patterns—**over 150 designs in all.** The designs are absolutely new and right up-to-date and embrace the **latest ideas** in fancy-work and dress accessories. It would take too much space to name all the designs that come in this splendid outfit but here is a partial list. Remember however that there are over 150 in all:

1 Waist Design, latest style for solid or eyelet embroidery; 1 new style Corset Cover, for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 beautiful Pionsettia design for sofa pillow; 1 Collar and Cuff Set for solid or eyelet embroidery; 1 Scalloped border for lingerie; 1 Pretty design for pillow case for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Leaf design for corner of hemstitched piece; 1 Pair of Bootees for solid embroidery; 1 Bib for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Corset Cover for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Boudoir Cap to match; 1 Attractive design for Centerpiece, for lazydaisy, solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Design for Child's Hat; 1 design for corner of Handkerchief; 1 Towel End design for solid and outline embroidery; 2 Scallop Borders; 1 design for Small Centerpiece, for solid and eyelet embroidery; 1 Corner for hemstitched piece; 1 Design for Pillow Case or Towel End for eyelet embroidery; 1 Butterfly design for Pillow Case or Towel End; 1 Complete Alphabet ½ inch high for handkerchiefs, lingerie, etc.; 1 Complete Alphabet 1 inch high for lingerie, table linen, etc.; 1 Complete Alphabet 2 inches high for table and bed linen; 1 Complete Alphabet 3 inches high for towels, pillow cases etc.; 1 Conventional Design for towel end; 1 Anchor for Sailor Suits; 1 Bow Tie; 1 large Butterfly; and various other designs, too numerous to mention.

We will also send you with this outfit **complete instructions for transferring and an embroidery stitch book illustrating all the stitches used in embroidery.** This outfit is so entirely different than any other yet offered by us that we expect a big demand for it so be sure to send your order in early before our stock is exhausted.

OFFER NO. 7281 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this Transfer Outfit containing over 150 new up-to-date designs free by Parcel Post prepaid.

OFFER NO. 7281 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this Transfer Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Premium No. 7281.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Mesh Purse



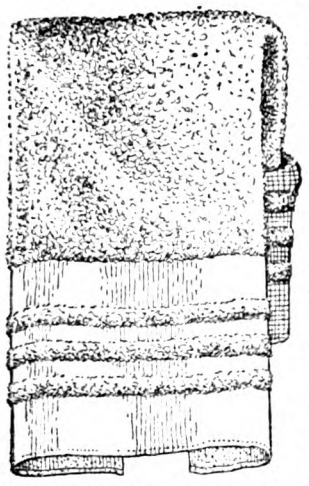
Given For Two Subscriptions!

THIS is the new "Fish Scale" mesh purse with **gate top** and a ten-inch wrist chain, made throughout of **German Silver,** handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels



Premium No. 7302

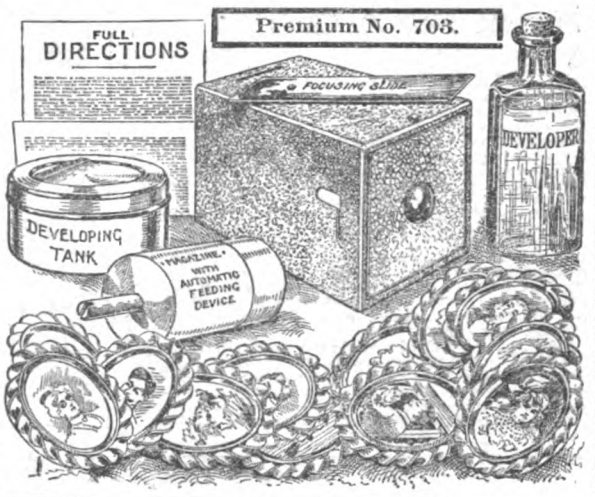
For Two Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bath- or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **thick, heavy fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also great for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are **genuine Turkish** towels—not the imitation kind—and are **17 inches wide and 36 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished and are **in every respect** equal to towels that you would willingly pay **$1.00 a pair** for in any store. We will make you a present of **one pair** of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7302.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Photo-Button Camera



Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes

JUST **think of it!** A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture **in just two minutes.** To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures **while they wait.** And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera **does all the work itself.** You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures **in broad daylight.** You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a **complete outfit** consisting of **One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, developing tank and complete instructions** how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, and you can mount the pictures in the **pretty Brooch Button frames** like those illustrated above. The pictures are perfectly round and of good size measuring 1 ¼ **inches in diameter.** And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply as we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them **free** in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, **according to what you order and how much.** Or, if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., at a low price. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following

You Don't Have To Know Photography—You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light—Or Other Accessories—The Camera does it all!

CLUB OFFER. For only four One-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 703.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol

Given For One Subscription



TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, **"six shooter"** but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water **30 feet** straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for **ten shots** (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have **loads of fun** with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise **"shower baths"** and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly **harmless** to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN



Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Two

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain in preference to the birthstone ring while those who can afford it wear both. We know that all who receive the handsome Pendant and Chain illustrated herewith will be greatly delighted with it. It is one of the prettiest designs we found among a large assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch **plate** cable chain, the genuine **rolled-gold** pendant is also made of **rolled-gold plate** and set with **your own birthstone** and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. **Baroque pearl.** Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. **When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.**

January	**The Garnet,** Symbol of Power
February	**The Amethyst,** Symbol of Pure Love
March	**The Aquamarine,** Symbol of Courage
April	**The Diamond,** Symbol of Purity
May	**The Emerald,** Symbol of Immortality
June	**The Pearl,** Symbol of Long Life
July	**The Ruby,** Symbol of Charity
August	**The Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness
September	**The Sapphire,** Symbol of Constancy
October	**The Opal,** Symbol of Hope
November	**The Topaz,** Symbol of Friendship
December	**The Turquoise,** Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. **When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For A Club of 12

Premium No. 72112

Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle

THIS is the new **Daisy** pump air rifle—a real rifle with genuine **pump action.** It is a **repeater**—you fill the magazine full of shot—pull the slide toward the stock and it is all loaded and ready to fire the first shot. You can fire the Daisy almost as fast as you can pull the trigger **without taking it from your shoulder.** This is why it is so far ahead of any other air rifle you ever saw. It not only **looks** like a real gun but **shoots** like one. Its shooting power is tremendous. It will shoot farther and with greater force and precision than any other air rifle made. In appearance it is a beauty. From end of stock to end of barrel it is 38 inches long, weighs 3 1-4 pounds, all metal parts are of steel with **non-rusting** blue gun metal finish, the stock is of genuine **black walnut,** hand polished, and it has **adjustable sights** front and rear. It is a **take-down model,** of in other words, the barrel may be removed from the stock which makes it a very gun convenient to carry on long trips as it can be packed in a very small space. The "Daisy" costs $3.00 in the stores, but we are going to give our boy readers a chance to get one without spending a cent for it. We will make you a present of a "Pump Action Daisy" and send it to you by Parcel Post **prepaid** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 72112.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Panne Satin Petticoat



Given For Three Subscriptions

THIS is one of the best bargains we have been able to offer this season. These handsome latest style **colored** skirts were actually made to retail **for $1.50** but owing to financial difficulties the manufacturer was obliged to sell them at a greatly reduced price. We were very fortunate in getting hold of exactly one hundred and twenty-nine dozen of them and while they last will distribute as free premiums among our readers. They are made of finest quality mercerized **panne satin** which has all the sheen and brilliancy of the highest grade satin. The deep flounce is trimmed with four rows of cording and a 4½ inch knife plaiting. They are well made in every respect with finished seams. We have them in colors of **mahogany, orange, green, king blue, American beauty, tango** and **navy blue** and in sizes **from 36 to 44.** Remember the value—**a regular $1.50 petticoat**—when you read our offer below. And also remember that when our small stock is exhausted we shall withdraw this offer because it will be absolutely impossible to secure any more of the skirts at such a low price. **When ordering be sure to specify size and color wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fashionable high-grade panne satin petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention what size and color you desire. Premium No. 7223.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case.

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish set.** A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine. **Mirror** is eight and one-half inches long 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and course teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real $12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. **When ordering be sure to state that you want set No. 260.**

Club Offer: For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 260.**

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Plush and Embroidery Silk



Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years **COMFORT** has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year **we can do more for you then ever before** because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these **rich goods** and in order to get rid of them **are** willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have **a whole room full** of these beautiful pieces of **silk and satin** which are of **good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** Remember these remnants are not the **small, insignificant, worthless pieces** that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but **large, well-shaped pieces** of fresh, new silk and satin **in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season** and we will send you a **big package** containing **one hundred pieces** besides **a piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors.** If you order **at once** we will also send you, **in addition** to everything else, an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together **to get the best effect,** how to **cover up seams** with fancy stitches, how to **join the edges,** etc. This book illustrates over **one hundred and fifty** of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch** also directions for **Kensington painting.** Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL. If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. **Premium No. 556.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Big Box Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Complete Writing Outfit

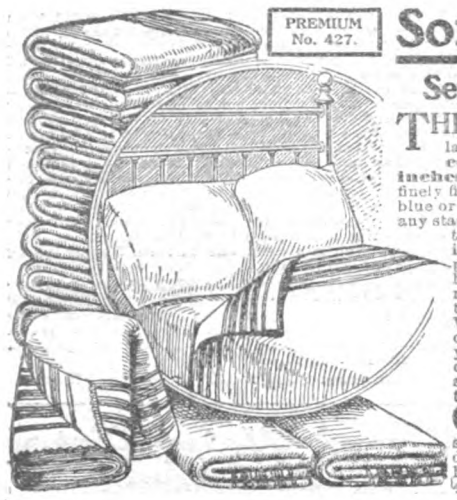


If, in place of this illustration, we could actually **show** you this splendid assortment of handsome high grade **embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match** and complete outfit of **everything you need to write with,** you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a **big bargain** if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you **two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery** 10 1-2 x 6 1-4 inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, two combination sheets guide lines and blotters,** same size as stationery, and a **complete outfit** of writing materials consisting of **memorandum tablet with pencil, combination penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens one pencil, one combination pencil and eraser** and a **handsomely decorated and embossed metal tray.** The complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this **and pay a big price for it in the bargain,** but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this tells the story how we can afford to give you such **big value** as a premium for a very **small** club to COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is **yours free** upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this splendid Writing Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 382.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six



THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are **72 inches long and 55 inches wide,** extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border. **Prem. No. 427.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something **as good as a circus** for the children **the year round**—an indestructible, new style, **Stereoscope** made of **all metal** with powerful, magnifying **lens,** and with it we give you **free** a big collection of **100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes,** all kinds of **trained and wild animals, hunting scenes,** views from the **Arctic** and **tropical** countries, and **happy childhood scenes**—the biggest and finest assortment of the most **delightful and entertaining** stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful **entertainment** keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the **fifty** beautiful **scenes of home life,** the **fifty** exciting **animal views** will furnish them with a **regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo,** and all kinds of **wild and savage animals** as well as **horses, dogs, cats** and other domestic animals standing out **real and life-like** when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price **low enough** to enable us to **give them away** on the terms of the following offers.

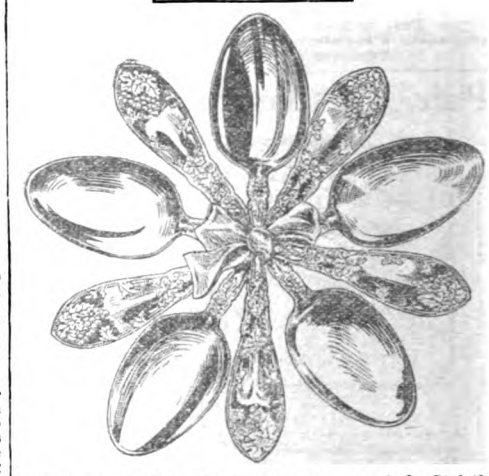
Offer No. 646 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 646 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 646.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Premium No. 386



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure **A 1 Brand** made by the famous **Wm. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.**

This silverware comes in the popular **Grape or Vintage Pattern,** which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly show you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of **Ripe Grapes** or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These **A 1 Rogers'** teaspoons are guaranteed to be **full standard extra plate** upon the finest quality of **18% nickel silver base,** and with ordinary care will last **ten years.** Some families **are using Rogers' ware twice this time.**

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of **Wm. A. Rogers'** manufacture, as the expense was always and is now, too high but COMFORT'S plan makes it possible for every woman to own these **six Rogers' teaspoons free.**

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a set of Six Teaspoons exactly as illustrated and described above free by parcel post prepaid. **PREMIUM NO. 386.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give **free** to **your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** "Golden Locks" is almost as big as **a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **life-like way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Three Gold Collar Pins

Given For Two Subscriptions!



THESE Pins are the **new style and shape** that are now being worn in place of the bar pins. They come in sets of three. Each pin has a **14-K gold front,** beautifully **engraved** and is absolutely **warranted for five years.** Any woman and girl will find many uses for a set of these dainty pins. They may be worn as regular collar pins but are especially attractive when used to fasten the sheer muslin and lace collars and vests that are worn so much at the present time. They are used in place of other fastenings and add a very attractive finishing touch to the costume. We will send you a set of three of these collar pins free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you one set of three pins free and postpaid.

Premium No. 7322.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stevens "Little Scout" 22. Cal. Rifle



THIS is a real "Stevens"—the lightest, most graceful, most **powerful** rifle of its size in the world. It shoots with such accuracy and penetration that men as well as boys prefer it to any other make. The rifle here is the Stevens "Little Scout" model and is a take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., 22 short, 22 long, or 22 long rifle rimfire cartridges has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock. It weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle is **absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practise and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

CLUB OFFER!

FOR a club of only twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or **six** 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle and a steel cleaning Rod to to go with it free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover



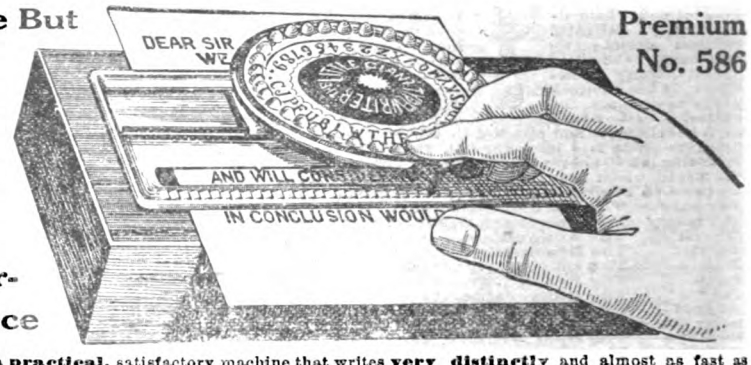
Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one **yard square** which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in **different handsome colors** on an interwoven background which is of a color that **harmonizes** with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will **enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home.** They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But Perfect In Operation. Adapted To Either Personal Or Business Correspondence



THIS is not a toy, but a **practical,** satisfactory machine that writes **very distinctly** and almost as fast as some typewriters costing $10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has **every letter** in the alphabet, **all the numerals** from one to ten, and the **punctuation marks.** You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine **answers every purpose.** It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of **metal** and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is **a real machine that will do real work.** We will send you this practical typewriter **guaranteed** to be exactly as above illustrated and described with **full directions** for operating and a good supply of the best quality **copying ink,** carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, **or two 3-years subscriptions** at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete **outfit free** by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 586.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Premium No. 530



Fashioned after the model of a **"Great Coat,"** it covers the entire person from **"Head to Foot,"** affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of **waterproof rubber sheeting,** in two colors, **Olive Drab** or **Tan** and **Gray** with **Plaid Lining,** every seam is both **sewed** and **cemented,** has standing **Military Collar, two side pockets** and **five** large **buttons.**

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellant imaginable.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for $5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. **When ordering be sure to mention size and color wanted.**

Club Offer. For a club of twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six three-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this coat by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to name color wanted, also give size or bust measure. Men's sizes are 34 to 44, length 51 inches, women's size 32 to 44, length 54 inches, misses' sizes are 14, 16 and 18. **Premium No. 530.** Address

COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"



Premium No. 656.

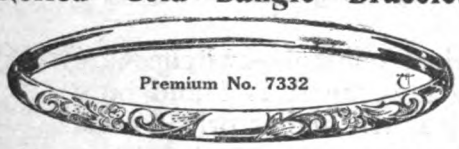
You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Offer No. 656 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid.

Offer No. 656 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. **Premium No. 656.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



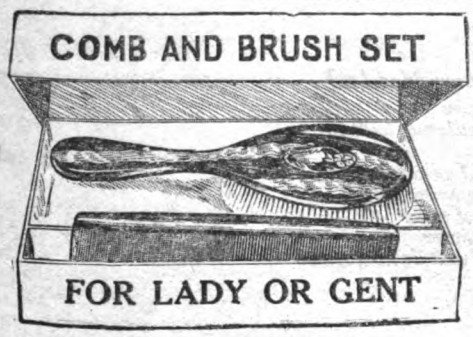
Given For Two Subscriptions!

THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine **rolled gold** plate and positively guaranteed **for five years.** It is beautifully **engraved** one half the way round it and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small club this is **not** a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



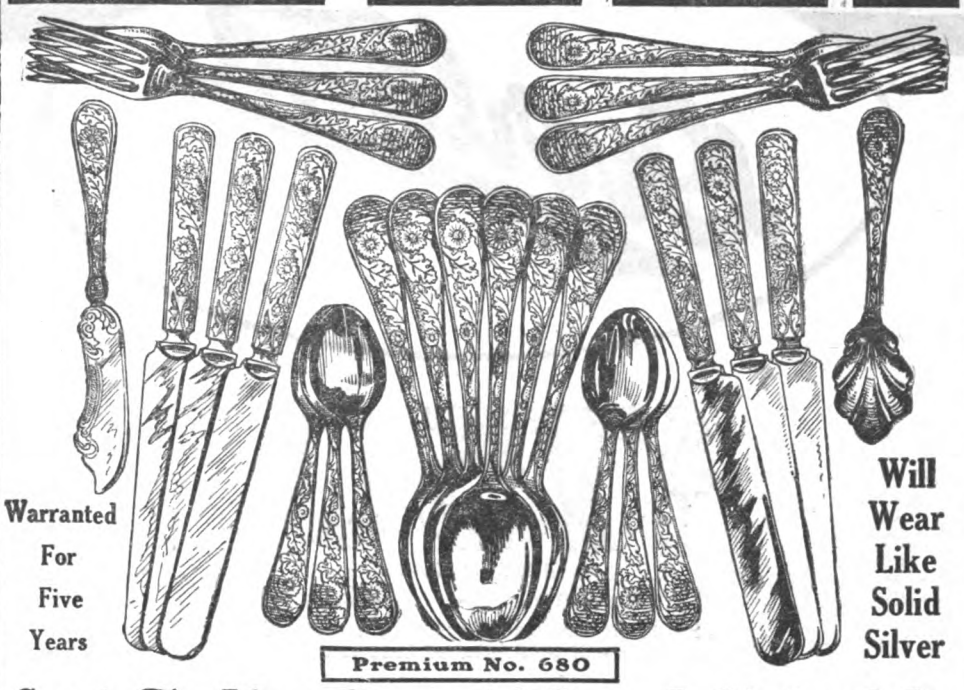
Premium No. 262

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb is black, seven inches** long and **one and one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth. When ordering be sure to state that you want Set No. 262.**

A Remarkable Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send this Set free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 262.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set

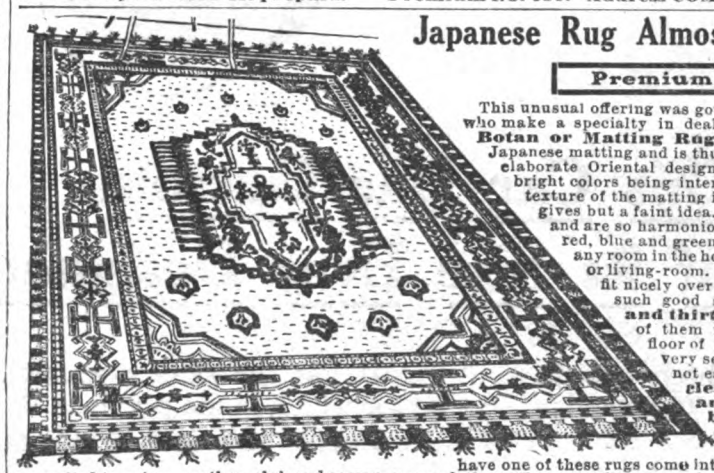


Sent To You Prepaid For A Club of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we **are** giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a **white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have ever offered, in fact we are so **sure** that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer **we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Japanese Rug Almost Six Feet Long



Premium No. 420

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about **72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide,** that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and **can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.** It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

Club Offer. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Rugs free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 420.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!



MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** You could easily pay $5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7213.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Crochet Outfit

Premium No. 7352.

Given for a Club of Two!

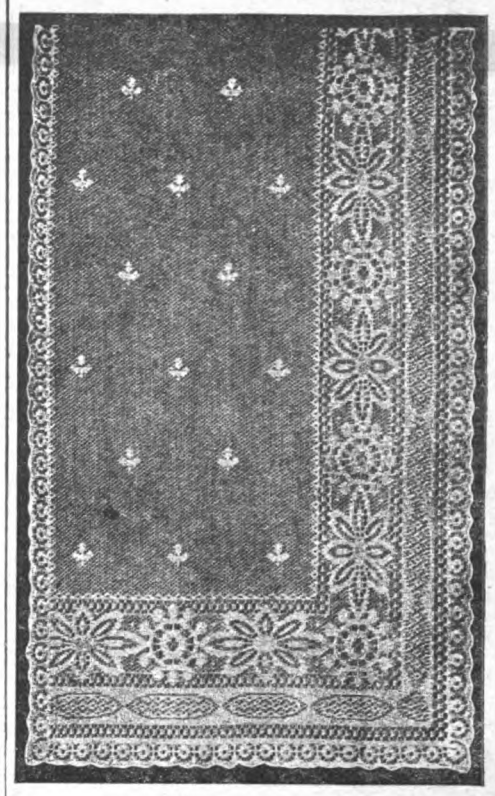
THIS is an offer that will interest every woman and girl who takes genuine pleasure in fancy work. Irish Crochet has been extremely fashionable and its popularity is still on the increase. Every woman who sees the dainty articles in Irish Crochet exhibited in the art stores or in the homes of her friends is seized with an irresistible desire to learn how to make them herself. The work is very easy and the material required is quite inexpensive. With the directions and patterns given in the outfit offered here anyone may learn to make many attractive articles for the home. The designs are already stamped on fine quality **Holland Cloth.** The motifs are to be crocheted separately, then basted on a cambric pattern and joined by crocheting or sewing together. Following is a list of the designs:

One Pincushion, one Corner Table Cover, one Scarf End, one Laundry Bag, one Border for Towel Ends, Pillow Cases, etc., one Running border for Dresses, Petticoats, etc., one Handbag, one Baby Cap, one Lady's Collar, one Large Centerpiece, one Bow Knot, one pair Lady's Cuffs. We will also send you **24 large skeins of Mercerized Cotton, one Crochet Needle** and full and explicit **directions** how to work the different motifs.

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, will send you this complete crochet outfit exactly as described above free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7352.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lace Curtains



Nine Feet Long
Thirty Inches Wide

Premium No. 409

Given For A Club of Four

THESE Nottingham lace curtains are **thirty inches wide and three yards long** and are designed after the **latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge.** These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any home no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pair for a club of seven one-year subscriptions, or three pair for a club of ten. **Premium No. 409.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Colored Petticoat

Premium No. 612



For A Club Of Two

King Blue, Tango, Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats are now the style. King Blue, Tango, Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully. **Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering otherwise we cannot fill your order.** We have them in lengths from 38 inches to 44 inches and will send you length and color desired, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention size and color wanted. Premium No. 612.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lady's Watch

Prem. No. 691



For A Club Of Eight!

HERE IS a watch that we are proud to offer and one that any lady or girl should feel proud to own. It is known as the "Leonard Duchess" and is a **perfect little beauty.** We show both the front and the back of the watch so that you can gain some idea of its real appearance, especially the handsome engraving on the back. It is a thin model, 6 size, stem wind, pendant set, with antique bow and flat stem. The movement is damaskeed, quick train, hardened steel cut pinions, straight line escapement, every part carefully made and adjusted by skilled watchmakers in one of the best watch factories in the United States. The case of this watch has all the appearance of solid gold and **it will wear like solid gold** because it is made of **solid** composition gilt metal that is the same color **all the way through** so that it will never tarnish or change color, but the longer it is worn, the brighter and better it will look. This dainty little timepiece is refined and stylish enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. We guarantee that it will keep **perfect time** and otherwise prove satisfactory or it may be returned to us any time within one year and we will either repair **free of charge** or send you a new watch in exchange. The factory's guarantee will be sent to you along with the watch and in addition we **ourselves** guarantee that this watch will give you unlimited satisfaction. We have just added this elegant new watch to our list of premiums and are giving it away free on the terms of the following special

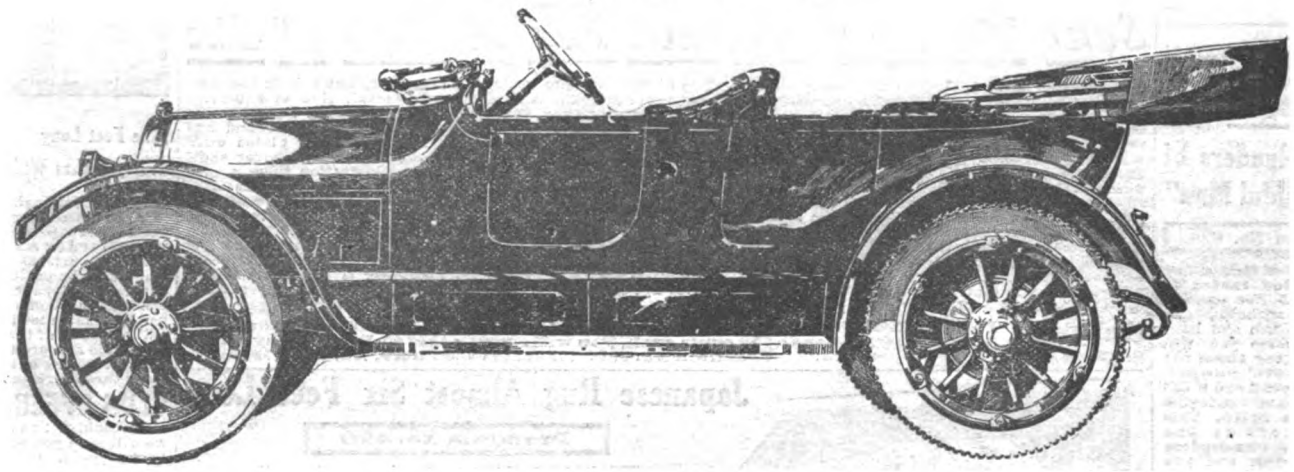


Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome lady's watch exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 691.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Overland

$750

Model 83 f. o. b. Toledo
Roadster, - $725
This is the largest 4-cylinder Overland
that will be produced this year



Why This Car Has Outsold Anything of its Size Ever Designed

Practically every feature of the car had been tested and proved in thousands upon thousands of Overlands which preceded it.

There was the experience to warrant larger production.

There was the reputation to assure larger sales.

This justified a production program calling for 75,000 cars—twice as many as had ever been built of any car so big as this.

Such enormous production and probable sales determined the price—$750.

The record value established by so low a price resulted in the greatest demand ever known for so big a car.

Sales have run constantly ahead even of the enormous production.

The car is the ideal family size—it carries five passengers in roomy comfort.

It has the same powerful, economical 35 horsepower motor which made previous Overlands famous.

But as this is a lighter car there is even more reserve power.

It has that certainty of ignition provided only by high tension magneto.

It has the comfort provided by long underslung rear springs and four-inch tires.

It has convenience of electrical control—switches are on the steering column. This arrangement is found only on the Overland and a few very much higher priced cars.

It has a full streamline body and a beautiful finish—you will have justifiable pride in its appearance.

Sales have forced a production even larger than originally planned.

Production is increasing steadily.

See the Overland dealer now.

Write for the Book—"Points in Judging an Automobile."

For *your* information we have published beautifully color-illustrated books on the Overland and on "Points in Judging an Automobile."

Every home where COMFORT is read can and should have these books. They bring you right up-to-date and tell you the real facts so you can *know* and *talk with your friends* about actual values in *any* automobile. All you have to do is write for them. We mail them free on request.

Specifications—Model 83

35 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto ignition
5 bearing crankshaft
Thermo-syphon cooling
Underslung rear springs
33" x 4" tires, non-skid in rear
Demountable rims, with one extra

United States Prices

Model 83, 4-cylinder 5 passenger Touring $750 f. o. b. Toledo
Model 83, 4-cylinder Roadster - - - - $725 f. o. b. Toledo
Model 86, 6-cylinder 7 passenger Touring $1145 f. o. b. Toledo

Canadian Prices

Model 83, 4-cylinder 5 passenger Touring $1050 f. o. b. Hamilton
Model 83, 4-cylinder Roadster - - - $1015 f. o. b. Hamilton
Model 86, 6-cylinder 7 passenger Touring $1600 f. o. b. Hamilton

Catalogs on request, please address Dept. 275

Specifications—Model 83

Headlight dimmers
Rain-vision ventilating built-in windshield
Instrument board on cowl dash
Left-hand drive center control
One-man top and cover
Magnetic speedometer
Electric starting and lighting system

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Also Manufacturers of Willys-Knight Automobiles
"Made in U. S.A."

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